



THREE WISHES.

An infant in its cradle slept.
 And in its sleep it smiled —
 And one by one three women knelt
 To kiss the fair-haired child ;
 And each thought of the days to be
 And breathed a prayer half silently.

One poured her love on many lives,
 But knew love's toil and care ;
 Its burdens oft had been to her
 A heavy weight to bear.
 She stooped and murmured lovingly :
 " Not hardened hands, dear child, for
 thee."

One had not known the burdened hands,
 But knew the empty heart ;
 At life's rich banquet she had sat,
 An unfed guest, apart.
 " Oh, not," she whispered, tenderly,
 " An empty heart, dear child, for thee."

And one was old ; she had known care,
 She had known loneliness ;
 She knew God leads us by no path
 His presence cannot bless.
 She smiled and murmured, trustfully,
 " God's will, God's will, dear child, for
 thee."