

Itself would soon be Hell presided o'er
By those relentless to all just appeal,
And desperate to excel in vengeance foul.
The malefactor's base before the world,
And often by himself is much abhorred,
But is he not as low, who won't forgive
With just and ready hand, the one who does
Him ill, when honestly repented of ?
Full thrice more ill is his, whose guilty heart
Cannot forgive itself for evil done,
Than his, who may receive the cruel wrong,
And groan beneath a burden rife with pain.
Could we but read the secret history
Of our enemies, in each one's life ;
We would discovery misery enough
To quite disarm us of hostility,
And cause us to be kind and merciful.

IV.

Ere long the joyful tidings spread abroad,
And Pharaoh overjoyed for Joseph's sake,
Most heartily with all his plans concurred ;
And soon the happy sons of Israel
Were homeward bound to bring their families,
And all they had to Egypt's plenteous stores.
Now Israel, for them had waited long,
And weary grew as day on day dragged on
To lengthen his suspense. But one fair eve,
While sitting lone beneath a spreading oak,