

Poetry.

THE SABBATH.

(*From the pen of the REV. DR. WORDSWORTH, Canon of Westminster Abbey, and nephew of the late Poet Laureate.*)

O day of rest and gladness
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright !
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Bending before the Throne,
 Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the Great Three in One.

On thee, at the Creation,
 The light first had its birth ;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth ;
 On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven,
 And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise ;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of Paradise ;
 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand ;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our Promised Land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
 Where angels go and come :
 Each Sunday finds us gladder,
 Nearer to heaven, our home.
 A day of sweet reflection,
 Thou art a day of love ;
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where Gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the Rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son ;
 The Church her voice upraises,
 To thee, blest Three in One.