

THE DOCTOR.

He stands, 'twixt life and death, through busy cares,
An angel, in the eyes of toiling Pain:
Strong men look up at him through tearful rain,
Strong women sound their noblest, purest pray'rs
Into his ears; sick children, weak, in pairs,
Rest in his Love's bright bed; Sorrow has lain
Therein and Pity wept. Now and again
God brings him soul-strength up life's winding stairs.

A worker in the low, degraded street,
He sees the shadow with the shining light
And touches black souls as the pure priest can;
He sees Pain, should'ring her old cross so sweet,
And, through the dawn, the live-long day and
night,
He feels the pulse of God in ev'ry man.