TO THE DAGUERREOTYPE OF AN ESTRANGED FRIEND

BY MARTHA CAMERON.

Still thou are mine, dear treasured gift,
Still art though true to me,
Oh! blessed artist! naught can change
That kind look fixed by thee;
I gaze on lip, and cheek, and brow,
And almost fancy then is now.

Then thou wert all the world to me—
Alas! it is so now;
Why can I not break early ties
As easily as thou?
Then I have dried thy tears in woe;
Now thou can’t sneer that mine should flow.

Then Summer days were never long,
Beloved! thou wert near.
The Winter evenings all too short;
Thy song was in my ear.
Now morn’s first thought is, how I may
Get through another weary day.

And weary days, and weeks, and months,
Will pass to weary years;
Yet still the memory of that time
Be met with blinding tears;
When with a kiss, and kind good night,
We parted but till morning light.

Mute semblance! now the midnight hour,
With thee; alone with thee;
Is spent in memory of the past,
   And weeping bitterly;
Till Nature sinks to troubled rest,
The sleep of utter weariness.

God grant me patience, meekness, strength,
   Life’s duties all to do;
For other feet to smooth the path,
   My own go bleeding through.
but sorrow for that love I must,
Till sorrows cease in “Dust to dust.”