

THE GIFT OF LIFE.

'Tis sweet to live, if living means to love
 All things of beauty in this wide world, dear—
 Nature's joy-song, her melodies sincere,
 The shepherd-wind, that herds cloud-sheep above,
 The girlish, blushing rose a-bloom. Enough
 For me, the voices of the children here—
 Their playground is to Heaven very near,
 And Love to them is a bright, cooing dove.

'Tis sweet to live and sweet it is to feel
 The thrill of rapture, when the old day kneels
 Upon the green, wet grass and soft, clear peals
 Of childish prayer fast die away and steal
 Close to God's heart. E'en this great Life conceals
 Her anguish, when child-lips to Him appeal.