

TO MRS O . . . . . N C . . . T.

*Written during the first session of the Licensing  
Committee of the London County Council.*

I WILL not bring abuse to point my pen,  
Nor a sarcastic tongue.  
Think only what you might be, before men,  
If you were young.

What fierce temptations might not lovers bring  
In London's wicked city?  
Perhaps you might yourself have one wee fling,  
If you were pretty.

What might not hard starvation drive you to,  
With Death so near and sure?  
Perhaps it might drive even virtuous you,  
If you were poor.

But is it just, or grateful to the One  
That keeps even you from wrong,  
Or even humble to shriek, "Get you gone,  
For I am strong"?

Temptation has not touched you, Mrs. C . . . t!  
Forsooth, I do not lie there,  
For you are only not the thing you aren't  
Through being neither.

And since some fall in Life's tremendous storm,  
And you are on your feet,  
Were it not better with a bosom warm  
And accents sweet

To help to raise (and no man will upbraid you)  
Your sisters fallen far?  
'Tis vain! God's worst omission—Heart—has made you  
The thing you are!