

tion then was to pronounce the benediction almost immediately, but his purpose was changed, and he delivered a long and fervent appeal. When the collecting box reached the vestry, it contained four sovereigns, so that the audience had given \$5 a head. One of the deacons added a sovereign. The other deacon looked displeased, and saying, "You know I don't like odd numbers," added another. That made \$30. Leaving the church, and passing through a narrow court, he came into collision with an elderly lady, who, having recognized him, gasped out that she had run home for money to augment her contribution to the collection, and placed in his hand a piece of paper, which contained three sovereigns. This made \$45. The deacon who disliked odd numbers made it \$50, which was a good collection. From this incident he deduced two lessons, viz : always do your duty, by many or few ; and choose odd numbers.

Behavior on Leaving Church.

Ministers have often occasion to regret the change which takes place among their hearers when they are dismissed from the house prayer ; many who appear deeply impressed with the word of God, and the solemnities of his worship, become, as soon as these are ended, frivolous and careless ; their conversation is unprofitable, their manner light, and their general deportment so inconsistent, as to excite an apprehension in the mind of their pastor that, so far as they are concerned, he has "labored in vain, and spent his strength for naught." If it be required to observe decency and order while we are in the sanctuary, engaged in its important work, surely it is needful that somewhat like these should be discernable in the manner of our retiring from that holy place and employment ; this should not resemble that of a gay tumultuous throng, who have just quitted scenes of fashionable dissipation, or public entertainment. Whoever desires to obtain permanent advantage by the public celebration of religious ordinances, must retire from it with a serious mind to the performance of private duties ; and, above all things, endeavor to preserve a lasting remembrance of that which hath been spoken spoken unto him by the word of the Lord. Is this our practice ? Do we retire from the temple to seek meditation and prayer in our closet. The Lord enable us to do this.—
Rev. Henry Draper.

Poetry.

A NEW HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.

The following beautiful hymn is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Canon of Westminster Abbey, and nephew of the late Poet Laureate—one of England's greatest divines and scholars. Let American readers preserve this hymn, and let Christian families sing it on the Sabbath. It can be sung in the familiar tune used for "Greenland's icy mountains."

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 glad
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.