

[Selected Poetry.]

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

Watcher, who wak'st by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest her sleep should break,
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearth-stone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;
There is one can tell of a home on high—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A' dart in thy breast that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favour of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on with thy prayerful cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner, who sitteth in the church-yard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone—
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead—
Looking up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak
In thy veins of fire and thy wasted cheek--
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale?
Look to the Guide who can never fail;
He hath trod it himself! he will hear thy sigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

THE LORD'S DAY.

The traveller on a rough and dusty road, when from time to time he finds by the way-side a quiet green resting-place from which he may look back on the way he has come and also forward to the end of his journey, will surely stop at it for a little with thankfulness. And what are Thy Sabbaths, O Lord, with their sweet services and their solemn hours, but fresh and peaceful oases such as these, inviting me to put away for a moment the troubles and the fatigues of the highway of life, that I may breathe awhile and gather new strength for my journey. Ye giddy crowd, who run and run on, without looking round, until ye slide into the grave, O! look at these oases provided for you by God, who pities you more than you do yourselves. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning!" says the Psalmist. And "let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" if I ever forget you, ye solemn, holy hours prepared for me by God in the place where His glory dwells, and where He invites me to enjoy His own rest!—*Tholuck*.