

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

Again there was a pause and then he continued,
"Poor, poor little mother that had always to stay
at home and suffer in silence without upbraidings.
I——"

The words died away, and again his head was
averted.

And now in her eyes was a wondrous sweetness.
Gently drawing his face down she rested it upon the
hot little baby hand so precious to them both. Then
she pressed her lips to his with a tenderness that
brought him the relief he craved—the knowledge of
her unchanged affection.

Around the room were prettily framed mottoes
taken from the great Book of books, and as she raised
her face she turned and quietly pointed to one of
them.

As he looked, a fine expression came into his face.
The words had peculiar application to them:

"A little child shall lead them."

His hand sought hers, in silent promise and under-
standing.