

Burdens By Emma Little.

I wonder if God knows how much I need

An hour of silent-rest,

Wherein no want-bids weary duty speed,

To serve her swift and best.

I am so tired of seeing fingers raised,

To signal me to come,

I cannot go for fainting cursed or praised

My weary soul sits dumb.

I try to close my eyes but lo! my ears  
Catch voices calling me.

And even I hear the drip of falling tears

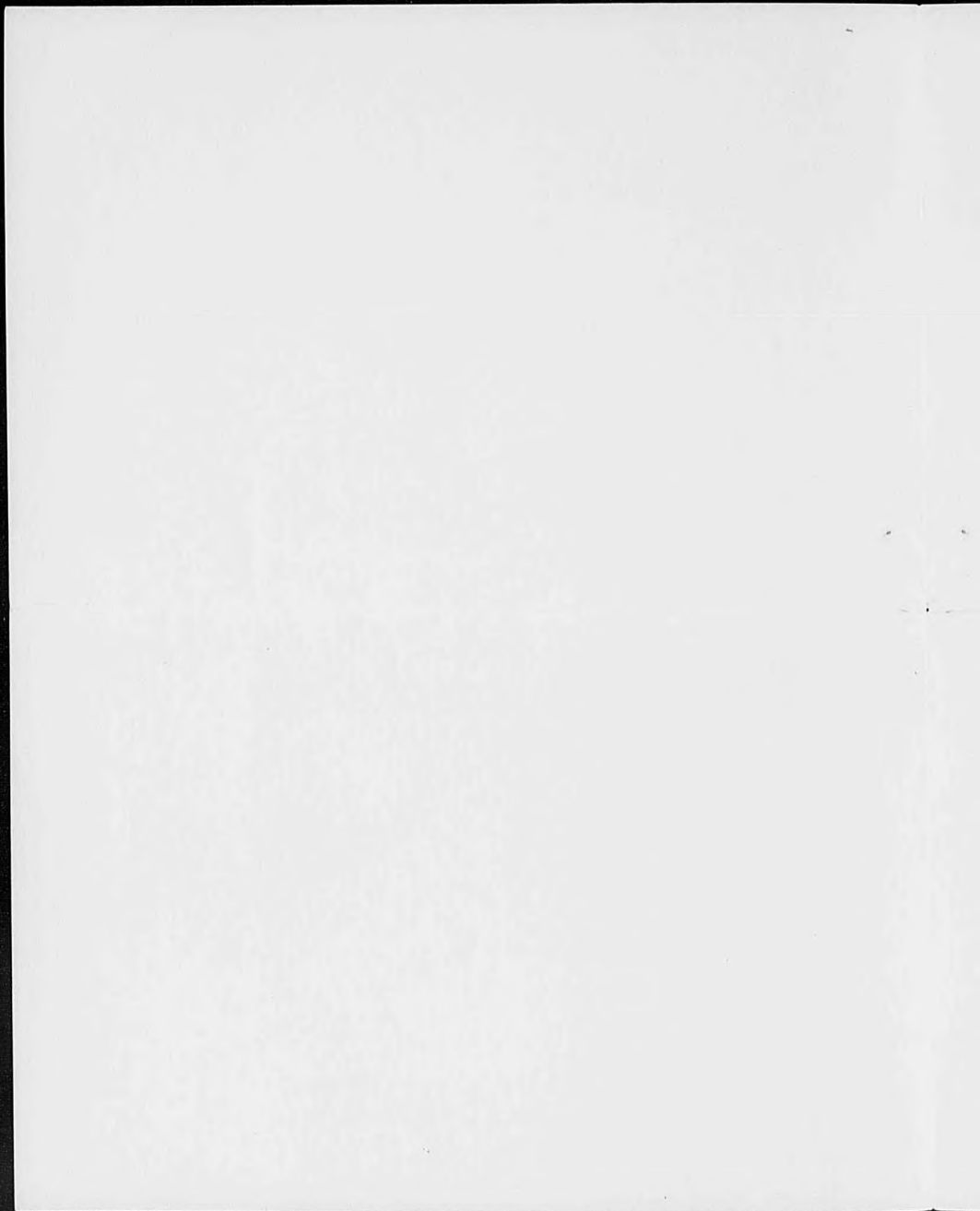
When I would quiet be

Tear dimmed blue eyes or drooping golden  
head.

With grief air brimming o'er

Soe need of little words of comfort-said

So many times before.



Oh 'wee is me! For nothing I can I give  
So weak and frail am I.  
It scarce is sweet to <sup>breathe</sup> live and only live  
As one about to die.

God knows my need, & sends his angels low  
With healing on their wings,  
Warm thrills the blood which feebly coursed  
and slow.

My soul grows strong and sings

I woo a peace from their celestial eyes,  
Too deep for earth to break.

I half forget the way lips shape to sigh,  
When hearts are worn and ache.

And seeing how they triumphed over pain  
Who once were burdened too  
I kiss the cross and taking heart again,  
Feel strong to bear and do.

My Darling Sisters I have copied  
these lines for you which have  
been a comfort to me for nearly  
forty years. God bless you both

Lovingly

Amelia.

"Talk that to each which each best  
understand."