

There many a stately temple stands  
To greet the heavens with dome and tower,  
The graceful work of zealous hands,  
The trophies of religion's power.

The Eternal City there maintains  
A higher than imperial sway,  
And daily to her pictured fanes  
The people turn to kneel and pray.

There towers aloft in grandeur calm,  
Of England's faith the sombre pile;  
And deep response and chanted psalm  
Resound along the vaulted aisle.

There, vying with those rivals proud,  
Geneva's creed uplifts its spire;  
And high themes thrill the thoughtful crowd,  
Atoning love — avenging ire.

There, shaded by each loftier fane,  
Unawed, though modest in its grace,  
"Love, Freedom, Holiness" retain  
A chosen, consecrated place.

The bright ray from its opened door,  
Far downward through the city streams;  
So may its doctrine's radiance pour  
O'er mart and home its hallowed beams!

God's favor on his churches rest,  
Of every land, and every creed!  
But chiefly, brethren, be ye blest,  
In blessing others, blest indeed!

S. G. B.