

Omitted, no sweet healing word of love
 Expected yet unspoken ; no sharp tone,
 That jarred discordant on the quivering nerve,
 For which the weeper fain would rend the tomb
 To cry, "Forgive !" oh ! let him kneel and praise
 God, amid all his grief.

We may not say
 If aught of penitence was in the pang
 That rung his laboring breast, while o'er the dust
 Of Sarah, at Machpelah's watery tomb,
 The proud and princely Abraham bowed him down
 A mourning stranger, 'mid the sons of Heth.

THE REPENTANCE OF ESAU.

The eastern moon rose broad and red
 Against the Western Sun ;
 The fring'd palm higher rais'd its head,
 The day's fierce reign was done.

The Patriarch's tent stood cool and white
 And dark the shade it threw,
 While dim and far and lost in night
 The sands drank in the dew.

A vaguely solemn, silent scene,
 Round Sheba's Valley slept ;
 When from the tent's white folds between,
 A voice of one who wept.

The cry throughout the valley past
 Contrition and despair,
 "One Blessing Father, all thou hast !
 None left for me ! thine heir !"

The palm trees wav'd, the moon rose high,
 The misty desert spread,
 How could be check'd by mortals cry
 Nature's majestic tread ?

The night absorb'd the transient sound,
 No rock gave back the sigh,
 All unresponsive was around,
 To frail man's agony.