

THE WAY

Pass not too near these outcast sons of men
Where walked the Christ ahead! lest you, too, share
The rabble's wrath! in time take heed! beware
The shame—the bitter woe of Him again!
Your flaming zeal speak not so rash—so loud!
Pass on your prudent path within the crowd.

What if they mark you of His band? and cry:
"Behold this one, as well!" ah—you should know
The jeers—the stones, for all that with Him go!
Have caution, fool! let others yearn and die!
These broken ones you love with hot heartbreak
Can save you not! be warned by His mistake!
Remember how He spurned the risk and loss!
Remember how they nailed Him to a Cross!

—*Laura Simmons*