

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case :
And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer ;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own."
But he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

Had? Has it come? It has only dawn'd.
It will come by-and-bye.
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 disease
But that He said, "Ye do it Me, when ye do it to these"?

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 ;
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said,
"Poor little dear,
"Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never live thro' it, I fear."
I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,

Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't see I was there.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vex't !
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,
I s all in the picture there : 'Little children should come to Me.'
(cleaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about His knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me—such a lot of beds in the ward?"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said :
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so much to see to ! but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with her life ;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.
He had brought his ghastly tools : we believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane ;
Say that His day is done ! Ah, why should we care what they say ?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had passed away.

"THE INHABITANT SHALL NOT SAY, I AM SICK."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

When we, at last, have reached the glorious world
Toward which we now do journey, not again
The dread approach of death will e'er affright us ;
And we shall no more say that we are sick :
For, ceaseless streaming from the eternal Throne,
Adown the broad, bright street of heaven's fair city
There flows a wondrous River—crystal clear
And pure beyond comparison—to drink
Of whose sweet waters is to live for aye ;
And near its gleaming tide, on either bank,
Luxuriant flourisheth a Tree perennial,
Whose leaves are leaves of healing, and whose fruit
Is everlasting life.

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