

"The Sabbath truth is like a stained-glass window rare,  
 We stand **outside** and gaze, but see no beauty there;  
 No fair design, naught but confusion we behold—  
 'Tis only **from within** the glory will unfold.  
 And he who would drink in the rapture of the view  
 Must climb the winding stair, the portal enter through.  
 The sacred door of Truth's cathedral is most low,  
 And all who wish to enter there the knee must bow  
 In deep humility. But once **inside**, the light  
 Of day streams through, and makes each colour heavenly bright.  
 The Master's great design we see, our hands we raise  
 In reverent ecstasy of wonder, love and praise!"