

[Original Poetry.]

THE CLAIMS OF THE SABBATH.

God gave command 'mid thunders from His hill,
 "One day in seven give to Me entire.
 Repent thy sins, bow humble to My will,
 Jehovah's goodness know and dread his ire;
 Then at thy death—the dread result of sin—
 Heaven's gates shall open to thy spirit life.
 Refuse, forget thy crime and thou shalt win
 Hell, and all miseries of Eternal strife."
Obeys His will? Who'd dare to disobey,
 When Hell unending gapes its wide profound.
 Refuse? Who so irrational as play
 Above Niagara's verge or Norway's Malestrom round.
Obeys His will? Who would not gladly serve,
 With Heaven in endless life as a reward,
 When nameless joys, eternal, in reserve,
 With angels mingle and with God accord.
One day in seven! What false mind so base
 As to refuse that time unto his God.
 One seventh of life! Who would for this erase
 Their names from th' list, communion with their God.
 What man? Alas! in numbers are they found,
 In thousands, nay, in millions are they found,
 How Hell rejoices at, Heaven mourns the sound,
 That rises myriad tongued from Sabbath days profaned.
 How strange that man, by God created, and
 By Him pardoned, though disobeyed,
 Should ever wish to resist the divine command
 Wherein God's wisdom's for their wants displayed.
 However strange, 'tis true. Man's sins past number;
 Through life, his sins are counted by his heart,
 No moment passes but he hastes to encumber
 His Book of Life with blots in every part;
 And on the Sabbath, as grown desperate,
 Strives to exceed each preceding crime;
 Sins on as usual, curses his hard fate,
 Profanes God's holy day, His own appointed time.
 But why should he? God's forethought shown in all;
 Works of necessity stern, or mercy, He
 Allows man to perform at urgent call.
 Why not stop others? Why not fear Divinity?
 Why should amusements on that day be sought,
 Save the real pleasure, worshipping our God?
 'Tis time to pause. Stay idler! give one thought!
 Hast thou no fear of His avenging rod?
 Do'st think with thy mean, weak, and puny might,
 That thou canst, with success, resist a God?—
 Heathen knew more, without our Holy Light—
 Short is thy span and soon the cov'ring sod.
Wake careless Christian! Wake! in thunder loud
 Thy warning voice be heard the world around.
Shout! till thy voice reach even to the cloud;
Shout! till it reaches earth's remotest bound.
 Hundreds are dying in our land to-day.
 Hundreds will die before to-morrow's sun;
 Canst not thou warn them of their evil way,
 Why not have Jesus say: "Servant, well done!"