



MONTH OF THE SEVEN DOLORS.

THE SCHOOL OF SORROW.

I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there ;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing His face Divine
So full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine.

I only thought of the burdens,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry
That it darkened the light of day.

So, I could not learn my lesson,
And say, *Thy will be done ;*
And the Master came not near me
As the weary hours went on.

At last in my weary sorrow,
I looked from the cross above,
And I saw the Master watching
With a glance of tender love.