

The hallow'd wheaten loaf he breaks, and gives
The symbols to the Elders seated nigh—
"Take, eat the bread of life, sent down from heaven
on high."

He, in like manner, also lifted up
The flagon, fill'd with consecrated wine—
"Drink—drink ye all of it—Salvation's cup,
Memorial mournful of his love divine."
Then solemn pause—Save the rustling pine,
Or plane-tree boughs, no sound salutes mine ears;
In silence past, the silver vessels shine,
Devotion's Sabbath dreams, from bygone years,
Return, till many an eye is moist with springing tears.

Again the preacher breaks the solemn pause—
"Lift up your eyes to Calvary's mountain—see,
In mourning veil'd, the mid-day sun withdraws,
While dies the Saviour, bleeding on the tree.
But hark! again the stars sing jubilee.
With anthems Ilaven's armies hail their king
Ascend in glory from the grave set free—
Triumphant see him soar on seraph's wing,
To meet his angel hosts around the clouds of spring

Behold his radiant robes of fleecy light,
Melt into sunny ether soft and blue;
Then in this gloomy world of tears and night,
Behold the table he hath spread for you.
What, though you tread affliction's path—a few,
A few short years your toils will all be o'er—
From Pisgah's top the promised country view—
The happy land, beyond Immanuel's shore—
Where Eden's blissful bower blooms green for ever-
more.

"Come here, ye houseless wand'ers, soothe your
grief,

While faith presents your Father's bless'd abode
And here, ye friendless mourners, find relief,
And dry your tears, in drawing near to God.
The poor may here lay down oppression's load,
The rich forget his crosses and his care,
Youth, enter on Religion's narrow road,
The old, for his eternal change prepare,
And whosoever will, life's waters freely share.

"How blest are they who in thy courts abide,
Whose strength, whose trust, upon Jehovah stays!
For he in his pavilion shall them hide
In covert safe, when come the evil days.
Though shadowy darkness compasseth his ways,
And thick clouds like a curtain hide his throne,
Not even through a glass our eyes shall gaze;—
In brighter worlds, his wisdom shall be shown,
And all things work for good to those that are his own.

"And blessed are the young, to God who bring
The morning of their days in sacrifice—
The heart's untitled flowers yet fresh with spring,
Send forth an incense pleasing in his eyes.
To me, ye children, hearken and be wise,

The prophets died—our fathers where are they?
Alas! this fleeting word's delusive joys,
Like morning clouds, and early dews, decay:
Be yours that better part, that fadeth not away.

"Walk round these walls—and o'er the yet green
graves,
Of friends whom you have loved, let fall the tear,
On many dresses dark, deep mourning waves,
For some in summers past, who worshipp'd here—
Around these tables, each revolving year,
What fleeting generations I have seen,
Where, where my youthful friends and comrades dear?
Fled, fled away, as they had never been;
All sleeping in the dust beneath these plane-trees
green!

"And some are seated here, mine aged friends,
Who round this table never more shall meet;
For him who, bow'd with age, before you stands,
The mourners soon shall go about the street.
Below these green boughs shadow'd from the heat,
I've bless'd the bread of life for threescore years,
And shall not many mouldering 'neath my feet,
And some who sit around me now in tears,
To me be for a crown of joy when Christ appears?

"Behold he comes! with clouds a kindling flood
Of fiery flame before his chariot flees;
The sun, in sackcloth veil'd, the moon in blood—
All kindreds of the earth dismay shall seize—
Like figs, untimely shaken by the breeze.
The fix'd stars fall, amid the thunder's roar—
The buried spring to life beneath these trees—
A mighty angel standing on the shore,
With arms stretch'd forth to heaven, swears time shall
be no more.

"The hour is near, your robes unspotted keep—
The vows you now have sworn, are seal'd on high.
Hark! hark! God's answering voice in thunders deep,
'Midst waters dark, and thick clouds of the sky.
And what, if now to judgment on your eye
He burst—where yonder livid lightnings play.
His chariot of salvation passing by,
The great white throne, the terrible array
Of Him, before whose frown the heavens shall flee
away?

"My friends, how dreadful is this holy place,
Where rolls the thickening thunder, God is near!
And though we cannot see him face to face,
Yet as from Horeb's mount his voice we hear;
The angel armies of the upper sphere,
Down from these clouds on your communion gaze,
The spirit of the dead who once were dear,
Are viewless witnesses of all your ways.
Go from his table then—with trembling tune his
praise.