

Oh nature! cruel to thy child!
 How many a bitter pain,
 Since that lone cry upon the wild
 Hath sough'd thy breast in vain!

One blessing only, Mother Earth!
 Can no hot tears efface?
 Is all Remorse but nothing worth
 Past errors to retrace?

No! Nature's Laws cannot reverse
 For man's inconstant mind,
 And one must reap the whirlwind curse
 If one have sown the wind.

One blessing and forever gone!
 Oh dreary coming years!
 Inexorable world roll on!
 'Thou canst not stay for tears!

Yet far beyond earth's utmost zone
 The King of Kings most high,
 And all the Angels round His Throne
 Catch each remorseful sigh;

There the Repentant need not stand
 In sorrow all in vain,
 That in his Heavenly Father's Hand
 No blessings still remain.

For there are "many Mansions" fair
 And Joys beyond our thought,
 Such as ne'er fill'd the raptur'd ear
 Nor train'd eye hath caught.

Then "lift the drooping hands" once more
 And "bend the feeble knees"
 To Him who only can restore,
 And ev'ry grief appease.

JACOB'S DREAM.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain zone
 That guard thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
 And lovely from the desert rose the moon
 Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,