

Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR—REV. JOHN AMBROSE, M. A., D. C. L.

Vol. XV.

DIGBY, N. S., SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 7.

The red marks enclosing this paragraph indicate that the subscription is due, and the Proprietor will be glad to receive the amount as early as possible. The date marked with the address on each paper is that to which that paper is paid up.

AFTER A STORM.

The storm hath passed away,
The storm-tossed billow
Slumbers all peacefully,
As childhood after play,
On downy pillow.

The fisher's anchored bark
Lies motionless upon thy deep ;
The "old-squaw," floating down the tide
Calms down my dreamy thoughts to sleep ;
Along our shallop's glossy side,
Each chiming ripple steals along,
With murmuring song ;
And sings itself to rest
Upon thy peaceful breast,
Oh, sea !

Where the bright sunshine glows,
Reflecting all heaven's purity.
So would my restless soul repose ;
And dream that time, with all its woes,
Was beautiful as eternity.

Is there no rest like thine
To man on earth ?
Where these wild storms, that sweep
The soul's tempestuous deep,
May rage no more ?
Some blessed shore ?

I seem to hear thee say :
"Child of immortal birth,
Thy life's unquiet, ever surging sea,
Like me,
Must ever onward, onward flow,
'Mid calm and storm,
By night and day.
The tempest's rage, the sunshine's glow
Around thee play ;
Till underneath the blue serene of heaven
Where suns ne'er set nor rise,
And joys eternal banish woe,
Shall rest be given :
Thy rest, thou canst not find below.

"My work at home lies with the olive
branches
Thou'st planted there.
To train them meekly for the heavenly
garden
Needs all my care.

I may not in the woods and on the moun-
tains
Seek Thy lost sheep ;
At home a little flock of tender lambkins
'Tis mine to keep.

Thou givest to Thy servants each his life-
work ;
No trumpet-tone
Will tell the nations, in triumphant pealing,
How mine was done.

But 'twill be much, if, when the task is
ended,
Through grace from Thee,
I give Thee back, undimmed, the radiant
jewels
Thou gavest me."