

Chime VI



CHILD-ANGELS.

A flickering cloud of petals,
A flock of butterflies bright,
That floats and flutters and settles,
Poised on a rose of light,—
With eyes that sparkle and glisten,
Dancing with lovely mirth,
The little child-angels listen
To the echoing chime on earth.

Mothers bereft and lonely
Here is a sight for you.
Are they not singing, as only
Happiest babies do?
While shadows of winter darken
O'er you in your drought and dearth,
The little child-angels listen
And laugh to the bells on earth.