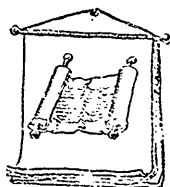


6. What did he have to do?

*Leave them in their unbelief.*

The Lord is among us,  
His voice we may hear;  
Let all little children  
Who love him come near.



### GOOD-NIGHT.

Mamma loosens the baby's frock,  
And takes off each little shoe and sock,  
And softly brushes the golden hair,  
And pats the shoulders, dimpled and bare,  
And puts on the night-gown, white and long,  
Humming the while an evening song:

“Day-time is over,

Play-time is closing,

Even the clover is nodding and dozing.

Baby's bed shall be soft and white;

Dear little boy, good-night, good-night!”

Mamma kisses the pink little feet,  
And the tiny hands, so dimpled and sweet,  
The rosy cheeks and the forehead white,  
And the lips that prattle from morn till night.  
With a last fond kiss for the golden crown,  
Gently and softly she lays him down;  
And in the hush that the twilight brings  
She stands by her darling's bed and sings:

“Over the billow

Soft winds are sighing;

Round baby's pillow

Bright dreams are flying.

Here comes a pretty one, sure to alight;

Dear little boy, good-night, good-night!”