

Then Pete with manly courage,
Set about his task to do,
Got out his mother's bread-knife,
Of the bad to make a stew.

And Nell put on St. Peter's cap,
Of paper brown and strong,
And sat upon a soap box
Struck dumb by angel's song.

Ah shaw ! says little Peter,
"The Devils I cant see,
I want to kill and stew them
And make soup for you and me."

But Nell with clearer vision,
Could hear the angels pray,
Could see no imps of Satan,
Dressed up in colours gay.

She could see the great archangel,
With children bright and strong,
Romping in the gardens,
Midst flowers and birds and song.

Then said little Nell to Peter
"Hell is nothing more
Than lies made up by bad ones,
To scare the children sure."

"My ! its getting dark said Peter
And ma will soon be here,
Lets sweep the floor and play no more,
Of things what makes us fear."