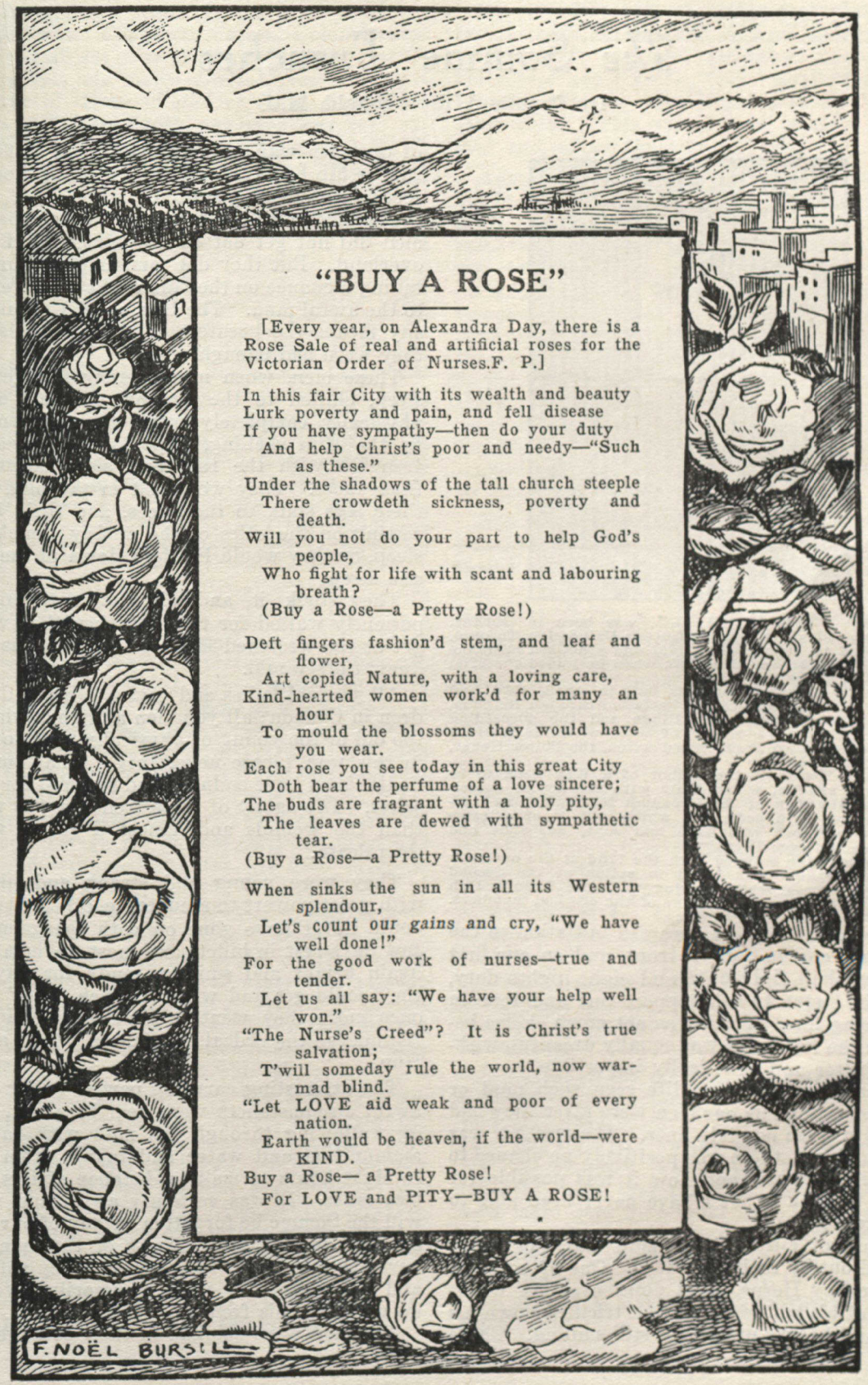

"BUY A ROSE"

[Every year, on Alexandra Day, there is a Rose Sale of real and artificial roses for the Victorian Order of Nurses.F. P.]

In this fair City with its wealth and beauty
Lurk poverty and pain, and fell disease
If you have sympathy—then do your duty
And help Christ's poor and needy—"Such as these."
Under the shadows of the tall church steeple
There crowdeth sickness, poverty and death.
Will you not do your part to help God's people,
Who fight for life with scant and labouring breath?
(Buy a Rose—a Pretty Rose!)

Deft fingers fashion'd stem, and leaf and flower,
Art copied Nature, with a loving care,
Kind-hearted women work'd for many an hour
To mould the blossoms they would have you wear.
Each rose you see today in this great City
Doth bear the perfume of a love sincere;
The buds are fragrant with a holy pity,
The leaves are dewed with sympathetic tear.
(Buy a Rose—a Pretty Rose!)

When sinks the sun in all its Western splendour,
Let's count our *gains* and cry, "We have well done!"
For the good work of nurses—true and tender.
Let us all say: "We have your help well won."
"The Nurse's Creed"? It is Christ's true salvation;
T'will someday rule the world, now war-mad blind.
"Let LOVE aid weak and poor of every nation.
Earth would be heaven, if the world—were KIND.
Buy a Rose— a Pretty Rose!
For LOVE and PITY—BUY A ROSE!