

And carry back, from out our plenteous store,
Enough to keep himself a fortnight more."

The first night that we sat expecting them,
I did what some whole families would condemn—
I moulded up my feelings into rhyme,
In something less than fifteen minutes' time,
Then voiced it to whoever would come near;
I'll put the imposition right in here :

[LET THE CLOTH BE WHITE.]

Go set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white !
The hungry city children are comin' here to-night ;
The children from the city, with features pinched an
 spare,
Are comin' here to get a breath of God's untainted air.

They come from out the dungeons where they with want
 were chained ;
From places dark an' dismal, by tears of sorrow stained ;
... From where a thousand shadows are murdering all the
 light :

Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white !