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THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

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FORTH through the solemn street
The sad procession swept,
Pacing its mournful way with measured feet :
While inly wept

One mourner, in a grief
Stern as the silent years,
Which seemed to mock the common, weak relief
Of outward tears.

Keen was her sense of loss,
An agony untold ;
For Death had seized, amid a world of dross,
Her piece of gold.

They bore her only son,
Star of her evening, fled ;
Whose lesser light recalled that vanished one
Now long since dead.

For her best love had died ;
And, stunned from former bruise,
The widow's joyous oil of life had dried
Within her cruse.

Desert her heart, and bare ;
Like lone house on a wild ;
No voice to make blithe music on the stair--
No laughing child.

No solace from the past,
No hope in days to come,
She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast
Had struck her dumb.