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THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

[For the Province of West-yan.]

A desire to reduce the miracle of creation to as narrow limits as possible by cutting off what is considered as an unnecessary expenditure of creative power, has been for some time predominant in the minds of a good many men of science.

Everything must be referred to the ordinary operation of natural causes, and the idea of any supernatural interference with the course of nature must be entirely eliminated. The "Development Theory" is one of the overt manifestations of this craving for simplification. It was first brought before the world in a systematic form by the French scientist Lamarck; but it has been more recently elaborated by Mr. Darwin, a distinguished English naturalist, and bids fair to become permanently identified with his name.

This theory professes to account for the existence of the innumerable species of animals found living on the surface of the globe or embedded in its crust as fossils, without having recourse to the hypothesis that these distinct species were originated by distinct acts of the Divine will. Nor does it recognize the exceptional and distinguished position, distinctly assigned man in the Scriptures, as a creature direct from the hand of Deity; but regards the origin of the human as of other species as due to the result of certain tendencies inherent in organized structures. As species, it may be observed, is a term applied to all groups of animals, that notwithstanding tolerably marked differences that may exist among the individuals composing them, may be reasonably assigned to common ancestors. By far the greater part of these species comprise under them a greater or less number of varieties. In the case of some species, as in that of the dog for instance, the number of these varieties is very large, and the differences between them, very strongly marked. Now it has been found that, in reference to some varieties, the existing deviation from the primitive type of the species can be traced to the influence of certain modifying circumstances. These circumstances may be the work of man interfering with the natural course of propagation, or Nature herself may demand the deviation as an adaptation on the part of the given species to certain exigencies of her own creation. Mr. Darwin, moreover, claims the existence of what he calls the principle of natural selection, which still further aggravates any tendency to deviation which may thus occur. A deviation, therefore, once started, will continue to increase steadily through successive generations, till at length there results a variety sufficiently distinct from the primitive type to entitle it to rank as a new species. This principle, then, it is claimed by the more advanced naturalists, is simply sufficient to account for the origin of the innumerable species in the animal kingdom, from the plant-like polyp up to the apex of creation, whether they actually exist on the face of the earth or are found as fossils in "scraped cliffs" and quarried stone. The argument employed to sustain this position, briefly summed up, amounts to nothing more than this. A certain tendency inherent in animals has, in cases which have fallen under human observation, produced varieties; therefore, in innumerable cases which we know nothing of, it has produced species. The primitive type of dog, it has evolved the poodle; ergo, it has evolved the elephant from the mouse, and Shakespeare from a baboon! Now be it observed that this hypothetical tendency might justly be expected to produce its fairest results in the case of domestic animals, inasmuch as the developing powers of nature have here been largely aided in their operations by the helping hand of man. It will surely be conceded that here, if at all, would be the experiment crucis. What is actually the case, is patent to all. Since man has made his appearance on the earth, there have evolved from domestic animals varieties, and varieties only. This is a stubborn fact; but "worse remains behind." Never yet, in the earth or on it, have been found those transitional forms which, *de hypothesi*, should bridge over the chasm from one species to another. This is a fatal hiatus in the chain of argument,—one that can be filled up by no concentration of sophistical explanations. When to the gravest doubts whether the tendency which produces variation, is capable of producing specific differences, is super-added an absolute negation of proof that it ever does, the infinitesimal residuum of probability would surely satisfy no one who had not some special reason for being content with so minute a quantity of evidence. Again, if man has been developed from lower forms of life, the argument would hold good for his future development into something far superior. Here we can only judge of the future by the past. The race has advanced in the days of Phidias, or the human intellect since the age of Plato and Aristotle, the masters of "divine philosophy." The future progress of the race will, in all probability, be akin to the progress of the past; but that man will ever be developed into anything far superior to himself as he is to-day, is a question which is claimed by the development theory, and is one of its essential *suppositiva*.

