

A SLIGHTED BAUBLE

But they came, and they passed unheeding;
And I would not bid them turn,
For my poor little toy was precious,
And their forced regard I'd spurn.
So they passed, talking only of trifles
Which were theirs. How my heart did burn!

Then I turned, and through tears fast falling
Saw beside me the Giver, kind;
And I thought how I'd snatched the treasure
From His hand, and could barely find
E'en a moment to thank Him for it,—
'Twas but right they should prove unkind.

But He did not reproach nor slight me,
Only said: "You are tired, child,
Come and rest while you tell your trouble."
Ah, the voice was so sweet and mild!
And I wondered at all His Goodness
Till the thought had my grief beguiled.