

Westward.

Winter has set in with us in earnest and we are enjoying weather at forty-eight degrees below zero. But forty-eight degrees indicate quite a comfortable state of affairs: wait till the mercury runs down to sixty. However a true Westerner will always tell you that one can never feel the cold in this country. Well, I shall say nothing in confirmation or denial of that statement except that you feel something which if it is not cold it feels cold. Still, with all the chill of the north wind, this is a great country. Great because of a sturdy, hardy people whose warm blood and busy brain would make any country great.

I should like to say a word in regard to our work in the city. The Baptists are more than holding their own and why should they not? I am convinced that if we are true to our traditions we shall give to a diversified people a religious life,—vigorous, attractive and unifying. It is simply astounding how little of the genuine gospel—the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ—is preached in this great part of our Dominion.

I cannot help but saying a word in regard to the work of our brother, Rev. W. C. Vincent. I sometimes wonder how he gets through with all the duties laid upon him. Vincent is a great worker, and I do not know but ultimately that is the prime condition of success in the pulpit and out of it. The large audiences in Logan Avenue church on Sunday evenings are great sights; great because of their diversities in occupation, ideals and needs.

Mr. Vincent is the people's preacher; the whole temper of his thinking naturally throws itself on the side of the "mass" so-called.

Showers of blessing are falling on the First church. Men and women are awakening to righteousness and calling upon their God. And the Missions are doing their work silently but surely, and the mustard seeds of the kingdom are fast becoming trees of shade and salvation. Before long, I believe, a new mission will be started in the south end of the city. God has certainly opened the door and it is for us to walk in or to be shut out. I pray God that we may not close this door—for it is "a great door and effectual."

A mission is opened at Selkirk. It is only a child of seven months but it has learned to walk and is growing in favor with men because growing in favor with God. Brethren of the east remember that this great land is your land and every mission planted belongs to you, and the development of the church of Christ here largely depends upon you.

Rev. A. J. Vining, that man raised up of God for this country, that pioneer who knows neither fear nor regards hardships, is at present in Ontario stirring up the smaller churches to the help which we need here. And so the work goes on and will till the day of the revelation of Jesus Christ.

The growth of an individual is wonderful and the growth of a nation is marvellous, but the development of a distinct church among a people of different nations and tongues and tribes is a matter of profoundest surprise and everlasting gratitude.

Selkirk, Man.

NEIL HERMAN.

The Possibilities of the Mind.

If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God.—James 1:5.

Education is a careful preparation for the vehicle of thought. It is a well defined track along which earnest, energetic minds may pass to a state of mental development much to be desired, and should greatly promote wisdom; but it is not wisdom. Those who are termed the educated should not always be looked upon with reverence or quoted as infallible authority; for too often what is known as superior education is sought by those whose purposes are simply schemes for self-aggrandizement, and therefore pursued along certain lines, while all other lines are left unexplored. Such is a one-sided education, and without true principle it is a most dangerous equipment, as has too often been shown in the case of the scientific skeptic who in his vast researches succeeds in blinding his own eyes, and the eyes of others, to the extent that he is ready to say in his heart that there is no God.

Man has prepared a great and direct route over which all who possess means and ambition may pass to the realm of cultivated thought. But God himself lays open the grand highway of the ever-flowing river of human experience upon which all who guide their bark according to the chart and compass, (which is the Word of God) shall acquire that wisdom which expands not only the intellect but the soul-power without limit; that of course is open to the educated, but it is also heritage of the unfortunately illiterate, who are endowed with latent talent, and true soul aspirations. If they but seek in faith, nothing wavering, the God of heaven and the tribes that people the earth shall be their instructors, and they shall be led on to such plains of knowledge and up to such heights of wisdom that they shall comprehend him when he saith unto them "Be still and know that I am God."

Oh mind of man what wealth of power
When faith in God is placed!
Thy thought may bound the universe
And sound the realms of space.

Oh mind of man! Oh field of God!
That he shall cultivate
Till thoughts leap forth to utter praise
Of Him who did create.

Marysville, N. B.

MRS. E. A. M. FISHER.

Science and Christianity.

SOME VIEWS OF A GREAT SCIENTIST.