It is not always wise to refuse to anything simply because it may be hum-

bling or revolting to our sense of pride. Nevertheless, this ground of disbelief may justly reinforce others that may be furnished to us by a careful investigation of the disputed point. The danger to be apprehended in this case, as in all cases of argument, this feeling may prevent us from seeing the reasons adduced in support of a position their full and unimpaired weight. Indeed it is claimed by the advocates of Mr. Darwin's theory, that this actually takes place with reference to those who are not convinced by their arguments. But surely no one can be very much blinded, if when he considers that wondrous truth, the human mind, with all its longings and capabilities, with its yearnings for something higher than the things of earth and its hopes of a hereafter, he sees therein something separated by an impassable and eternal barrier from the animal natures of the things that

And when, in addition, Revelation ratifies this conviction and tells us that, alone of all that breathe, man was created in the image of God and is the object of his special favour, was intended to serve Him on earth and to be rewarded with an eternity of happiness hereafter, the question is set forth at rest. Our faith receives its sanction from a deeper philosophy than Mr. Darwin's can lay any claim to, and we should be unwise indeed were we to cast it aside and accept in its stead the chimæra of development.

"OVER THE RIVER."

Our readers will have noticed that Mrs. Wakefield (Mrs. Nancy W. Priest) who wrote the beautiful lines with the above named title, has recently passed away by death. As we usually so recollect the facts, those lines were first published to the world some fifteen years ago, and what is remarkable in them, they have had such a charm for the people, as to keep them in constant circulation ever since. It may be doubted whether a single week has transpired during the last ten years, when these verses might not have been picked up from one or more of our American newspapers, in their issues of that week.

We know indeed of no bit of poetry of later, from any pen, that has struck the popular mind so exactly. This is due in a measure, to the fact that death is ever busy in these human households, and little children, in all their early brightness and beauty, are constantly passing out of their earthly to their heavenly homes; and these lines contain the very best of consolation for such wounded and bleeding hearts. But aside from the subject-matter (for this is common to a great number of little poems in our language), there is in this, a glory of conception, a beauty of language and an altogether remarkable. And this is the more noteworthy when one considers the general conditions of life under which these lines were written. The authoress was but a plain factory girl in the town of Whitchurch in this State. The writer of this saw her several years ago (not long after these verses were written) in a Sunday night village meeting, held in a school house in that town, where she bore her part in the singing. Her family, it we mistake not, was Baptist. In view of these facts, and now of her death, the little poem, and especially the last stanza, now has a fitting and tender interest:

Over the river they beckon to me
Loved ones who've crossed to the further
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide,
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own,
He crossed in the twilight gray, and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view,
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,
Over the river—the mystic river—
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale,
Carried another, the boat-hold pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Daring Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearfully entered the pliant barque,
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river—the mystic river—
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For nose return from those quiet shores
To the cross with the boatman cold and pale—
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Who cross the stream, and are gone for aye,
We need not under the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that "their barges no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

PREPARATION FOR REVIVALS.

Just now that the long evenings are here, and the holidays coming, with the season of special efforts in the Churches, the warm heart of every pastor beats anxiously as he looks over his field, and sees the need of a revival of religion. He sees everywhere around him the prevalence of sin, and everywhere multitudes of inexperienced feet already treading the "broadway," and hears on every side notes of preparation for amusement and worldly pleasure, while his heart trembles before God in view of the coming judgment, and the account he must give as the shepherd and guide of souls. He looks upon the work before him and is appalled by the Head of the Church, and in view of its greatness and his own feebleness, he searches

his heart to verify the promise, "Lo! I am with you always," and then he turns to the Church, and asks with an earnestness which few can understand, "Men and brethren are we ready to work for Christ and souls?"

We would that every man in the Church could feel for one hour the burden of anxiety which the pastor feels in entering upon the special work of preparing for a revival. Such an experience would draw the souls of believers together, and develop their sympathies with the pastor and his work, and assure their cordial and hearty co-operation, so as to put success beyond a peradventure. We know of nothing more desirable than this mutual sympathy—the pastor caring for the spiritual welfare of his people, and his people anxious for the success of his cause and the salvation of souls. Wherever it exists and is cultivated distraction ceases, jars disappear, faith and love abound and all the energies of the Church are profitably employed and directed to the best ends.

