Church Mork.

IVe Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

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For Church Work.

"UNTIL THE D.Y BREAK AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY."

—Song of Solomon—ch. 2, v.,17.

Oh! Father, we are treading
Where shadows deep are thrown
Across life's dreary highway—
And helpless—while alone,
We look to Thee for succour—
We know Thy Holy aid
Can keep that Church together
Whose stone Thy Son hath laid.

Oh! Master, we are stretching
Our feeble hands to Thee,—
Guide us through earthly darkness—
Thy Word our lamp shall be.
Guide us on in those pathways
Thy Holy feet once trod,—
On to life's golden sunset
Where lie the Hills of God.

Dear Saviour! Thine own anguish Gethsemane hath seen— Teach us to tread that valley Where Thou alone hast been. Jesu, who 'neath sin's burden Didst sink in bitter pain, Thou, who bore our trangressions Wilt feel for us again.

Master and King! Thy answer
Comes to each longing heart;
Welcome the Cross that leads us
Onward to where Thou art.
"Until the fair day breaketh,

The shadows flee away,"
While in the changeless sunshine
Glows Thine Eternal Day.

VIOLET GREEN.

(Author of poem on 1st p. of May No., signed B.)

THE CHURCH'S PRAYERS.

Do we ever think of the advantage we as Churchmen possess in the spirituality of the Church's worship, arranged according to "the pattern given the Mount;" the heritage of the Christian ages; the lineal outgrowth and development of apostolic prayers and usages? It brings to us the devotions of the holiest men of all past days, and our devotions linked with the prayers of all saints and martyrs, when offered by us on our knees, are like the vials of precious odors on the golden altar which was before the throne.— Iowa Churchman.