

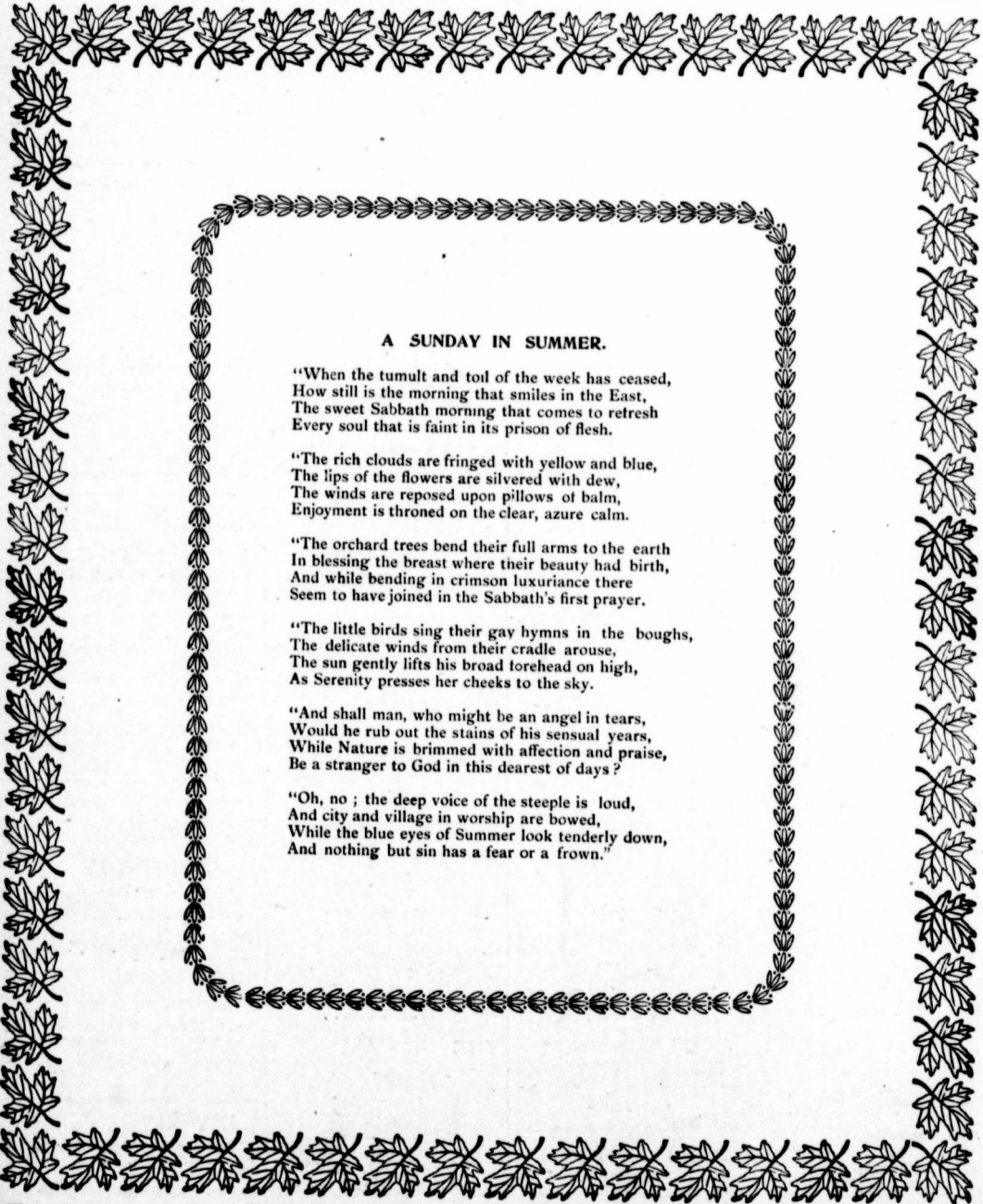
# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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## A SUNDAY IN SUMMER.

"When the tumult and toil of the week has ceased,  
How still is the morning that smiles in the East,  
The sweet Sabbath morning that comes to refresh  
Every soul that is faint in its prison of flesh.

"The rich clouds are fringed with yellow and blue,  
The lips of the flowers are silvered with dew,  
The winds are reposed upon pillows of balm,  
Enjoyment is throned on the clear, azure calm.

"The orchard trees bend their full arms to the earth  
In blessing the breast where their beauty had birth,  
And while bending in crimson luxuriance there  
Seem to have joined in the Sabbath's first prayer.

"The little birds sing their gay hymns in the boughs,  
The delicate winds from their cradle arouse,  
The sun gently lifts his broad forehead on high,  
As Serenity presses her cheeks to the sky.

"And shall man, who might be an angel in tears,  
Would he rub out the stains of his sensual years,  
While Nature is brimmed with affection and praise,  
Be a stranger to God in this dearest of days?

"Oh, no ; the deep voice of the steeple is loud,  
And city and village in worship are bowed,  
While the blue eyes of Summer look tenderly down,  
And nothing but sin has a fear or a frown."