

lovers of right and mercy into demons, whose only pleasure consists in wickedness and self-gratification.

There is truly, then, sufficient cause for everyone professing the name of Christian to work earnestly for the furtherance of peace. And there is also sufficient foundation for us to rest our hopes upon, that its victory is sure, for the promise is that men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

P. A. McE.

Organ Chant.

ALONE, with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
And crave of Him His pardon for sins of the past day!

Alone, with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
And pray that for the love of Christ our sins be washed away.

Alone, with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
For the spirit craves a shrine where to worship and to pray.

Alone, with God, alone, rings the mighty anthem-tone,
The vesper-chant of nations at the closing of the day.

Alone, with God, alone, sounds the voice of ages flown
As the sun in march sublime keeps upon his onward way.
Alone, with night, alone! Yet with God upon His throne,
The evening turns to morning! the night into the day!

Alone, with God alone, we bow before His throne,
And crave of Him His pardon for sins of the past day!
Alone, with God, alone! Yet with Christ upon His throne,
We feel that for the love of Him our sins are washed away.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*