

And what a prayer! Into the presence of the King of Kings
We feel our spirits fairly borne aloft,
While low in adoration at God's throne,
The pleader's voice oft fell, in cadence soft.

It surely was familiar ground to him;
He surely pleaded as no stranger there;
But talked with God—as Moses—face to face—
While scarce a breath disturbed the stillness of the air.

Again,—It was the Supper of our risen Lord:
And he the emblem offered—broken bread;
We listened to his discourse at the feast,
And felt our spirits by Communion fed.

And now, no more to us—as in the past—he'll come;
No more he'll greet us with his pleasant smile!
Our father-pastor—we are sad because
That with us thou could'st not have tarried, yet a little while

May it be our's—when our turn comes to go—
To leave behind, a record—pure as thine;
The "memory of the just"—which ever bright—
And brighter still—e'en unto perfect day—shall shine.

Till then farewell!—when our life's duty's done
When all our many burdens—we can bear no more;
Reunion!—blest—reunion—may it be
For all of us—upon that other shore.

L. A. E.

