

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there :
But when the hand that lock'd her up gave room
She'd shine thro' all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective, still, as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

H. VAUGHAN.

A BENEDICTION FOR A BABY.

WHAT blessing shall I ask for thee
In the sweet dawn of infancy ?
—That which our Saviour at his birth,
Brought down with him from heaven to earth.

What next, in childhood's April years
Of sunbeam smiles and rainbow tears ?
—That, which in him all eyes may trace,
To grow in wisdom and in grace.

What in the wayward path of youth
Where falsehood walks abroad as truth ?
—By that good spirit to be led
Which John saw resting on his head.

What temptation's wilderness,
When doubts assail and wants oppress ?