

But yet a niggard of her tear,
My aching hand forgot.

No vernal robe,
Blossoms or plant display;
A herald of the spring to greet.

A STRAYED CHILD.

Black Furies chill'd thy infant wing,
Dread wastes affright thine eye;
Opening the vocal chord of spring,
Stem winter bid thee die.

A STEM blown from its parent tree,
I planted in my humble bower;
Sure it may grow to shelter me,
From scorching sun and dripping shower.

Stay Madelina, child of woe,
Thy little feet no more shall roam,
I said, and fast as tears could flow,
Mine fell, and pity took thee home.

The dewy ground was then thy bed,
Its canopy, the arch of Heaven;
On a cold stone reclin'd thy head,
Thy mouldy scraps were hardly given.

Ill suited was thy motley dress,
 Refuse of infancy and age ;
 So sorted, as to shew distress,
 Not screen thee from the tempest's rage.

But on thy face yet health could glow,
 There unreflecting smiles were seen :
 For transient joy so temper'd woe,
 To cheer thy little heart within.

By want torn from thy parent tree,
 Here hapless Madelina come ;
 My little shall be shar'd with thee,
 I'll be thy parent—here's thy home.