

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Mrs. Browning's Plea for Ragged Schools.

RAGGED children, children small,
Spilt like blots about the city,
Quay and street, and palace wall,
Take them up into your pity!

Ragged children with bare feet,
Whom the angels in white raiment
Know the names of, to repeat
When they come on you for payment.

Ragged children, hungry-eyed,
Huddled up out of the coldness
On your doorsteps, side by side,
Till your footmen blame their boldness.

Wicked children, with peaked chins
And old foreheads! There are many
With no pleasure except sins,
Gambling with a stolen penny.

Sickly children, that whine low
To themselves, and not their mothers,
From mere habit—never so
Hoping help or care from others.

Hungry children, with those blue
English eyes, fresh from their Maker,
Fierce and ravenous, staring through
At the brown loaves of the baker.

Can we smooth down the bright hair,
O my sisters! calm, unthrilled in
Our hearts' pulses? Can we bear
The sweet looks of our own children

While those others, weak and small,
Scurf and mildew of the city,
Spot our streets, convict us all
Till we take them into pity!

On the dismal London flags,
Through the cruel social juggle,
Put a thought beneath their rags
To smooth the hearts' struggle.

Give a place in RAGGED SCHOOLS*
Where the outcasts may to-morrow,
Learn by gentle words and rules
Just the uses of their sorrow.

O my sisters! children small,
Blue-eyed, wailing through the city;
Our own babes cry in them all:
Let us take them into pity.

Tarsus.

TARSUS, as the birth-place of St. Paul, will ever attract the Christian, and a sketch of it as it is at present will, we are sure, be interesting. At the extreme left of the picture, in the background, is the mosque marking the supposed tomb of Daniel, the prophet, and, near by, the governor's house. The great Mosque of Tarsus is in the foreground. The large building, with a dome, is the Armenian church, and the one nearly in front, the Greek church. The new Protestant chapel is seen among the trees at the right. The building also contains rooms for the pastor, a school-room, one for the teacher, and one for missionaries visiting the city.

Of the 20,000 souls in Tarsus, about three-eighths are Moslems; one-quarter, Pagans, or, a pleasanter word, Deists,—a strange sect, the secrets of whose worship are unknown; and the remainder are Armenians, Greeks, Protestants and Catholics, mentioned in the order of their numbers.

* This fine poem may be read with no less effect if we substitute the words Sunday-schools for Ragged Schools.