

AFFLICTION.

The fallen blossom ne'er will fruit attain ,
 The moments flown we never can regain ,
 The golden hours with glorious chances teem,
 The past is gone, the future but a dream ,
 Then haste, awake, the fleeting years redeem

Ghosts of the past, appearing weird and lean,
 Show in derision what we might have been.
 God may, in mercy, blot out the old score,
 But chances gone no power can e'er restore ;
 The time once lost is lost for evermore.

 AFFLICTION.

In the furnace of affliction
 With its testing and its gloom,
 Sorrows bring a benediction,
 Graces take a sweeter bloom

In the furnace of affliction
 Holiest pleasures oft are found ,
 Peace beyond earth's contradiction,
 Faith and hope and love abound.

In the furnace of affliction
 Souls are purged from sin and dross,
 Soon in God's own jurisdiction
 Crown to wear instead of cross.