

White-shadowed, Jordan's spotless dove  
Doth o'er the crystal waters glide  
Descending on like wings of love,  
The Spirit hovers o'er His Bride.

The Father watches from on high  
A daughter in this little child,  
The Word, with filial piety,  
Reveres a mother undefiled.

Your infants, Christian matrons bring,  
'Mid Mary's angels let them pray ;  
Come, virgins, in life's opening spring  
Let innocence its worship pay.

We sinners, too, will venture in—  
With heavy heart yet noiseless tread—  
And silently bewail our sin,  
Around this spotless cradle-bed.

K. D. B.

