

O my sisters ! not so much
Are we asked for--not a blossom
From our children's nosegay ; such
As we gave it from our bosom "--

But a place to meet their need
Where these sick ones " may, to-morrow,
Learn, by gentle word and deed,
Just the uses of their sorrow."

O, ye Christians! children small,
Wailing, dying through this City,
" Our own babes cry in them all—
Let us take them into Pity !"