

canine organism; and we know no ground for saying, and no good to be got by pretending, that man is a human organism *plus* an indescribable entity. We say, the human organism is a marvellous thing, sublime if you will, of subtlest faculty and sensibility; but we, at any rate, can find nothing in man which is not an organic part of this organism; we find the faculties of mind, feeling, and will, directly dependent on physical organs; and to talk to us of mind, feeling, and will continuing their functions in the absence of physical organs and visible organisms, is to use language which, to us at least, is pure nonsense.

And now to turn to the great phenomenon of material organisms which we call Death. The human organism, like every other organism, ultimately loses that unstable equilibrium of its correlated forces which we name Life, and ceases to be an organism or system of organs, adjusting its internal relations to its external conditions. Thereupon the existence of the complex independent entity to which we attribute consciousness, undoubtedly—*i.e.* for aught we know to the contrary—comes to an end. But the activities of this organism do not come to an end, except so far as these activities need fresh sensations and material organs. And a great part of these activities, and far the noblest part, only need fresh sensations and material organs in other similar organisms. Whilst there is an abundance of these in due relation, the activities go on *ad infinitum* with increasing energy. We have not the slightest reason to suppose that the consciousness of the organism continues, for we mean by consciousness the sum of sensations of a particular organism, and the particular organism being dissolved, we have nothing left whereto to attribute consciousness, and the proposal strikes us like a proposal to regard infinity as conscious. So, of course, with the sensations separately, and with them the power of accumulating knowledge, of feeling, thinking, or of modifying the existence in correspondence with the outward environment. Life, in the technical sense of the word, is at an end, but the activities of which that life is the source were never so potent. Our age is familiar enough with the truth of the persistence of energy, and no one supposes that with the dissolution of the body the forces of its material elements are lost. They only pass into new combinations and continue to work elsewhere. Far less is the energy of the activities lost. The earth, and every country, every farmstead, and every city on it, are standing witnesses that the physical activities are not lost. As century rolls after century, we see every age more potent fruits of the labour which raised the Pyramids, or won Holland from the sea, or carved the Theseus out of marble. The bodily organisms which wrought them have passed into gases and earths, but the activity they displayed is producing the precise results designed on a far grander scale in each generation. Much more do the intellectual and moral energies work unceasingly. Not a single manifestation of thought or feeling is without some result so soon as it is communicated to a similar organism. It passes into the sum of his mental and moral being.

But there is about the persistence of the moral energies this special phenomenon. It marks the vast interval between physical and moral science. The energies of material elements, so far as we see, disperse, or for the most part disperse. The energies of an intellectual and moral kind are very largely continued in their organic unities. The consensus of the mental, of the moral, of the emotional powers may go on, working as a whole, producing precisely the same results, with the same individuality, whether the material organism, the source and original base of these powers, be in physical function or not. The mental and moral powers do not, it is true, increase and grow, develop or vary within themselves. Nor do they in their special individuality produce visible results, for they are no longer in direct relations with their special material organisms. But the mental and moral powers are not dispersed like gases. They retain their unity, they retain their organic character, and they retain the whole of their power of passing into and stimulating the brains of living men; and in these they carry on their activity precisely as they did, whilst the bodies in which they were formed absorbed and exhaled material substance.

Nay, more; the individuality and true activity of these mental and moral forces is often not manifest, and sometimes is not complete, so long as the organism continues its physical functions. Newton, we may suppose, has accomplished his great researches. They are destined to transform half the philosophy of mankind. But he is old, and incapable of fresh achievements. We will say he is feeble, secluded, silent, and lives shut up his rooms. The activity of his mighty intellectual nature is being borne over the world on the wings of Thought, and works a revolution at every stroke. But otherwise the man Newton is not essentially distinguishable from the nearest infirm pauper, and has as few and as feeble relations with mankind. At last the man Newton dies—that is, the body is dispersed into gas and dust. But the world, which is affected enormously by his intellect, is not in the smallest degree affected by his death. His activity continues the same; if it were worth while to conceal the fact of his death, no one of the millions who are so greatly affected by his thoughts would perceive it or know it. If he had discovered some means of prolonging a torpid existence till this hour, he might be living now, and it would not signify to us in the slightest degree whether his body breathed in the walls of his lodging or mouldered in the vaults of the Abbey.

It may be said that if it does not signify much to us, it signifies a great deal to Isaac Newton. But is this true? He no longer eats and sleeps, a burden to himself; he no longer is destroying his great name by feeble theology or querulous pettiness. But if the small weaknesses and wants of the flesh are ended for him, all that makes Newton (and he had always lived for his posthumous, not his immediate fame) rises into greater activity and purer uses. We make no mystical or fanciful divinity of Death; we do not deny its terrors or its evils. We are not responsible for it, and should welcome any reasonable prospect of eliminating or postponing this fatality, that waits upon all organic nature. But it is no answer to philosophy or science to retort that Death is so terrible, therefore man must be designed to escape it. There are savages who persistently deny that men do die at all, either their bodies or their souls, asserting that the visible consequences of death are either an illusion or an artfully contrived piece of acting on the part of their friends, who have really decamped to the happy hunting-fields. This seems on the whole a more rational theory than that of immaterial souls flying about space, as the spontaneous fancies of savages are sometimes more rational than the elaborate hypotheses of metaphysics.

