

AN EXPERIENCE

So turns to Christ the truant soul
 When lightnings of conviction dart,
And retribution's thunders roll
 Round the unsheltered heart.

So comes the providential shock
 Upon our spirit, unawares,
God's opening to our faithless knock,
 His answer to our prayers.

And so, 'mid burning shame and pain,
 We learn with strange and sweet surprise,
God's ear was always on the strain
 For our returning cries.