

184 A Mothers Love.

What mother who in wisdom walks
By her own parents love
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath
And know the fear of god
And youth like him enjoy your presence
Blessed eternally in time
Taught by that mothers love

What mothers love how sweet the name
What was that mothers love
The noblest purest tenderest flame
That kindles from above
Within a heart of earthly mould
As much of heaven as heart can hold
Nor through eternity grows cold
This was that mothers love P. 6

She must answer all queries directly
And all sciences well understand
Paint in oils sketch from nature correctly
And write german text and short hand
She must sing with power, science and sweetness
Yet for concert must not sigh at all
She must dance with ethereal fleetness
Yet never must go to a ball
She must not have needy relations
Her dress must be tasteful and plain
Her discourse must abound in quotations
Her memory all dates must retain
She must manage dull nature with skill
Her pleasures must lie in her duties
She must never be nervous or ill P. 6

184 A Family A Hundred Years Ago

I saw content the other day
Set by her spinning wheel
And plenty in a wooden tray
Of what an inveterate meal

Health also at the table sat
Dining upon a ham
But appetite demanded yet
A cabbage and a clam

Health sat enthroned upon a green
And fragrant bed of hay
And happiness compelled a dog
Behind his cart to play

Delight was chasing butterflies
With laughter and with joy
Affection gazed with ardent eyes
Upon the sweet employ

Beauty was watering flowers
Beside the cottage door
And pleasure spoke about a tower
To the green grass store

Justice bid good morning and
Invited me to tea
But jolly bid me stay away
Unless I came with glee

Patience sat in an easy chair
Unravelling a shawl
While mirth with roguish eye and stare
Would tangle it again