

Off in an Eastern city,  
(The name I no longer know),  
In a rickety-rackety old building,  
With a busy street below—  
Lay a crippled little newsboy,  
All sad and full of care,  
Up by a third floor window  
In his little room so bare.

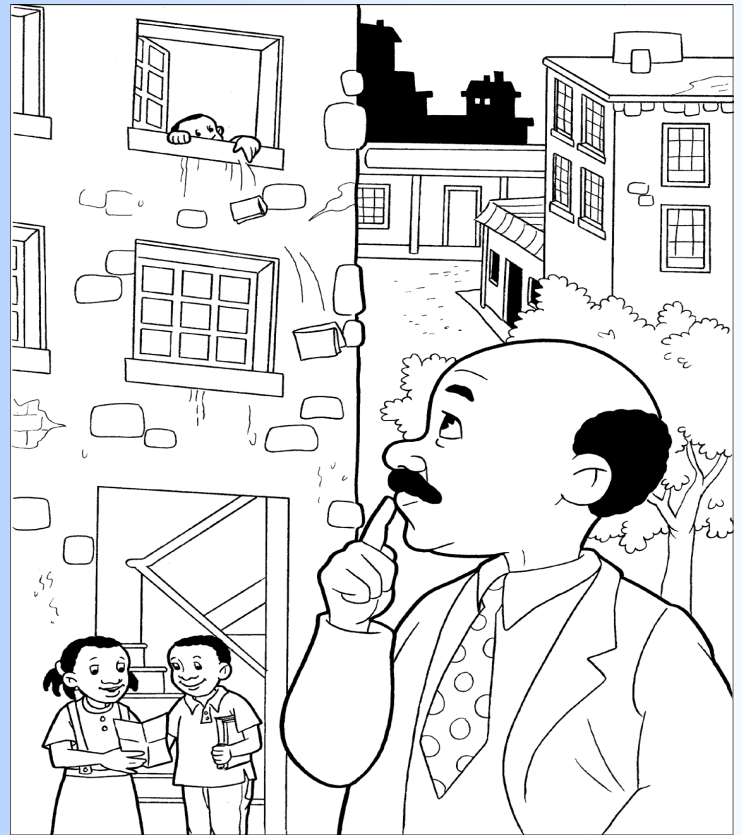
His body badly broken,  
Never to walk again,  
Cared for by his aunt,  
He talks with a newsboy friend.  
“What can I do, or get for you?  
(His little friend understood.)

“Oh, bring me the book about the Man,  
Who went everywhere doing good!”  
In all the shops  
His friend did look,  
Searching for  
The unnamed Book.

But no one seemed  
To understand,  
Or have such a Book,  
Or know such a Man.  
Yet, at last he found it—  
Or so the old man said,  
“I know that Book very well!  
Its pages I’ve often read!

“You wait right here,  
While I take a look.”  
And he soon returned  
With a great big Book!  
“It isn’t very new,” he said.  
“But your friend will understand.  
And all I’m going to charge for it  
Are those pennies in your hand!”

# The Story of Tommy



He hurried back to Tommy,  
Clutching his treasure near.  
And in that Book, the Bible,  
Tom found a Friend so dear.

“Oh, save me, precious Jesus,  
Come into my heart today,  
Wash me with Your loving Word,  
And take my sins away.”

Tom wanted to be like Jesus,  
But he didn’t see how he could,  
Be like the man who went everywhere  
Doing only good.

“Precious little Tommy,  
There’s a lot that you can do!  
Read My Words and love Me,  
And give them to others, too!

“The Words of Life within this Book  
Bring peace and love and joy!  
Just copy out the ones you like,  
And be My paperboy!”

So on little scraps of paper,  
Tom so carefully wrote,  
Then tossed out his window  
Each precious living quote.

With Words of hope  
He tried to fill  
The passers-by  
Beneath his sill.

Down they dropped  
As from the sky,  
To all the people  
Passing by.

A rich man sad,  
And full of care,  
Read a note  
Dropped from the air.

A ray of hope  
Now shone within!  
He called on Jesus  
To forgive his sin.

His house was full of treasures,  
All that money could afford;  
But that little scrap of paper  
Was what led him to the Lord!

So he returned to the very spot  
To watch what he could see,  
Where he’d found the paper  
That had set him so, so free!

These little notes  
From Heaven fell,  
But where they came from  
He could not tell.

He saw a paper  
Flutter to the ground,  
And a poor old woman  
Stooping down.

And he watched her face  
Brighten as she read,  
And some hidden strength  
Filled her tired tread.

So he watched and watched,  
And waited to see,  
Determined to solve  
This mystery!

But poor crippled Tommy  
Couldn’t write very fast,  
Yet finally he finished  
And tossed one at last!

“There, at that window!  
Now I see!  
The source of the paper,  
That brought life to me!”

He soon found the entrance  
To a house so poor.  
He raced up the stairs  
And knocked on the door.

“Dear friend, I have found you,  
You poor little boy!  
Though I’m a rich hat-maker,  
You’ve brought me such joy!

“Come live with me, Tom,  
Your worries are done.  
Come live with me now,  
And be my own son!

“And then at night,  
You’ll rest your head,  
In peaceful silence,  
On the finest bed!

“Out in the country,  
On a great estate,  
With the finest foods  
Upon your plate!”

“Oh, kind Sir,  
It all sounds very well,  
But my answer yet,  
I cannot tell.

“I’ll ask My Friend,  
If I should go,  
Come back tomorrow—  
Then I’ll know.”

He came back early,  
The very next day,  
Eager to hear  
What Tom had to say.

“I must ask one question,  
Before my reply,  
Do you have a window  
Where people pass by?”

Surprised at such  
A strange request,  
The rich man was baffled  
And simply confessed—

“No, Tom, I am rich,  
And my house is so fine;  
You’ll see only the gardener  
From time to time!”

Tom’s face was sad. He must say no—  
“You see I simply cannot go  
Where people never pass below,  
The windows of my life!”

“For though I’m poor,  
I’m filled with joy,  
Just to be  
God’s paperboy!”

Do people pass under your window?  
Do you care for the ones that do?

Remember little Tommy,  
And that God has a window, too!

Let His love show you how to help  
them,  
And if you stay faithful and true,  
Then the windows of Heaven will  
open,  
And he’ll pour out His  
blessings on you!