Near to night, one autumn day,
By Chicago's lake so bleak and cold
Gathered poor women in tatter'd array
For fragments of wood, as are not sold;

Like the gleanings of old.

Mid women there, shrivelled by care,
Where the dark waves heave their debris,
See that young maid, so thin and fair,
Tugging away at the limb of a tree

Witness too her industry!

That child, they tell, so poor and wan,
Yet trig and gentle in every way,
Is sole inmate of a drunkard's home.
Her mother, broken so they say,
Has died and left her to condone

A father's faults, alone!

Tell me plainly my blear-eyed man,
What makes all drunkards homes the same?
With a leaky roof and shabby van,
With broken stair and table lame,

And rooms whence bedlam came?
No furniture whole in either room
Except perhaps a rickety bed:
For the better things, all too soon,
So I hear it always said,
Have gone away to pawn.

"Oh, papa dear, you know 'tis drear,
To think alone of poor mamma.
I seem to hear, it makes me fear,
Her gentle voice, call you, papa."

He answers back, "Ha! Ha!"

"Oh, go Christine, and let me be;
Who could, I say, ever stay here?
Clearly you see, no hope for me,
Except in rum, or gin or beer!
The fact is very clear!"

"Then woe to me! how plain I see,
My poor papa has lost his mind.
Will he ever again from drink be free,
And to himself and me be kind?"

Oh I'm a drunkard's child!
That very morn, Christine had gone
With other waifs, who loved her ways,
To the pastor's Sabbath Mission;
Mother-taught, she loved the lays,
And songs of happy days.

She, with pain relieved for shortest time,
Had now come back to wretchedness!
Her stupid sire, half daft in mind;
caught there no glimpse of blessedness;
Nor cared for her distress.

"No fire, Christine, thou cursed child,
No chairs, no food or drink from thee;
Why little Miss, You'll drive me wild!
'Tis a matter right plain to see,
Nobody cares for me!

Without remorse the drunkard greets
The weeping girl, and with a whirl
Fiercely threw her into the street.

"Go, jade, and fetch some knot or gnurl
Out from yonder surge!"
Poor little child, with sobs choked down

Had found a branch, near heavy launch,

And tugging hard what she had found

Mid teams and crowds that might daunt

Hearts of bolder venus!

She trips and falls, a common thing:

Too late a man holds up his vane.

The hind'ring branch to skirts did cling

And oh, see now: so many ran

To save from horse's tramp.

Christine was crushed, could not be saved,

For God says No! it must be so;

With bleeding limbs, her mind half dazed,

She lips the street and home of woe:

There, there the bearers go!

Nor lingers long, this little maid

With weakened frame, and body lame

Yields all too soon to death's demand.

All sobered now, the drunkard came

To catch her parting hymn!
Her neighbors assembled, old and young.

In grief give mead to her good deeds!

From that father's new heart were wrung

Expressions strong, and promises deep—

Which God help him keep!

Pastor and daughter and children were there,

The burial service to recite

His voice was rare, his reading fair

Sorrow and comfort to fresh excite,

A

And sympathy indite/

However tender the children around,

Where her eyes really dry,

The daughter, like a soldier her father found

Who in truth all emotion defy;

None saw the pastor cry!

When Christine was gently laid in the tomb

The heart-broken drunkard left to his grief,

Pastor and daughter took their way home.

Of pastor the daughter begged leave

To put a question brief!
"Papa didn't you love that child?"

"Why, yes indeed; why do you ask?"

"You did not join in all the tide:
Your face was smooth, your eye was dry/"

Who saw my father cry?

Do you love me, my papa, dear?
If it were I, in death to lie
So cold and stiff upon a bier,
Wouldn't you mourn and sadly cry,

Should your daughter die?

His tears then came, his heart beat strong,
As she with childish skill did speak
How clear I see; confess my wrong,
The human soul doth ever seek

A genuine Sympathy!