

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

WHITE-WINGED angels meet the child
On the vestibule of life,
And they offer to its lips
All that cup of mingled strife,
Mingled drops of smiles and tears—
Human hopes and human fears—
Joy and sorrow, love and woe,
Which the future heart must know.

Sad the smile the spirits wear—
Sad the fanning of their wings,
As in their exceeding love,
Each a cup of promise brings.
In the coming strife and care
They have promised to be there—
Bowed by weariness or grief,
They will minister relief.

Mother, could the infant look
In that deep and bitter cup—
All the future peril know,
Would it quaff life's waters up?
Mother, yes, for in the vase
Upward beams an angel's face—
Deep and anguished though the sigh,
There is comfort lurking nigh—
Times of joy and times of woe
Each an angel-presence know.



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