We think no mistake is made in assuming that the first step toward the revival is the cultivation of this anxiety on the part of the pastor. It is a feeling every preacher should have and it is supposed to have; but still it needs cultivation, and without care and watchfulness it will die out of his heart, or at least become languid. Constant study of the Scriptures with reference to their spiritual import, and faithful application of them to the heart as the rule of faith and the nourishment which the soul needs, will keep alive the consciousness of obligation in this direction. Hence all who have been distinguished for zeal in saving souls, have been found wonderfully familiar with the language of the Bible. All evangelists who succeed in their work, especially that part of it which binds the Church in faith and holiness, are apt in handling the very words of inspiration. God's Word hid in the heart will be like fire in the bones.

The pastor who seeks a revival can not be indifferent to the doctrines of the Church. The prejudice against doctrinal preaching, which sometimes finds encouragement from the pulpit, and is allowed to live in the pews, never did any good, and those who entertain it and who minister to it, alike fail to achieve permanent success in advancing the kingdom of God. The truth of God is needed in all its plainness and power, and no parts of the Gospel are more practical than those which set forth the depth of depravity, the vileness and destructiveness of sin, the necessity of an atonement, and the value and efficacy of the sacrificial death of Christ. And what is more important in order to move men to duty than to portray their loss of condition, their personal responsibility, and the fact and certainty of future retribution? As a general thing doctrinal preaching is the most convincing, and therefore the most practical. It is Scriptural and sound, and imbued with the spirit of Christ, which is charity itself; it will never fail to incite duty, or to point out the pathway of the sated and purest Christian experience. There was wisdom in the counsel of the old divine who advised his younger brethren to preach doctrine practically, and to preach practice doctrinally. Every precept of Christianity has its doctrinal basis, and every motive to holiness has its foundation in the theology of the New Testament.

We would, if possible, give emphasis to this thought by reiteration. It pains us to hear such allusions to doctrinal preaching as are sometimes made. Without it the Church would die. Those who speak of it slightly never prosper, and never gain power in the pulpit. We do not mean speculative preaching. That is often dry and powerless. Nor do we mean controversial preaching in a technical sense. That, too, is liable to divide into mere ecclesiastical pugilism. But we do mean that the doctrines of the Bible should be diligently sought out, and plainly and persistently laid upon the hearts of the people. Every Gospel sermon should contain some point of doctrine, which, when clearly stated, will carry to the conscience of the hearer a plain view of the claims of God upon the soul. Thus our predecessors in the ministry, preached. Paul and Peter, and all the apostles pointed out the way of salvation, and declared with authority the truth of God. The Church that lives on rhetorical flourishes, and philosophical speculations, and moral essays, gathers no strength, and never antagonizes the spirit of the world. The sincere milk of the Word is for babes in Christ; the strong meat of Christian doctrine is for those advanced in the life of faith; but the broth of human wisdom has no power to nourish famishing souls. The apostle to the Gentiles said of himself and his coadjutors, that it was by the manifestation of the truth they commended themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

But in preparing for the revival the preacher wants other things. He must have the obstructions removed of Church quarrels and Church debts and obstructions. The neglect of discipline and the neglect of souls go together. He who really wants a genuine work of God will see to these things. If the pastor is anxious to be a revivalist, to cure the lame, to systematize the finances of his charge, and to give his Church records in good order, and strives to accomplish these points, he is laboring for a revival just as positively as when preaching and praying in the protracted meeting, and with better prospect of success than is possible with those duties neglected. Many a protracted effort has failed for the want of this preparation. How can a minister have faith in his own labors in the pulpit, if his work out of the pulpit has been left undone, or been carelessly done? The farmer prepares the ground before he casts in the seed. So should the minister prepare the way to the hearts of the people, by gaining their confidence, their sympathy and their prayers, before he looks for the descent of the Spirit upon the Word he proclaims. He must do this or his labor will be fruitless. Preparation for the revival is the great work of the pastor. It is pre-eminently his work, and in the performance of it he needs all the assistance the Church can give. The revival itself is God's work. About that we need have little concern. God will never fail his people, if they only get ready for him to work and to work with him. He is faithful to his promise. It requires no pleading with God to induce him to revive his work. He is always willing and able to do it. The need is preparation for him.

