

## How The Question Came Home.

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"They are such tiny feet;  
They have gone such a little way to meet  
The years which are required to break  
Their steps to evenness and make  
Them go  
More sure and slow.

"They are such new, young lives  
Surely their newness shrives  
Them well of many sins. They see so much  
That, being immortal, they would touch,  
That if they reach  
We should not chide, but teach.

"God help us then to-day  
To tenderly, lovingly clear the way  
That they must tread,  
From needless snares that heartless greed would spread,  
And dangerous lures to deadly sin,  
Till they grow strong to strive and win."

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In the dusk of a summer evening  
I rocked my child to rest;  
Then sat and mused, with my darling  
Still folded to my breast,

His ringlets swept my shoulder,  
His breath was on my cheek,  
And I kissed his dimpled fingers,  
With a love I could not speak.

A form came through the gateway,  
And up the garden walk—  
And my neighbor sat down as often  
To have an evening talk.

She saw me caress my baby  
With almost reverent touch,  
And she shook her gray head gravely:  
"You love that boy too much!"

"That cannot be," I answered,  
"While I love our Father more;  
He smiles on a mother's rapture  
O'er the baby that she bore."