

THE CROWNING TEST.

How can I part with thee for six long days.
Will they be days—such heavy ones—no sunlight
No star in heaven, until my boy returns.

Isaac.

My fondest mother—ever lovelier
Than all thy maidens—just a six day trip,
Only a three day's journey. Although sad
To leave my best of mothers, 'twill be pleasant
Midst the outlying pasture lands. And flitting
Each day will dip. Dear mother, thy are birds
With wings that dive and flutter and fly off.
Each taking in its bill a worm or seed
Home to its brood high up the splintered crag.
So our desires are broods unfledged and hungry,
And every day wings past with seed or fruit,
And drops it in the nest Soon, my proud Princeess
Your son will be a traveller and recount
Incidents and adventures. Then, my mother,
My dearest mother then will quite forget
And pardon a short absence. Then 'twill prove
A real relish. Then profuse delight
Will arm your son in your esteem with manhood.