

MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

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!

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!