Those who cannot exhort, or teach in a Sunday-school, or distribute tracts can at least live for Jesus at home and come and join in the prayers of the prayer-meeting. The oldest, the timidest, the least gifted can do surely as much as this. Every one, too, can give something when the contribution-box is passed. The gift of a "cup of cold water" in Christ's name has its reward. Every one whom Jesus loves has a place assigned to him in the vineyard. An idle Christian is a monster!

Friend! have you found your place?—Christian at work!

PERSONAL CONSECRATION.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." We all recognize the necessity of providential chastisements, for the subduing of a worldly and selfish spirit, and to bring us into harmony with the divine nature and will. Although for the present it is not joyous but grievous to suffer the loss of property, or to endure a protracted period of sickness, yet in the end, it yields the "peaceable fruits of righteousness." We recognize not only the perfect right and wisdom of God in touching our hearts in the most sensitive points—taking away our idols, whether they be our children, our property, or our faculties for the gratification of human ambition—but we find it not difficult to apprehend the divine love also in the bitter providence. If we are without chastisement, then we are not saved.

WHERE IS YOUR PLACE?

By REV. THEODORE L. CYLER.

A place for every man, and every man in his place! This motto is as good for Christ's Church, as it was for the army during the war. But what is every Christian's right place? We answer that it is the one for which God made him, and for which the Holy Spirit converted him. To mistake it is a sad blunder; to desert it is a disgrace. The Bible acknowledges that God made his servants for some special "niche"; for it says, "having then gifts, differing according to the grace that is given us, let us wait on our ministering; or be that teacheth on teaching; or be that exhorteth on exhortation; or be that giveth let him do it with simplicity; but that ruleth, with diligence; but that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness." The principles here laid down is that every man or woman who loves Jesus should select, and should fill that post of duty for which his or her gifts have fitted them. But "let no man neglect the gift that is in him."

Some men—like Spurgeon and Newman Hall and Bishop Simpson—were created for the pulpit. God gave them clear heads, warm hearts, strong thighs and eloquent tongues, and a hunger for saving souls. To possess such gifts is a clear call to the ministry. And thousands of lumber-producers who cannot attract Spurgeon's crowds, are yet as clearly called to the ministry of the Word as the London Boazers was himself. But the vain-glorious creature who cannot attract an audience except by "sensational" clap-trap, or by Barnumian advertisements, was certainly never called of God to the sacred ministry. He may draw a crowd; but he commonly draws them away from where they would be more profited.

Suppose a man or woman feel—after deep prayer and self-examination—that God has not called them to the pulpit; what then? Must they be silent? Are all the speaking gifts of the pious lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, or mechanic to run to waste? No, surely! Let such proclaim the glad tidings of Christ, and the story of their own Christian experience in the prayer-meeting, or the mission school, or the cottage conference meeting, or wherever they can find souls to lead with. How successful this lay-labor may be made, let such men as Harlan Page and Richard Weaver and George H. Stuart and D. L. Moody and Uncle Johnny Vassar bear witness. Let the powerful lay preacher herald every day in "Fulton street" preaching. Some of the best discourses I have ever heard were delivered in my own prayer-meeting. Christian laywers ought to do more of this tongue-work. As a class they are too silent in our meetings and Sunday schools. God is opening a wide field for them to act on "picketed" days, and as skirmishers and sharpshooters in the spiritual warfare.

What our churches most need (next to the baptism of the Holy Ghost) is the development of all the members. So much is thrown upon the ministry that some of us can hardly catch a spare hour for our own family and friends. The Spurgeons and John Hills and Gutheries are being ground to dust by over-work. A city pastor is often expected to prepare three sermons or lectures, to visit the flock, to see the sick, to bury the dead, and to act on a dozen committees, and to make two or three speeches all in a single week! The Church needs Dr. Tyng's church, or Mr. Beecher's church, or Dr. Crosby's church, or some other man's church—instead of being the people's church, with some gifted man as its over-energetic pastor.

