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**TOYS LAID AWAY.**

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AN APPEAL FOR TOYS FOR THE LITTLE INVALIDS  
IN THE HOSPITAL.

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'Twas close on twelve o'clock : sadly a woman knelt before  
an open drawer ;

What treasure had she there ?

Was it jewels rich and rare ?

No ! her treasures, when she saw them, made her heart but  
ache the more.

'Twas but some worn shoes, some half-soiled clothes,

And many well-kept toys,

Priceless to girls and boys ;

In her lone, aching heart, what thoughts arose ?

The tired, childless mother slept, the tears still on her eyes ;

A soft, white radiance fill'd the room,

A tiny form, long hidden in the tomb,

Bent o'er her ; sweet dreams fill'd her brain, and hush'd  
her sighs.

"Mother, my toys, with which I often played, you've laid  
away ;

I do not need them now,

I play with angels ; Christ's mark upon my brow,

Find some little child—who has on earth to stay—

"Some little one, sick, and poor and weak,

Who has no mother's love,

So like that above,

No kind friend a pitying word to speak.