

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

'And yet there is One who giveth a 'peace that passeth' all understanding,' said Margaret, gently.

The words spoken so quietly and withal so opportunely, seemed to soften and soothe the heart of William Larcom, and his voice was replete with a passionate longing, as he 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 Me all 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 sufferer, 'He can give you peace, He can, and he will if you say so.' And once again Margaret Breeze flitted from the room, leaving the quivering figure on the lounge—alone. No, for a sweet voice seemed to say invitingly, 'Come unto Me,' and covering his white face with his remaining hand, he cried:

'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 kiss on the invalid's forehead when she left for work, she sought not to intrude upon the sacredness of his first thoughts. But the days that followed were full of blessed heart-felt 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 Bessie and he sat in the gloaming of an autumn night, talking of the wonderful 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 physician—interested in Cousin Will's peculiar case—held out of his ultimate recovery. A long, happy talk, in which father and mother seemed to share. And after they had separated for the night, a thankful prayer went up through the stillness of the night from the little room where William Larcom lay, for the sweet messenger of consolation

and help that had been brought to him from across the sea.

MARIA ADELAIDE DRACON.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER AND THE INFIDEL.

BY H. D.

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 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 Newton, 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!'

The self-complacency of this infidel made his friends laugh immoderately at the expense of the Christian philosopher. But what has time revealed? Less than two hundred years after Newton wrote his bold 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 scoffing infidel?—*Parish Visitor.*

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BIRTHS.

At the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Barton, Parish of Weymouth, N.S., on Sunday, July 6th, by Rev. D. P. Allison. E. A., Catherine, infant daughter of William Moody and Mary Louisa Bond.—Born March 31st 1891.

MARRIED.

STARR-DONALDSON.—On the 24th June, 1891, at the Church of St. John, Cornwallis, N.S., by the Rev. Fred. J. H. Axford, Rector of the parish, John Rufus, eldest son of John Starr, Esq., of Starr's Point, Cornwallis, to Emma Louise, only daughter of the late James Donaldson, of Church street, Cornwallis.

TAYLOR-LOCKHART.—At St. James' Church Ormstown, on Tuesday, July 7th, by the Rev. A. D. Lockhart, Rector, father of the bride, assisted by her uncle, the Rev. Canon Rollet, of Montreal, Joseph Taylor, to Katie M. Lockhart.

DIED.

WHITMAN.—Died at Round Hill, Annapolis, N.S., on July 6th, 1891. Jane, wife of James A. Whitman, aged 66 years. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

WILKINS.—At Pictou, N.S., on Thursday, July 30th, in her 89th year, Jane Russell, widow of the late Hon. M. J. Wilkins, of Halifax, N.S.

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