

## THE NICHE

Lord, I have tried the crowded way,  
The fierce heart-burnings of the strife  
With great temptations day by day—  
Spare me it, Lord, if this be life.

Give me the fireside undefiled,  
By my own hands made sweet and clean;  
A cradle-song—a little child,  
Whose frailer strength on mine will lean.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

**From:** Ainslee's Magazine  
Vol. 23, No. 4, Pg. 73  
May, 1909

AND

**From:** Singing Wires: A Book of Poems – Page 18  
Bruce Humphries Publishing – Boston  
Copyright 1958 – LOC Catalog No. 58-6821