



SABBATH BELLS.

Noon in the dazzling cloudland,
 A dreamy, lazy noon,
 And a breeze too faint to ruffle
 The lily cups of June.
 Ring, mellow bell, down the golden air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

"The old church on the water"
 Stands gravely by the brink,
 Peering with meaning windows,
 Like eyes that think, and think.
 Ring, holy bell, to the Sabbath air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

Hist! in the lonesome woodland
 Steps are crushing the turf,
 Willows and ferns are swaying
 With sound like summer surf.
 Ring, urgent bell, to the listening air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

Faces fresh and blithesome
 Glimmer among the trees;

Children laugh 'mid the brackens
 Wreathing about their knees.
 Ring, happy bell, to the summer air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

Faces older and sadder
 Gleam with a calmer smile,
 Threading the greenwood gravely
 As 'twere the old church aisle.
 Ring, solemn bell, on the thoughtful air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

High in the flashing sunlight
 Glitters the dripping oar.
 The old church panes are blinking,
 The light lies hot by the door.
 Ring, clamorous bell, down the brooding air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

Bow we our heads and enter
 The portal low and wide:
 God's blessing rest upon us
 As we kneel side by side!
 Faint, weary bell, on the sultry air;
 We have gathered in to prayer.