

MY FOSTER-MOTHER

(*Mrs. Experience Crowell*)

1809-1893

THERE were no worldly ties between us twain:—
 She was bereaved, and I was motherless;
And never knew my loss, so rich the gain
 Outpouring from a heart that yearned to bless.
She fretted much when I was long from her,
 And I was happiest by her little hearth;
We two alone—none could be happier—
 For home was there, and love without a dearth.
Mother and son, we were, through all the years;
 And I reached prime, and she grew very old
And clinging—like a child—and had no fears
 Or thoughts that love might fade with fading mould.
And so she seems not separate from me,
 Since she hath put on immortality.

1919