

# THE INDEPENDENT FORESTER

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## NONE OF OUR BUSINESS

None of our business ! Wandering and sinful,  
All through the streets of the city they go,  
Hungry and homeless in the wild weather ;  
None of our business ! Dare we say so ?

None of our business ! Children's wan faces,  
Haggard and old with their suffering and sin !  
(Hold fast your darlings on tender, warm bosoms,  
Sorrow without, but the home light within.)

What does it matter that some other woman,  
Some common mother, in bitter despair  
Wails in a garret, or sits in a cellar,  
Too broken-hearted for weeping or prayer ?

None of our business ! Sinful and fallen.  
How they may jostle us close on the street !  
Hold back your garments ! Scorn ! they are used to it ;  
Pass on the other side, lest you should meet.

None of our business ! On, then, the music,  
On with the feasting, though hearts break forlorn ;  
Somebody's hungry, somebody's freezing,  
Somebody's soul will be lost ere the morn.

Somebody's dying (On with the dancing) ;  
One for earth's pottage is selling his soul ;  
One for a bauble has bartered his birthright,  
Selling his' all for a pitiful dole.

Ah ! but One goeth abroad on the mountains,  
Over lone deserts, with burning, deep sands,  
Seeking the lost ones (It is His business !)  
Bruised though His feet are, and torn though his hands  
Thorn-crowned His head, and His soul sorrow-stricken  
(Saving men's souls at such infinite cost),  
Broken His hear, for the grief of the nations  
It is His business saving the lost.