

# SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## Judge Not.

BY THOMAS BRACKER,  
The New Zealand Poet.

Not understood. We move along asunder,  
Our paths grow wider as the seasons  
creep

Along the years; we marvel and we  
wonder

Why life is life? And then we fall  
asleep—

Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false im-  
pressions,

And hug them closer as the years go  
by,

Till virtues often seem to us transgres-  
sions;

And thus men rise and fall and live  
and die—

Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted  
vision

Of measure giants by their narrow  
gauge;

The poisoned shafts of falsehood and de-  
rision

Are oft impelled 'gainst those who  
mould the age—

Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of  
action,

Which lie beneath the surface and the  
show,

Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction  
We judge our neighbors, and they often  
go—

Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often  
change us!

The thoughtless sentence or the fancied  
slight

Destroy long years of friendship and  
estrangle us,

And on our souls there falls a freezing  
blight—

Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are  
aching

For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by  
day,

How many cheerless lowly hearts are  
breaking!

How many noble spirits pass away—

Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little  
clearer,

Or judge less harshly where they can-  
not see;

O God! that men would draw a little  
nearer

To one another, they'd be nearer thee—  
And understood.