

The Tiny Harmonica

In the big boarding house where I lived,
Mrs. Barber was busy all day.
Everyone else had gone to work,
So I went next door to play.
Mary's toys really covered the floor,
But the one that seemed best of all
Was a very tiny harmonica...

It was so cute and small!

I slipped it into my pocket one day,
And squeezed through the loose board in the fence.
Then up the back stairs, along the dark hall,
To our room at the end I went....

The little harmonica lay in my hand,
But its music no longer seemed sweet.

I sat looking sadly at the small thing,

Then quickly I jumped to my feet.

Along the dark hallway, down the back stairs,

And through the loose board in the fence,

I hurried back to Mary's house,

And straight to the playroom I went.

Among Mary's toys I placed the harmonica,

And breathed a big sigh of relief.

Even at five years of age I knew

It was wrong to become a thief.

I had only one small box of toys,

But I surely had learned what it meant

Not to covet someone else's things,

But with what was my own be content!

"Even a child
is known by
his doings,..
whether his
work be pure,
and whether
it be right."
Proverbs 20:11

"He that is
faithful in
that which
is least is
faithful also
...in much."
Luke 16:10

"Thou shalt not covet...anything
that is thy neighbor's." Exodus 20:17

"Be content with such things
as ye have." Hebrews 13:5



ELB