

Rending their flesh with their fangs of fire,
 Crushing their bones with a devilish hate,
 Bursting their hearts with their sinewy weight,
 Leaving them mangled beyond the ken
 Of those they had known when they walked
 as men !

Where is he going ? He hardly knows ;
 With his empty stomach and ragged clothes
 He slouches on till the cheerful light
 That shines through the Mission's windows
 bright,
 Catches his eye, and he leaves the storm
 For a seat in the corner, snug and warm.

Better days—as some would say—
 That tumble-down building has known in its
 time,
 Once 'twas a church (of stone and lime,
 Made with hands, and hence its decay !)
 After its fillip of fashion and show,
 Under the tap of the auctioneer
 It goes, with its trappings so quaint and drear,
 And thus it came that the mission was blessed
 With the old pipe-organ, thrown in with the rest.

The crowd in the pews that winter night
 Would have put old Comus and crew to shame,
 Wretched and withered and blind and lame,—
 Heart of love ! 'twas a saddening sight !