



The Taper.

*The taper that thou seest on this
altar brightly burn,
Devoutly as in prayer,
Did formerly in lily, and bluebell,
and wheat return,
Its sweetness to the air.*

*The bee, each morning flutt'ring
there, did enter in the rose,
The thistle 'neath the dew,
The fragrant thyme, to bid each
one her hidden wealth disclose,
To gather something new.*

*Wherever flower a chalice opened
to the ether pure,
There did the bee alight,
And from the dawning, the azure
wing, till weighted down, secure,
She homeward bent her flight.*

*'Tis thus that blended, all these
many treasures of the fields,
The whitened wax compose,
Which Sunday on the altar midst
glad song and incense yields,
True homage in repose.*