



# LAKE GEORGE

## MIRROR

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS

OF LAKE GEORGE & THE ADIRONDACKS.

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### THE VESPER BELL.

(For the LAKE GEORGE MIRROR.)

The beautiful waters were dreaming last night,  
The beautiful waters were dreaming;  
The far-away stars with their silvery light  
On the lake's placid bosom were beaming;  
I thought that I heard the sweet tone of a bell,  
Through the hush of the eventide stealing,  
Like the low, mournful sound of a funeral knell,  
With its cadence of sorrow soft pealing.

Then it seemed for a moment to falter away,  
And a silence came peacefully after;  
Till I heard, from a boat over there in the bay,  
A ripple of music and laughter;  
Some lover was there with his sweet-toned guitar,  
And his lady-love silently listened  
While he likened her life to a beautiful star,  
More bright than all others that glistened.

The mountains were pink with the tint of the sun  
Where its glow seemed a little to linger,  
As the sunbeams, in parting, had every one  
Thrown a kiss from a rosy-tipped finger;  
And the shadows that crept o'er the brow of the hill,  
Like nuns wrapped in garments of sorrow,  
Were chiding the sunbeams for lingering still,  
When they should be away till the morrow.

When the laughter had ceased and the music was still  
And the song died away over yonder;  
When the sunbeam had fled from the darkening hill  
To a land where no mortal can wander;  
Came the sound of the vesper from over the lake,  
Like a token that daytime was ended,  
And it bade weary mortals their sins to forsake  
While the prayers of the evening ascended.

When the darkness is falling and daylight is gone,  
And the birds to their nests all are winging;  
When the lilies are sleeping to wake with the dawn,  
Then the vesper bell softly is ringing;  
It bids us from pleasure and worldliness cease,  
And list to the love 'tis revealing;  
As into the heart, on the pinions of peace,  
Comes a message of rest softly stealing.

—ARTHUR LEWIS TURNER.