

CHARLES.

Oh, this is well,
'Tis soothing thus to pray. But see, dear friend,
Where with sweet baby hands clasped fervently,
And streaming eyes, but silent still, and mute,
Dear Herbert kneels, not venturing to breathe
His prayers to heaven. Speak courage to him then,
Tell him that Jesus hears when infants pray.

HERBERT.

I know, I know, but when I try to pray,
Although so kindly I've been taught, I've
Forgot all other words, save only these:
God spare Mamma.