

except under the pressure of an unyielding compulsion? He loved his Lord too much to infringe the divine injunction, "forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."

Death was often to him a subject of meditation, and his eye never veered from looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith. Sometime ago, he asked me to preach a sermon, on the "uncertainty of life," adding the words, "We do not know how soon we may be called away from earth, into the presence of God." His spirit was already inhaling the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon.

He was exemplary in his attendance on prayer-meetings, and on all other gatherings of the church. Had he felt inclined, no one could have given a more feasible reason for non-attendance than he. His hands were always full; and his life, up to his last sickness, was one of incessant toil. But in spite of the work that devolved on him, and in spite of his old age, he was always present with us in all our assemblages. How badly does his life condemn those who bring silly excuses for absenting themselves from the house of God.

Though a man of years, he had a fondness for children that sprang from his christianity. Sometime ago, we needed a Superintendent for our Sunday School; and the question was, "who is the person, and whom can we get?" Every eye was turned to our now deceased brother. Every one knew that he would cast his whole heart into the work if he undertook it. We asked him to assume the management of the School. He was not the man to flinch when he saw the finger of duty pointing him to that office.

Brethren, the church has been bereaved of one of her best ornaments. We will feel his loss. Not only will we miss his saintly face in the pew, not only will we miss his activity, his zeal, his liberality, and his devotement to the church, but we will miss his prayers, those utterances of his heart and lips to God for us.

Not only the church but the locality has been bereaved of one of its warmest friends. He was the friend of all good men, whether they belonged to his own or to another church. He had too much large-heartedness to entertain the view that goodness could not be found except within the pale of his own communion.

In his sickness God was with him. The comforts of the gospel were vouchsafed to him, to cheer him in distress, and to fortify him in the hour of dissolution. His will flowed in the same channel with that of his blessed Redeemer.

Pleased was he to live, or pleased to die, as God willed it. And while the conviction was deepening in his mind that his sickness would terminate in death, the smile rested serenely on his face, at the contemplation of life in Jesus. His confession, just before his death, was, "*My feet stand firm on the Rock of Ages.*"

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## Gleanings.

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**POKING FUN AT SCIENCE.**—Lord Neaves, an eminent judge of Scotland, has written a volume of songs to ridicule the new theories now floating about the scientific world. Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of species by natural selection is thus made to explain itself:

A deer with a neck that was longer by half  
Than the rest of his family's (try not to laugh)  
By stretching and stretching became a giraffe.  
Which nobody can deny.

A very small pig with a very long nose  
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes,  
And he then by the name of an elephant goes.  
Which nobody can deny.

An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,  
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,  
As a lord of creation established his reign.  
Which nobody can deny.