

natural law, that the organic world itself is a great living organism extending its ramifications both in time and space. The other has penetrated into the infinitesimal recesses of the constitution of matter, and has done something to show us the mathematical laws which govern the motions and combinations of the atoms of which the remotest planet and the pebble at our feet alike are built.

But both of these men have also bequeathed to posterity a moral legacy. Darwin, by showing us how consistent vast learning is with disinterested love of truth and humility of mind, and Maxwell has left us a still more precious legacy, by living in the midst of the front ranks of the science of the nineteenth century, a life of personal fidelity to Jesus Christ.

Christ came not so much to transform the exterior of life, as to infuse its interior with his own spirit. The life of the mechanic at his bench, the clerk at his desk, the student at his books, is no longer commonplace and meaningless, but assumes an individual interest when in these humble avocations is being wrought out by each one in his own way, by God's help, something analogous, however remotely, to what the son of the carpenter of Nazareth wrought out in his life—when mind and heart and will are being informed, transformed and enriched by obedient fellowship with Christ.

The fragrance of a life like Maxwell's pervades the world of science, as incense did the temple of old. He belongs to that long line of wise men who, ever since that visit of the Magi at Bethlehem, have been laying their treasure at the feet of the Saviour.

OBITUARY.

Died, at her residence, 56 Jackson St., West, Hamilton, on the 4th March, 1886, after a long and severe illness, Elizabeth Mary Gibbs, widow of the late Rev. S. T. Gibbs, who died so suddenly at Bowmanville some years ago, stricken with paralysis while preaching in the Congregational pulpit of that place.

The deceased has endured many trying afflictions, through sickness and bereavement, some of which, owing to an exceedingly sensitive and sympathetic temperament she felt very keenly; but in the midst of the furnace she realized the presence of Him who can ward off the flames, and who safely holds up and leads those who lean upon His arm.

Writing to a friend last summer, who, like herself had been suffering through weakness and pain, she said, "weakness is as hard to bear as pain, but our heavenly father knows how frail we are. We are but dust, and could not bear the smallest weight without His aid, so it must be by His strength we bear anything." She was at that time suffering severely from the effects of being thrown from a sleigh the preceding winter, and could with difficulty write at all, having to use her left hand in doing so, her right arm being so severely injured that she never regained its use.

One of her daughters (Mrs. Richmond) in writing of her says: "As I look back to my childhood's days, I only remember in my mother's life, love, self-sacrifice, holy living; a life which if I follow will lead me to where she is, in her 'Father's house,' the home prepared for her by Him whom she loved and served during her long life here."

The same daughter, speaking further of her mother, says that while wishing to live while she could be of any use, yet death had no terror for her. "He that believeth on me shall never die," was one of her favorite texts, and the day before her death she repeated several times with closed eyes,—"In my Father's house are many mansions." She adds,—"we are so thankful that mamma did not seem to suffer at the last, but just to gently fall asleep; and we felt that we did not need any dying words of assurance to tell us she was safe. Her life told us that when she was absent from the body she was present with her Saviour."

Another of her daughters (Mrs. Butterworth) writing on the evening after the funeral, says,—"This afternoon we laid her by the side of those dear little children she loved so much, and grieved so much for." (Reference is here made to the deceased children of Mr. and Mrs. James Lockhart). "It has been a sad time for us, we miss her more than we can express or can realize just now. She was always so sweet, and patient, and gentle, and sympathising, everybody loved her, and it is beautiful to think what a pleasant memory she leaves behind."

What blessed memories are those for a departed mother to leave as a legacy to her children. How true it is that she "being dead yet speaketh."

The writer, and many others in Whitby, where Rev. Mr. Gibbs was for about seven years the esteemed Pastor of the Congregational church, can bear ample testimony to those traits of love, sympathy and self-sacrifice for the good of others which so strongly characterized both of the deceased. Delightful memories of the good Pastor and his wife are embalmed in many hearts. They labored faithfully and lovingly, and have now "entered into rest."

R. J.

On Sunday, April 11th, 1886, were conducted the obsequies of Mrs. Georgina Griffith, the wife of the Rev. J. K. Griffith, pastor successively at Cobourg, Garafraxa, and Hamilton, Ontario, now of Sandy Creek, N. Y. A large number of friends gathered at her late residence, where prayer was offered by the Rev. D. Main (Baptist), after which the remains were carried to the Congregational Church. Here the services were continued by the reading of John xiv. by the Rev. Jas. Douglas, Pulaski, N. Y. The Rev. J. Cowles, (Methodist) then offered prayer, after which the sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Douglas on John 14:28: "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said I go unto the Father." A brief tribute to the worth of the deceased followed from the Rev. W. J. Cuthbertson, of Copenhagen, N. Y., (formerly of Canada) who spoke from an intimate acquaintance of several years. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. J. Callan, of Mannsville, N. Y., after which the procession formed and moved to the cemetery, where the services were shared by three of the brethren already named. The church was filled,—being attended by members of all the local churches, and friends from Orwell, (where Mr. Griffith preaches fortnightly) and elsewhere. This, and the beautiful floral offerings brought in, testified to the universal esteem and love felt for our bereaved brother and his lamented wife. Special sympathy was felt for the stricken family, owing to the fact that less than two months previously the eldest child—a bright, promising boy, ten years of age—