

Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

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HEAVEN.

"Oh! Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on,
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No, Heaven is near us; the misty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we cannot see the angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And those smiling faces will greet us there
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought
To the thirsting soul is given

That power to pierce through the mist of sense
To the beauteous scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away
And longs for the angel's call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realm of endless day."

"PEACE, BE STILL."

BY CHURCHILL EASTIN.

When on the stormy waves I ride,
Lord shew Thy face to me,
And through the howling tempest guide
My helpless barque to Thee.

Like Peter, when of old he saw
Thy form come o'er the sea,
Lord, I believe, and love thy law,
O shew Thyself to me.

I know if Thou wilt speak the word,
I in the flood may stand;
Then help my sinking feet, O Lord,
And hold my trembling hand.

When o'er my straining vessel's side
The waters pour and fill,
Do Thou within the hold abide,
And bid the waves be still.

Disperse the clouds that hide the sky,
And give the winds command;
And in the twinkling of an eye,
My ship shall be at land.

Miss Fuller
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