

windows ar. all of stained glass from the works of McCausland & Co., of Toronto. The chancel is part of the main building, forming two vestry rooms. There are sittings for two hundred and thirty-five and the pews are finished in walnut, and the pulpit and reading desk are of oak. The choir occupy a raised platform near the reading desk, where there is a large cabinet organ. The Rev. T. E. Sanders presented the church with a silver communion service and the altar cloths. The Rector's Warden is Mr. John Nesbitt, and the People's Warden is Mr. John Armstrong, who, together with the Building Committee were mainly instrumental in the beginning and completion of this beautiful church. The Building Committee were John Nesbitt, Alex. Tait and Robt. Johnson. The Rev. rector has gathered a full congregation into the new church, and there is a good prospect of a prosperous future for these willing workers and givers.

RABBI JOHANAN.

A LEGEND OF THE TALMUD.

BY NATHANIEL WM. CARRE, A. B., HON. SEC. HIBERNIAN AUXILIARY.

RABBI JOHANAN, on his dying bed,
Uplifted painfully his aching head,
And tears coursed slowly down his wasted cheek,
Grieving the souls of his disciples meek.
And as they bent the head and beat the breast,
There questioned him one bolder than the rest :
" Rabbi, thou light of Israel, whom God
Is taking from our head, we kiss the rod,
For we have sinned, and in the dust we bow ;
But, light of Israel, why weepest thou ?"
Rabbi Zachai answered, low and still,
His accents made the listeners' blood run chill—
" Hear me, my sons. If in the morn I stood
Before a mortal king of flesh and blood—
To-day in pomp upon the gilded throne,
To-morrow in the sepulchre alone—
Who, angered, yet his anger might outspend ;
Who binding me, his bondage would have end ;
Whose wrath I might appease with costly bribe,
Or soothe him by the spokesman of my tribe ;
If borne to death at fiat of his word,
Eternal death waits not on mortal sword,
Yet then—yet even then—my tears would flow,
Crushed by the heavy weight of human woe.
But now they bear me to the King of kings,
The Lord and Source of all created things,
Who ever and forever cloth endure,
Whose throne on timeless ages rests secure.
Who, angered, will his anger ne'er outspend ;
Who binding me, His bondage hath no end.
No gem, no jewel can His justice bribe,
Nor can I find a Goel of my tribe ;
And if He touch me with the Archangel's breath,
Eternity is mine of death in death.
And furthermore two ways are opening out,
Shrouded in darkness of this sickening doubt ;
The downward path that slopes to fire and worm,
The upward course that leads from tear and storm ;
And knowing not which course they bear my soul,
Should not, my sons, these tears in anguish roll ?"

And 'neath that awful dread of coming doom,
The Rabbi's spirit passed into the gloom.
An horror deep weighed down the orphaned band,
A cold air smote them, by death angels fanned,
And then a cry went wailling through the night,
" Messiah, son of David, bring us light."

STRONG IN CHRIST.

I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world ; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride, when she contemplates resigning the pleasant associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home—though only a very little like her, for *there is no doubt resting on my future.*

" Then death would not take you by surprise," I remarked, " if it should come even before you could get on board ship?" " Oh ! no," he said ; " death will never take me by surprise, do not be afraid of that, I feel so *strong in Christ.* He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to forsake me at the very gate of heaven !" — *Emily C. Judson.*

" BELIEVE THAT HE ACCEPTS THEE."

" It was a little two-leaved tract that told me these words: ' Reader, if thou desirest religion go and give thyself to God : believe that He accepts thee, and He will do it.' Then I kneeled down in my father's house, and gave myself to God, believing that He did accept me and found joy and peace in believing.

" Under God, these words were the lamp that lighted my soul to the light of life : my lips have repeated them in the schools, and Sunday Schools, from Boston to New Orleans, and from shore to shore ; and I have seen the light of the Sun of Righteousness reflected through their tears of joy, as the little ones and larger ones kneeled down, and surrendered in sweet submission to their sovereign Saviour.

" Very much I have found involved in this submission to my Saviour ; and very often, since that hour, have I gone, as first I went, and surrendered afresh my poor sinking soul to my Saviour ; but from the evergreen islands of Japan to the eternal barriers of Thibet, through India or Egypt or Europe, in temptations and trials and tears and sorrows and sufferings, in adversity and prosperity, from the dungeon, from the borders of the grave, and from sin, I have ever found the strength of my Saviour's support in simply submitting in sincerity, believing that He pardons the past, and strengthens for the duties of the day." P. B.

THE weather is a notorious enemy of religion. During a large portion of the year it is either too hot or too cold for some who call themselves Christians to attend divine service. An inclement day or evening will not hinder people from a social engagement which they desire to meet ; and there is no reason why the weather, which is not allowed to stand in the way of our pleasures, should detain us from the house of God.

NONE is a fool always, everyone sometimes.