



Our Christian Sabbath.

HOW gently falls upon the noisy world
 The calm, still Sabbath of the living God !
 The ceaseless hum of thronging multitudes
 Is hush'd ; and Peace broods, smiling, over all ;
 Or, in her meek, low accents, calleth souls
 To consecrate the day to God and prayer.

The sunlight sleeps upon the quiet town ;
 Sweet bells chime forth from many a cross-crowned dome,
 Which Man, with skilful hand and rev'rent heart,
 Hath reared, and sanctified by hallowed rite,
 That, in their walls, he might, in worship, bow
 Before the altar of the Holy One.

Father ! we thank Thee that Thy wisdom framed
 One green oasis in the weary week,
 One toilless day when, fleeing from the world,
 With all its din, its dust, its sordid cares,
 We, to Thy solemn dwelling-place, might turn—
 And, in its hush, Thee, Sovereign Lord ! adore.

There rich and low steals forth the organ's tone,
 While choristers proclaim the praise of God ;
 There, holy priest, mysteriously clothed,
 (Attended by his white-gown'd acolytes),
 With bended head, and bated, murmurous voice,
 Renews the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Oh ! it is bliss untold thus, thus to kneel !
 'Mid starry lights and perfume-breathing flowers,
 To gaze upon Immanuel's altar-throne,
 Or, on the image of the Virgin Queen,
 Thro' clouds of misty incense, beauteous, seen,
 With radiant rapture on Her sculptured face !

This is the happiness of Sabbath hours—
 The peace that bloomed from out Christ's sepulchre,
 (First lily of His Resurrection morn !)
 The calm, deep joy informing every shrine
 Where man's weak soul, upborne on wings divine,
 Feeds on the fulness of the Deity !

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.