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Lost-A Child.

Lost!—in the shadow of the street; Lost!—on the highway and the plain,—

A child of God. If you should meet To-day again

The poor, marred face, the aimless feet, The clouded eyes that haunt your sleep at night

With dreams of burned-out suns, all ashen white,

Lost from their orbits; derelicts of time, Dismantled, drifting in the ways of crime.— Turn, turn, thou brother of the poor, And touch him with thine eyes, thy hand.

Thy voice, that so the sunken shore Of that lost land

He knew long since, but knows no more,—
The heaven of his infancy,—may rise,

Holding enshrined in calm his mother's eyes,—
The room, the home, the garden, and the

gate,
From which he wandered far, and long,
and late.

He holds no more the golden clew;
He saw it trailing in the dust.
Last hight in dreams, its heavenly hue

Dulled with red rust.
But take the hand he cannot give, and

you

May lead him to the door of that dim

room Wherein his mother's eyes light all the gloom,

(Hark,—through the years long dead!)
"Thou little child of God," she crooning said.

"I bind thee,—bind thee with this golden thread,

And angels wind and wind the ball that brings

The children home from all their wanderings."