

The sombre homestead, cowering in its nest,
One day in seven, unheeds king rooster's call,
But waits the clarion claims from spire addressed
To break the gossamer bonds of dreamland's thrall.
Yet, ere the dew hath lost its lingering drops,
The smoke comes winding from the chimney tops,
To signal me within the boundary wall,—
Or others warn the homeward path to take,
To greet the sounds of duty that are now awake.

Such respite-rest to all the world owes,
And stint of toil enhances Sunday fare ;
As round the frugal board the family shows
A cheerful meekness void of secular care.
From worldly themes the converse turns away,
Though thoughts are busy with approaching day—
With friends and neighbours who will soon repair,
A wistful throng, to celebrate the hour,
When Christian power, from sleep of death, arose to power.