

Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

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THE WAY IS DARK.

BY MARY THOMAS CARSTENSEN,

The way is dark,
And lone, and wild !
I stumble oft---
Oh ! Father ! help Thy child !
Sharp thorns abound,
They press on every side,
Above---the tempests war !
Oh ! whither shall I hide?

My feet are torn !
My panting breath comes quick,
My bruised and aching heart
With very fear is sick.

I faint ! I die !
O Lord ! lift Thou my head !
Lord save ! Lord, help !
Without Thee, I am dead !

Humbly I cry :
Thy wounds, Thy cross, I plead !
I cannot let Thee go,
Without the help I need.

See ! low I lie
Prostrate beneath Thy rod,
I dare not flee,
For 'tis Thy hand, O God !

Lord, take my will,
It is no longer mine ;
Into Thy hands I give,
Lord, make it Thine !

Then shall I see
That clouds, and thorns, and woe
Are all Thy will---
Why---is not mine to know.

"THE DAY OF THE LORD IS AT HAND."

"The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand;
Its storms roll up the sky.
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold;
All dreamers toss and sigh ;
The night is darkest before the morn ;
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the Day of the Lord at hand.

"Gather you, gather you, angels of God,---
Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth ;
Come ! for the Earth is grown coward and
old,
Come down, and renew us her youth,
Wisdom, Self-Sacrifice, Caring and Love,
Haste to the battlefield, stoop from above,
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

"Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell,---
Famine, and Plague, and War,
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare.
Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave
Crawl to the battlefield, sneak to your grave,
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

"Who would sit down and sigh for a lost
age of gold
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trampet of
God,
And those who can suffer can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern
work to do,
In the Day of the Lord at hand."