

Bodies all tortured and warped by sin,
 Misery vermin and rags and dirt,
 A babe wrapped up in a worn-out skirt!
 All brought in for the warmth and light
 Out of the ache of the winter night.

Many a heart in that motley throng
 Sorrows to-night with the Missioner,
 Weeping the loss of Cecilia fair,
 Joining now in the angels' song.
 "Friends, is there any will take her place?"
 The father asks in a trembling tone,
 While the young folks sigh, and the old folks
 groan,—
 His loss is theirs, for her music sweet
 Was the one bright spot in that sin-cursed street.

Why does he rise, with those piercing eyes,
 The "drunk" that we left in the corner, there?
 Running his hands through his long grey hair,
 What is that passion that rends his breast,
 Working his face like a fiend, possessed?
 Is he mad? Has the Drink-Demon crazed his
 brain?

"Wait, friends—see, now he is calm again."
 And the mission-leader and people gaze
 As slowly he walks past the faded baize,
 That serves as a screen to the organ-loft,
 Speaking first to the father, in whisper soft—
 "You may trust me, sir, - will you let me play?"
 "Oh, I must, once more, e'er I pass away!"