

## Christ and the Little Ones.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"  
Said Hannah, the Mother, one day,  
"He is healing the people who throng him  
With a touch of his finger they say,  
And now I shall carry the children,  
Little Rachel and Samuel and John,  
I shall carry the baby Esther,  
For the Lord to look upon."

The father look'd at her kindly,  
But he shook his head and smil'd ;  
"Now who but a doating mother  
Would think of a thing so wild ?  
If the children were tortur'd by demons  
Or dying of fever,—'twere well ;  
Or had they the taint of the leper  
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,  
I feel such a burden of care,—  
If I carry it to the Master  
Perhaps I shall leave it there,  
If he lay his hand on the children.  
My heart will be lighter I know ;  
For a blessing for ever and ever,  
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,  
Along by the vine-rows green,  
With Esther asleep on her bosom,  
And Rachel her brothers between ;  
'Mong the people who hung on his teaching  
Or waited his touch and his word,  
Through the rows of proud Pharisees  
list'ning  
She press'd to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why should'st thou hinder the  
Master,"  
Said Peter, "with children like these ?  
Seest not how from morning till ev'ning,  
He teacheth and healeth disease ?"  
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the chil-  
dren,  
Permit them to come unto me !"  
And he took in his arms little Esther,  
And Rachel he set on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother  
Was lifted all earth-care above,  
As he laid his hands on the brothers  
And bless'd them with tenderest love,  
And he said of the babes in his bosom  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—  
And strength for all duty and trial  
That hour to her spirit was given.

## Criosd agus a' chlann bheag.

"Tha 'm Maighstir air tighinn thar Jor-  
dan,"  
Ars' Hannah, an og-mhathair chaomh,  
"A' leigheas na dream thig 'na choir-san  
Le beanailt le, 'inheoirean ri'n taobh.  
Nis bheir mi a' chlann bheag air laimh  
leam,  
Seadh Rachel, us Samuel us Eoin,  
Us giulaineam Esther am Paisdean  
An lathair an t-Slanuigheir mhoir."

An t-athair dhearc oirre le cairdeas,  
A cheann chrath us ghair e gu caoin ;  
"Co ach mathair dheothasach, mhuirneach  
A smuainich air cuis tha cho faoin ?  
Nam biodh iad le deamhain 'gam pianadh,  
No basach' le fiabhrus,—bu cheart ;  
Le luibhre nam bitheadh iad breoite  
Mar mhoran an Israel gun neart.

"Ni h-eadh, ach na bac mise, Nataim,  
Tha 'n curam 'gam sharuch' gu trom,—  
Ma bheir mi e dh' ionnsuidh a' Mhaighstir,  
Ma dh' fhaoidte 'n sin fagar e leam,  
Ma chuireas e lamh air na maothrain,  
Mo chridhe bidh aotrom gun cheist :  
Thig beannachd bho Ard-Rìgh na gloire  
A leanas ri 'm beo iad am feasd."

'Nsin thairis air beanntainnean Judah,  
Feadh shreathan nan ur-chranna fion,  
Le Ester 'na suain air a gairdean,  
A braithean le Rachel bheag chrion ;  
Tre 'n t-sluagh a bha 'g eisdeachd r' a  
theagasg,  
No feitheamh ri leigheas am pian,  
Troimh mheadhon nam Phariseach uaibh-  
reach,  
Ruith ise gu luath chum an Triath.

"Carson chuin thu dragh air a' Mhaighstir,"  
Thuir Peadar, le cloinn bhig mar so ?  
Nach faic thu bho mhàduin gu feasgar,  
E teagasg 's a' leigheas nan lot ?"  
Thuir Iosa "Na bacadh an og-chlann ;  
Ach leigibh leo dhomh-sa tigh 'n dluth !"  
Ghrad-thog e'n sin Ester 'na gairdean,  
Us Rachel bheag chuir air a ghluin.

Chaidh cridhe trom tiamhaidh na mather  
A fhogail anair thar guch leon,  
Nuair chuir e a lamh air na braithean  
'S a bheannaich le gradh iad gu mor ;  
Nuair thuir e mu thimchioll nan naoidhean  
'Dhe'n dream so tha rioghachd nan  
neamh,—  
A cridhe fhair neart anns an uair sin  
Fà chomhair gach buairidh us feum.