

## The Widow's Child.

BY MISS A. BLACKWELL.

"Can a dream teach wisdom?"—Apo.

Alike on earth and in air,  
The blessed sunlight glows,  
And whispering breezes, and birds,  
Both peevish and humble wails.  
The welcome rain descends, to bless  
The noble's proud dominions,  
And the same gentle presence makes  
The poor man's garden green.  
Still from Orion and the Wain  
Sweet influences stream;  
And fill the air on every side,  
Their pure and holy gleam.  
And sunlight from the inner world—  
Emotions deep and strong,  
Gleams from the starry realms of thought—  
All these and home along  
Unseen yet potent, and they come  
Alike to one and all,  
And every one human soul  
To higher life they call.

And sleep, sweet sleep, o'er every head  
Scatters its dewy wings,  
And hushes all the world to rest,  
To rest as to a king.  
And hush! there's one more visitant  
That comes to all and all,  
At quietude, at quietude,  
The noiseless footstep fall.  
To young and old, to rich and poor,  
He comes to grace and joy,  
And he calls us to his power,  
May say his summons any.

Love, mightily love, must plead in vain  
To the silent one for grace,  
Striving to hold him fast,  
With passionate embrace.  
Hope, fear, joy, sorrow, all the train  
That wait on human hearts,  
Flit back, and with the victor dead,  
The summoned one departs.  
Can death then conquer love?  
Nay, that may never be;  
Love is immortal, and death  
O'erthinks his prey.

And well and loyally, his trust  
Kind words do guard for aye;  
Tis he that to love's treasures gives  
Their immortality.  
The pleasant gardens of the heart  
He cultivates with care,  
And hushes all the world to rest,  
To rest as to a king.

And in the holy breath of heaven,  
That breathes upon the soul,  
Each soaring spirit rises again  
In an eternal glow.

The glorious sun is setting  
Behind the laurel's shade,  
And soft light glows in falling  
On wood and hill and glade.  
A lovely light is glowing  
Behind the evening sky,  
And dreamily upon its beam  
The sleeping shadows lie.

And slowly hush and slumbering tones  
And flowers wither and decay,  
And there to hush and slumber  
An ancient dwelling place.  
So lovely all the scene around,  
So fair the sky and sea,  
It seems a consecrated ground,  
Sacred to peace and love.

But hush! in this strange world of time  
All is not as it seems;  
Dark shadows ever lurk and wait,  
The hidden life is seen.

A mother, in that silent house,  
Watches her dying boy;  
In a low, low voice, and young,  
And he is her joy.

She sits within the darkened room,  
The mother with her son,  
Oh! who may tell the heart's deep gloom,  
How sad and lonely he is.

Reclined upon his little couch,  
The dying child is laid;  
Over the pillow, soft and bright,  
His golden ring is laid.

His eyes are half-closed eyes of blue,  
Yea, his mother, joyfully,  
Their fading gaze was bent,  
She kneels down beside the bed,  
How light and happy he is,  
His golden ring is laid.

And bitter, bitter is the heart  
In grief for weeping tears,  
Over the little treasure lies  
That heavy, hopeless sleep.

And must it be! must it be!  
Her mother, her mother,  
Alas! it may be all not be!  
She cannot lose her boy!

Upon his cold and pallid lips  
Her own warm breath is laid,  
Alas! she cannot lose her boy,  
The life from her own breast!

His gentle, hush, his flower-like sleep,  
So different from his;  
His bounding spirit, his sunny voice,  
His merry laugh and glee.

And all the proud, bold hopes that fill  
A mother's loving heart,  
Rise in her now—oh! it is laid  
When cold and under part!

One more look at his blue eyes, and  
And no his mother's eye,  
As, with a smile, upon her neck  
His little hand he lays.

"Mother! the first, the best, the sweetest sound  
I ever heard was yours;  
For in that smile, that bright expression  
The boy's young soul had found."

They laid him in his little grave;  
No word he uttered then;  
His life was laid down, for his heart  
Was laid down with him.

Deep, still, her own, her very own  
Was gathered in her hand;  
And now, her treasure safe and sound,  
No hope her heart held.

Alas! when our twining love no more  
Lies in its little bed,  
With kindly presence, and a loving heart,  
Shall breathe or sunshine bring?

Again the gorgeous sunset hues  
Fill, and the blood and wine;  
But still the children's wailing wails  
Within the darkened room.

She slept and a troubled sleep,  
Till, just at twilight,  
A bright and gentle light shone  
Upon the child's face.

Lightly on fingers, and on toes,  
With golden threads weaving,  
A young child meets her light.

## Graefenberg Pills.

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## Winter Supply!

VILAS &amp; NOYES.

HAVE RECEIVED their winter supply of Goods, among

which may be found:

Fancy Prints, Cloth and Fur Caps,

Furniture, Boots and Shoes,

Alpenas, Wrapping Paper, (and Cap)

M. D. Lanes, Cotton Thread,

Cambrics, Linen do,

Broad Cloths, and Twist,

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