

TO MOTHER.

Not bearing heavy loads on dreary ways;
Not shirking from the shrivelling glance of scorn;
Not casting on thy past a wistful gaze;
Not by distress and disappointment worn;
But spending joyful girlhood's cheerful days,
Now shaking bloom from lilac and from thorn;
Now chasing butterflies on flowery braes;
Now tasting fruit from twig or tendrile torn:—
I love to think of thee since thou art gone.
How wildly bursting heart and burning brain
Now wish each word unsaid, each deed undone,
That planted in thy heart a pang of pain!
How humbly penitence would pardon crave,
Had love the power to bring thee from thy grave!

TO THE SAME.

Sands gleam where torrents rushed or fountains ran;
From wave and wold died cooling winds away;
Perspiring brows attest the toil of man;
And drooping daisies nature's thirst betray.
But dews and darkness cool and zephyrs fan
The verdant fields parched by noon's ardent ray;
Refreshing showers restore their greener span
And cheer the flocks that on their herbage stray:
Thus heaven soothes aching nature's blistering pain
And healing balm pours on her festering wounds;
But for my blighted heart and blasted brain,
Nor soothing salve nor healing balm abounds;
With ceaseless anguish mold and mind shall glow;
No cooling palm shall press my burning brow.