

# The Morning Star

J. E. COLLINS Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION—\$2.50 per Annum, Payable in Advance.

VOLUME I.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1879.

NUMBER 74.

## From My Arm-Chair.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,  
Who presented to me, on my seventy-second  
birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made  
from the wood of the village blacksmith's  
chestnut tree.

Am I a king, that I should call my own  
This splendid ebony throne?  
Or by what reason, or what right divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song  
It may to me belong;  
Only because the spreading chestnut tree  
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer time,  
The affluent foliage of its branches made  
A cavern of oak shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the  
street,  
Its blossoms white and sweet  
Eatoed the bees, until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,  
Tossed its great arms about,  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the  
sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,  
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not, in all his pride,  
Repet the ocean tide,  
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme  
Roll back the tide of time.

See again, as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices shout and call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its three anvil,  
I hear the bellows blow;  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat  
The iron with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than threescore years and ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious speakers, into which are wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless now so long,  
Blossom again in song.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

## UNDER A CLOUD.

"Did you ever see a sadder face?"  
It was the look of a lady to her  
friend, as Mrs. Loring passed her window.  
Mrs. Loring had ridden out for  
the first time for months; not now for  
her own choice, but in obedience to the  
solicitation of a friend, and the positive  
command of her physician. She was in  
deep sorrow, and all comfort, heavy  
clouds, through which not a ray of sun-  
shine penetrated.

"Fever," answered the friend, while a  
shade caught from Mrs. Loring's  
countenance flitted across her own face.  
"Who can she be?"

"Didn't you recognize her?"

"No. The countenance was, to me,  
that of a stranger."

"I can hardly wonder that it should  
be so," said the friend, "for she is sadly  
changed. That was poor Mrs. Loring,  
who lost her two children last winter  
from scarlet fever."

"Mrs. Loring!" The lady might  
well look surprised. "Sorrow has in-  
deed done a fearful work on her. But  
it is right thus to sit under a cloud? right  
thus to oppose no strong barrier to the  
waters of affliction that go sweeping  
over the soul, marring all its beauty?"

"It is not right," was the answer.  
"The heart that sits in darkness, brood-  
ing over its loss, sorrow with dis-  
tinction. The clouds that shut out the  
sun are exhalations from its own stagnant  
surface. It makes the all-pervading  
gloom by which it is surrounded.

I pity Mrs. Loring, unhappy sufferer  
that she is; but my pity for her is al-  
ways mingled with a desire to speak  
sharp rebuking words, in the hope to  
agitate the slumberous atmosphere in  
which she is enveloped like a shroud."

"I wonder," remarked the other,  
"that her husband permits her to  
brood so long in idle grief over the in-  
evitable."

"Husbands," was replied, "have  
often the least salutary influence over  
their wives when bowed with affliction.  
Some men have a mind to realize some-  
thing of his wife's true state, and are,  
therefore, more ignorant than children  
in regard to its treatment. Such a  
man is Mr. Loring. All that he does or  
says, therefore, only deepens the  
encompassing shadow. A wise, un-  
selfish man, with a mind to realize some-  
thing of his wife's true state, and a  
heart to sympathize her, will always  
lead her from beneath the clouds of  
sorrow upward to the cheerful heights  
upon which the sunshine rests. It shows  
unwillingness that penetrates the murky  
atmosphere in which she sits, and warms  
her heart with its genial radiance.  
Thus he woos her with sunny gleams  
from the clear sky that yet beams over  
her, and that will make all again bright  
and beautiful on the earth of her spirit,  
she will but lift herself above the  
clouds. It is the misfortune of Mrs.  
Loring that she is not blessed with such  
a husband."

The subject of this conversation had  
at that morning yielded to the sollicita-  
tions of one of her nearest friends, and  
with great reluctance consented to go  
out with her in her carriage.

"I shall be much better at home,"  
she objected to the urgent appeal of her  
friend.

"This quiet suits me. The stillness  
of my own chamber accords  
best with my feelings. The glare and  
bustle of the busy streets will only dis-  
turb me deeper. I know it is kindness  
in you; but it is a mistaken kindness."  
To reason with her would have been  
useless, and so reason was not attempted.

"I have come prepared to hear no  
objections," was the firm answer. "The  
doctor says that you are injuring your  
health, and must go out. So get your-  
self ready."

"Health—life even! What are they to  
me? I have nothing to live for!" was  
the gloomy response. "Come quickly  
the time when I shall lay me down and  
sleep in peace."

"There was said nothing to live for?  
One of God's intelligent creatures, and  
nothing to live for!"

"There was so much rebuke in the tone  
with which this was offered that Mrs.  
Loring was partly aroused thereby.

"Oh, come! Let us see whether there  
be not something to live for. Come I  
you must go with me this morning."

"So decisive was the lady's manner—so  
impelling the action of the will—that  
Mrs. Loring found herself unable to re-  
sist; and she made her preparations to  
go out. In due time she was ready,  
and, descending with her friend, took a  
seat in her carriage and was driven away.  
Houses, trees, public buildings, swept  
like a moving panorama before her eyes,  
and though familiar objects glided  
themselves therein, they failed to  
awaken the slightest interest. The sky  
was clear, and the bright sunshine lay  
everywhere; but her heart still sat under  
a cloud, and folded around itself gloom  
for her friend talked to her,  
calling her attention every little while to  
some new palace home, or to some  
glimpe of rural beauty which the eye  
caught far in the distance. But all was  
vain; the mourner's slender form still  
sighed back among the cushions, and  
her face wore its saddest aspect.

