

believe that the day could be commemorated in a more worthy manner. We know of no day fitter for terminating long hostilities, and repairing cruel wrongs, than the day on which the religion of mercy was founded. We know of no day fitter for blotting out from the statute-book the last traces of intolerance than the day on which the spirit of intolerance produced the foulest of all judicial murders, the day on which the list of victims of intolerance, that noble list wherein Socrates and More are enrolled, was glorified by a yet greater and holier name.

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## SABBATH THOUGHTS.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

AND is there peace and rest in heaven,  
And wilt *Thou* never leave me, Lord?  
Tho' this fair earth has never given,  
To yearning hearts, one answering word?

And is't with Thee our souls shall find  
The craving void of suffering filled—  
The throbbing pulse, the care-worn mind,  
The anguish'd heart, be hush'd and still'd?

Oh breathe thy promise, Lord of Peace,  
My spirit yearns and craves for Thee,  
I pray not sorrow's pang to cease,  
Let me but feel Thou art with me!

Let me but clasp again the Love  
Thou did'st vouchsafe, erewhile to me,  
When first my soul look'd up above,  
And pined and thirsted, Lord, for Thee!

Oh leave me not, forsake me not!  
Unto my own rebellious will,

Whate'er of trial cloud my lot,  
Let me but love Thee, trust Thee still !

Keep me but constant in my trust,  
Father ! oh grant it fail not now,  
Lest sinking prostrate in the dust,  
Despair and doubt should cloud my brow.

Again, again the waves of Life  
Are o'er me rushing in their might,  
Whose troubled currents' storm and strife,  
Hurl my weak spirit back to night.

I deem'd the gleam of heav'n, that stole,  
When prostrate on my couch I lay,  
Had left sweet peace upon my soul,  
To strengthen't for a darker day.

But it hath pass'd, and left no sign,  
The struggle, duty to fulfil,  
Has robbed me of the bliss divine,  
Which smiled, when weariness chained me still.

Oh, if no comfort be mine own,  
Father, still fix my hope on Thee !  
Till I may feel thy love alone,  
And break my chains and set me free.

'Tis but to try my faltering faith,  
Thou dost awhile thy presence veil,  
Yet tho' thy worm be tried to death,  
My trust, my hope, shall never fail.

Back, back unto the waves of Life,  
My shrinking soul, still firmly on !  
What if the path, with storm be rife ?  
The crown of faith may yet be won !

In his own time, my yearning cry,  
Shall pierce his radiant courts of love,  
And faith shall change to pray'r each sigh,  
That wings its quivering flight above.