

I THE ADOBE

From the earth they made me
A grey adobe slab;
With my fellows laid me,
Sun-baked, ugly, drab.
From the dust they called me,
Who had been a clod;
Plastered me and walled me ---
Set me to serve God!

II THE HIGH BELLS

Unto the sky
Tower we afar,
Calling on high,
Calling men nigh ---
Nigh unto prayer.
Over the worn
Desert-land's glare,
To sundrift and star
Our call is upborne,
"Come ye to prayer!"
Ever we cry,
Never we cease,
"Come ye to prayer,
Here is God's peace!"