

## THE LURKING FOE

Till early spring (too soon),  
While David went to school, and learned well,  
The widow bravely labored on 'mid frost  
And snow and storm, thro' strain of overwork  
And worse. Inhaled, mayhap, from matter bad,  
Close-handed in her calling (who can trace  
The lurking venom foe?) the wasting plague  
Had found a cruel lodgment in her breast.  
"One hope remains," the kind physician said—  
Who made no charge for visits not a few—  
" 'Tis institutional treatment where the air  
Is light and pure, where food is plentiful,  
And rest abounds."

The parting wrench was sore.  
The mother hid her grief and tears, and smiled,  
But David wept without restraint. A farming  
Couple sympathetic offered refuge  
For awhile, and when he went away  
(His kitten in a basket 'neath his arm),  
His heart was heavy—for the sun was down,  
The world was dark.

But five months' treatment free  
Was great and good, and David's mother seemed  
To be restored to health, for strength was there  
And color beautiful. 'Twas not enough,  
Tho' all that could be given, that other waiting  
Sufferers might have a chance to live.  
With rest at home the healing work begun  
Would one day be complete.