

# Church Work.

*We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.*

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

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## SANCTUS.

BY THOMAS MAIR.

The low-breathed words have ceased to human sound  
Breaks the deep stillness of the house of prayer,  
Where waiting souls are filled with peace divine,  
For God, the Holy Ghost is dwelling there.  
From far it comes! beyond each reaching star  
That points our longing hearts to that bright home,  
Where in the presence of the Triune God,  
Our weary feet shall one day cease to roam.  
So soft at first and sweet, then full and clear,  
With blended voices of the ransomed throng,  
Comes to our ears the angel's song of praise  
For Him to Whom all glory shall belong.  
Our willing lips take up the wondrous strain  
Of praise and worship to the heavenly King,

And through the earthly veil we almost see  
The radiant glory of the Lord we sing.

It dies away—but lingering in our hearts,  
Those thrilling notes, with loving memories dwell,  
Till round God's throne, throughout eternal years,  
Our souls redeemed, that hymn of praise shall swell

## IN MY BAPTISM.

My Godparents promised for me  
When I was unable to speak;  
But now that I know right from wrong,  
God's Pardon for sins I must seek.

A Member of Jesus, My Lord,  
A Stone in His Building am I:  
A fruit-bearing Branch of the Vine  
God Grant I may be till I die.

Three things I have "promised and vowed"—  
To give up all things that are wrong,  
To believe all the Creeds of the Church,  
To serve my God all my life long.  
—C. D. Kingdon.

A lady once complained to Frederick the Great that her husband treated her badly. "That, madam," said the Emperor, "is no business of mine." "But," returned the lady, "he speaks ill of you." "That," said the Emperor, "is no business of yours."

Wm. Miller

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