

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair
As it floated o'er his shoulders,
On the crisp October air

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door.
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman:
Is there room for any more?

"Cause dis letter's doin' to papa
Papa lives with God, 'ou know:
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fink 'at I can go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day my little man."
"Dees I'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him;
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening,
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there;
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face discoloured,
Showing where a hoof had trod:
But the little life was ended;

"Papa's letter" was with God.—*Pacific Baptist.*