

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

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Pomp's gaudy trappings spread beneath,
They dream away life's fleeting breath,
Till night comes closing in, and death
Draws his dark drapery round.

HENRY KEELE.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain.
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left:—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave
Go thou and ransom him.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery:
Oh share thy lot with him.

ANONYMOUS.