

## FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

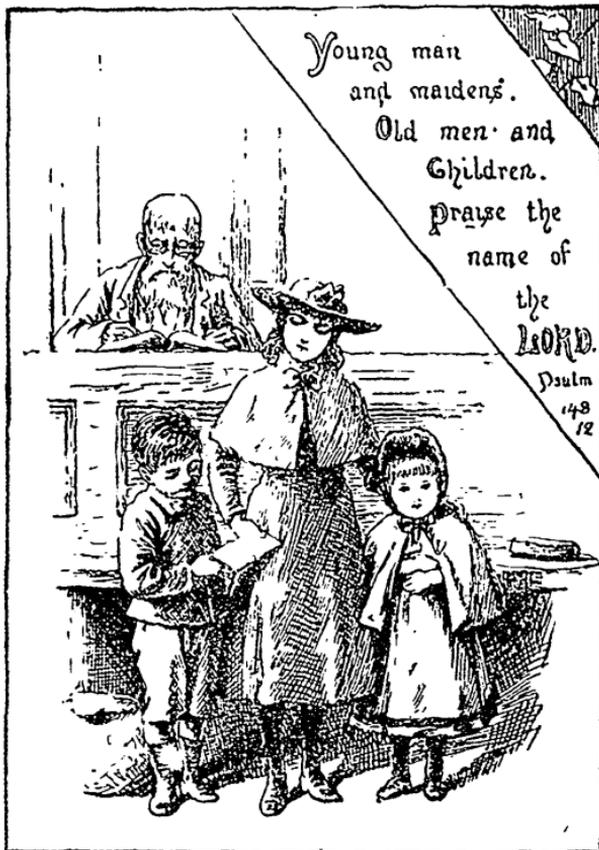
A grave, sweet wonder  
in the baby face,  
And look of mingled  
dignity and grace,  
Such as a painter hand  
might love to trace.

A pair of trusting, in-  
nocent, blue eyes,  
That higher than the  
stained-glass win-  
dows rise,  
Into the fair and cloud  
less summer skies.

The people round her  
sing, "Above the sky  
There's rest for little  
children when they  
die."

To her, thus gazing up  
that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals; she  
must not look  
around,  
Although with won-  
derment her pulses  
bound—



Young man  
and maidens.  
Old men and  
Children.  
Praise the  
name of  
the  
LORD.  
Psalm  
148  
12

The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,  
She bows, as "mother" does, her golden head,  
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,  
Where holy children enter when they die,  
And prays God take her there too, by-and-bye.

Pet, may he keep you in the faith alway,  
And bring you to that home for which you pray,  
Where all shall have their child-hearts back one day!