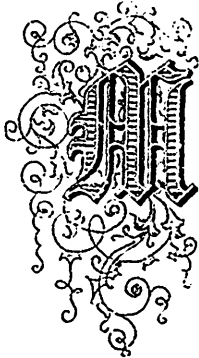


NEAREST THE THRONE.



OTHER most pure, thou snow-white flake,
Thou sole true lily of our race,
Who did'st in God's sight worthy make
That which, without thy worth, were base.

At Bethlehem thy lullaby
In slumber soothed Jesu mild ;
Through years, resigned, yet anxiously,
Thy tender thoughts pursued thy Child ;
With His, thy heart beat sweet accord
While, breathing wisdom, ranged He earth ;
What time His guiltless blood was pour'd
Nearest the dripping cross thou wert.

Mankind's proud boast, to thee alone,
Proved fondest by the Saviour thus,
The brightest place beside His throne
Rightful is thine ; oh, pray for us !

Rideau Park.

J. DANTE SMITH.