

TRIBUTE TO A NURSE

She held my hand: when all earth's cares were leaving,
An iron grip of pain was all there was
To let me know, I had no cause for grieving
The fight was won,—and I had lost.

She held my hand: white robed, clear-eyed, determined,
Whose fingers feel my wrist, then stronger grip
That holds me in its strength, lest I might slip
Away, and be forever gone.

She held my hand: fell sleep that only God can give,
Then opening eyes to a new world of bliss,
Freedom from pain, once more desire to live,
Asking no better world than this.

Some debts we owe, for them earth holds no price.
A ministering angel in disguise,
May God protect her where e'er evil lies,
And hold her hand while entering Paradise,
When here her work is done.

TO PRAY

We do not pray enough.
Is it to pray to kneel and say,
"Lord keep us safely through this day."
And then,

To wander idly o'er forbidden ways,
Forget the need God has for all our days,
At morn in hurried tones our voices raise,
And not again?

We do not pray enough.
Is it to pray to bring our cares
In in murmuring plaint, in sleep-dulled prayers?
'Tis vain,

If to His voice we listen not, nor share
In gratitude that Name beyond compare.
No time to ease a neighbor's load, or bear
Another's pain.

We do not pray enough.
Is it to pray to quest, then tend
To waste the hours He does but lend?
Nay, Nay.

Petitions bring, and on His Word depend,
Await His answer as from friend to friend,
And sweet communion share, life with Him spend,
That is to pray.