



Eleanor Lys.

THE MEETING.

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
 Soon after He that was our surety died,
 Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
 The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
 Sought their own village busied as they went
 In musings worthy of the great event:
 They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
 Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
 Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
 A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
 The recollection, like a vein of ore,
 The farther traced enrich'd them still the more;
 They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
 Sent to do more than he appear'd to have done;
 To exalt a people, and to place them high
 Above all else, and wonder'd he should die
 Ere yet they brought their journey to an end.
 A stranger join'd them courteous as a friend
 And ask'd them, with a kind, engaging air,
 What their affliction was, and begged a share.
 Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
 And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
 Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
 The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
 That, reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here —
 The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
 And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
 He bless'd the bread, but vanished at the word.
 And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!
 Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say,
 Did they not burn within us by the way?

Wm. Cowper.