

## PATIENCE

I stood within the halls of Joy  
And asked if one could point the way  
To Sorrow's house. With manner coy,  
Impatiently, each answered, "Nay."

I knocked upon the door of Pain.  
"Canst tell where Sorrow lives?" I cried –  
But there, too, I had sought in vain:  
"Joy is my mother," Pain replied.

Then met I one whose face serene  
Was as a light upon the earth;  
"Sorrow," she said, with gentle mien,  
"Ah, yes! – 'twas she that gave me birth."

By Beth Slater Whitson

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