

*"A Wreath of Rue," for Lent.*

The cry throughout the valley pass'd—  
Contrition and despair—  
"One blessing, Father, all thou hast !  
Bless me, e'en me, thine heir."

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

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

Oh, Nature ! cruel to thy child ;  
How many a bitter pain,  
Since that lone cry upon the wild,  
Hath sought 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's curse,  
If he have sown the wind.