

" Oh! take my toys from out that lonely drawer,
They've cost you many tears,
Thro' all these parting years,
You've waited to join me, with grieving heart and sore.

" Many little ones, in pain and suffering lie
In hospitals away from home,
From mother, father—all alone ;
Cheer them with my toys, to laughing turn the sigh !"

The radiance faded, the angel form was gone ;
The lonely mother slept,
No longer in sleep she wept,
Her dreams were bright, sweet visions of her boy alone.

When sun-light faded, and closed another day,
The drawer was empty of the cherished toys,
But happier were some suffering girls and boys,
Clasped in each thin, wee hand a treasure lay ;
Angelic forms, unseen, watched o'er each sufferer's bed,
Thro' the childrens' ward a holy radiance shed.

