

November.

PETER ANDERSON.

Is this the month so cold and gray
We all with dread remember;
That had no sunlight in its day,
When Nature dead or dying lay—
The loveless, lone November?

Has earth turned back upon her track,
Sheered off the shores of winter
Where cold and death forever cling,
And sailed into an endless spring
They nevermore shall enter.

The drowsy air is warm and still
As June's first dream of summer;
And in the haze that wraps the hill
Strawberry buds are blooming still,
The latest, loveliest comer.

The leafless trees that nod—in dreams,
Feel spring's first sap upwelling;
The willow-wands, by winding streams,
Mashed in the sunlight's yellow beams,
Their yellow buds are swelling.

O golden days of sweet decline,
The year's transcendent ending,
May out last days be fair as thine,
Life's setting sun as cloudless shine,
When o'er the verge descending.

The buds of hope that round us grow
All swell like these to bursting;
And we, too, feel the quickening flow
Of that new Life to which we go,
For which our souls are thirsting.

Hepworth, Ont.

Obituaries.

THOMSON.—John Thomson, the subject of this notice, was born in Argyle-shire, Scotland, in Oct., 1820, and came to this country with his parents in 1832, and from that time until his death, Oct. 3rd, 1893, he lived nearly the whole time in the Township of Erin, Wellington Co., Ontario. He was married in 1848 to Sarah McMillan, whose death some four years since was recorded in this paper.

Bro. Thomson was a notable man, one that impressed himself upon you, and, if you were fortunate enough to become well acquainted with him, he was a man that drew you to him in the bonds of respect and affection. To characterize him in brief and in Scriptural language, the words of Paul, Rom. xii. 11, seems very appropriate: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." He was a man of well-nigh unquenchable energy, industrious to a fault almost; exact in fulfilling his business engagements, he expected the same of others. He was a good neighbor, ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in need, and was forward and generous in the support of every good work. He might be called a pioneer total abstainer, and was always using his influence in behalf of sobriety and temperance reform.

He was a religious man in the true sense of the word; a God-fearing man, and a lover of his fellow men. The religion of some people seems to be mostly of the head, others mostly of the heart. John Thomson's was of the head and of the heart in harmonious proportions. He was a thorough-going Disciple: knew what he believed and why he believed it; was a man of convictions and a man of prayer. And withal, had a deep sympathy with the Gospel as the means of bringing men into fellowship with God and His Son Jesus Christ.

As an elder in the church his teaching and exhortation leaned strongly to the practical side; he constantly reminded the brethren that those who expected an entrance into the eternal kingdom must maintain in this life a godly walk and conversation. His manner of speech might sometimes seem harsh, but his heart ever beat in tender solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his brethren and sisters in the Lord. He will be held in affectionate

remembrance by a large number outside of the immediate circle of his own family who loved him dearly, and who would fain have detained him still longer here. As one of those who enjoyed his friendship and admired his well-rounded Christian character, the writer sends forth this brief, imperfect, but loving tribute to his memory.

G. M.

MCCOLMAN.—Bro. Archibald McCOLMAN passed away to rest on the morning of the 12th, after years of—at times—intense suffering, which he bore with Christian fortitude and without a murmur. In early life, he was brought up religiously in the Presbyterian church, in which faith he lived until about thirteen years ago, when he heard Bro. O. G. Hertzog during a series of meetings, and, learning the way of the Lord more perfectly, was baptized and cast in his lot with the Disciples of Christ, at Stayner, where he continued a faithful, consistent and beloved member until the Lord called him home to rest. He leaves a widow and a large family to mourn his loss. May the God of all grace comfort them, and lead them all to put their trust in Him, who alone can heal the wounded spirit.

C. SINCLAIR.

Collingwood, Oct. 19th, 1893.

McDIARMID.—It is my sad duty to chronicle the death of Bro. Peter McDiarmid, who passed away Sept. 26th, near Emerald Hill, Manitoba.

On March 1st last, the writer had the pleasure of uniting him in marriage to Miss K. Hepburn, of Sparta, Ont. Two months after his marriage his wife received the sad intelligence that her father had passed suddenly away. Now her sorrow is increased manifold. May her Christian friends remember her in their prayers. Her faith in the Saviour bears her up.

Bro. McDiarmid was a Disciple of Christ. Honest, true, manly, he was loved by all who came in contact with him.

His remains were interred in Greenwood cemetery of this place. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in this neighborhood. The writer conducted the services and was assisted by Rev. J. Hunter, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and Rev. I. Tier, Baptist minister.

R. BULGIN.

Ridgetown, Ont., Oct. 16th, 1893.

BARCLAY.—Among the events and changes which time ever brings to our notice, we this week direct attention to that of the death of one of the oldest residents in Pickering, who had been born in the township, Mr. Eli G. Barclay, who died on Thursday last, the 14th inst., at the place of his birth, Evergreen Villa, the old Barclay homestead, near Brougham, Ont. He had for several years been in failing health, but being of a bright and cheerful temperament his weakness was not manifest until the past year or so. His death came unexpectedly after a brief illness, which was born with much Christian resignation to the end. Another familiar face has passed from our view. He was well known in the community, hence a wide circle of friends mourn his death. He was the youngest son of the late Elder George Barclay, who was well and favorably known as one of the pioneer settlers in this province, having come to Canada from Scotland in 1817 and settled on the old Barclay homestead in 1819, where the subject of this notice was born in 1825, he being the youngest of a family of nine—four daughters and five sons—the only surviving members of which are Mrs. Nancy Knowles, of Meaford, Ont. (widow of the late Abram Knowles, Esq., of Pickering), and Mr.

David L. Barclay, who resided until recent years near the old home of his father, but has since removed to Stouffville and is now one of our well-known and respected townsmen. The community offer a heartfelt sympathy both to him and the bereaved widow and children of his deceased brother. The family left to mourn the loss of a husband and father consists of the widow and six children—four daughters and two sons—the children being all married and doing for themselves, with the exception of one daughter. The funeral took place on Saturday last, and was attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends, who followed from the old home to the cemetery of the Baptist church, Claremont, where the body was laid beside those of his father and mother, who long since have entered into rest. The deceased was a member of the Church of Christ (Disciples) and the services which were held in the Baptist church were conducted by Mr. Wm. Forrester, of Toronto (formerly of Pickering), assisted by Rev. Mr. White, of the Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Perrin (Presbyterian) assisting in the services at the house.—*Stouffville Tribune.*

The Land Beyond the Sea.

The Land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;

And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie and seem to wait

For us to pass to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Oh, how the lapsing years,
'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets,
The biers

Of those we love to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years, more swiftly run
Into the gold of the unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!
—F. W. Faber.

Joseph Brayan, editor and proprietor of the *Richmond Times*, was recently challenged to fight a duel, to which he made the following admirable reply: "This being a challenge to fight a duel, I have no hesitation in declining to accept it, for the following reasons: (1) I profess and try to be a Christian, and the idea to such an one of settling a controversy by a duel is utterly abhorrent. (2) I am a law-abiding citizen, and in every way, personally and at the head of the *Times*, inculcate obedience to the law of the land, which, you well know, condemns as criminal the course you invite me to pursue. (3) The method you suggest for obtaining redress from me is, in itself, absurd and barbarous, and no longer 'obtains' among 'gentlemen'—and never should have done so. (4) You have not the least cause of just complaint against me." This reply is Christian and gentleman-like. By the way, Mr. Brayan is one of the ablest editors after whom it is our privilege to read.—*Missionary Weekly.*

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Serpents of sin are sometimes concealed in the flowers of worldly amusement.—Rev. E. C. Sell.

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