

## A Fragment.

write to

I have often thought it charity in mothers to  
their absent sons, at college. But off as we are from  
the endearments of the social circle, with so much  
to dishearten & so little to console us; a letter from  
this source comes as a winged messenger of love  
and breaks in upon the despondency of our minds,  
like the glorious ray of a morning sun. A mother's  
love is different from that of any other relation.  
It is here that we have found refuge from the strictures  
of the other parent. It is here that we have sought  
every indulgence. It is here particularly that we have  
ever found sympathy & condolence. She has been our  
advocate & counsellor. She has been our confident;  
for, to no human being have we ever been so ready to  
unburden ourselves & reveal the secret wishes of our  
heart. No wonder then, when we can no longer  
enjoy her presence, that we should delight to hear her  
speak, & receive her little benedictions, through the chan-  
nel of a letter. No wonder that we should delight  
to have the reminiscences of other & of happier days,  
thus brought to view, from the dark store-houses of  
oblivion. No wonder we should thus delight in having  
our affections strengthened, our spirits refreshed, & our droop-  
ing courage revived & invigorated. No wonder too,  
that we should not scorn to do an act, that would cause  
that mother's heart one pang of grief. No wonder that  
we should be so often led to restrain our passions & wicked

propensities. I always regard to her tender feelings  
I often ~~was~~ thinking of this subject, recur to the  
following lines given me by my mother when I  
last parted with her.

• "Forget-me not! in accents mild  
My mother says, beloved child,  
Forget-me not when far away,  
Amidst a thoughtless world you stray.  
Forget-me not when fools would win  
Your footsteps from <sup>to</sup> the paths of sin,  
Forget-me not when urged to wrong  
By passions & temptations strong.

Forget-me not when death shall close,  
These eyelids in their last repose,  
And evening breezes softly weave,  
The grass upon thy mother's grave;  
Oh! then, whatever thy eye or ear  
May see, my child, Forget-me not."

Loub.

August 31<sup>st</sup> 1840.  
Sara Ball.