

FROM

"Among the Mountains."

What matters though we make our homes
Where sound of church bell never comes,
What need of temples built by hands,
While God's Cathedral 'round us stands?
Were not his altars reared of old,
Upon the mountains dim and cold,
From Sinai Moses gave the law,
The burning bush on Horeb saw,
Went not the Christ at close of day,
Apart into a mount to pray?