

THE MUD-SPECK'S PRAYER.

A TINY drop of muddy moisture lay,
Half mud, half crystal, on its bed of clay ;
From heights above, the sun, amid the blue,
With warm caress bent down and kissed the dew.
Responsive to the touch, the drop awoke
To sense of inward purity, and broke
From its soil-self, and rose, both winged and
warmed. ---
A mud-speck to a crystal gem transformed !

A human soul upon earth's level stood,
Clay-clogged, the evil fettering the good ;
Conceived of heaven, but besoiled of earth,
With low environs blasting its high birth.
God's love-light touched the soul with gentle
force,
Stirred into motion its divine resource,
Till, yielding, yearningly, it grew more fair
By the sublime and simple act of prayer !