

The crowd in view from him first drew
 That flustered word "Ahem!"
 He who when found on equal ground,
 Could talk so free with them.
 ('Tis strange how one who well has known
 His friends, from day to day,
 Those same ones fears, when he appears
 On higher ground than they!)
 But he arose, and his snub nose
 Twanged with a sound immense;
 Which bugle-blast about him cast,
 Gave him self-confidence.
 And while a look of reverence took
 His anxious-wrinkled face,
 He begged the good old elder would
 Invoke the throne of grace.

A sweet old man, of clean-cut plan
 And undissembling air,
 Rose in his place, with fervent face,
 And made a business prayer.
 He never threw his voice into
 A sad uncalled-for wail;
 He ne'er aspired to make Heaven tired,
 With gossip weak and stale;
 He did not ask a toilless task,
 Or claim undue reward,
 He did not shout opinions out,
 Or "dance before The Lord";
 He did not prate of town or state,
 Suggesting them by name;
 With his calm voice, no precepts choice,
 Or general orders came.—
 Thanks—many a one—for favors done,
 Hopes—modest-clothed—for more,
 Praise, love, and fear, and all sincere,
 And then his words were o'er.