

THE LENT JEWELS.

Two lovely children, bright and gay,
 Without a thought of care,
 Came bounding from you princely house
 That towers so nobly there ;
 Two little rosebuds on one stem,
 For all the world is one to them.

To meet their father now they go,
 With joyous, springing feet ;
 And eagerly he presses on,
 His loving ones to greet,
 He clasps them to his heart, and then
 He is the happiest of men.

And every evening finds them there,
 Until, alas ! one day,
 The father to his house pursues
 His solitary way ;
 No children's voices meet his ear,
 With music sweet his path to cheer.

With anxious step he hurries on,
 Inspired with terror strange ;
 He meets his wife without the door.
 "Tell me, oh, why this change !
 The children, what of them?" he cried.
 "Ah! they are well," his wife replied.

"I long to hear their merry voice,
 I long to see them smile."
 "You'll see them very soon," she said,
 "Just hear me for awhile :
 A King some jewels lent to me,
 Which very precious were to thee.

"For seven long years I kept the gems,
 And deemed them as my own ;
 But this same morn a message came
 From the King upon his throne,
 Asking those jewels fair to be
 Restored to *Him*, but lost to *me*.

"Now must I yield them up to Him,
 Or may I keep them still?"
 The husband answer made at once,
 "Yield them! of course you will."
 "I will," she said ; "now come with me,
 And you our children dear shall see."

She led him to an inner room
 (Not speaking all the way),
 Where, stretched upon a bed of death,
 His two fair children lay.
 He only said, "The King who lent
 These priceless jewels now has sent ;

"Nor sent in vain ; they are His own.
 We yield Him what are His ;
 They're safer far beneath His care
 Than in a world like this.
 We cannot *understand* His ways,
 But we can *trust*, so give Him praise."