

## THE LOST BABE.

There was a bower that love had reared  
And beautified with care ;  
One day a messenger appeared  
And asked admission there.

He was not welcome to the bower,  
For something in his face,  
Where'er he went, had always power  
To cloud the brightest place.

Love barred the door, and cried, " Forbear,  
Thou art no bidden guest ";  
Then gathered up her jewels rare  
And hid them in her breast.

Still louder knocked he than before,  
And still he was denied ;  
Then, laughing at the well-barred door,  
He threw it open wide.

" I come from Paradise above,"  
The messenger began :  
" Oh, not in anger but in love  
God worketh out his plan.

" Sent from the King's eternal throne  
My mission to fulfill,  
I ask one jewel of thine own,—  
It is the Master's will :

" One birdling from the parent nest,  
One lamb from out thy fold,  
To nestle in the Saviour's breast  
As did the babes of old.