

me; and yet he was only one of many who found themselves in the same condition. For, I repeat it, he who hits the case of one hits the case of a class; and besides, whatever has the impress of truth and reality, will interest even those who are not directly concerned therein.

"Experiences such as these gave before long an entirely new character to my preaching; I began invariably with everyday incidents of actual occurrence, and then by analogy sought to lead my hearers on to the spiritual truths of the kingdom of God.

I remember one sermon in particular, suggested to me by the fact of a child having, through fear of well-deserved punishment run off into the wood, and when evening came being missed by the parents, who instantly instituted an anxious search, and at length found the little truant asleep in the brashwood. I first painted the fear and apprehension of the child, and its consequent flight; then the love of the parents who sought their child; and at last, the joy and happiness of child and parents when the wanderer was found; and I pointed out how the Lord was come to seek and save lost children and lost parents both. Then, again, a fire that broke out and burnt down a mill afforded a rich vein of illustration; and so did the various occupations of agricultural life—sowing, reaping, ploughing, harrowing, droughts, floods—whatever excited customary hopes and fears, was sure to rouse attention. Deaths and domestic events in general were often alluded to with much advantage."—*My Ministerial Experience.*

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.

BE STRONG.

Take thy staff, O pilgrim,
Haste thee on thy way;
Let the morrow find thee
Farther than to-day.

If thou seek the city
Of the Golden Street,
Pause not on thy pathway
Rest not, weary feet.

In the heavenly journey
Press with zeal along;
Resting will but weary,
Running make thee strong.

—Selected.