

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Peal on, peal on—I love to hear  
The old church ding-dong soft and clear !  
The welcome sounds are doubly blest  
With future hope and earthly rest.  
Yet were no calling changes found  
To spread their cheering echoes round,  
There's not a place where man may dwell  
But he can hear a Sabbath bell.

Go to the woods, when Winter's song  
Howls like a famished wolf along,  
Or when the south winds scarcely turn  
The light leaves of the trembling fern—  
Although no cloister chimes ring there,  
The heart is called to faith and prayer:  
For all Creation's voices tell  
The tidings of the Sabbath bell.

Go to the billows, let them pour  
In gentle calm, or headlong roar ;  
Let the vast ocean by thy home,  
Thou'lt find a God upon the foam ;  
In rippling swell or stormy roll,  
The crystal waves shall wake thy soul.  
And thou shalt feel the hallowed spell  
Of the wide water's Sabbath bell.

The lark upon his skyward way,  
The robin on the hedge-row spray,  
The bee within the wild thyme's bloom,  
The owl amid the cypress gloom,  
All sing in every varied tone  
A vesper to the great Unknown ;  
Above—below—one chorus swells  
Of God's unnumbered Sabbath bells.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh ! the old, old clock, of the household stock,  
Was the brightest thing and neatest ;  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chime rang still the sweetest :  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,  
Yet they lived, though nations alter'd ;  
And its voice, still strong, warn'd old and young,  
When the voice of Friendship falter'd ;  
Tick—tick ! it said : quick, quick to bed ;  
For ten I've given warning ;  
Up, up—and go—or else, you know,  
You'll never rise soon in the morning !

A friendly voice was that old, old Clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And blessed the time, with a merry chime,  
The wint'ry hours beguiling :  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock  
As it call'd at day-break boldly,  
When the dawn look'd grey o'er the misty way,  
And the early air blew coldly :  
Tick-tick ! it said : quick out bed,  
For five I've given warning  
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,  
Unless you're up soon in the morning !

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never ;  
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,  
And the old friends lost for ever !  
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone

That warmer beat and stronger ;  
Its hands still move—though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer !  
Tick—tick ! it said : to the churchyard bed ;  
The Grave hath given warning :  
Then up and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning.

“SEND THE LETTERS, UNCLE JOHN !”

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Uncle John is stout and sturdy,  
Uncle John has gold in store ;  
Mighty fleets upon the ocean,  
Merchandise upon the shore ;  
Lands and houses, sheep and oxen,  
Corn in granaries and fields—  
All that giveth ease or pleasure,  
Or to man subsistence yields.

Uncle John has many children,  
Scattered widely here and there,  
And the language that he speaketh,  
It is spoken everywhere.  
Wheresoever foot hath trodden,  
There the sons of Uncle John  
Travel, trade, and preach the Gospel,  
Earnest workers, every one.

Uncle's ships are ever passing,  
And re-passing o'er the wave,  
And our yearning hearts do ever  
Tidings of the absent crave ;  
News of relatives who travel,  
Or the friends afar who dwell,  
We would know how feel, how fare they,  
How they prosper, ill or well.

Greetings e'er should pass between us,  
And the heart's fond interchange,  
But, alas ! we're poor, and, therefore,  
Distance must our hearts estrange ;  
And the white-winged heralds, as they  
O'er the Atlantic go and come,  
To the watching waiting many,  
Upon either shore are dumb.

Uncle John ! do send the letters,  
By your ships that go and come,  
Friends abroad would fain be writing  
Unto anxious friends at home,  
We would wish the absent loved one,  
In our joys and woes to share ;  
Send them for a penny, Uncle,  
It is all we have to spare.

“WILL IT PAY ? Why Uncle ?  
Can you doubt it ? look at home,  
See how, from all parts, your mail bags  
Daily weightier become ;  
Hear how, from all parts, children bless you,  
For the boon they were enjoy ;  
Oh, extend it o'er the waters,  
And our eager hands employ.

“WILL IT PAY ? Why fifty letters  
Will be sent in place of one ;  
Fifty pence for one poor shilling,  
Think of that, good Uncle John !  
Think, too, how 'twill foster commerce,  
And all friendly ties increase,  
Binding nation unto nation,  
In the bonds of LOVE and PEACE.