

When He who rules the glory of your day
Sinks down to rest, as you lie down to sleep,
And as you wake when shades of night are past
With strength renewed, to labour in the field,
To hunt the deer, or search the heaving flood;
So when long night is past and dawn has come
In His majestic splendour wakes your God".

"My children while you slumbered I have worked,
Striving to read the wonders of the sky
And why upon the azure vault above
In those strange mystic signs the fire points burn;
Twelve signs are they that light the awful road,
Where rolls the burning chariot of your God.
To mark the advent of your God's return
To-day above you is the sign of peace,
For limned in flame on the eternal dome
This picture shines, the figure of a lamb.
And thus I read this message from the sky;
That in those distant ages yet unborn
A messenger shall come from God who gave
Of whom this lamb is type of love and peace.
Yea he will come to stay your jarrings wars
And lead the nations of the earth to rest".

"And now my children bring your gifts to Him
Who gave you all, of your abundance give,
Not sparingly, but as you have received
So render back a portion to your God."

Bright burned the flame upon the Altar stone
As the long line of silent worshippers
Passed slowly by, each bearing in his hands
Gifts from the field, the forest, or the flood
And one I saw who cast upon the flame
Some specks of yellow metal he had found
Upon the slope of yonder rocky hill,
While tracking to its cave a wounded bear.
Little he thought that hunter of the past
When first his fingers touched these golden stones,
That this same gold should in the future years
Bring to the earth a bitter blighting curse;