

PATIENCE DOW.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Home from the mill came Patience Dow ;
She did not smile, she would not talk ;
And now she was all tears, and now,
As fierce as is a captive hawk,
Unmindful of her faded gown,
She sat with folded hands all day,
Her long hair falling tangled down,
Her sad eyes gazing far away,
Where, past the fields, a silver line,
She saw the distant river shine.
But, when she thought herself alone,
One night, they heard her muttering low,
In such a chill, despairing tone,
It seemed the east wind's sullen moan :
" Ah me ! the days, they move so slow
I care not if they're fair or foul ;
They creep along—I know not how ;
I only know he loved me once—
He does not love me now !"

One morning, vacant was her room ;
And, in the clover wet with dew,
A narrow line of broken bloom
Showed some one had been passing through ;
And, following the track it led
Across a field of summer grain,
Out where the thorny blackberries shed
Their blossoms in the narrow lane,