

O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world
 were a lie?
 How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of 25
 disease
 But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these'?

IV.

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger
 children are laid:
 Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little
 maid;
 Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her
 so much—
 Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch; 30
 Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
 Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her
 years—
 Nay you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the
 flowers;
 How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours
 after hours!
 They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord 35
 are reveal'd
 Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the
 field;
 Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of
 the spring,
 They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an
 Angel's wing;
 And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands
 crost on her breast—
 Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her 40
 at rest,
 Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said 'Poor little dear,