

Still that mother clasped it to her
With a trembling heart ;
Harder yet from this frail darling
Is it now to part !
' Father, take her not above
Ere she speaks one word of love.'

Now the prayer rose, ' Do not take her
Till she knows *Thee*, Lord ;
Let me tell her Heavenly stories,
Make her love *Thy* Word :
Teach her how to trust in *Thee*,
As now, Lord, she trusts in me !'



It was springtime when the mother
Prayed that piteous prayer ;
Summer loosed the baby prattle,
Life was now too fair.
Tones that thrilled her through and through,
Murmured, ' Mother, I love you !'

Oh, our God hath patience truly,
For He waited on,
Till the babe-lips prayed ' Our Father,'
And ' Thy Will be done.'
Then He sent an angel down,
Called His child from Cross to Crown.