Of him who has never refuse relief
To the cry of the wretched and poor.

Through the night, through the day she
has watched to his home.
She returns not, the faint hope is gone
That the mighty one which he seeks will come
To heal her dying son.

To her fond caress there is no return
Yet her arms she around him folds
And the quicking pulses beat & burn
In the little hand she holds.

Now she holds that hand & looks in her face
In the face of her dying boy
And there falls in its burning palm a tear
She has started with sudden joy.

To the face on which she so fearfully gazed
The wondrous change extends
As his head from his pillow he gently raises,
And his eye on his mother bends.

For on that hand she clasped so dear
A healthful coolness came
It seemed as if that mother's tear,
Had quenched the fevers flame

On his rosy lips she kisses the dew
And his forehead calm and fair
And she sees that the light in his eyes of blue
Of love alone is there.

It was not the tear by a mother shed
That the pains of that sickness allayed
"Go thy way thy son liveth" the Lord had said
It was believed - and the fever obeyed.

Continued.

O ye, in unbelieving fear,
Who weep o'er those you love
When sickness, pain or death appear
Your faith & trust to prove.

O know ye how & where to seek
That mighty one, who here
Touch'd fed these words of life to speak
And heard this father's prayer?

His heart is still soft pity's throne
His ear as open stands
His hand as strong and still alone
His word the world commands.

And he is nigh thee - on thy heart
That pitying hand is laid,
And every wish thy lips impart
Is to that ear conveyed

"Ask what thou will" command he still
Tho' not - thou shalt be heard,
Only believe - he can, he will
Speak the life giving word.

It may not be that life that spends
In care and pain its breath,
That runs its weary race and ends
Again and soon in death.