

THE SABBATH.

But O what love! when Christ,
For our transgressions slain,
Was by the eternal Father raised
For us to life again.

His new-created world,
The mighty Maker viewed,
With thousand lovely tints adorned;
And straight pronounced it good:

But O much more he joyed
That self-same world to see,
Washed in the Lamb's all-saving blood
From its impurity.

Nature each day renews
Her beauty evermore;
Whence to God's hidden majesty,
The soul is taught to soar:

But Christ, the Light of all,
The Father's Image blest,
Gives us to see our God himself
In flesh made manifest.

HYMN 15.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful
noise to the rock of our salvation.—Psalm xcv. 1.

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Awake, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.