

ROYALTY

WE walked together to the church,
My little child and I,
One morning when the pleasant sun
Looked through a cloudless sky.

She held in love my reddened hand,
Hard with the grip of toil ;
I would not give her talk and trust
For Afric's golden spoil !

To her, I was the greatest man,
The strongest, the most wise ;
To me, she was the sweetest flower,
The dearest earthly prize !

“ See, yonder comes a business man,
A good, great man,” I said ;
“ I know him well, and he knows me,
Where busy people trade.

“ You'll give him, love, your prettiest smile :
You can, I know, do that.”