

The Family.

AUTUMN DAYS.

A WEALTHY beauty meets my eye
Yellow and green, and brown and white,
In one vast blaze of glory fill
My happy sight.

The rich robed trees, the ripening corn,
Bright coloured with September fire
Fulfillment of the farmer's hope,
And year's desire

Sweet in the air are joyous sounds
Of bird and bee, and running brook,
And plover's fruits hang ripening round,
Where'er I look.

The mellow splendour soft, falls
On moaning mist and evening dews,
And colours trees and flowers and clouds
With thousand hues.

O dreaming clouds, with silves fringed I
I watch ye gathering side by side,
Like armies in the solemn skies,
In stately pride.

I love the woods, the changing woods,
Fast deepening down to russet glow,
When Autumn, like a brunette Queen,
Rules all below.

The soul of Beauty haunts the heavens,
Not leaves for long the warm faced Earth,
And like a mother, the kind air
To life gives birth

But death rides past upon the gale,
And blows the rustling golden leaves;
They whirl and fall, and rot and die,
And my heart grieves.

Farewell: O Autumn days—farewell!
Ye go; but we shall meet again,
As old friends, who are parted long
By the wild main.

WILLIAM COWAN.

—Chamber's Journal.

SIR WM. DAWSON, F.R.S., P.G.S.

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

In the interests of science, as well as of revealed religion, it is in the highest degree desirable that the British Association should comprise men who are an example to younger scientists of conservative caution in the pursuit of truth. It is not many years since Europe and America were scandalized by an address, at Belfast, from the presidential chair, which was the culmination of the sensational materialism that had been aiming to control and guide scientific opinion. Since then there has happily been a reaction, which has been followed by invaluable results, and towards which the President of the meetings just held at Birmingham has nobly contributed.

Sir William Dawson's name ranks among those of the foremost men of science in this century, as a life-long student of nature who is yet a patient learner, an accurate observer without assumption, and a Christian without ostentation or timidity. No one doubts his scientific eminence. Although his researches have been specially devoted to the physical geography of the North American Continent, his personal observations have ranged over wide areas in the two hemispheres. They have been occupied with many of the minute and most abstruse problems in geology, as well as with those grander aspects of nature which gave such a remarkable character to his Birmingham address. His conclusions are so obviously the result of the most painstaking field-work, and thoroughly careful study, as to be rarely controverted, and they carry with them the agreement of not a few of the very foremost scientists of the age.

Mr. Dawson received his early academic training in the college of Pictou, then one of the best institutions of higher education in Nova Scotia. Here, while prosecuting his studies as a schoolboy and student, he began to make collections in the natural history of his native province. Having finished his course at Pictou, he entered the University of Edinburgh. After a winter's study he returned to Nova Scotia, and devoted himself with ardour to geological research. He was the companion of Sir Charles Lyell during his tour in Canada, in 1842, and followed up these researches by studies of the carboniferous rocks of Nova Scotia. In the autumn of 1846 he returned to the University of Edinburgh.

We should gather, from what we have heard from his own lips, that it was in Edinburgh he learnt those habits of careful and laborious investigation which have imparted such accuracy to his scientific conclusions. There he studied stratigraphy, paleo-botany, the minute structure of fossil forms of animal life, and practical chemistry. There also he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and not only obtained an ordinary classical education, but a knowledge of Hebrew that doubtless has contributed to that strength of his conviction as to the value of the Old Testament Scriptures which has frequently appeared in his public addresses. It is the superficial reader who undervalues the revelations of the Old Testament; the true student will maintain that attitude of loyalty to its wondrous records which has ever been a distinguishing trait in the character of the eminent man whose career we are sketching. "The Bible," we have heard him say, "has been my strength from day to day; and if we inquired far enough we should find that soundness of understanding and strong good sense come from reading of the Scriptures as from no other source." In another sense than was probably meant by the Psalmist it is true, "A good understanding have they that do His commandments."

