

Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never live thro' it, I fear.'

## V.

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.

## VI.

45 Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext !  
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,

55 It's all in the picture there : "Little children should come to me."'

(Meaning 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 !'

56 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.

## VII.

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—