

"A Wreath of Rue," for Lent.

9

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

But 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 ear,
Nor tranced 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.

