

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1872.

So strange to me seemed any doubt  
Of that which did betide;  
Because the light of my life went out  
When the little one died.  
And every leaf on every tree  
Since then to me has said,  
And will forever say to me  
"Is the little one dead?"  
And every where I see the room  
And all the weeping eyes,  
I hear the tender terrible words  
While the little one dies.  
And every where I feel the blank,  
With empty arms outspread.  
Till I would give all those that live  
And if I hear <sup>or my wife or one of my</sup> that one is sick,  
I shrink and turn aside.  
Ever I fear that death is near,  
Because my little one died.  
And if I hear that one grows well,  
I lift a cruel cry.  
"Why? Oh why? Should any get well,  
And just my little one die?"  
And through my heart the word went down,  
There ever to abide.  
Why? Oh why? Am I alive?  
Since my little one died.