

as long as life's fitful fever lasts. Remember you are not your own. Christ owns your body and soul, therefore you should yield to Him that which is His by purchase, but which to be made acceptable in His sight must be freely given.

SUNDAY AT ALL TIMES.

To different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship; Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews. Add to this the fact of the diurnal revolution of the earth, giving every variation of longitude a different hour and it becomes apparent that every moment is Sunday somewhere.

When you come into church late you think, "Better late than never." Learn it this way, "Better *never* late."

A man said to me the other night "I would not have missed your sermon for \$10." When the collection box was passed, that man put in a copper cent,

They who are always watching others, generally need the greater watching themselves; if they have no knowledge of evil themselves, they will not know how to suspicion it in others.

NOTICE,—to Localizers and others—All correspondence for CHURCH WORK must from this date be addressed to REV. JOHN AMBROSE, Digby, Nova Scotia, as this magazine is now printed in that town.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I care not for Spring, on his fickle wing
Let the blossoms and buds be borne;
He woos them 'amain with his treacherous
rain

And he scatters them 'ere the morn.
An inconsistent elf, he knows not himself,
Nor his own changing mind an hour,
He'll smile in your face, and with wry grim-
ace

He'll wither your tenderest flower.

Let the summer sun to his bright home run,
He shall never be sought by me;
When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh
aloud

And care not how sulky he be!
For his darling child is the madness wild,
That sports in fierce fever's train,
And where love is too strong it don't last
long

As many have found their pain.

A mild harvest night by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen for me I ween,
Than the broad and unblushing noon.

But every leaf awaketh my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree;
And let Autumn air be ever so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

Put my song I troll out for Christmas stout
The hearty, the true and the bold,
My voice will raise in blessings and praise,
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
We'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up while there's bite or
sup

And in fellowship good we'll part.

In his fine honest pride he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard weather scars;
But they're no disgrace, for there's much
the same trace,
On the cheeks of the bravest tars.
Then again I'll sing, 'till the roof doth ring.
And it echoes from wall to wall,
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night
As the King of the seasons all.

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