

ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

11

'Tis now become a history little known
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession! But the record fair
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced 5
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionery plum; 10
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed.
 By thy own hand till fresh they shone and glowed;
 All this and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks 15
 That humor interposed too often makes;
 All this, still legible in memory's page
 And still to be so till my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may, 20
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hour
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine, 25
 I pricked them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here? 30
 I would not trust my heart;—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—