(To be continued.)

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

I have often been tempted to suggest to a member of Parliament whose friendship I possess, the propriety of inducing Government to introduce the old *Farthing* into the Canadian currency for the sake of church-going people who have loose money to spend everywhere but in church.

I remember when I was a lad, an old wealthy miser who lived on Notre Dame street, who was caught several times dropping hammered buttons into the "Bag." It was found that he had been in the habit of collecting them, evidently for the purpose. It seems to me that he has left a progeny in Montreal not very much better; that we have hosts of well-to-do people who visit the churches in rotation, and whose godliness on Sundays never costs them a cent; who are very attentive to a good sermon, and very critical of a poor one; very anxious too to occupy choice seats to the inconvenience of regular pew-payers, yet whose charity is never moved in a practical way further than the extent of the smallest silver coin in our currency. Now these people have at least some self-respect. They don't like to be seen putting the common cent on the plate, and would sooner drop in the orthodox nod than even a penny. For them the days of the old "bag" which concealed one's gift are "the good old times." But if the *Farthing* was renewed it could be slipped in among the other coin unnoticed, and they would have the credit at least of contributing the widow's mite in full hope of getting the widow's blessing. It seems to me that that "widow's mite" is becoming a traditional guide for the conduct of church people. Too many think they assure themselves of the widow's reward by giving her literal "mite."

But seriously, is it not a wrong done when men who grudge not a dollar for their own indulgence any time, search out their small coin to give to the church; when some men who willingly give five dollars to the cause of the devil, grudge even five cents to the cause of God? I think we need plain talk on this subject. Men enjoy sitting in a fine church, which is warmed, lighted and made agreeable for their comfort—the service of song, the service of prayer, the sermon, may sink into their hearts, mellow their souls, rest their minds and their gratitude is only inward, though they must know that without some outward zeal and outward sacrifice a church cannot be sustained as churches are.

I do not generally believe in scolding church-going people to repentance. They must have good points of character if they like to go to church. But really my patience is exhausted. I listened last night to one of the most magnificent discourses it was ever my fortune to hear. Every sentence was ripe in thought; every effort was one of sincerity of appeal, and beauty of rhetoric. It was a master effort. I looked around upon the large and comfortable audience—a large proportion of them not regular pew-holders. "Surely," thought I, "the collection plates will be laden with Her Majesty's countenance in silver." But back they came, four of them on my side, and there as they lay at the foot of the pulpit, I easily counted the number of three, five and ten cent pieces; while on two plates a straggling twenty-five cent coin seemed to blush for shame at the company it was in. On my side of the aisle, I suppose there were from pulpit to door over one hundred and forty people, not counting the occupants of chairs down the aisle. The whole collection on this side amounted to three dollars and a-half! About three cents each for the whole congregation. Yet a score of these people would pay one dollar to see a poor play at the Academy, or fifty cents to hear a poor concert or an ordinary lecture, while many would no doubt indulge their appetites every day in the week to the tune of a dollar or more without a thought.

It will only need these remarks to remedy the wrong to some extent; but there are others who need more urgent appeal. I really think strangers who can afford it should not grudge at least as much to hear an unusually good sermon on Sunday as to hear an unusually bad lecture on Monday. They should look upon their gifts in church, too, in a higher sense than the luxurious expenses of the rest of the week. Of course I do not allude here to persons in straitened circumstances who know every cent they get by heart as well as a man knows his own books or pictures. I am sure the poor and those in straitened circumstances are the most liberal givers to the church, according to their means.

A REMEDY.

1. Parents should teach every child the duty of giving, and every child should be provided with its gifts.
2. Young men ought systematically to give more liberally, and be manly in some self-denial, if necessary, to enable them to do so.
3. Strangers visiting a church ought to try and be liberal towards the church they visit. Though they are welcome, and warmly so, they ought, if they can, to show tangible appreciation of the service.
4. Saturday night, the gifts for Sunday should be laid out.

I will wait to see the result of my suggestions before I petition for the revival of farthings. B.

NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The Guardians of the Poor at Narraghamore had every reason to be satisfied with the result of their decision in favour of Katharine Farrell. The new schoolmistress was clever, diligent, and efficient; the pauper children were well taught and well-disciplined; and if they did not feel a warm regard for their instructress, that fact did not concern any of the parties to the transaction. There were no complaints, and the general opinion was that Miss Farrell was fit for a better post than that of mistress to a Workhouse School. Some of the ladies who, in various capacities, visited the school, told her that they thought so, and wondered she did not rather take a governess's place; but Katharine replied that she was not qualified for anything beyond the nursery-governess's post which she had relinquished. She had her evenings to herself, the pauper children were no concern of hers out of school hours, and she was accountable to nobody. In Mr. Bellew, the chairman, Katharine had an active friend and patron. His admiration of her handwriting took practical form; he had engaged her to attend at his house on three evenings of every week, to instruct the young Bellews in the noble art of penmanship. Mr. Bellew's house was two miles from the town, but Katharine Farrell cared nothing for the distance, was ready to walk it in all weathers, and had been in the habit of doing so for many weeks before it was observed that Dominick Daly frequently escorted her on her way back.