

(ORIGINAL.)

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED AT THE SACRAMENT.

Awake my Heaven-bound soul—arise, rejoice,
For rapt immortals from the realms above,
Are hovering round me—and the still small voice
Now bids me welcome to the Feast of Love.

The man of God, before the Throne of Grace,
Now offers up the soul sent sacrifice,
A smile of rapture on each feature plays,
While all his soul is centred in the skies.

8 weet—sweet is music to the exile's soul,
That sends remembrance home to happier days,
His bosom heaves with thoughts that scorn control,
And Hope rekindles her expiring rays.

But aweeter far to his immortal mind,
Whom conscious guilt had bound in dark despair

When first in trembling accents unconfin'd, He breathes to Heaven a confidential prayer.

The threatening clouds disperse, and backwards roll,
While faith and love irradiate the gloom,
The sun of righteousness revives the soul,
Whose promis'd rainbow gilds his cancel'd doom.

'Tis sweet to rove at evening's silent hour Alone—to muse on Nature's charms unfurl'd, And converse hold with the Eternal power,

Who rules and guides the universal world.

But to the ransom'd soul, 'tis doubly sweet
To feel the joys Immanuel's love has given,
With those who round the sacred altar meet,
Tasting on earth the unbounded bliss of Heaven