

But though here and there by the evil one tossed,
 His case is not hopeless, he need not be lost ;
 The kind arms of mercy are still open wide,
 And for him, even him, the dear Saviour has died.
 Then go to him, christian, and tell him the story,
 Of Him who for sinners once left Heaven's glory.

Tell him though now he is poor and forlorn,
 And the gay world is pointing the finger of scorn ;
 Still he can be saved from his sin and despair
 If he go to the Saviour in penitent prayer.
 Tell him you know he can be a free man,
 And you will assist him as far as you can.

Give him work then, and let not your sympathy
 wane,
 If he fall—O forgive him ! and try him again ;
 If you turn from him, christian, with scorn and
 disgust,
 And leave him to grovel and die in the dust :
 And sneer at his folly and danger abroad
 You cannot escape the just wrath of the Lord.

You have reason to fear, if such pride in you lurks ;
 If a christian in heart "show your faith by your
 works."

Were it not for God's mercy you might be to-day,
 Just like those poor creatures whose feet are astray.
 Then go to the drunkard degraded and low,
 And strive to reclaim him from misery and woe.