



# WAYSIDE ECHOES.

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## *SABBATH EVE.*

(DEDICATED TO THE REV. G. W. MARVIN, M.A., B.D., PH.D.)

SWEET Sabbath Eve, how holy is thy calm !  
How peacefully thy slowly sinking sun  
Retires with mellow ray, gilding the quiet earth ;  
Sweet valediction, telling us that day is done !

The Sabbath bells are chiming vesper hour,  
Their solemn swelling thrills the silent air ;  
Triumphant strains and sad, with one symphonious voice,  
Call wand'ring sinners unto worship, praise and prayer.

Slowly the light fades in the western sky,  
Serenely on the bosom of the bay  
Repose the verdant isles that darken to the view,  
Lulled into slumber by the lapping wavelets' lay.

Now Twilight, with her soft and modest wing,  
Doth hover over hill and lowland lea ;  
Her fragrant breath in silv'ry dew-drops now descends  
Like benedictions on our frail humanity.