

She clasps those feeble hands that have so thinly grown,  
 And bids that sinking form to trust in Him above;  
 Then directs her to The Lamb, who sits upon His throne,  
 And relates the story of His never-dying love.

She leaves that lowly home to enter lordly halls,  
 But pride has no place in that true woman's heart;  
 For she has made a vow, that when the Master calls,  
 She, with His aid, will perform a woman's part.

Who, but a mother, can perform that hallowed part,  
 And render home a paradise while here on earth?  
 Or who can train the slender sprout to start  
 Until it becomes the tree of noble worth?

What, but a woman's heart can feel for another's woes,  
 And apply a soothing balm that eradicates the pain?  
 Or who can comprehend the happiness of those,  
 That through a woman's efforts harmony doth reign?

'Tis woman who has taught the callous heart to pray,  
 And sown the seeds of love within the savage breast;  
 'Tis woman who transforms the darkness into day,  
 And breathes the silent prayer that give the weary rest.

Blest be the name of her, our late beloved Queen,  
 Whose aims were peace all through her vast domain,  
 Although she sleeps within the tomb her work can yet be seen  
 Within the hearts of those who yet in power remain.

'Tis woman who has left a home of luxury and ease,  
 And then surmounted barriers that men in vain attempt,  
 They have climbed the lofty hills and sailed the angry seas,  
 Than added to their number the souls they have redeemed.

'Tis woman that can train the young and tender shoot,  
 Until it becomes the staunch and thrifty tree;  
 Then storms may bend the branches, but cannot break the root,  
 And so it is with those whom Jesus had had set free.

It is not all of those who wear the garb of woman,  
 That can be counted worthy of so divine an application;  
 'Tis only those whose actions fully prove them to be human,  
 Can be counted worthy of so divine an appellation.

In vain "The virgin" sought a shelter and a bed  
 Within the streets and lanes of Bethlehem's town,  
 Until the angel guided her to where the oxen fed;  
 And "there" was born "The King" who wore the thorny crown.

It was woman who bathed His worn and weary feet,  
 Then wiped them with the towel that nature gave,  
 It was woman who caused the evil hearts to beat,  
 As she went at early morn to her Redeemer's grave.

It is woman who has gone to where the Ganges flow,  
 And bade adieu to her own beloved land;  
 She has gone to heathen lands, the gospel seed to sow,  
 And gather sheaves of grain from India's coral strand.