

## MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

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That title Thou hast won, for lo,  
On earth to mankind Thou didst come  
To be a sharer in our woe  
And thus more surely lead us home.  
Yea, e'en the death upon the tree  
To win that name was chos'n by Thee.

Then bow the knee, the head incline  
On earth, in Heaven, and e'en below,  
Whene'er that sacred name Divine  
Is heard, tho' blasphemy bestow.  
Angelic choirs, help earth proclaim  
The splendors of the Holy Name!

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### A SLIGHTED BAUBLE.

I WAS pleased with the bauble's brightness,  
How it glittered to foolish eyes!  
And I thought, with a thrill of pleasure,  
Of my friends, and their glad surprise  
When they saw for the first my treasure.  
What a joy was the mere surmise!