## The Ifanaster Intellionnex.

VOL. LVIII


| "MOTIER DEAB, TiIY cIILD Is Dfive." ar niluze D . rtass. |  |
| :---: | :---: |
| Mother, dear, thy child is dying, Soon I'll join the band above ;Stay the tear, 0 , cense thy sighing Hesven's filled with purest love. |  |
| Angel's songs are round me playing, <br> Mother, list, they'ro sounding near <br> Angela by my side are praying <br> For thy ohld, my mother, dear. |  |
| Mother, fear and pain ne'er come Softly on bright wings I'm flying, <br> Soaring to my futher's home. |  |
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