

The sermon o'er, appropriate for the day,  
The warrant read, a law for good and ill—  
What joy it is, a guest prepared, to stay ;  
What judgment 'tis, if unrepentant still.  
Then silence seeks anew to sift the heart :  
Its subtle rhythm, far beyond all art  
Of anthem-power, hath in it music's thrill :  
Is man the Holy Place, where finds he grace,  
Within its waking awe, his destiny to trace ?

A blessing craved, as first the feast was blessed,  
The patriarch-elders pass the emblems round,—  
The bread, the token of the world's unrest,  
The wine, the token of redemption found.  
The frailties of the flesh each sad reviews,  
The covenant-pledges broken each renews,  
Still seeking good within,—a higher ground,  
What is't to find ? Can man e'er reach the goal ?  
Is it to do or be that purifies the soul ?