Now I love to work exceedingly; but not without more than I love to see my congregation work. And no man in my flock has any more right to turn his spiritual work over upon me than he has a right to send me to market for him, or to cook or eat his dinner for him. He needs his work as much as I need mine. In revival-times the whole church is alive and busy. But where and when did the Master ever give a "furlough" to three-fourths of our people to quit the ranks just as soon as a revival-campaign is over?

A Christian who is kept for work will soon find his place. It is his "apt to teach," he or she will soon gather the Sabbath-School class, and will then, Bible in hand, every Sunday, even though the rain is spattering on the pavements. Commend me to the teacher who wears a "water-proof" and always consults conscience sooner than the barometer!

Whoever has the gift of song should join God's great choir, and sing at every religious service. The owner of a good voice must give account for that voice at the day of judgment. We never shall have genuine congregational singing until every redeemed child of Christ sings from duty, and consecrates the gift of music to the Lord. Those who expect to sing in heaven had better practice here.

Tract-distribution is going too much out of fashion. It is a blessed and heaven-honored agency of doing good. Every one who has a spare time and a tongue and a little piety act, can go out with a bundle of tracts to the abodes of ignorance and irreligion.

Those who cannot exhort, or teach in a Sunday-school, or distribute tracts can at least live for Jesus at home and come and join in the prayers of the prayer-meeting. The oldest, the timidest, the least gifted can do surely as much as this. Every one, too, can give something when the contribution-box is passed. The gift of a "cup of cold water" in Christ's name has its reward. Every one whom Jesus loves has a place assigned to him in the vineyard. An idle Christian is a monster!

TO LIVE HEREAFTER.

Men who establish academies, colleges, and universities live forever, and live, too, in a way that an angel might be proud to live. They who established Harvard—who even with heaven's arithmetic, can compute what their money has done since they have gone home. Is the name of Yale not familiar to every intelligent man on the continent because he knows that college? His name will be carried down thousands of years. Cornell's name is rescued already. Vassar's, Drew's and Astor's names would not have sounded so far down had they not been a due inspiration that taught them to found seminaries for the discovery and propagation of knowledge among the masses of men. These endowments have in them immortality on earth. And this is the reason, I say, that men ought not to be poor if they can be rich. There is a power of wealth, when it is guarded by benevolence, which ought not to be despised. Having such a sword as that which is drawn from its sheath, no man ought to refuse to draw it from its scabbard. Whoever can organize wealth and endow institutions of learning is using wealth to a good purpose. We may rise to a higher grade and to more familiar ground, since it is more frequently inculcated in the pulpit. As virtue and spirituality are higher than physical qualities, as the wealth of the soul lives more in the goodness of Christian families and Christian institutions than in ease, or abundance, or pleasure; so he most worthily dedicates his life to an after-day who so lives as to give life and perpetuity to spiritual virtues. Whoever makes the simple virtues more honorable and attractive among men prolongs his life.—H. W. Beecher.

TO THEE.

I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I can not count,
That all may be cleansed by
Thy love and grace.
I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I can not tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O, suffering Saviour, all to thee.

My joys to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring thee, Saviour, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

My life I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O, Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, thine alone!
My heart, my life, my all, I bring
To thee, my Saviour and my King.
Sunday Magazine.

WORK FOR JESUS.

God calls you, dear brother, to carry the glad news of salvation to sinners. He has honored you above the highest seraph by lifting you to the infinite toils of this work. Do it, then, after his example, by giving your whole being to it. When more money is needed to enlarge the enterprises of the Church, don't stand back and tell how much you have already given, and say the Church will impoverish you! Ask what Christ would do. Would He refuse that thousand dollars? Would He hold back that thousand dollars? What if houses, and lands, and bank stock should all melt into the treasury of the Lord? Would not all these be

