

Ye men of wealth,  
And all that generous give, with all that halt,  
Herein your golden opportunity  
Doth lie. A home you have prepared for them  
That leave the prison cell, and this is well.  
But what awaits the convalescent widow  
And the orphan, fighting off the wasting plague?  
Suspicion—dread—a refuge craved for vainly  
Here and there—a battle hopeless, lost.  
Awake, awake! Oh, give the shelter sure  
A child would give to any famished waif!  
Oh, wake, compassion, wake!

When David, big  
With joy, returned, the wind sang in the trees,  
The flowers, red and white, a welcome smiled,  
The cottage seemed to be a prince's home,  
And mother in her loveliness a queen,  
While in the mother's eyes her child appeared  
As if a shepherd lad, he looked so strong,  
So lithe, and ruddy. But the only flock  
That David had consisted of a kitten,  
Now a cat renowned of tiger-stripe  
And fat. And once again the cottage-home  
Gave foretaste of the other, deathless, pure,  
And glad, for love was there.

With quenchless hope  
The happy widow bravely bent her shoulders  
To the yoke again. She had her boy  
To live for, work for, love, and he would be  
A man some day, and strong, when she would lean  
On him as he had leaned on her. And yet  
The yoke was heavy, and grew heavier  
As vigour waned. In spite of hope and will