DAILY CRESCENT.

THE YOUTHFUL POET.—By Mrs. NORTH.

When mad my life, with all the world at war,
Wild and wayward, as the desert jay,
Hopeless of heaven, and careless of the rod,
Rebelling against my father's God,
Thy mother, Mary, taught my heart to earth
Her child, Religion, through her simple faith.
Yes, I remember, when I knelt to her
Nightly, to say the words she taught me first,
Her voice would be so sad, I could not choose
But mingle with my childish prayer and praise
Some mention of my absent father, too.
Then would she weep, and I, though not knowing why,
Would feel a strange and painful fear for him.
Years fled, and I, a boy, went from my home.
Then, for the first time, I felt how she had
Wept for my father's absence from her side.
And by another and a sterner grief
Was taught the value of a parent's love.
Years fled again, and I was a man, in high hope
Of winning fame in the living world,
Cheered with the smile of woman, and the voice
Of friendship, and I ne'er thought on my home.
Then, for the first time, I felt how my mother
Must have felt when I left her, and how my father
Felt when I went forth, in high hope for me.
Years fled again, and I was a man in sorrow
Bowed down beneath the living load
Of a heart broken by the world I had served
Too well to be requited, and I thought
Of home, and my mother, and my father's love,
Of the sacrifices they had made for me,
And of the sorrow, in my high hour of pride,
I had caused my father and my mother.
Years fled again, and I was a man of care,
Bearing the burden of a family
On a heart that had been made to feel deeply
The weight of care, and I thought on home
Only to weep and pray for those who had
Been my first friends, and who had borne with me
Through years of folly, and who had not spurned
Their erring child, though he had been a wanderer.
Years fled again, and I was a man of care
Still, but with a heart that had been made
Strong by the pressure of its load of care,
And I thought on home, and I knew how
My mother had felt when I was a wanderer,
And how my father had felt when I was