Church Mork.

We speak concerning Christ and the Charch.

A MONTHLY PAMPHLET OF FACTS, NOTES, AND INSTRUCTION

Vol. V.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

No. 9.

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

"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.

HYMN FOR CHURCH DEFENCE.

Words by the Rev. S. J. Stone, M. A., author of "The Church's One Foundation," &c.

"Her foundations are upon the holy hills: the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob."—
Ps. laxxvii. 1, 2.

"God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early."—Ps. xlvi. 5.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cumning."-Psalm caxavii. 5.

Round the Sacred City gather,
Egypt, Edom, Babylon;
All the warring hosts of error,
Sworn against her are as one:
Vain the leaguer! her foundations,
Are upon the holy hills,
And the love of the Eternal
All her stately temple fills.

Get thee, watchman, to the rampart!
Gird thee, warrior, with thy sword!
And be strong as ye remember
In your midst is God the Lord:
Like the night mists from the valley,
These shall vanish one by one,
Egypt's malice, Edom's envy,
And the hate of Babylon.

But be true, ye sons and daughters,
Lest the peril be within;
Watch to prayer, lest in your slumber
Stealthy foemen enter in;
Safe the mother and the children
If their will and love be strong,
While their loyal hearts go singing
Prayer and praise for battle song.

Church of God! if we forget thee
Let His blessing fail our hand,
When our love shall not prefer thee
Let His love forget our land—
Nay! our memory shall be stedfast
Though in storm the mountains shake
And our love is love for ever,
For it is for Jesus' sake.

Church of Jesus! His thy Banner
And thy Banner's awful Sign:
By His Passion and His Glory
Thou art His and He is thine:
From the Hill of His Redemption
Flows thy sacramental tide:
From the Hill of His Ascension
Flows the grace of God thy Guide.

Yea; thou Church of God the Spirit!
His Society Divine,
His the living Word thou keepest,
His thy Apostolic line.
Ancient prayer and song liturgic,
Creeds that change not to the end,
As His gift we have received them,
As His charge we will defend.