

What picture could describe our now forgotten sorrow,  
Should God deprive us of our precious sight?  
Or who can foresee what may come upon the morrow,  
Between the rising of the sun and coming of the night.

Each day she seeks assistance from "The Throne"  
Where dwells the King of Love; also the orphan's God,  
The reaper of the seed, that in His name was sown,  
The Father that is ever willing to withhold the rod.

Although the world is dark with nature lost to sight,  
And scenes of beauty have no charms for her,  
There is a hand that guides her through the night,  
And will take her home to dwell forever, and forever.

How can we feel for another's earthly toils and trials,  
Until the rod is laid upon our unburdened mind;  
'Tis then we covet some of the kind and earthly smiles,  
Which from our earthly friends, we rarely ever find.

Bright are her nights that swiftly glide away,  
For days ne'er come to her in that bright, but lonely home.  
And soon that darkness may be changed to radiant day,  
In that bright land where ransomed souls will roam.

Then extend the helping hand to those who plod along  
The straight and narrow path of daily life,  
For soon you may be called to sing your farewell song,  
Then enter mansions that are free from earthly strife.

Weigh well the word, e'er from thy lips it pass,  
Let not the smile conceal the poisoned dart beneath,  
Our threads of life are brittle as a sea of glass,  
And our bodies, as an old and sadly faded wreath.

### WOMAN!

Woman! noble woman! Who and what art thou?  
If not a being inspired by Him who rules above;  
To thee we must in loyal submission bow,  
As one endowed with all the power of love.

In every sphere of life thy work is seen,  
Within the scullery and the marble hall,  
Amid strife and turmoil, thou hast ever been  
The faithful friend who responds to every call.

Far from thy home upon the blood-stained field  
Where the wounded and dying soldiers lay,  
Thou hast ever proved thyself a worthy shield,  
That transforms darkness into celestial day.

Where the parching lips in agony are seen to part,  
And the eyes bespeak what the silent tongues refuse;  
Thou woman's hand extracts the poisonous dart,  
And bathe the lips with Heaven's falling dews.