

LITTLE HEBER.

Sweet sunbeam of beauty, so graciously given,
To light, with thy radiance, the home and the hearth;
Where, with bosoms enraptured, they daily watch o'er
thee,
Who hailed, as a boon from high heaven, thy birth.

O saw ye that face when the sunlight was streaming
At morn through the casement, and gilding each
brow?
And heard ye that deep benediction, low murmured,
That falls on the ear, with such fervency, now?

'Tis the voice of his *sire*, at the altar of mercy
He asks of Immanuel a gift for his son;—
That the battle of life he may fight like a hero;
And dying, rejoice in the victory won.

The gift he would ask of his God is *true wisdom*
To guide, like a beacon, his tempest-tossed bark,
When storms of adversity rise to o'erwhelm him, -
When night brings no slumber, and days appear
dark.