

FROM

"Among the Mountains."

Then seek the mountain fastness,
The everlasting hills,
Where God's great templed vastness
His sacred presence fills.

Oh, hear ye not the chiming,
Like silver Sabbath bells,
To sacred musing timing,
The distant echo swells.

From unseen shrines ascending
The clouds like incense rise,
The blue sky over-bending,
Accepts the sacrifice.

There's worship in each whisper,
That stirs the crystal air ;
There's litany and vesper
And every breath is prayer.