



A Child's Petition.

SHE stole into the church alone,
 With shy and timid grace,
 A little child with wondrous eyes,
 And smiling, dimpled face.

"I come to see you, dearest Lord,
 Sweet Jesus, are you here?
 Ah! yes, the light is burning bright,
 I know that you are near.

"I'm glad that we are all alone,
 Because I want to bring
 A letter to your Sacred Heart
 To ask for everything.

"Now, if some older people saw
 Me write this little letter,
 They'd take it, may be, from my hand
 And try to make it better.

"But no one saw me write it, Lord;
 I think it's written right;
 And you won't mind if it's spelt wrong,
 Because it's clean and white.

"I'll drop it in your treasure box,
 And kiss it so 'twill speed
 Right up to heaven to your Heart,
 To ask for all we need.

"And then, to make it very sure,
 I'll say a decade, too,
 To forward quick this little note
 I wrote, dear Lord, to you."