

Earthly angels, ye are watched from above
On your beautiful mission—your errands of love.
O spread forth your wings and travel afar,
And bear your Lord's diadem many a star.
O carry glad tidings—carry them wide,
And bid all rejoice that Jesus has died:
Your present reward God's fatherly smile,
And a home up in Heaven, after a while.

TO A MOTHERLESS BABE.

(While Sleeping).

THEY call thee motherless. They never can have
seen thee smile as I behold thee now, O would
that thou couldst tell me how thine angel-mother looks
—in what protecting form she now appears. Couldst
thou reveal in part the music of her voice (I almost
covet thee thy lot, fair smiler), then I would know the
message she hath whispered thee. But this—this much
I know: thou art not motherless. O lovely sleeper,
take my kiss of thanks, such knowledge have I gained
through thy enlightening smile.