In 1847 Mr. Dawson was united in marriage to an Edinburgh lady, the youngest daughter of Mr. George Mercer. This lady, it is said, has, by her high Christian character, her accomplishments, and social qualities, graced and dignified the public and private life of her husband. Lady Dawson is devoted to downright Christian work, especially in self-forgetting efforts for young women; and her influence, with that of her husband, in plans of usefulness, makes them a great blessing in Montreal, where they now reside.

In 1850, when thirty years of age, Mr. Dawson was appointed superintendent of education for Nova Scotia. This office he held for three years, and rendered valuable service to that province at a time of special interest in the history of its schools and educational institutions. He also took an active part in the establishment of a Normal School in Nova Scotia, and in the regulation of the affairs of the University of New Brunswick.

In 1855 he was called to the position which he still holds—that of Principal and Professor of Natural History in McGill College and University; an institution which, situated in Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada, draws its students from all parts of the Dominion. The University, under his influence and management, has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectation of its promoters. The raising of the College to its present position would have been work enough in itself for these years, but in addition to this Dr. Dawson has had under his care the Protestant Normal School. From his position there, he has exerted a powerful influence in the moulding and controlling of the school system of the country.

In the midst of these important and engrossing educational labours, Dr. Dawson carried on his scientific investigations. When ten years of age he began his collections of fossil plants. It was when he was twenty-three that he communicated a paper on the rocks of Eastern Nova Scotia to the Geological Society of London. From that time his contributions to various journals have been numerous and important. In 1856, though then trammelled by the arduous duties incumbent upon the principal of a university, he still continued his geological work in his native province, and prepared a description of its Silurian and Devonian rocks. In 1859 his "Archæa," or studies of creation in Genesis, appeared—a work showing not only a thorough knowledge of natural history, but also considerable familiarity with the Hebrew language and with Biblical literature. His contributions in later years to the stores of geological knowledge and research have been ample and weighty, but they need not be particularized in detail in these columns.

Dr. Dawson has always been a staunch opponent of the theory of total land glaciation. "The Story of the Earth and Man," issued in 1873 (Hodder & Stoughton), was a republication of papers published in *The Leisure Hour*. It gives a popular view of the whole of the geological ages, presented in a series of word-pictures, and with discussions of the theories as to the origin of mountains, the introduction and succession of life, the glacial period, and other controverted topics. A course of six lectures, delivered in New York in the winter of 1874-75, has been largely circulated both in America and England, under the title "Revelation and Science"; and in 1875 there also appeared in London and New York a popular illustrated résumé of the facts relating to ancient fossils, entitled "Life's Dawn on Earth"—which, however, is now out of print. Another important work is "Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives." At the Detroit meeting of the American Association, Professor Dawson delivered an address in which he vigorously combated the doctrines of Evolution as held by its more extreme supporters.

In 1882 Dr. Dawson received one of the highest honours of the London Geological Society—the Lyell medal—and was elected the first President of the Royal Society of Canada, which he has organized at the desire of the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General. It may be added that the Canadian Royal Society has had, so far, a prosperous career. In the same year he was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and closed his presidential address with words of wise counsel against unauthorized confidence and hasty generalizations in the study of geology.

Perhaps the highest mark of human honour shown him has been the place he has occupied as President of the British Association. He has moved among the Sections and the different meetings of the Association with a deference and friendliness which have won for him a general and almost affectionate regard. It has been clear to observers that eminent scientists in his own line have either been in full accord with him, or, if they hesitated, have listened to his papers and observations with very marked respect. Even men of a different school, and with little of his cautious temper, while they have confessed that some of their speculations found little favour with him, have acknowledged that it has been with very attractive grace he has indicated to them that their evidence was scientifically incomplete and unsatisfactory.

