

Through all we see,  
Up to the azure roof with stars inwrought,  
Through all Earth's temple, do we look for Thee;  
Alas! we find Thee not.

Yet, Thou art near;  
Father! forgive our weak and failing sight;  
Forgive, and make our darkness noonday clear  
With Thy celestial light.

Thy love has given  
Faith's telescope, wherewith to gaze on Thee;  
Aid us, that through it looking unto Heaven,  
Thy glory we may see.

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## SUMMER HYMN.

Hark! Earth begins her matin hymn;  
The wide expanse of hill and plain,  
The river, and the mountain breeze  
Uniting, swell the glad refrain;  
Day, throned upon the eastern heights,  
From herb and flower, bids incense rise  
To mingle in the azure heaven,  
With Nature's wordless harmonies.