

MOTHERS.

("Regardez: les enfants.")

[XX., June, 1884.]

See all the children gathered there,
Their mother near; so young, so fair,
An eider sister she might be,
And yet she hears, amid their games,
The shaking of their unknown names
 In the dark urn of destiny.

She wakes their smiles, she soothes their cares,
On that pure heart so like to theirs,
 Her spirit with such life is rife
That in its golden rays we see,
Touched into graceful poesy,
 The dull cold commonplace of life.

Still following, watching, whether burn
The Christmas log in winter stern,
 While merry plays go round;
Or streamlets laugh to breeze of May
That shakes the leaf to break away--

A shadow falling to the ground.

If some poor man with hungry eyes

Her baby's coral bauble spies,

She marks his look with famine wild,

For Christ's dear sake she makes with joy

An alms-gift of the silver toy--

A smiling angel of the child.

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