THE GARLAND.

A MOTHER'S LOVE. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESO.

A Mother's love! how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above!
To bless a heart of earthly mould,
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a Mother's love.

To bring a helpless bahe to light,
Then while it lies forlorn.
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born.
It its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a Mother's love!

Its weakness in her arms to beary
To cherish on her breast;
Feed it from love's own fountain there,
And lubit there to rest.
Then while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a Mother's love!

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire;
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a Mother's love!

And can a Mother's love grow cold?

Can she forget her boy?

His pleasing innocence behold.

Nor weep for grief—for joy?

A Mother may forget her child,

While wolves devour it on the wild;

Is this is a Mother's love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erdow,
Yet, ah! remember this:—
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die, to curse his birth;—
Is this a Mother's love?

A parent's heart may prove a sourc;
The child she loves so well.
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame—destroy his mind;
Thus do the blind mislend the blind,
E'en with a Mother's love.

Blest infant! whom his Mether taught
Early to seek the Lord;
And pour'd mpon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the Word.
This was the lesson to her son—
Time is cteraity begun!
Behold that Mother's love.*

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path, By her own parent trod.

Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God.
Ah I youth, like him enjoy your prime.
Begin eteralty in time.

Trught by that Mother's love.

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What was that Mother's love?
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That kindles from above.

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SAINT JOHN: TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1828.

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