

“A WREATH OF RUE,”

FOR LENT.

For Ash Wednesday.

NINEVEH.

THE REPENTANCE OF FEAR.

An ancient city* once, with all its towers,
Its domes, its turrets, bath'd in golden hours,
Lay basking on the plain :
From balcony and window went a voice
Of music sweet, and cry—“Rejoice, rejoice, .
And dance and feast, and feast and dance again.”

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In luxury and pomp, and love and flowers,
In garlands, garments gay, and perfum'd showers,
Each day and night did wane ;
And still, with wine and song, and dulcet noise,
Did sackbut, harp and lute exhort—“Rejoice,
And feast and dance, and dance and feast again.”

* Jonah, chap. iii.