

CHRISTMAS.

Ye who have sinned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the holly bough.

IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT.

Judge not too harshly, oh, my friend.
Of him, your fellow man,
But draw the veil of charity
Around him if you can.
He once was called an honest man,
Before sore trial vexed,
He stepped without the narrow way,
It may be your turn next.

Fainting upon the great highway
A suffering soul doth lie,
Go staunch his wounds, and quench his thirst,
Nor pass him idly by,
God will not brook the swift excuse,
The thoughtless, vain pretext,
A fellow mortal bites the dust,
It may be your turn next.

You heard one day a single word
Against a person's name,
Oh, bear it not from door to door,
To further hurt his fame,
If you're the man you claim to be,
Remember then the text,
To speak no evil, true or false,
It may be your turn next.

The world is bad enough, we own,
And may need more light,
Yet with true love to all, may we
Help in the cause of right.
Lift up the sinful and the weak,
The soul by care perplexed,
Well knowing that to drink the gall,
It may be your turn next.

