

THE ART OF SURGERY

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I

God crowned creation with His masterpiece,
The human body, perfected, complete,
Fashioned from clay; He gave a quick release
Of earth to higher form; and from His seat
In highest heav'n God saw His work was good.
The tiny cells, the tissues hid from sight,
The swift blood stream, nerve centres, were as food
To His desire, and brought to God delight.
But as time passed, disease with cruel skill
Attacked God's masterpiece and brought it low,
To blight, to ruin, oftentimes to kill!
God saw His handiwork destroyed, and so
A war with Death was waged by God and Man,
A struggle since the very world began.

II

When God had made His masterpiece, He gave,
With loveliness of form, a soul, a mind,
Keen intellect that scorned the yawning grave;
And as the eons rolled, and left behind
Blind ignorance which had tried to rule the day,
God raised His fellow-artists to repair
The damage done, to drive disease away.
In His creative art God gave a share
To His co-helpers, surgeons, wise, keen-eyed,
Who traced long lines upon the shining skin,
Whose sharp-edged knives cut paths, and arteries tied.
Death loosed stern grasp, and Nature, kind, came in.
His handiwork reviewed, God stooped to bless
The surgeon's skill restoring loveliness.