

### God's Gift.

Early one morn there came bouncing  
A dear little babe to our house.  
Its angles were shaped by an artist,  
Its head was as slick as a mouse.

We hoped it would stay with us ever ;  
To rejoice in its coming were two.  
In its cheeks there were dimples so pretty,  
Its eyes were a nice shade of blue.

I'm sure we were never so happy—  
So delighted—because it had come.  
We examined its toes and its fingers ;  
Its body was plump as a plum.

The railways don't bring us the babies ;  
They come to us from the skies ;  
They're not so learned as the old folks,  
But the questions they ask are more wise.

I'm sure they are gifts from the Maker ;  
They claim the best we can give.  
It's sad, but then I must state it—  
Folks say the best ones don't live.

We're happy that through the long years  
The one, then so little, has grown ;  
She has now been with us so long  
We forget, and call her our own.

WM. STRONG.