

Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

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PARADISE.

Shut out, shut out
For ever from the Paradise of God,
The blighted earth whence thorns and
 thistles spring
Their feet have trod.

Shut out, shut out,
From all that made that Paradise most fair,
The presence of the Lord who with them
 walked
At even there.

Vainly for them
The Tree of life its quickening fruit displays
The circling sword the sacred treasure
 guards
With fiery rays.

Ah, hapless pair,
Of home, of peace, of love, of joy bereft,
Yet shines one guiding star above your
 path—
For hope is left!

The woman's Seed
Shall crush in deadly strife the serpent
 dread;

The ransomed brethren win immortal Life,
In Christ their Head.

Then—no more curse!
From that blood-watered soil no thorns
 shall rise:
And not one garden; but the whole new
 Earth
Be Paradise.

BREATHE NOT A SOUND.

“The Lord is in His holy temple; let
all the earth KEEP SILENCE before Him.”
We find a beautiful commentary on these
words in the following lines written by the
Rev. Richard S. Hawker, vicar of Mor-
wenstow:

When the voice of God is thrilling,
 Breathe not a sound;
When the tearful eye is filling,
 Breathe not a sound;

When the memory is pleading,
And the better mind succeeding,
When the stricken heart is bleeding,
 Breathe not a sound.

When the broad road is forsaken,
 Breathe not a sound;
And the narrow path is taken,
 Breathe not a sound;
When the angels are descending,
And the days of sin are ending,
When Heaven and Earth are blending,
 Breathe not a sound.

What we weave in time we must
wear in eternity.

Ms Miller
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