

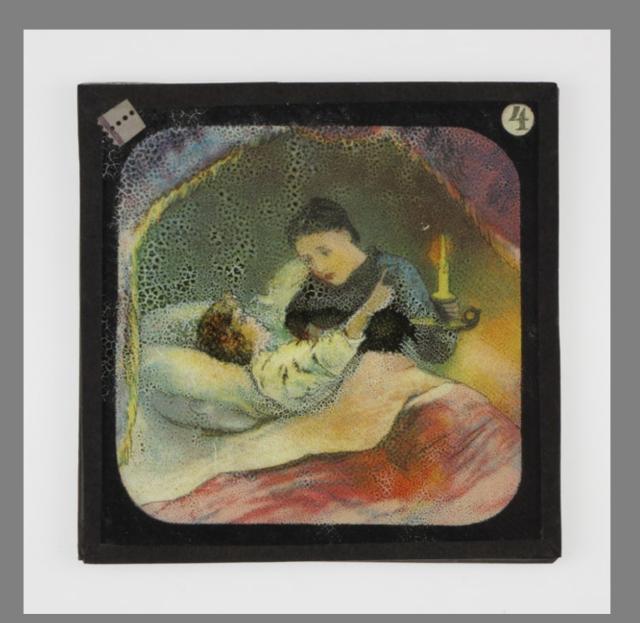
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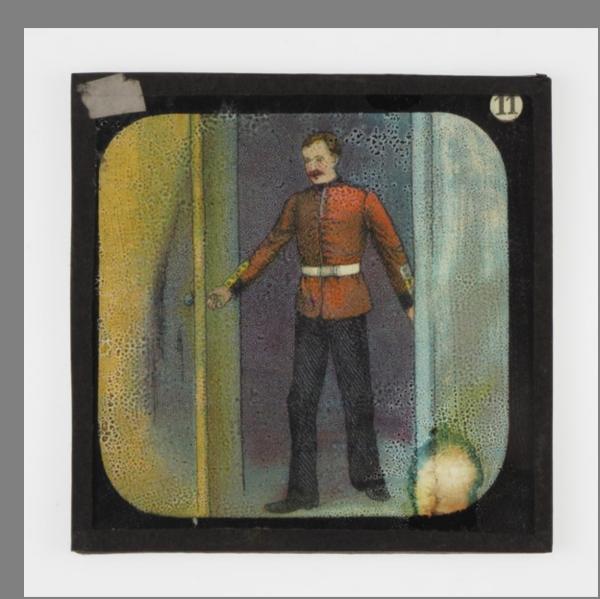
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NELLIE'S PRAYER.

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The full reading for Nellie's Prayer is contained in the poem written by G. R. Sims, Esq., which, as this is copyright, we are not allowed to publish seperately; it is published in a book with several other poems by the same author, and the price of it is 1s., post free 1s. 3d. We are only able therefore, in this reading, to give a brief resumé of the various incidents to which the pictures refer.

No. 1.—Called to the War.—Nellie's father was a soldier and was called out with his regiment to do service in India. The picture before us represents the soldiers on the march from the small town in which Nellie lived with her father and mother.

No. 2. He bised his darling Nellie. The mother and the little girl Nellie, went to the station to take a last farewell of her father, who is seen with his little girl's arms round his neck, wishing him good-bye.

No. 3.—She always Prayed for Father.—Every night, Nellie used to kneel at her mother's knee, and in her evening prayer, she always besought God to take care of her dear father, and bring him safely home again.

No. 4.—Why are you crying Mammy.—One night when her mother put her to bed, she saw the tears falling fast from her mother's eyes on to the bedclothes, and on asking her mother "Why are you crying Mammy?" her mother only kissed her and quickly left the room; the real reason was, that news had arrived that amongst the list of killed, appeared her husband's name, and she was afraid to break the sad news to her little girl.

No. 5.—A woman stooped and kissed her.—The next day, as Nellie was nursing her little doll by the door-step, some old lady passed by, and stooped down and kissed the little girl, saying, "Poor fatherless little bairn": still Nellie was totally ignorant that her father was dead and could not make out why people seemed so extra kind to her in these long dark days.

No. 6.—I feil on my knees and prayed.—It was like agony to the mother's heart every night, when the little girl still prayed that God would take care of her father, and bring him soon safely home again, and often, when the little girl was laid to sleep in her cot, the mother would kneel down by the window-sill and pray to God to give her strength to bear the great trouble that had fallen upon her.

No. 7.—I sat by the fireside, heartbroken.—And then she would go downstairs and sit by the fireside, looking into the fire, and wondering whether she should ever tell her little girl, in these days of her childhood, that her father had met with a cruel death in a far off land, or whether it would not be better to let her grow up, happily ignorant that her dear daddy would never come back again.

- No. 8.—Nellie was praying to God for her dear Dadda, not knowing that he was dead.—And then one night, she crept upstairs again, imagining that her little girl was fast asleep, but, pausing at the door, she heard her little voice upraised to God, asking why her father was so long in coming back, and would He make haste and bring him home soon.
- No. 9.—An angel watching over her.—And the mother's heart was raised and cheered by the little girl's prayer, and she almost seemed to see in her imagination, an Angel watching over the bed, as the little child a few minutes afterwards, lay with her head on the pillow, fast asleep.
- No. 10.—Mammy, will Father soon come home?—And so the sad weeks dragged wearily along, and the little girl's almost daily words to her mother were, "When will father come home?" and the mother, sitting there, striving to keep back her tears, still made evasive answers to her child and tried next broad her young heart by telling her that she would never see her father more.
- No. 11.—There was a quick step and the door opened.—One night, while the little girl was still siting by her mother's side, asking the oft repeated question about her father, there was a quick step heard in the passage and the door was suddenly thrown open: the child, with a cry of "Dadda" sprang to her feet and was soon clasped in her father's arms.
- No. 12.—Thank God for His blessed mercy, and His answer to Nellie's Prayer.—And then the truth came out: there was some-body else in the same regiment, of he same name as Nellie's father, and it was he that was killed, and by a mistake, the wrong initials to the name had been sent home to England, and Nellie's father, although seriously wounded in some of the battles that he passed through, was now home again safe and sound, and the mother in her fulness of heart, attributed her husband's safety very greatly to the faith which was shown by her little child, in constantly praying to God and always believing that her father would come back at last safe and sound.

