

never learn from nature's interacting laws. The wonderful harmony of the cosmos, sublime as it is, never can reveal what eye cannot see, nor ear hear, nor heart of man conceive, but God has revealed these things to us by His Spirit. The scientist may refuse to listen to any testimony which is not offered by experimental methods. He may confine his belief to truths uttered in the laboratory, detected by the microscope, or perceived in the starry depths of space. But in doing so he closes his eyes to that brighter radiance which clarified the vision of the great prophets of his own art.—Sir Isaac Newton, Hugh Miller, Louis Agassiz, Sir William Dawson, Lord Kelvin, and many others, to whose reverent research nature most willingly rendered up her secrets, and whose works will remain the delight of all ages. We invite the scientist to bring hither all his learning. Let him place as the solid foundation of the pile his volumes of Geology, on these superimpose his Botany, his Zoology, his Anthropology, his Physics, his Astronomy—his pyramid will only have its true apex when he places the Bible last and highest. The Bible is the key to the book of nature, and contains the answer to problems insoluble by all the rest.

Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian.

1854—Then and Now—1900.

IV.—PERTH POST-OFFICE AND MANSE.

From Bytown to Perth I have nothing to write.

As a rule, one only sees what is interesting to one's self, and as I only raise vegetables, and the season was too early for them, I took no interest in anything else.

I had no detentions at Smith's Falls, from which place I got a chance ride with a farmer, free, which greatly intensified the pleasure of the drive. By inexcusable carelessness, I was guilty of ingratitude in not securing the name of my benefactor.

Arriving at Perth, I proceeded to the manse, and found the Rev. James Burns Duncan at home and just preparing to go out. I shall never forget the reception.

I found a spare, lithe, dark, bushy-headed man, with deep-set grey eyes and shaggy, overhanging eyebrows, yet withal very respectable looking, and one whom you could not conceive as in any respect ever becoming anything else; in other words, there was nothing vicious-looking about him—quite the reverse.

Telling him who I was, and enquiring how and when I could get to Dalhousie, in gruff accents he answered me in true Scotch fashion by asking another question, "What are you going there for?" The darkness deepened.

I began to tell him, still standing on the door-step, what, on a platform or other suitable place, would have taken some hours, to do justice to myself and my subject.

In unmannerly terms and tones so unlike him, he shut me up by telling me to accompany him to the post-office, as if more travel, and especially with such as he seemed to be, could have any inducements for me. However, I had endured much, and as a stroke of policy, again resigned myself to undergo more; so we went off together to Perth post-office.

What an inexplicable faculty "memory" is! What a gamut of moods she can assume! From coyness to the coquette, irritating, tantalizing and exasperating. How

at times she can be approached, and one can obtain anything, and at others she refuses point-blank everything. Coaxing, cajoling, compulsion, all wasted and to no purpose. And again, all at once, without, nay, avoiding effort on one's part, ere you are aware, she unfolds herself, and reveals everything, anything; and especially does she delight to press on one's attention that which one would fain have blotted out, would give much that it had never existed to be remembered, and which we would forever forget. Put something, some circumstance or other, breaks the shell, and to memory comes up the forgotten things of the past.

On reaching the post office, a strange psychological experience came over me! Perth post-office! It almost seemed to me that I had been here before.

"Why," I said, "this is a familiar spot to me."

Over 60 years ago I began to develop that style of hand-writing which has delighted the eyes of thousands and been favorably commented on in the Old Land and in this up to the present day.

There were two maiden relatives of my mother who every week sent a copy of the Glasgow Herald to "America," and attracted by the copper-plate likeness of my "half-text," promoted me to the duty of directing said paper, as follows:

MR. JOHN ARMOUR,
Bathurst District,
Perth Post-office,
Upper Canada,
North America.

This I continued to do till their death. And I had forgotten all about it.

