

Wm. Miller

Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR—REV. JOHN AMBROSE, M.A., D.C.L.

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RITUAL, BY CANON BRIGHT.

When to Thy beloved on Patmos,
Through the open door in Heaven,
Visions of the perfect worship,
Saviour, by Thy love were given—
Surely there was truth and spirit,
Surely there a pattern shown,
How Thy Church should do her service,
When she comes before Thy Throne.

Oh the censer-bearing Elders
Crowned with gold, and robed in white,
Oh the living Creatures' anthem,
Never resting day or night!
And the thousand choirs of Angels
With their voices like the sea,
Singing praise, O God the Father,
And Oh Victim Lamb, to Thee!

Lord, bring home the glorious lesson
To their hearts, who strangely deem
That an unmajestic worship
Doth Thy Majesty besecm;
Show them more of Thy dear Presence
Let them—let them come to know
That our King is throned among us,
And His Church is Heaven below!

Then shall faith read off the meaning
Of each stately-ordered Rite,
Dull surprise and hard resistance
Turn to awe and full delight.
Men shall learn how sacred splendor
Shadows forth the pomp above,
How the glory of our Altars
Is the homage of our love.

'Tis for Thee we bid the Frontal
Its embroidered wealth unfold,
'Tis for Thee we deck the Reredos
With the colors and the gold;
Thine the floral glow and fragrance,
Thine the vestures' fair array,
Thine the starry lights that glitter
Where Thou dost Thy Light display.

'Tis to Thee the chant is lifted,
'Tis to Thee the heads are bowed,
Far less deep was Israel's rapture
When the Glory filled the cloud.
Oh our own true God Incarnate—
What should Christians' Ritual be.
But a voice to utter somewhat
Of their joy, and pride in Thee!

What but this—yet since corruption
Mars so oft our Holiest things,
In the form preserve the Spirit,
Give the worship Angel wings,
Till we gain Thine own high Temple,
Where no tainting breath may come,
And whate'er is good and beautiful
Finds with Thee a perfect home.

Do not wipe out other's blots with
smeared fingers.