

There was a room in which, the minister
Of mercy said, he would not put his dog !

O ye that slept in guarded, cosy rooms
That night your moonlit spires looked down
And mocked the unprotected, gasping wanderer
In search of barest refuge, craving rest—
Heard ye the solemn public call for help ?
Ye heard and heeded not until too late.

Awake, Conscience ! Awake, Mercy !
Awake, O wealthy City ! Wake again
And give the sufferer speedy refuge !
Awake, awake, ye guilty ! for your God
Doth hold you guilty !

On golden sands
That fringed a silver sea, where children played,
The pale girl sat, a little way apart,
Beneath the shading trees. Alone, unknown,
Yet craving love, her hungry, brilliant eyes
Devoured the children's joyous ways awhile,
And then her head, aweared, drooped upon her breast.
Asleep, she dreamed she was a child again
Within a gardened home, where lavish love