"An offering far too small?" How much owest thou my Lord? He gave His throne, His life for you! Some men are tearfully rich this side the grave, where they are to spend but a few days, and fearfully poor the other side, where they are to spend eternity! Ah, brother, you had better be a beggar here and a king there, than to be as rich as Dives here, and a hopeless beggar there. It is full enough that you have any share in this divine work. As sin came by man, God takes man to aid in bringing in its death. His Divine power alone can renew the soul. Still, there is much we can do. This He will certainly require of us. When the weeping Christ stood by the grave of Lazarus, none but a God could speak life into the dead and decaying body. God was there, but He first commanded men to "roll away the stone." Then He spoke. The mouldering earth heard its Maker's voice, and sprang to life; and then

waste places of Zion, keeping up with our increasing population in our religious facilities, but as opening a wide and constantly increasing field, not merely for the gifts, but for the personal service, of Christian men and women. It is a whole some right to see earnest men of business devoting their time on week days and Sabbaths to these interesting and exacting home missionary fields.

A consecration must precede a baptism of the Holy Spirit. When the Church unites her personal efforts, and is of one accord in presenting herself as a living sacrifice unto God, the blessing from on high will not long be delayed. "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, said the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Christian Advocate.

METHODISM OF TO-DAY.

There is a large class among us who lean very strongly toward good and primitive Methodism. They believe in that style of religion which is righteousness and peace and by in the Holy Ghost; and practice and enjoy it in an unmitigated degree. In forty years of his ministerial life, most of which has been spent in the pastorate, the writer has never known the higher experiences of religion more generally or cordially recognized and appreciated than at the present time. The strongest descriptions of Christian faith and love found in our standard hymn book—and we know of none to exceed them—find an earnest response in many hearts. Multitudes who have hesitated to hope for perfection in this world, aspire after or enjoy the purity and blessedness it implies in our denominational phraseology. The struggle impulses of religion have sometimes seemed wedded to fine and doubtful points, belonging to the department of taste rather than morals; but better information and a deeper and broader charity are evidently helping us at this point. Our best teachers wisely emphasize the essential elements, which generally command the assent, and admiration even, of all who have enjoyed religion for a day; and, backing them by giving examples of the high and holy experience proposed, they induce many to abandon every worldly way and come into the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel. All success to their endeavors! Our beautiful system can edify little without something of this power from on high putting it into lively and persistent operation. The joy of the Lord is our strength. It satisfies the hungry soul, and leaves no vacuum to be filled by the pleasures of sin. Worldly amusements lose their charm in its presence, and the grace of the Spirit alone forms a constellation of heavenly signs. The writer has not had the pleasure of attending either of the six national camp-meetings, but from the beautiful condition of God's children, property instructed and fully committed to their Father's service. Hence says Mr. Wesley, "Whosoever is not happy, my happy is God, is not a Christian." May the joy of the Lord be gloriously multiplied among us, to the glory of the Holy name.—Rev. Dr. Porter in the Advocate.

AN O. P. J. ACCOUNT.—An Eastern banker (Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia), early in his career, read *Gold and the Gospel*, and resolved to take Jacob's pledge. "Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee." He directed his clerk to open an account with O. P. J. (Old Patriarch Jacob), and to credit to it one tenth of all the commissions that came into the office. Some of the large financial transactions of the country have been intrusted to the firm of which he is a member, and its success is one of the wonders of the land. O. P. J. account must now amount to a sum that would take the figures of five places to express. When asked how he could afford to give such large contributions, he says, "I don't cost me anything. It's the Lord's money I give."

Rev. Dr. Cheever relates this incident in the *Independent*.—At the time when President Olin was seized with that illness which was the precursor of his death, his youngest child, a babe of about two years old, was ill and restless, though the parents did not understand a fatal result. The day of discovery-danced the father was walking in the room where his child lay, when the babe suddenly called, "Papa! Papa!" desiring to be held in its father's arms. "Pa, take baby," Dr. Olin took the child, and walked up and down the room. The child said, "Pa, take baby! Mamma, kiss baby!" and, when this was done, looked up and exclaimed: "Now, God, take baby!" and immediately breathed his last in the father's arms. Was not this a manifestation from the invisible world? The believing father received it as such, and was comforted. Children and death are divine teachers. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.