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tithes of the fruit of the field, Lev. xxvii. 30, and the increase of the cattle, Lev. xxvii. 32, whereas he fasted twice a week, the second and fifth day of each week, and tithed everything that he acquired, and yet he was all wrong. He asked for nothing. He did not see himself as God saw him.

2. The Publican's Prayer. See this other man, hated and despised by his fellow man, he also stands, but a different word is used here in the Greek. He stands "afar off" in the attitude of one who feels his own unworthiness, so abased at the thought of his sins, that he cannot raise his eyes; feels like David in Psalm xl. 12; or like Ezra, in Ezra ix. 6, but he is not "afar off" from God, for "the Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart," Psalm xxxiv. 18. He lifts up his heart to God. And what is His prayer? verse 13. He is guilty, the chief of sinners, no dependence on anything but the mercy of God, and that he earnestly asks for. Did he get it? Yes, verse 14. Because he came in the right way, Psalm li. 17; Isaiah lxvi. 2. He goes home with the sense of forgiveness in his soul, humble still, but all the burden gone; a new life now before him; he will live henceforth for Him who hath filled his hungry soul with good things. The lesson to be learned from this is one of humility. This spirit is just what God loves to see, Psalm cxxxviii. 6. Notice how our church in her prayers breathes the publican's spirit. We want to realize more of this deep feeling of sin, and need of forgiveness; thus shall we be kept from the pride and self confidence of the Pharisee, which is so hateful to God. Let us then seek God's Holy Spirit to help us to see our needs, and to teach us what to pray for.

Family Reading.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I was sitting alone in the twilight, With spirit troubled and vexed, With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy, And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing For the child of my love and care, Some stitches half-wearily setting In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building," The work some day to be tried, And that only the gold and the silver And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts, The wretched work I had done, And, even when trying most truly, The meagre success I had won—

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble," I said; "It will all be burned— This useless fruit of the talents One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him, And sometimes I know I have tried; But I'm sure when He sees such building He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment, That no rent should be left behind, My eye caught an odd little bungle Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender, And something blinded my eyes With one of those sweet intuitions That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me; I knew 'twas the best she could do; But oh, what a botch she made it— The grey mis-matching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it? With a tender smile and a tear, And a half-compassionate yearning I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence, And the dear Lord said to me, "Art thou tenderer for the little child Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew his meaning So full of compassion and love, And my faith came back to its Refuge, Like the glad returning dove:

For I thought, when the Master Builder Comes down His temple to view, To see what rents must be mended, And what must be builded anew:

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building, He will bring my work to the light, And seeing the marring and bungling, And how far it all is from right.

He will feel as I felt for my darling, And will say, as I said for her, "Dear child, she wanted to help me, And love for me was the spur.

"And for the true love that is in it, The work shall seem perfect as mine, And because it was willing service, I will crown it with plaudits divine."

And there in the deepening twilight I seem to be clasping a Hand, And to feel a great love constraining me, Stronger than any command.

Then I know by the thrill of sweetness 'Twas the hand of the Blessed One, Which would tenderly guide and hold me Till all the labour is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy, My faith no longer is dim; But my heart is strong and restful, And my eyes are unto Him.

Miss Herrick Johnson.

IRELAND'S WRONGS.

By the Rev. Canon Hoare, M.A., Vicar of Tunbridge Wells.*

We hear a great deal about Ireland's wrongs. I go all lengths in my estimate of Ireland's wrongs, though I might differ very greatly from many in my account of them. I am not referring to political wrongs; I am not referring to the sufferings brought upon that country by the vacillation of successive English Governments, seeking for Parliamentary majorities, sometimes ruling the people of Ireland with a very firm hand, and then suddenly relaxing and giving a premium for the violation of law. I am not referring to wrongs connected with political position and political character; I am referring rather to religious wrongs—to the deep wrong inflicted by England upon that unhappy country, once the fair, the beautiful, the zealous, the devoted, and the single-eyed for God.

