

The hour draws near, at last the bells ring out,  
And echo answers from the solemn streets,  
As pass the worshippers with mien devout,  
To hear the story that their heart repeats.  
To worship God ! nay more with Him to feast !  
The emblems of His body's passion taste !  
And with the chimes the hum of life retreats  
Across the glebe, beyond the grass-hid mounds,  
Where saintship marks its rest within the church's bounds.

Within the sacred courts the snow-white lines,  
A space reserved, mark where the faithful meet ;  
Then cometh pause, when once the bell resigns  
Its claim to call. Each solemn wales a seat.  
The pastor and his friend from parish near,  
With measured pace, in central aisle appear  
As regents of the feast. The elders seek retreat  
Within the pulpit's shade ; till " Let us sing,"  
In presence of the throne of God, the faithful bring.