Sir William Dawson is a Presbyterian, but he told the present writer that from this fact it must not be understood that he was unduly attached to any form of ecclesiastical government. In Montreal he conducts Bible-classes for students, Sunday-school teachers, and others, on broad lines of Christian union. Christ is with him, as with all faithful men, the Alpha and Omega of religion; and the great word of the Baptist may be quoted in closing this sketch: "A man can receive nothing except it have been given him from heaven." It is of God that a man whose researches have made him a member of the most learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic, and whose intellectual and scientific pre-eminence is universally acknowledged, should be given to this age as a formidable opponent of materialistic speculations, and a witness to the harmony of revealed religion with the most careful and advanced deductions of modern science.—*The Christian*.

OUR FRIENDS BELOW STAIRS.

At a recent wedding in Baltimore one of the most picturesque figures in the ceremonial was that of a stately, tall, old coloured woman, who stood near the bride, next to her mother. She was the old "mauser," who had nursed them both since their birth. There was surely as deep and fine a significance in the presence of that figure at the marriage as in that of any page or usher. At another home-wedding this fall in New York, two servants were present who had been in the family for over forty years. Two generations ago such prolonged and faithful service was common, even in the Northern States. Young girls were "bound" to house-holders, to remain until they were of age. They generally were made efficient housekeepers, and stayed until they married, and even afterwards, retaining a deep, sincere affection and interest in the family, coming back at any household emergency; or in times of sickness, death, marriage, or birth, as humble, efficient, faithful and always welcome friends. Ladies are apt to complain that there is no trace of that old patriarchal relation left now; that the people who work for us and with whom we are thrown into intimate daily intercourse are but hirelings and can be nothing else. The sole tie between us and them is work and wages—nothing more. The daughters of the house, soon to be heads of other households, echo this cry, and treat Irish Biddy or German Greta as if they were machines, bound to perform certain work for so much per day. In answer to this popular theory we have a little incident to tell. A lady living in one of our Atlantic seaboard cities, dependent on intelligence-offices for "help," like

the rest of unlucky housekeepers, received last Christmas over a hundred and fifty gifts, most of them mere trifles costing only a few cents. They were from her servants, her milkman, butcher, grocer, the old woman with an apple-stand at the corner, the postman who brought her letters, and they were all efforts to express their love and gratitude for kindnesses she had shown them. "How can you take an interest in everybody—even the plumber?" somebody asked her. "I remember that we are of one family, and that the love that finds and meets a human need is the true service of God." This seemed hardly a full explanation, for duty without love is a cold word. She seemed to see that something was wanting, and she added, frankly.—"And I love them for the good I find in them, I love them for themselves." The relation between employer and servant may be as faithful and close as it ever was, provided mistresses go back to the early Christian teachings and to the ways of their ancestors, and become the house-mother. And these are the true relations of life, and yield the largest happiness. A narrow life is as small in its joys as in its final results.—*Youth's Companion*.

WHAT TONY DID.

"HAVE you seen the Freshman?"
"Which?"
"There is but one you could see."
"Humpty Dumpty? Oh, he pervades the place. The trees in the campus shrank into bushes when he came into it."

The students who were going up to chapel in groups were calling to each other, joking, as usual. But there was but one subject to-day for their jokes. "Have you seen the babe?" "Tom Thumb," "Bulgy"—they had a dozen nicknames for this unfortunate Freshman, who had arrived the previous night, and had been seen at the hotel by some of them.

He was not at chapel, however, so that the majority of us were disappointed. I had an errand to Prof. Tyndall's room that morning, and found there a very meek, anxious little woman, who had brought her son up to college.

She was speaking as I entered.
"You understand, professor, he is my only child. I am a widow. He is all I have."
"I do understand, madam," said the good old professor, gently, and all that I can do to make him a useful man shall be done, rest assured. But in the end, it depends on the lad himself."

"Oh, Tony's willing! He does his best. But we're very poor. It has been hard work for years to raise the money for him to come here, and now I want him to learn everything right away: Greek and Latin and mathematics and arithmetic and history and—"

"Is your son a good arithmetician? Or has he a talent for languages, or *belles lettres*, or what has he an inclination for?"

"Oh, nothing at all, sir, unless it is his meals. He's very fond of dinner, especially when there's pot-pie. But as for books, he doesn't hanker for any of them. That's the reason I brought him here."

