

# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

BLESSED Cross, before thee kneeling  
Is an infant form most fair,  
With her blue-eyes turned to heaven,  
And her hands upraised in prayer.

Scanty garments clothe her figure,  
Weak and faltering is her tone,  
Yet it reacheth unto heaven,  
Borne like incense to the throne.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, I am quite alone;  
No one here to love me, and no food, no home;  
But dear mother told me when she should be  
dead,  
I was to ask Jesus for my daily bread;  
And, although I do not quite know what to say,  
Help me, O my Saviour, for to Thee I pray."

Thus she prayed, that tender infant,  
Kneeling on the grassy sod,  
Near a cross of purest marble,  
With her hands upraised to God.

In a pauper's grave beside her  
Lay the mother gone before;  
Kneeling near the cross the child felt  
Nearer the eternal shore.

Precious child, the Saviour hears you,  
Full of pity, love, and care;  
And He sends you, in His mercy,  
Speedy answer to your prayer.

Slid behind a lofty tombstone,  
Clad in mourning-garments sad,—  
Stands a lady weeping sorely  
For the loved who made her glad.

Striving amidst all her sorrow  
With faith's eye to look above;  
And behold them in their glory,  
These the children of her love.

Then she hears the childish accents  
Of the little one in prayer,  
Who the Lord has sent another  
Tender lamb who needs her care.

Gently steps from her concealment,  
And before the child she stands,  
While with look and tone most tender  
She obeys her Lord's commands.

"Come to me, my precious darling,  
God-sent gift from heaven above;  
Come and cheer me in my sorrow,  
Know again a mother's love."

"Jesus, then, has sent you to me,"  
Said the child with trustful look;  
"He does give to all who trust Him,  
It is written in His Book."

"Yes, my child, to me He giveth  
Yet another child to bless,  
Still another flower to cherish  
On life's weary wilderness."

"Mother said I was to thank Him,  
For she knew He'd hear my prayer:"  
Once again her childish accents  
Floated on the summer air.

And the angels sang in heaven  
Many a sweet and joyful song,  
While they played upon their harp-strings,  
As the sound came floating on.

Came into the child's heart straightway,  
Nestling like the holy dove;  
Sweetest peace, and joy, and gladness,  
God's sweet Spirit from above.

Then she gave her hand most gladly  
To the lady standing there,  
Who caressed her, stroking fondly  
Back her bright and golden hair.

Thus they left the sacred precincts  
Of the holy, peaceful dead;  
Hand in hand began the journey  
Which henceforth they were to tread.

Are we learning the deep lesson,  
Taught us in this infant's prayer,  
At the Cross's foot oft pleading,  
Finding what the child found there?

If, like her, we go to Jesus;  
If, like her, we trust indeed;  
Then, like her, we shall be answered,  
And "find help in time of need."

ANNIE PRESTON.