

One long dark night of mental woe
 'Till aid invisible be sent
 And prison bolt and bar be rent
 And to its fleshly temple cell
 Life's fevered frenzy gasp farewell !
 Then He— whose living kindness saves —
 (Himself a wanderer once 'mid graves)
 May gather that demoniac loathed
 In his own mind and once more clothed
 And on the troubled maniac's brain
 God's long lost image stamp again !

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The fire has died upon the hearth
 Whence the light laugh of childish mirth
 Has passed away—the rotting floor
 Creaks 'neath the passer's tread no more ;
 Each after each the rafters fall—
 And totters the decaying wall,
 While rankest vegetation takes
 Possession of what man forsakes,
 Nature, regretful, claims her own
 By tangled vines and briars o'ergrown,
 And buries 'neath the herbage green
 The tragic memories of the scene.