"I should like to see the boy," said the worried professor.

"He's just outside. But you'll be gentle with him?" she said, anxiously, pausing at the door, the knob in her hand. "He's a mere boy, a perfect child. Come in, Tony, dear!"

The professor looked away to hide a smile as the tiny little woman came up, leading an immensely overgrown youth as she would a baby.

"This is Tony, sir. That is his pet name, but Anthony Briggs Brashier is his full name."

"Take a seat Mrs. Brashier," said the professor, placing a chair for the lady. "A few questions, perhaps, will give me an idea of the best course for you to choose. Many of our studies are elective. How far have you gone in Latin?"

Tony's red face was perfectly round, and no older in its lines than that of a boy of six. But there was great anxiety in his eyes, as he said, in a husky whisper, "I never could get beyond the grammar, sir."

"And in Greek?"

Tony shook his head. The examination on every subject brought the same results. The professor frowned. "You are fit only for the Preparatory School, I fear. As to mathematics?"

Tony's face lightened. "I don't think I am quite such a dunce in mathematics as in other things. I like the study. I have gone through the geometry and algebra twice."

"Well, well," said the professor, "we shall see. You will undergo a regular examination. If you must enter the Preparatory School, it will make your course a year longer."

"Oh dear, Tony, do try!" almost sobbed his mother. "You know all that depends on your getting through soon. I want him to be a minister, sir. His father was a minister. He'd earn our living that way, and serve God, too. I want him to live for the glory of God and the good of the world."

The professor attended her respectfully as she went out. Tony lingered, catching sight of me.

"Are you one of the students?" he said.

"Yes. I had an odd bewilderment as to whether it was a child or a grave, eager man who was talking to me."

"I suppose it's hard work here?"

"Pretty hard, even for a fairly bright fellow," I replied.

"Well, I can't do it. I'm not bright; I'm a regular dunce. I've made up my mind to that. Except, his queer, dark eyes brightening, "in one or two little things, but they wouldn't count—*Arre!*"

There was little doubt that Tony's estimate of himself was correct. In spite of his knowledge of mathematics, he was so deficient in his other studies that he was put into the Preparatory School, with a class of twelve. There he remained for two long years.

His mother's resolve that he should be a minister was inexorable, and it never occurred to the gentle, good-natured lad to oppose it. Hence the energies of his teachers were spent in trying to drive Greek and Latin into his dull brain, which utterly refused to harbour them.

He was fond of good eating, fishing, jokes, fun of all kinds. His unweildy body prevented his taking part in athletic sports, but his applause was hearty. No student, even among the dignified Seniors, would play against any other college in base-ball or cricket unless Tony could go to back him. His enthusiastic shouts and yells were contagious.

Of course he was a butt for the whole college. He was "Babe," "Infant," "Humpty, Dumpty," still, but every man, from the professors to the newest Freshman, liked Tony. He was so good-humoured, so sincere, and above all, in such deadly

earnest with his work! He began with fresh zeal every morning to score a fresh failure before night.

By dint of pushing, he was taken into the Freshman class.

"I doubt if he ever goes farther," said Prof. Tyndall to me (I was now a tutor in the lower school). "There's not a mean or vulgar trait in that great body. Under his good-humour, there is a fine, noble nature. But a minister he will never be. Even if he could ever speak in public, he never can take the training."

The half-yearly examinations were at hand. Tony broke down again in Latin and Greek. I went to his room that evening, and found him sitting a straddle of his chair, his chin on the back, staring steadfastly in the fire. Tony's round face was as boyish as ever, but there was an infinite depth of longing and pain in his dark eyes.

"Hard luck, Brashier," I said.

"You don't know the worst. Here is a letter from my mother, counting the time until I shall be a minister; doing something for the glory of God's gospel and the good of the world. How can I tell her I am thrown back another year? I ought to be at work now, supporting her."

"I thought you did that now."

"I work as a farm hand during the summer, and earn enough to help us both; but it is very poorly. Other men of my age would have a profession. She is growing old. She ought to live like a lady."

