



A Lenten Monologue.

WORLD! thou art gay as a golden dream
Where pleasures dazzle and glories gleam ;
The pomp of power and majesty,
Riches and splendors are shrined in thee :
Yet thine is the doom of the moth and rust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !

Flesh ! thou art fair in thy pink and white
Witching beauties that men delight :
Eyes that sparkle and lips that smile,
Silken tresses that souls beguile—
Vain the spells of thy pride and lust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !

Dark Sathanas ! whose cruel arts
Wreck and ruin unnumber'd hearts ;
Laugh and leer in thy fiery glee,
Christ's dear grace shall vanquish thee !
Out of thy snares, He'll snatch His just :
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.