Are you aware that from the days of St. Patrick, who died about the year 464—that from his days for 700 years down to the year 1172, those faithful Christian men in Ireland, those Celts in Ireland, stood up manfully against Rome, refusing submission to it: and not only acting as faithful Protestants resisting the claims of Rome, but sending out zealous, devoted, Christ-loving, noble, loving evangelists, not only all over Scotland and England, but also over a large portion of the Continent of Europe? Are you aware what was the character of that early Irish Christianity? There is one document that all Irishmen know well, I believe, but which all Englishmen do not know; I mean "The Hymn of Tara"—St. Patrick's hymn. I take it as just giving an account of ancient Irish Christianity, and God grant that modern English Christianity may come up to it! "To-day," says St. Patrick, "may the strength of God pilot me, may the power of God preserve me, may the wisdom of God instruct me, may the eye of God view me, may the ear of God hear me, may the word of God render me eloquent, may the hand of God protect me, may the way of God direct me, may the shield of God defend me." That is not all; there is another passage which I quote, and it is this: "Christ be with me, Christ before me, Christ after me, Christ in me, Christ under me, Christ over me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left, Christ at this side, Christ at that side, Christ at my back, Christ be in the heart of each person whom I speak to, Christ in the mouth of each person who speaks to me, Christ in the eye of each person which sees me, Christ in each ear which hears me. At Temur to—

*From a Speech at Exeter Hall.

day I invoke the mighty power of the Trinity. I believe in the Trinity under the unity of the God of the elements. Salvation is the Lord's, salvation is the Lord's, salvation is Christ's. May Thy salvation, O Lord, be always with us." Now, that was the "Hymn of Tara," supposed to be St. Patrick's, upon which the Irish Church was founded, and, as I have said, for 700 years that Church stood out faithfully against Rome.

Now I come to the wrongs of Ireland. How was it that there was a fatal change? Alas! alas! alas! it was England's doing. In the twelfth century Henry II. made an unhallowed compact with Pope Adrian IV., the terms of which were, that the Pope should give Ireland to him. What right had the Pope to give the country away? What was the compact?—That the Pope should give the King Ireland on the condition that he should win Ireland for the Pope. And the King did it, too; did it by a bloody war. The Barons of England met, and, as one man, protested against the compact; but the King carried it out; and from that day to this poor Ireland has been subjected to the Papal sway. There was the first wrong of Ireland.

Then I come to another grievous wrong of Ireland. How we thank God for the Reformation! How we all delight in the English Bible! How we all rejoice in the English Prayer-book! How determined we have been not to have a Latin service! What a grand thing it was for the nation that the Reformers determined that our worship should be in a language "understood of the people," and that there should be no Latin service! Now look at Ireland. The Government were not consistent, but they did attempt to throw aside the Latin—I grant that. But they perpetrated the inconceivable folly of insisting upon the use of English, which was just as foreign a tongue to the people of Ireland as Latin. The people did know something of Latin—they were used to that, though they could not translate it; but, by an inconceivable folly, the Tudors determined that poor Ireland should worship God in English, which they did not understand. They even went so far as this, that if there was a vacancy in any living, and an English-speaking clergyman could not be found at once to fill it, the vacancy was to be advertised three times, on three successive market days, and if an English-speaking clergyman could not then be found in that way, an Irish-speaking clergyman was to be permitted to take charge of the parish. What was the result? Did the people obtain the blessings of the Reformation? No; poor Ireland sank deeper than ever into the darkness of Popery.

Now, these were wrongs inflicted by England on Ireland—the first by Henry II., and the second at the time of the Reformation. It may be said that the first of these wrongs was inflicted seven hundred years ago. Yes; but it has been a festering sore from that day to this, and I am not aware that England has ever been led in deep humiliation to confess its sins before the throne of God. On this point I feel perfectly clear—that the thought of it ought to arouse English Christians now to try and reproduce the "Hymn of Tara" amongst the Irish population; to carry to them that blessed Gospel which Henry II. shut out of Ireland; to carry to them the sacred message of light in their own mother tongue, so that it may touch their souls, and fathers, mothers, and children may rejoice together in Christ Jesus.

"YOU DON'T MISS IT."

"A penny a day—ten or twenty-five cents a week—why you don't feel it, while it would be hard to pay as much all at one time in a year." Such is the argument often heard in favour of weekly pledges for religious purposes.

I never hear it without a sense of shame. It sounds plausible, and is an excellent plea for those who consider Christian giving as a necessary tax, unwillingly paid, but it loses entire sight of the fact that God wants nothing that is not missed. He wants us to feel it. It must be a self-denial to be acceptable. While the true law of giving is weekly, as the apostle enjoins, we should remember that it was not because this duty would be made easy, but systematic—and because it accords with