

But, "Hinder them not," cried the Master,
"Let the little ones come unto Me!"
Then His arm around Rachael He folded,
And Esther He took on His knee.

I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE

A dying boy lay watching
The summer sun go down;
He thought it like a golden gem
In the Redeemer's crown.

His soft blue eyes were sunken,
And his cheeks were very pale,
Except two little hectic spots
That told their own sad tale.

Alas! for many, many days
The suffering child had lain
Upon his little narrow couch,
In agony and pain.

But he loved to see the sun set
Upon his little bed,
As it shed a gentle halo
About his dying head.

He watched the last, faint rays depart,
Then said, as oft before,
"Mother, the sun's gone down again,—
Shall I ever see it more?"