

So shall life bloom and shine,  
 Lifted its pain above,  
 Crowned with this gift divine,  
 The gift of love.

### THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

A little child,  
 A little, meek-faced, quiet village child,  
 Sat singing, by her cottage door at eve,  
 A low, sweet Sabbath song. No human ear  
 Caught the faint melody. No human eye  
 Beheld the upturned aspect or the smile  
 That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breathed  
 The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,  
 "Praise God! Praise God!"

A seraph by the Throne  
 In the full glory stood. With eager hands  
 He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood  
 Of harmony on the celestial air  
 Welled forth unceasing. Then with a great voice  
 He sang the "Holy, holy, evermore,  
 Lord God Almighty!" And the eternal courts  
 Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,  
 Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned  
 With vehement adoration. Higher yet  
 Rose the majestic anthem without pause,  
 Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,  
 To its full strength, and still the infinite heaven  
 Rang with the "Holy, holy, evermore;"  
 Till, trembling with excess of awe and love,  
 Each sceptred spirit sank before the Throne  
 With a mute Hallelujah. But even then,  
 While the ecstatic song was at its height,  
 Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed  
 To float, float upwards from some world afar,  
 A weak and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet!  
 That blended with the seraph's rushing strain,  
 Even as a fountain's music with the roar  
 Of the reverbrate thunder. Loving smiles  
 Lit up the beauty of each angel's face  
 At that new utterance; smiles of joy, that grew  
 More joyous yet, as ever and anon  
 Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,—  
 "Praise God! Praise God!" And when the seraph's song