

Thy lowly waters forward reaching,
 Are unto me a lesson teaching,
 (Impressive more than learned preaching,)
 Of high behest ;
 As in thy ceaseless flow beseeching,
 Duteous zest.

A pattern is thy generous giving,
 Freely bestowing, as receiving,
 And little of thine own retrieving,
 As years do roll :
 A greater work of love achieving,
 Than many a soul.

XXXV.

THE SABBATH.

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

I HEAR the rippling of the rill ;
 The gentle breeze is sighing still ;
 The birds are singing in the grove ;
 The bees are humming as they rove ;
 The chatter of the squirrel I hear ;
 The cock's shrill clarion strikes the ear :
 The voice of Nature is not stilled,
 But giveth forth a pleasing sound,
 No din of labour from the ground,
 With restful calm the air is filled.

I hear the sound of Sabbath bell,
 Lifting her voice the time to tell.
 The solemn sound wakes solemn thought,
 With holy adorations fraught ;
 Thousands throughout the land repair,
 Unto the house of sacred prayer,