

'Tis blindly debasing them,  
Houselessly chasing them.  
Rushingly, crushingly crowded in sin.  
Beware! 'Tis a crying curse  
When the bad fly to worse ;  
Are they all past recall ? Who sees within ?

Woe's me ! There are glaring ones,  
Frenzied and daring ones,  
Tearlessly, fearlessly, reckless of hate ;  
But more are forlorn ones,  
Famished and torn ones,  
Whiningly, piningly, mourning their fate.

Did each her dark wrongs unfold,  
Well might our blood run cold !  
Love believed, love deceived, anguish and wrath ;  
Sad mothers bemoaning them  
Brothers disowning them,  
Cast away, fast they stray down by sin's path.

Not harshly abusing them,  
No, nor ill using them,  
Maddening some, saddening some, makes them amend.  
Instruct them to pray instead,  
Earning pure daily bread,  
Bear with them, share with them ! God will befriend.

Poor outcasts—for peace they sigh,  
Sure 'twere release to die  
Who shall say, such as they, mercy ne'er found ?  
T'were hard all their woes to tell.  
*Christ* alone knows it well ;  
Judge no more ! once before *He* wrote on the ground.

C.T.K.