Mr. Duncan said: "I'll soon have you there. The old man is still alive, and is a respected member of my congregation." That commenced an intimacy and friendship between J. B. Duncan and myself that has grown with years and continues to this day, if one can believe the following from one of his last communications: "In fact there is no one in all the circle of my acquaintances for whom I cherish a warmer respect and affection." That feels soothing up in "the shades of night."

Well, I was installed in the manse, and became a member of it, for Dalhousie is provided with supply for the month of May. So I was in the world without work or visible means of support.

But Mrs. Duncan made the manse cheerful, and with Minnie and Jamie and the baby, we had happy times.

Again we visited Perth post-office, and J. B. Duncan received a letter. Opening it, the sweat stood in beads on his forehead, and he acted "like one possessed." I like to behave myself before folks, and thought to slip away home alone. But no, I was stuck to me like a brother. Of that letter I will speak in my next.

Let us learn from the foregoing:

1. That the darkest day has often rifts in the clouds.*

2. That the gushiest acquaintances at first are not always, nor as a rule, "stayers." But on the other hand, the seemingly forbidding and cautious are ours forever when we have succeeded in securing their confidence.

3. That we have need of patience.

NEMO G. D.

Who can tell

What golden hours, with what full hands,
may be
Waiting you in the distance?

—Tennyson,

Preparation for a Profitable Thank-offering meeting.*

BY H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

In looking forward to our annual Thank-offering meeting such questions as these no doubt suggest themselves to each thoughtful and earnest member of our auxiliaries. In what way can this service be made acceptable to God? a source of strength and inspiration to our souls? and a rich blessing to those for whom we labor? Since we are exhorted to come into His courts with thanks giving I think we cannot be prepared to do so in any better way than by spending a short time, first, in reviewing God's goodness to us as a Society and individually; secondly, by contrasting our lot in life with that of the women of other lands; and, thirdly, by entreating the presence of the Holy Spirit at our meeting. The tactful general urges his troops to greater victories by recounting their deeds of valor in the past. In like manner we pray that we may be led to more active endeavor, and truer consecration in the future by recalling the marvellous works that He hath done, his wonders and the judgments of His mouth.

We will first mention the special signs of God's approval which have marked the General Society with which we are connected during the last decade. In the annual report of 1889-1890 we find 2 lady missionaries in China, 10 in India, and 7 lady missionaries and teachers in the North West. The W.F.M.S. then consisted of 25 Presbyterian Societies, comprising 437 auxiliaries, with a membership of 10,443; and 176 Mission Bands having a membership of 4,869. The total receipts from all sources were \$31,497.40. From our blue book of 1890-1900 we learn that there are now 4 lady missionaries in China (2 of them medical) and in India 16 (four of these being medical missionaries) and 15 lady missionaries; teachers and matrons in the North West. There are 27 Presbyterials numbering 656 auxiliaries, with 10,166 members; and 366 Mission Bands with 7,447 on the roll. The total receipts from all sources being \$46,331,474. From these gratifying results we see that quite steady progress has marked the years. There have been added to the Home and Foreign staff, 14 lady missionaries, 2 new Presbyterials, and 130 Mission Bands have been organized, and the total receipts have increased \$14,834.07. Our own Presbyterian Society (Huron) has advanced over \$600. Enlarged liberality, sympathy, spirituality, and intellectual development among the members of our Societies and Mission Bands, which have had a wonderful influence in fostering and stimulating the missionary spirit within the bounds of our congregations have been, we are sure, the happy outcome of the labor of these ten years. There has been, unfortunately, a slight decrease in the membership of our auxiliaries. Could we not show our gratitude for this encouraging record by acting upon the Home Secretary's suggestion and attempting to double our membership by a grand century rally?

Leaving our Society and looking back over the past year how many individual blessings have marked the way. Most of us have had a goodly measure of these choicest earthly gifts, soundness of mind and health of body. If we were stripped of everything else and still had these priceless possessions left we have reason to thank our Maker every day of our lives, and throughout all etern

CONTINUED ON PAGE 574.

*Prepared by the writer for the Seaforth Auxiliary, and condensed by the Editor to meet the requirements of his limited space.