"Will you persist here?"

"I will stay the four years as I have promised her. I could not reach him with any courage or comfort. Tony was treading depths of misery where no man could come nigh to him.

But after that day there was a singular change in him.

He was regular and attentive in his classes as he had been before; but outside of them he withdrew himself from all his old companions, gave up his fishing and his club. He was seldom seen on the ball or cricket grounds; he scarcely gave himself time for his meals.

His door was always locked, but vague reports crept out that "the Babe" was surrounded by piles of new books, sheets of drawing-paper, pencils, and queer utensils.

By degrees this new order of things became habitual and ceased to provoke remark. There was a gravity and earnestness in Tony never seen before. Sometimes he took a holiday, came to the ball-field, and then his wild "Hurrahs!" drowned all others.

Time passed. Men who began with Tony were now Seniors. He was only beginning his Sophomore year.

The college stood in the suburbs of a large city, and the boys naturally took a keen interest in all public events. Among these was the erection of a large church which was to be the most stately and beautiful in the city. The money to build and endow it had been left by a man of great wealth, who requested that it should be kept free forever for the use of the poor.

All the leading architects submitted plans to the committee. One was chosen, and the work of building was pushed on with energy. It was near the college, and the boys were so interested in the matter that the new church became a place of daily resort, and as its massive dome and airy spires rose in the air, each lad felt that he personally had a share in it. Tony especially, was in the habit of going daily to the building, and spent hours in watching its rapid growth, and talking to the workmen.

At last it was finished. It was to be consecrated the day before Commencement.

Mrs. Brashier came up to the college that day. Her reports of Tony's progress had been vague. She came full of despairing fears, to verify them, and made her way at once, as before, to Prof. Tyndall's rooms.

"I have not Tony's confidence any more," she complained. "He writes to me that he is trying faithfully to satisfy my wishes, but that he knows it is useless. He does not go into details."

The professor went into details, ending with, "It is folly to deceive yourself, madam. You must see that the effort Tony has made to become a minister is useless, as he says. Are you not willing even now that he shall take up some other work in life?"

"The poor woman sobbed miserably. "Oh yes, I'm willing," she gasped at last. "Anything to earn a living! But I did hope he would do some noble work. Where is the poor boy?"

The professor rose quickly, glad to end the interview. "I have no doubt he is with all the college at the consecration of the new church. I will go with you there."

The ceremony was partly over when they arrived. The great marble building, with its vast aisles and upspringing arches, stood beautiful as a visible hymn of praise. The religious service was over. The building had been dedicated to the worship of God. Now the great mass of people stood outside on the green slope of the hill surrounding it, while the executor of the will formally delivered the church into the charge of the trustees who held it for the poor of the city. He told in a few words the story of the will, the sacred purpose to which the church was forever devoted, a temple wherein the poorest of God's creatures should come to worship Him.

Tony's mother had found him, and clung to his arm. She was a devout woman. She forgot for the moment her own troubles, her eyes filled, her face shone, as she listened with the great concourse, all of whom were moved and touched.

"There is one thing more to be told," said the speaker, which makes this noble offering still more worthy. Most of the architects in the city and State submitted anonymously plans for this building. The one chosen was the work of a young man. It is his first work, but it shows a power and skill which ensure him fame and fortune. He refused to accept any reward for it. He offered this first fruit of his undoubted genius to the service of Him who endowed him with it. This man, who more than any of us dedicates this church to-day to the glory of God and the good of men, is your friend and neighbour, Anthony Brashier."

There was a moment's amazed silence, and then the air rang with the shouts of the people.

All of the college men crowded round Tony: his mother hung on his arm, astonished, proud, as if half-frightened. But he stood looking at the white temple as if in a dream, repeating the speaker's last words under his breath, "To the glory of God and the good of men."

There are many young people who cannot become what their parents plan for them to be in life, but they can become useful in following some special gifts that God has given them. Such may find at the beginning of the new school year an encouragement to best effort in examples like Tony—and they are many.—*Youth's Companion*.