

have our own part in the present, but not beyond. The future rests with God alone. We are safe in Him so long as from day to day, from hour to hour, we hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering. Our steadfast cleaving to present grace is our security for future steadfastness.—*T. T. Carter.*

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

At night the lonely shepherds heard,
From out the heaven above,
A song that every bosom stirred
With wonder, joy, and love.

O holy, holy Night !
What rapture fill'd thee then !
What royal light, when angels bright
Sang Heaven's own song to men !

Not in the ear of mighty king,
Or wise man of the earth—
To lowly hearts alone they sing
The great Redeemer's birth.

O holy, holy Night, etc.

Not in the city, built by man,
Nor street, nor palace-hall—
But on the midnight plain began
The Christmas festival.

O holy, holy Night, etc.

The stars were lost within the light,
The air with music rang,
As through the now resplendent night
The shining Angels sang.

O holy, holy Night, etc.

"To God be glory in the height,
On earth, good will to men ;"
And still with wonder and delight
We chant the loud Amen.

O holy, holy Night, etc.

O GOD of GOD ! O Light of Light !

The Virgin's Holy Son !
Make Thou for us each midnight bright,
Till life's dark hours are done.
O holy, holy Night, etc.

R. H. G. OSBORNE.

CHRISTMAS.

A heartfelt Christmas greeting to our many readers ! Some, although we have never seen them, seem like old friends, for this is the eighth Christmas that CHURCH WORK has found its way to them. One more Christmas ! how the years speed away, bringing us all nearer and ever nearer to that time when He whose blessed Birthday we commemorate in the Happy, Holy Christmas-tide will call us out of this life, in which we can only worship Him Invisible—to THAT in which we shall behold Him in His Eternal Majesty and Beauty—the Everlasting Saviour, the Prince of Peace !

Oh, what a thought is this ! how it should sanctify our Christmas joy, make it indeed a "Holy Gladness"—each Christmas bringing us nearer to Him. When one very dear to us is separated from us, by the vast ocean, it may be, with the prospect of returning to us after a certain number of years—how do we count them as they pass, making so much the less the interval that must yet elapse before the loved one's coming. And do our hearts feel no thrill of awful joy when we remember that every year, in the life of each one of us, shortens the time which intervenes between this life and the great hereafter. It will be the same Lord then—awful though His Majesty, when He comes surrounded by His Holy Angels, the same Lord,