

SPENCE'S SELECT READINGS.

Sure of his plighted truth,
 What more had a wife to ask?
 Is he not doing for her
 Each day his daily task?
 Like a child.

A child to pine and complain!
 A child to grow so pale!
 For want of some foolish words
 Shall a woman's faith fail?
 Words! he said them once—
 What need of anything more?
 Does one who has entered a room
 Go back and wait at the door?
 Like a child.

Baby Mary and Kate
 Never dare climb his knee;
 Motherly arms are open—
 "Father is busy, you see."
 Too busy to stop to hear
 A babble of broken talk,
 To mend the jumping-jack,
 Or make the new doll walk.
 Like a child.

So busy that when death comes
 He pleads for a little delay,
 If not to finish his work,
 At least a word to say—
 A word to wife and child,
 A sentence to tell the truth,
 That he loves them now at the last,
 With the passionate heart of youth.
 Like a child.

The kisses of Death are cold,
 And they turn his lips to stone;
 Out of the warm, bright world
 The man goes all alone.
 Do angels wait for him there
 Over the soundless sea?
 He goes as he came, a helpless wight,
 To a new world's mystery.
 Like a child.