
 POETRY.



FAGOT GATHERERS.

A PLEA FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

BY MISS M. P. AIRD.

Torn and stricken lambs of childhood,
 Ye are pale with want and care ;
 Were you gathering in the wild-wood,
 Flowers to wreath among your hair ?

Not for beautiful flowers ye ramble,
 Through the long bright summer hours ;
 For the wither'd reed or bramble
 Ye must pass the lovely flowers !

Wave on wave of woe's dark river
 Breaking o'er ye in its strife ;
 Tears of sorrow wrestling ever
 With an April smile of life.

Early martyrs to life's sorrow !
 Rough and weary is your way,
 Where the hunger of to-morrow
 Clouds the sunshine of to-day.

Like the sunbeam through the wild-wood,
 Or the singing of the bee,
 Is the happy dance of childhood,
 O'er the daisy-spangled lea ;

Like the stars from darkness peeping,
 Pale as pity, on the earth,
 Sad and weary are ye creeping
 Like sad mourners 'mid its mirth.

Life for you unfolds no May-flower,
 Where fair nature spreads her bloom,
 For ye wither like the day-flower,
 Blanch'd and blighted ere its noon.

O ! compassionate the lowly,
 These pale children of the poor,
 For the Highest—the Most Holy—
 Their poor humble vesture wore.

Now to save them were a glory
 Far excelling crowns of gold,
 When the world's brief little story
 As an evening tale is told.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

It is said that the idea set forth in the following beautiful lines, was really expressed by a little boy five years old.—*Puritan Recorder*.

O, I long to lie, dear mother,
 On the cool and fragrant grass,
 With naught but the sky above my head,
 And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine,
 All round upon my bed :
 I will close my eyes, and God will think
 Your little boy is dead :

Then Christ will send an angel
 To take me up to him ;
 He will bear me slow and steadily,
 Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
 Close to the Saviour's side,
 And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
 My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
 That stand about the throne,
 'Till I find my sister Mary,
 For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
 We will go away alone,
 And I will tell her how we've mourned
 All the while she has been gone !

O ! I shall be delighted
 To hear her speak again—
 Though I know she'll ne'er return to us—
 To ask her would be vain !

So I'll put my arms around her,
 And look into her eyes.
 And remember all I said to her,
 And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
 To take me back to you—
 He'll hear me slow and steadily,
 Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
 I have been out to play,
 And gone to sleep, beneath a tree,
 This sultry summer day.