

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

A SCRIPTURAL POEM.

Here are my silent mansion towers  
Waiting the word of heavenly powers.

Here in my field repose the flock ;  
The light of noon glares from the rock.

The news of east, the tales of west  
Reach hither as they reach the rest.

Regret and disappointment pace  
My mansion's vaulted rooms and place.

Forgiveness also has its time  
For me ; I weary in this clime.

Bring from the field the fattest calf  
And kill it in my son's behalf.

I hear the dripping of the fount ;  
All else is quiet on this ground.

The parched grass entwines the pale  
Mossed from decay. My spirits fail.

Bring forth a dress, a robe, a ring ;  
Shout in my palace, dance and sing.

The richest garment and best dress  
Bring from the store before me. Yes.