

## Chapter 1

### At Mother's Knee

Elizabeth Rosser

The shades of night are falling,  
The day draws to its close  
And as the twilight deepens,  
All nature seeks repose:  
The rabbit in his burrow,  
The bird upon the tree;  
And little children gather  
Around their mother's knee.  
The evening lamp is lighted,  
The Holy Book is read;  
"Suffer the little children,"  
The blessed Saviour said.  
And guardian angels, watching,  
No fairer sight may see  
Than little children praying  
Around their mother's knee.