

Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

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The red marks enclosing this paragraph indicate that the subscription is due, and the Proprietor will be glad to receive the amount as early as possible. The date marked with the address on each paper is that to which that paper is paid up.

MY BODY.

The house my Maker made for me
Received His likeness in its form,
His wisdom all its parts displayed,
His beauty cloth'd its chambers warm;—
If not so fair, as years go by,
What matter, for it is not I.

The lamps that light its rooms burn low,
Its rust and its decay I share,
And one, it may be friend or foe,
Knocks loudly, often at the gate;
I trouble them, I scarce know why,
My house He claims,—it is not I.

I am indeed a dweller there,
A winter and a summer guest,
Its rust and its decay I share,
But cannot look therein to rest.
I'm sure to leave it by and by,—
'Tis but my house—it is not I.

I sometimes think, when lying down,
For the last time I seek the door
And leave the home, so long my own;
That I may find it yet once more,
So chang'd and fair I scarce shall know
The house I lived in long ago.

THE NEW BIRTH.

I knelt beside thee, dearest babe,
On thy new birthday morning bright;
The dewdrops gleamed upon thy brow,
The Font seemed rayed with sudden light.

I almost saw the angel glide
Adown the lucid, golden stair,
With earnest face and snow-white wings,
Who took his place beside thee there.

Henceforth! thou art to be his charge
Through all the devious paths of life,
And thou hast now an Angel-guard
To aid thee in unequal strife.

Thou art enlisted 'neath the Flag
Of CHRIST our Captain! CHRIST the Son
And thou art called His Father's child,
Whose Precious Blood that guerdon won.

Within thine heart is radiance shed
From GOD the HOLY GHOST, this hour
Descending dove-like there to dwell,
In all His soft, yet mighty power.

Thy name is written now in heaven,
Thy Christian name that Angels know,
O sweet, unconscious innocent,
Thou know'st not thou art blessed so!

That unto thee, to-day, is given
A right that highest Angels prize,
The Royal Gift of CHRIST the King,
The *Right of Birth beyond the skies
—Estrel.

* "Our conversation (citizenship) is in heaven."

Mrs. Fuller
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