

"The sun to me sings,
Beauty dowers my wings,
All of joy I attain."—
Flutter by,
Butterfly!

Once again

RESENTMENT

THE ocean bursts in very wrath,
The waters rush and whirl,
As the hardy diver cleaves a path
Down to the treasured pearl.

ECCLESIASTES

GOD speaks. Life beats within the brain,
And crowding onward comes the cry
Of worlds,—and in the senses, pain!
And in the heart, eternity!

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

SHEPHERD Jesus, in Thy arms
Let Thy little lamb repose,
Safe and free from all alarms
In the love the Shepherd shows;
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

Often mother dear has told
How the children Thou didst bless,
And I know that in Thy fold
All is joy and happiness:
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!