



THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

How sweet to gather morn and eve, and bend in simple
prayer,
Before the Lord of all the earth, and own his tender care!
The little ones all duly ranged, with folded hands so meek;
The light of love within their eyes, joy's roses on their
cheek.

The parents with time's furrows marked but lightly on their
brows;
For their religious faith serene its peaceful halo throws.
That tells amid bread-winning toil, they rise above earth's
strife;
And feel the power of heavenly things—that this is not
their life.