where is the man that could patient tied to a life like this? barst forth as Margaret ente the room. There's no peace me.

'And yet there is One who giveth a 'peace that passet' all under-standing,' said Margaret, gently.

The words speken so quietly and withal so opportunely, seemed to soften and sooth the heart of Wil liam Larcom, and his voice was replete with a passionate longing, as be cried :

'Oh, how I wish I had some of of that peace.'

It may be yours, if you will have it. He Himself hath said, 'come unto Meall ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Cousin Will,' and the girl's eyes filled with a tender, pleading light, 'if you only knew the blessedness of having him with you for a daily companion, you would not refuse Him into your heart. Father used always to say, 'accept Him while he is yours.' You will, Cousin Will, won't you?' and now the girl was kneeling beside him, her face earnest and sweet, her hand smoothing back the tossed hair of the sufferor, 'He can give you peace. Ho can, and he will if you say so.' And once again Margaret Breeze flitted from the room, leaving the quivering figure on the loungealone. No, for a sweet voice seemed to say invitingly, 'Come unto Me,' and covering his white face with his remaining hand, he oried :

'Oh, Lord, I will come, I will. I have struggled against Thee, but now, 'Thy will be done,' and then, as his agony of spirit spent itself, there was a quietness in the little room-a holy quietness, in which William Larcom held communion with his Maker.

The next morning, as Margaret greeted her cousin, she divined with tender intuitiveness, that what she had longed for had been brought about. But save for a sympathetic kies on the invalid's forehead when sho left for work, she sought not to intrude upon the sacredness of his first thoughts. But the days that followed were full of blessed heartfelt thanks for the Divine Light which had been poured into the little room.

'Your father was a good man, Margaret, he never was one to put on his religion as it suited him, and I think you are like him,' said Cousin Will, as Margaret and Beesie and he eat in the gloaming of an autum night, talking of the wonder ful changes that have been wrought and of the English days, which now seemed so far away.

Margaret made no reply other than a grateful pressure of the thin hand she was clasping in her own slender one. And then they talked of the days that were to come, and of the hope of an eminent physi-cian-interested in Consin Will's peculiar case-held out of his ultimate recovery. A long, happy talk, in which father and mother seemed t) share. And after they had separated for the night, a thankful prayer went up through the still ness of the night from the little room where William Larcom lay, for the sweet messenger of consola-

THE OHUROH GUARDIAN.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSO PHER AND THE INFIDEL.



Sir Isaac Newton was a great philosopher. He wrote many learned works on natural science and has ever since been regarded as a most reliable authority. He was also a devout and humble minded Christian, and he also wrote a work on the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation. In this work he makes this singular remark, 'If these prophecies were true it would be necessary that a new mode of travelling should be invented. The knowledge of mankind would be so increased before a certain date or time terminated. namely, one thousand two hundred and sixty years, that they would be STRACHAN able to travel fifty miles an hour." Now as he wrote these words more than one hundred and fifty years before railroad and steamboats were known, they were considered very bold words. Voltaire, a French infidel of great fame, got hold of these words and said, 'Now look at the mighty mind of New ton, who discovered gravitation! When he became an old man and got into his dotage he began to study the book called the Bible. and it seems in order to credit its fabulous nonsense we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we will be able to travel at fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard I"

The self-complacency of this infidel made his friends laugh immoderately at the expense of the Caristian philosopher. But what has time revealed? Less than two hundred pears after Newton wrote his hold words the knowledge of mankind has so increased that daily between London and Liverpool travellers go more than fifty miles an hour and so in many other places. Now which was the dotard-the Christian philosopher or the scofflog infidel ?- Parish Visitor,

-:0:-

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## BIRTHS.

BIRTHS. At the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Barton, Parish of Weymouth, N.S. on Suday, Jajb 6th, by Rev. D. P. Allison. B. A., Catherine, infant daughter of Willam Moody and Mary Louis Bond -Born March Slet 1891.

MARRIED. MARRIED. STARE-DONALDSON.- On the 24th Ju: e, 1831, at the Church of St. John, Corn-wallis, N.S., by the Rev. Fred. J. H. Axford, Rector of the parish, John Ru-fus, eldest son of Joho Starr, Esq. of Btarr's Point, Cornwallis, to Emma Louise, only dangbter of the late James Donaldson, of, Church street, Cornwal-lis. 7-1

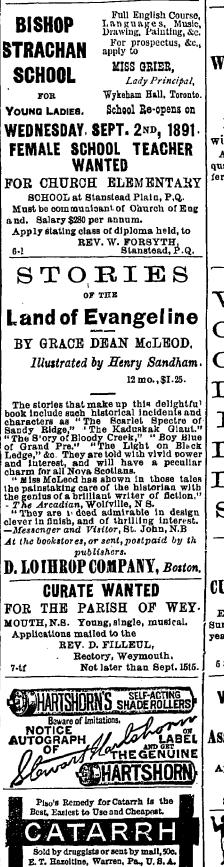
DIED. DIED. WHITMAN.-Died at Round Hill, Annapo lis, N.S., on July 6th, 185!. Jane, wife of James A. Whitman, aged 66 years. "Blessed are the d.ad which die in the Lord."

WILKINS.- At Picton, N.S., on Thursday, July 30th, in her 89th year, Jane Rus ell, widow of the late Hon. M. J Wilkins, of Hallfax, N.S.



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