



A L O N E .

BY AMBROSE BEAVEN.

HAST thou e'er felt thyself to be alone,
 Seeing no face, feeling no presence near ;
 No friendly smile, no cheering voice to hear ;
 Only one aching heart, and that thine own ?
 Hast counted weary hours, or heard the tone
 From some far belfry wafted to the ear,
 Wind-toss'd and quiv'ring as in mortal fear,
 Swelling and dying with a feeble moan ?

Go thou, whose heart has known this bitter pain,
 To Him, who in His mighty love doth deign
 With us to dwell ; love's captive — Him thou'lt find
 Lone and neglected — aye, but ever kind ;
 And gentle the reproach He speaks to thee :
 " In prison, and ye did not visit Me."