

That we prodigal children may gain His embrace.
 O Refuge of Sinners, compassionate, mild,
 Reject not our prayers!—Though wayward and wild,
 We have strayed from the light that to guide us was given
 O Star of the Sea! light us, guide us to Heaven!"

He ceased; but 'twere vain to attempt to portray
 Either Preacher or Theme!—or even to convey
 An idea faint of his eloquence grand—
 One should hear him and see him to well understand.

Not in language alone was the charm of his style,
 The action, chaste, graceful, and well timed—the smile
 That lit up his features—the eye's magic fire,
 Now glowing in love, now flashing in ire—
 The interest displayed—the accurate choice
 Of *the* word or the phrase best adapted—the voice
 Rich, soft, and melodious—the cadence—the tone
 Now tender, pathetic, in whisper, or moan,
 Now lofty, majestic, now calm, solemn, clear—
 In a word, all that speaks through the eye or the ear
 To the heart and the reason, in gesture, look, tone,
 Was combined in the style of that eloquent one!

The rapture that thrilled through my soul at the time,
 Adoration, joy, love, awe,—sensations sublime!—
 Made me feel that the DEITY really was there,
 In that temple, receiving true worship and prayer.

The lessons there taught, wheresoever I roam,
 Like angels in sleep, to my memory come;
 Oft I'm cheered 'mid my toils, when I think, weak and weary,
 Of Preacher—theme—temple!—That sweet MONTH OF MARY!

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