

**"The Only Thing That Gives Relief."**

Mrs. M. E. Latimer, Biloxi, Miss., had an itchy breaking out on her skin, and she sends \$1 for two boxes, saying: "Eucerin is the only thing that gives me relief." This is strong language, disinterested and voluntary. It cures all skin diseases, tetter, itch, eczema, salt-rheum, etc., and never fails. 50c. a box at druggists or send stamps to J. T. Shuprine, Savannah, Ga.

**Double Speed.**  
Uncle Abe—Dem automobiles go so fast it 'ud take two niggers to tell about 'em. Sambo—How's dat? Uncle Abe—One ter say "Here she comes," an' one ter say "That she goes!"

Love has no worse enemy than self-love.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,**  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
Witness my hand and seal this 15th day of December, A. D. 1898.  
FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Way Office has decided that in case a soldier is reported missing the payment of allowance to his family shall be continued until more definite information comes.

Dyeing is so simple as washing when you use LUTASIN FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

There is said to be a Boer Agency in Montreal engaged in circulating a dirty-looking publication which seeks to foster disloyalty to Great Britain.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. The Czar of Russia's army is the only one in Europe with feminine medical officers.

Mrs. Wislowsky's Sooling Syrup for children is curing of the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

The Trans-Baltic Railway, extending over a distance of 1,034 kilometers is open.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

About 1,000 servants are attached to the royal household of Great Britain.

**Spring Annually Says Take Hood's Sarsaparilla**

In the spring those Pimples, Boils, Eruptions and General Bad Feelings indicate that there are poisons in the system. It needs a thorough brushing, and the best brush is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which sweeps all humors before it. This great medicine eradicates Scrofula, sudas, Salt Rheum, neutralizes the acidity which causes Rheumatism—in short, purifies the blood and thoroughly renovates the whole physical system.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been taken in our family as a blood purifier and spring medicine with satisfactory results." LESLIE RICHARDSON, 135 West William street, Bath, N. Y. Be sure to get Hood's.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy for the bronchitis. It relieves the troublesome cough, cures in a few days. Price 25c at all druggists.

**Food, Work and Sleep.**  
What a great mistake it is to contend that time taken from toil for sleep and recreation is time lost! There is no greater fallacy for sleep and recreation form, as it were, the cement put in to fill up the joints in order to keep out the weather and preserve the edifice. A man does not necessarily require riches, honor or office—although the majority of us naturally have an ambition to attain one of these desiderata—but he does need food, work and sleep. It follows therefore, that he should use every means to promote life, and among these there are three things to be kept in mind. When a man denies himself sleep, food and the exercise work gives both to brain and body, he is robbing his life of its full term. Let him be cheerful also, for the body is like an engine—it will run well and long if it is well oiled. Contentment and cheerfulness are the oil which keeps the nerves from wearing out.

**A MOTHER'S STORY.**

Tells About Her Daughter's Illness and How She was Relieved—Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

"Mrs. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you about my daughter. She is nineteen years old and is flowing all the time, and has been for about three months. The doctor does her but very little good, if any. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I want your advice before beginning its use. I have become very much alarmed about her, as she is getting so weak."—Mrs. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., May 21, 1899.

"DEAR Mrs. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit my daughter has received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After beginning the use of your medicine she began to mend rapidly and is now able to be at her work. Her menses are regular and almost painless. I feel very thankful to you and expect to always keep your Vegetable Compound in my house. It is the best medicine I ever knew. You have my permission to publish this letter if you wish, it may be the means of doing others good."—Mrs. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., September 18, 1899.



**REV. DR. TALMAGE.**

**THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.**

All Nature Joins in Singing His Praises—Everything Bright and Beautiful Suggests Him—Power of the Hymn as a Cradle Song is Remarkable.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how Christ brings harmony and melody into every life that He enters; text, Psalm cxviii, 14. "The Lord is my strength and song." The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him; the stars shine Him; the cascade proclaims Him; all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. When in the summer time I pluck a flower, I think of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." When in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding-board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding-board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the 10,000 voices of the sounding-board struck back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell His glory, and the earth shows His might. The flowers breathe Him; the stars shine Him; the cascade proclaims Him; all the voices of nature chant Him. Upon a blasted and faded paradise I poured the light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham, rising up from the dead in the thick of the night, and spoke in the language of the angels to Jerusalem for consolation. It put in its hands the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick with cold or with a fever, sing the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest and your step is lightest. Sing the praises of the Saviour, and your pathway blossoms and the over-arching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus. The old Greek cranes, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word which they would recuse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out: "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin and though trouble and trials and afflictions may have come upon you and you feel to-day hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our Song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words, but they were the timber of our soul and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly over the world, and reach the hearts of our children and our grandchildren. "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel reciting your name on the tombstone of your great-grandchildren will be singing the name which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there will be a flock of fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,000 echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell how much oftener the little ones would be gathered about all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the power of temptation. There are four mouthed children who would like to be sold your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them play. They must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scolding, blasting, damning influence of the street! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus. Let that name be the word that shall drive the evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important. As children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the evening, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pluck at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No voices coming from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white flowers growing up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway