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POETRY.

The Mother who has a Child at Sea.

There's an eye that looks on the swelling cloud,
Folding the moon in a funeral shroud,
That watches the stars dying one by one,
Till the whole of heaven's calm light has gone;
There's an ear that lists to the hissing surge,
As the mourner turns to the anthem dirge,
That eye! that ear! oh whose can they be,
But a mother's who has a child at sea?

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white,
As the tokens of storm come on with night,
There's a form that's fixed at the lattice pane,
To hark how the gloom gathers over the main,
While the yeasty billows lash the shore
With loftiest sweep and hoarser roar.
That cheek! that form! oh, whose can they be,
But a mother's who has a child at sea?

The rushing whistle chills her blood,
As the north wind hurries to scourge the flood;
And the icy shiver spreads to her heart,
As the first red lines of lightning start.
The ocean boils! All mute she stands,
With parted lips and tight-clasp'd hands:
Oh, marvel not at her fear, for she
Is a mother who hath a child at sea.

She conjures up the fearful scene
Of yawning waves, where the ship between,
With striking keel and splinter'd mast,
Is plunging hard and foundering fast.
She sees her boy, with lank drench'd hair,
Clinging to the wreck with a cry of despair.—
Oh, the vision is madd'ning! No grief can be
Like a mother's who hath a child at sea.

She presses her brow—she sinks and kneels,
While the blast howls on and the thunder peals;
She breathes not a word, for her passionate prayer
Is too fervent and deep for the lips to bear;
It is pour'd in the long convulsive sigh,
In the straining glance of an upturn'd eye,
And a hoarser offering cannot be
Than the mother's prayer for her child at sea.

Oh! I love the winds when they spurn control,
For they suit my own bond-hating soul;
I like to hear them sweeping past,
Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast;
But a pang will rise, with sad alloy,
To soften my spirit and sink my joy,
When I think how dismal their voices must be
To a mother who hath a child at sea!

LITERATURE.

A Calc of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

(Continued)

"They'll murder the boy, maybe, when they find out the chate," said the widow.

"Not a bit," said Nance.

"And suppose they did," said Andy, "I'd rather die, sure, than the disgrace should fall upon Oonah, there."

"God bless you, Andy, dear!" said Oonah. "Sure you have the kind heart, any how; but I wouldn't for the world hurt or harm should come to you on my account."

"Oh, don't be afeard!" said Andy, cheerily; "divil a hair I value all they can do; so dress me up at once."

After some more objections on the part of his mother, which Andy overruled, the women all joined in making up Andy into as tempting an imitation of femininity as they could contrive; but to bestow roundness of outline on the angular form of Andy, was no easy matter, and required more rags than the house afforded; so some straw was indispensable, which the pig's bed only could supply. In the midst of their fears, the women could not help laughing as they effected some likeness to their own forms, with their stuffing and padding; but to carry off the width of Andy's shoulders, required a very ample and voluptuous outline indeed; and Andy could not help wishing that his mother was a little sweeter

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