

TOMMY'S PRAYER.

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Tommy lay within the cellar which had
grown so dark and cold,
Thinking all about the children in the
streets of shining gold;
And he heeded not the darkness of that
dark and chilly room,
For the joy in Tommy's bosom could dis-
perse the deepest gloom.

"Oh ! if I could only see it," thought the
cripple, as he lay,
"Jessie said that Jesus listens and I think
I'll try and pray;"
So he put his hands together, and he closed
his little eyes,
And in accents weak, yet earnest, sent this
message to the skies:

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me, as I didn't
know afore,
That yer cared for little cripples who is
weak and very poor,
And I never heard of heaven till that Jessie
came to-day
And told me all about it, so I wants to try
and pray.