Suddenly the carriage drew up before  
a neat looking house of moderate size,  
with a plat of ground in front, wherein  
were a verdant square and borders of  
well-tended flowers. Here Mrs. Loring  
had time to ask a question the coach-  
man was at the door.

"Why do you stop here?" she in-  
quired.

"I wish to make a brief call. Come!  
You must go in with me.

"Mrs. Loring nodded her head in a posi-  
tive way, and said "no" still more posi-  
tively.

"You will meet no light votary of  
fashion here, my friend," said the lady,  
"but one who has suffered like your-  
self." "Come!"

But Mrs. Loring shrank farther back  
in the carriage.

"It is now only three months since  
she followed to their mortal resting  
place two precious little ones, the last  
of her flock, that scarcely a year ago,  
and many a man you to many a man you  
her. Sisters in sorrow, you cannot but  
feel drawn toward each other by cords  
of sympathy."

Mrs. Loring shook her head impera-  
tively.

"No—no! I do not wish to see her.  
I have tried enough of my own without  
sharing in that of others. Why did you  
bring me here?" There was something  
like anger in the voice of Mrs. Loring.

"Six months, nearly, have passed  
since God took your children to Him-  
self, and you, the softest grief, has  
brought you to at least some healing  
leaves. The friend I wish to visit—a  
friend in a humble life—is sorrowing with  
as deep a sorrow, that is yet but three  
months old. Have you no word to  
say to her? Can you not, at least,  
mingle a tear with her tears? It may  
do you both good. But I do not wish to  
urge a selfish reason. Bear up with  
womanly fortitude under your own  
sorrow, and seek to heal the sorrow of  
a sister, over whose heart are passing the  
waters of affliction. Come, my friend!"

Mrs. Loring, so strongly urged, stepped  
out upon the pavement. She did so  
with a reluctance that was almost un-  
conquerable. Oh, how earnestly she  
wondered herself in the shadowy  
solitude of her own home.

"Is Mrs. Adrian at home?" was in-  
quired of the tidy girl who came to the  
door. The answer being in the affirma-  
tive, the ladies entered and were shown  
into a small but neat sitting-room, on  
the walls of which were portraits, in  
crayon, of four or five lovely children  
as sweet as the young faces stirred the  
waters of sorrow in the heart of Mrs.  
Loring, and she hardly restrained her  
tears. While yet her pulses throbbled  
with a quicker beat, the door opened  
and a woman entered, on whose rather  
pale face was a smile of pleasant wel-  
come.

"My friend, Mrs. Loring," such was  
the introduction, "of whom I have  
spoken to you several times."

The smile did not fade from the coun-  
tenance of Mrs. Adrian, but its expres-  
sion changed as she took the hand of  
Mrs. Loring and said:

"I thank you for your kindness in  
calling on me."

Mrs. Loring scarcely returned the  
smile of Mrs. Loring. The eyes of the  
selfish woman dropped to the floor, and  
her thought was turning in upon itself.  
In the smile that hovered about the lips  
of Mrs. Adrian she had seen only in-  
ference, not a sweet resignation. The  
words just spoken, but more particu-  
larly the voice that gave them utterance,  
unveiled to her the sorrow of a kindred  
sufferer, who would not let the voice of  
wailing disturb another's ear, nor the  
shadow of her grief fall upon a spirit al-  
ready under a cloud. The drooping  
eyes of Mrs. Loring were raised, with a  
wondering expression, to the face  
of Mrs. Adrian. Still hovered the smile  
about those pale lips; but its meaning  
was no longer a mystery; the smile was  
a loving effort to send light and warmth  
to the heart of a grieving sister. From  
the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs.  
Loring wandered to the portraits of her  
children on the wall.

"All gone!" The words fell from  
Mrs. Loring's lips almost involuntarily.  
She spoke from a new impulse—pity for  
a sister in sorrow.

"All," was answered. "They were  
precious to me—very precious—but God  
took them."

A slight hushiness veiled her voice.  
"Beautiful children!" Mrs. Loring  
still gazed on the portraits. "And all  
gone in a year. Oh how did you keep  
your heart from breaking?"

"He who laid upon me so heavy a  
burden gave me strength to bear it,"  
was the low reply.

"I have found no strength in a like  
affliction," said Mrs. Loring sadly.

"No strength! Have you sought  
sustaining power?" Mrs. Adrian spoke  
with a winning earnestness.

"I have prayed for comfort, but none  
came," said Mrs. Loring, sadly.

"Praying is well; but avails not,  
unless there be also doing."

"Doing?"

"Yes, the faithful doing of our duty.  
Sorrow has no antidote like this."

Mrs. Loring gazed intently upon the  
face of her mother.

"When the last heavy stroke fell upon  
my heart," continued Mrs. Adrian,  
"shattering it, as it seemed, to pieces,  
I lay for a little while stunned, weak  
and almost helpless. But as soon as  
thought began to run clear, I said to  
myself: 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that I must be of some use  
to him. 'Is there nothing for my hands  
to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours  
the only suffering spirit in the world?'  
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,  
which he bore so silently and manfully,  
and I felt that