

ALL.

To S. F.

O mothers, over all the earth,
 To you I make my moan :
 You have your burdens, all of you,
 And each one knows her own ;
 But you around whose necks a babe's arms twine
 Pity me, desolate,—God took *all* mine !

I know the most of you have graves
 Where some sweet flower lies,
 That drooped too soon. Yet you may look
 With loving happy eyes
 On others, playing in the Spring sunshine.
 O pray for *me* to-night,—God took *all* mine !

Perhaps, losing many, you have kept,
 Thro' God's kind mercy, *one*,
 O when you kiss her, say : “ God help
 The mothers who have *none* ! ”
 I *had four*,— but trailing mosses twine
 About *his* grave and theirs ! God took *all* mine !

Not sparing *one*, although I prayed
 So *hard* to keep this last,
 My little Mary,—one sweet flower!
 But,—tis a prayer gone past.
 My God ! not *my* will, any more, but Thine !
 All Thou hast done was best—for *me* and *mine* !

Boston, May, 1884.