

Mother's Love

June, fairy June,
 Here so soon !
 See her dainty, dimpled hand held aloft,
 Dropping diamonds on each flower and blade of grass,
 While she breathes a morning song low and soft
 To Aurora and her maidens as they pass—
 Gems of dew,
 Sparkling gems,
 How they glisten on the scented sassafras !

June, glorious June,
 Here so soon !
 All the songsters of the woodland and the vale
 Chant their trebles and their trills from joyous throats,
 Till the music from the flower-sprinkled dale
 Meets the music of the wood in happy notes—
 O'er the fields
 A chorus sweet
 From the orchestra of Nature grandly floats.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

THE far cerulean depths of summer skies
 Can ne'er be reached by sight or wing of dove ;
 No more can the pure depths of a woman's love
 Be measured by our fickle human eyes.
 Good mothers are but angels in disguise ;
 When, earthly work all done, they rest in heaven,
 We yearn to press those lips and claim again
 The love which we too late have learned to prize.