

Church Work.

We speak concerning Christ and the Church.

A MONTHLY PAMPHLET OF FACTS, NOTES, AND INSTRUCTION.

Vol. IV. JANUARY, 1880. No. 11.

JOHN D. H. BROWNE, } LOCK DRAWER 29, HALIFAX, N.S. } EDITORS.
EDWYN S. W. PENTREATH, } MONCTON, N. B. }

"The Communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the cross."—*From the will of Bishop Ken, A. D. 1710.*

NEW YEAR.

As we part from the old year and enter on the new our thoughts are apt to dwell more or less upon the brevity of life. There are certain expressions which are on most persons lips at this time, such as, "how time flies!" or, "it seems hardly possible that we have begun another year!" But how apt we are too, to have such thoughts crowded out of our minds by the events which make the years pass so quickly. Ah! if we could but retain these thoughts, if they did but live within us, so that by God's grace these brief lives of ours might be lived more to His service, less to ourselves. Would that so numbering our days we might "apply our hearts unto wisdom."

A little while, at the longest, and the allotted time wherein to do His work will have come to an end for each one of us. Would that we could ever bear in mind, not merely have it forced upon us now and then as the recurring seasons ring out the flight of time, that this life is but the thresho'd of the great hereafter. Surely our thoughts, our words,

our actions would be greatly changed by a daily recognition of this fact. Would it not help to check our passions, to animate our charity, to strengthen our patience, this saying to ourselves, "a little while—only a little while, and "the night cometh wherein no man can work"; when, if the task our Father gave us, is unfulfilled, it must remain so forever? Should we not reach forth with a strong desire to that which fadeth not away, the city built on everlasting foundations, whose maker and builder is God? Would it not teach us to lay hold more firmly on that GUIDING HAND which is stretched forth to lead us by a straight path through the changes and chances of this mortal life to that better country?

Yes, in truth, how time flies! not only when it seems winged with pleasure, when the days seem all too short to contain our joys, but when cares, and grief, and disappointed hopes make it seem to drag so wearily. Its flight is still the same, unchanging, never-resting, until it has brought us to the shore of that dark river which lies between the believer and faithful servant of