

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Like Hannah of old, she bent on her  
knees,

Praying to God above;  
Seeking a blessing from His decrees,  
Just a little one to love.

But the days went by and no answer  
came,

Unavailing seemed the cry;  
Way up yonder came the refrain,  
"Do not despair or sigh."

Till one day out of the throng below,  
God sent a golden beam;  
It entered her heart with a happy glow  
And made her begin to dream.

At last, thro' the dazzling mists of gray,  
Her child full-grown had come;  
'Twas answered prayer of many a day,  
And she said, "Thy will be done."