

Miss Sarah Maxwell

Of her little folks, the care committed her
By trusting motherhood.

Within four walls
A woman, self-imprisoned, fought with
flame
And smoke and poison-fume. Yea, fought
as ne'er
Excelled by man in strength of will when he
Goes forth to slay. A woman fought to
save,
She fought and won, and gave them back to
life—
Her little folks, to mothers agonised.

She saved, but not, alas! them all. For them
She failed to save she wrestled desperate
With Death afire, rejecting coward-flight
And holding love and duty dearer, nearer,
Than her life.

Among her little folks
(For she had made them all her own, her
flock)