

## The Rockwood Review.

### IN A SICK ROOM.

The voices of the common day—  
The sparrow's chirp, the children's glee  
Sound faint and strange and far away:  
The squirrel in the hickory tree  
Scolds shrilly from his perch,—but we  
Within this shaded silent room  
Are in a world of tender gloom.

Outside the tide of life goes on,  
But here, unmarked of moon or sun,  
The days and nights—sunset and dawn  
Mingle together, and are one,  
Where speech and song are over and done,  
A strange dim corner out of the way  
From the world of work, and laughter and play.

For this still form, and this dear head,  
These languid hands, these weary feet,  
By sleep and silence comforted  
From fevered pulses' weary beat,  
And cooled with roses, dewy sweet—  
This makes a world of gentle care,  
And tender trouble seem sweet and fair.

O angel of the touch divine,  
Whose white hands health and healing shed,  
Give us of thy ambrosial wine,—  
Fold thy strong wings beside this bed—  
Stoop down and bless this drooping head,  
And for the languor and the pain  
Give health and life and joy again!

K. S. McL.