

*UNSEEN GRACES.*

OW often do God's angels flit
 Around us, and we know it not !
 How often doth God's blessing sit,
 Like God's white Mother free from blot,
 Deep in the heart's most rosy grot,
 And we, heart-eyelcss, see not it !

Ah, God hath lidded human eyes,
 Not that the human heart may sleep ;
 But that, as these veil nether skies,
 To open heavens of dream more deep,
 They thus may teach man's heart to keep
 Its inmost gaze on Paradise.

FRANK WATERS.

