

The moon sheds forth a pale and wierdly light,
 Where souls had flown from scenes so dark;
 There woman labors through the dreary night,
 To aid in brightening the faint and lingering spark.

Their tender loving hands at midnight fold
 The soldier's arms across the lifeless breast,
 And drops a mother's tear upon the cheek so cold,
 As she prays to Him above, to grant eternal rest.

Far from thy home, across the boundless sea,
 Thy songs are heard ascending unto God,
 Where daily thou hast wrought to set the captive free
 From the path of vice wherein his feet have trod

The Sabbath morn appears, the watchman at the prow
 Where there are no sounds except the ocean's roar;
 When low! A voice is heard that whispers low,
 Thou art another Sabbath nearer Heaven's shore.

Calmly resting "there" on board that fragile barque,
 Awaiting for His call, is a widowed mother's boy;
 His sun is setting fast, it is only a feeble spark,
 "'Tis there" a woman kneels to pray in holy joy.

She kissed him for his love and absent mother,
 As she drew his head upon her throbbing breast;
 Then with tears of joy, she commits him to another,
 Who has called him to a better home to rest.

He feels her tears upon his cold and pallid cheek,
 And smiles at her who seeks in vain to smother
 The words she could not, dare not speak,
 As she wept and kissed him for an absent mother.

And when that soul has flown to Him who gave,
 She laid a faded rose upon that silent breast;
 Then watched the bubbles rising from the ocean grave,
 As she prayed to Him above, who grants the weary rest.

Next, we meet her in the hovel of despair,
 Attending to the wants of those in dire distress;
 We hear the cheerful voice that breathes the prayer,
 Then catch the angel's whisper, thy efforts He will bless.

We see the numerous dainties upon a table spread,
 And the tears of gratitude descending from the eyes;
 We hear a feeble voice ascending from that bed,
 And mark the heaving bosom strive to suppress the sighs.

'Tis woman! Who can minister to those who need a friend,
 When all the world appears to them a blank?
 'Tis woman who can cause the stubborn will to bend,
 And raise the weak and fallen to the highest rank.

How oft we see her sympathy in a substantial way
 By alms unseen to all but Him, the King of love;
 And "there" upon her knees, at close of winter's day,
 She breathes a silent prayer that God will grant her love.