

A SABBATH MORN.

The rich wild music of the grove
Is floating soft and low ;
The silvery streams, the waters wide
In gentle murmurs flow.
The sun looks smilingly upon
The lovely things of earth,
Which seem to speak in silent tones
Of Him who gave them birth.
O, thou our Father and our Friend, C
Be pleased thy grace to impart
To those who love thy sacred name,
And quicken every heart.
Inspire thy saints with holy zeal,
Thy gracious spirit give,
To waken those who're dead in sin,
That they in Christ may live.
O, grant to bless the precious truths
That are dispensed to-day,
And midst thy Church here militant
Thy wondrous power display.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE AT
WESTMINSTER ABBEY 1887.

A trumpet blast announces her approach :
The choristers in their white bands arise,
And with them that vast audience elate,
Expectant pleasure beaming from each eye.
There is a pause, the royal household's
Gold-laced officers are grouping near