

Oh ! I think yer'll do it, Jesus, something  
seems to tell me so,  
For I feel so glad and happy, and I do so  
want to go ;  
How I long to see yer, Jesus, and the chil-  
dren all so bright ;  
Come and fetch me, won't yer, Jesus ?  
Come and fetch me home to-night !"

Tommy ceased his supplication, he had told  
his soul's desire,  
And he waited for the answer till his head  
began to tire ;  
Then he turned towards his corner, and lay  
huddled in a heap,  
Closed his little eyes so gently, and was  
quickly fast asleep.

Oh ! I wish that every scoffer could have  
seen his little face,  
As he lay there in the corner, in that damp  
and noisome place ;  
For his countenance was shining like an  
angel's fair and bright,  
And it seemed to fill the cellar with a holy,  
heavenly light.