

OVER ANXIOUS.

On hearing of past faults of the writer proclaimed by those who
meant no good.

How anxious some folks seems to be
To pryingly enquire of me.

They'd better mind

Their own affairs, and not pretend
To be anxious about their friends,
Or so inclined.

If he has failings, as it would seem,
Give him a chance, he'll them redeem,—
Or least will try.

Over others' sins they seem to gloat ;
Fools ! see they not the beam or mote
In their own eye ?

If he has sinned beyond forgiveness,
As some declare by their decisiveness,
Then what's the use

Of raking up past history,
And exulting in his misery ?
Does it them amuse ?

If so, that's not the kind of teaching,
Or what I've heard the Saviour preaching,
Thro' the good book.

He bade the dying thief to live,
And freely did his sins forgive
With word and look.