

THE NEWBORN.

WHITE lamb, from a great Father's mighty fold,
 White star upon the year's stained, darkened blue,
 White lily 'mid life's rosemary and rue—
 White child, the sweetest treasure in love's gold!
 Ah, little soul! you do not know the cold
 Or fever of life's struggle; the light dew
 Lies fresh upon your flowered face, and, through
 Your silken tresses, sunbeams wade. Behold!

In your young heart are sleeping dreams, grown
 wise;
 On your red lips the flush of newborn day
 And, in your soul, the peace, too deep for name,
 Clear mirrored in the sky-blue of your eyes,
 By cheerful Hope so richly starred. O may
 God take you back as pure, child, as you came!