

KITTY.

When Kitty speaks, the air seems filled
With music and the rush of wings ;
The sweetest singing-birds grow mute
To hear her, when my Kitty sings.

When Kitty smiles, the world grows glad,
Forgetting all its old-time grief ;
Her merry laugh puts gloom to flight,
And gives the saddest hearts relief.

When Kitty walks, the dingy street
Becomes the pleasaunce of a queen,
Such graces in my dearest blend
With stateliness and royal mien.

When Kitty prays—ah, gentle saint,
Entreating God through flame-bright days !
I shall not dread the after-world
If I am named when Kitty prays.

WINIFRED PATTON.
