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## ow ladies to loseten to the debate

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cow that

| Tiny rays of golden light Thifting lines upon the night, Slender as the moon's first beam. Shed upon the winter air And a voice that's soft and low Steals from out the casement thero. Soft and low a mother sings To the baby off her breast;While the tender music bring Thoughts of loving hearts at rest, Years fly back; I look again Into two eyes sweet and deep; Hear a mother's low refrain-"Sleep, my little baby, sleep." Pausing at the cottage gate, In the stream of golden light, Foars a litte time I waitDays I thave lived again that night. Came back to me with a sigh; Called up by a home-likeray, And a mother's lullaby. Then the mother's sweet song dies; Through closed blinds I see the bed Where a sleeping baby lies-Smiling lips and curls Then a prayer I whisper low. Bless the little one unknown, Then I go ory long ago---F. S. Mines, in Godey's Home Journal Molly's Experiment. |
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