

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.