

The Answer.  
A true incident.

A little boy sat thinking  
Quite forgetful of his play  
His head was resting on his hand  
His look intent, and far away.

We watched him closely for a while,  
Not saying any word,  
Wondering what could be his thought:  
Yet not caring to disturb.

At last he turned to mother,  
And met her look most kind,  
"I don't see when I get to Heaven;  
How ever you'll find".

"For there'll be such lots of people  
I'll get lost before - Oh; well;  
(A happy thought had struck him)  
I'll ask Jesus, He can tell.

Orellia J. Thomas

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