In the death of the late Sir J. William Dawson, the world has lost a great scientist who was also a devout Christian. When asked whether there was any real discrepancy between science and Genesis, he replied, "In my judgment, none. I maintain that so far as an inspired record can be compared with what is at best a record we work out for ourselves, the correspondence between the two is marvellous. I have held that view since 1856, and I think the proofs of its soundness are multiplying daily. To my mind the first chapter of Genesis, in the way which it has anticipated discovery and still holds the ground as something that cannot fairly be cavilled at, is itself a remarkable proof of the inspiration of the Bible. Those who attack Genesis either do not understand it or wilfully misrepresent it."

The first chapter of Genesis, he held, represented solid fact. "It represents the order of creation," he declared, "but from a special point of view—that of a writer who wishes to show that the things that were objects of idolatry to the ancient world are really the works of one Creator. The aim of the writer and of the Spirit of God in guiding him is distinctively religious. In early days men did not distinguish between the creature and the Creator, and the object of the first chapter of Genesis is to show that the Creator is the absolute and eternal spiritual Being, and that everything in the world and the universe is his work."

When asked his belief as to the origin of man, his reply, "I know nothing about the origin of man except what I am told in the Scripture that God created him. I do not know anything more than that, and I do not know anybody who does. I would say with Lord Kelvin that there is nothing in science that reaches the origin of anything at all. That man is a product, a Divine Creation, is all that I can say. So with the first animal, it must have been a product or absolute creation. With man something new is introduced into the world—a rational and moral nature, of which there is no trace in the animal kingdom. That is why in the first chapter of Genesis man is said to have been 'created,' an inferior term, 'made' being usually used in the case of the animals."

Sir William's view on miracles was that the possibility of miracles is enormous, because God's knowledge and power are infinite, and ours very small and limited. Anything God thinks proper to carry out that goes beyond what we know becomes to us a miracle, and he may make it a sign for the advancement of our moral interest. A miracle is really God carrying out his higher designs in ways perfectly within his own power but beyond our own power of comprehension of causes. The proximate causes of miracles are, however, sometimes revealed to us in Scripture.

A retrospect of his long life made Sir William hopeful for the future. "I do not take a pessimistic view of things," he confessed. "In my time I have seen so many abuses rectified, so many great evils overthrown, and so much done for the material and spiritual welfare of humanity that I look forward to better things to come. I think many things antagonistic now to Christianity will share the fate of similar things in the past. At the same time, there are dangers ahead that may lead to great catastrophes for the time being. Yet somehow good seems to come out of great wars and other evils. The dangers that just now appear to threaten the world from political and military causes do not alarm me, because I have seen so many things come on like storms, pass away and leave good behind. I am certainly prepared to testify that, all the time I have been in it, the world has really been advancing both in the removal of great evils and in the propagation of truth and light. The future is in the hand of God, and we may trust in him; more especially on his work through our Divine Saviour and the Holy Spirit."—London Baptist.

By Baby's Grave.

Amid all the whirl and dizziness of life's tragedy, in which creation seems to be but one great cloud, I find myself suddenly brought to a sweet baby's grave. A gray old church, a gurgling stream, a far-spreading thorn-tree on a green hillock, and a grave on the sunny southern side. That is it. Thither I hasten night and day, and in patting the soft grass I feel as if conveying some sense of love to the little sleeper far down. Do not reason with me, about it; let the wild heart, in sweet delirium of love, have all its own way.

Baby was but two years old when, like a dewdrop, he

went up to the warm sun, yet he left my heart as I have seen ground left out of which a storm had torn a great tree. We talk about the influence of great thinkers, great speakers, and great writers, but what about the little infant's power? O child of my heart! no poet has been so poetical, no soldier so victorious, no benefactor so kind, as thy tiny unconscious self. I feel thy soft kiss on my withered lips just now, and would give all I have for one look of thy dreamy eyes. But I cannot have it.

Yet God is love. Not dark doubt, not staggering argument, not subtle sophism, but child-death, especially where there is but one, makes me wonder and makes me cry in pain. Baby! baby! I could begin the world again without a loaf or a friend if I had but thee; such a beginning, with all its hardship, would be welcome misery. I do not wonder that the grass is green and soft that covers that little grave, and that the summer birds sing their tenderest notes as they sit on the branches of that old hawthorn-tree:

My God! Father of mine, in the blue heavens, is not this the heaviest cross that can crush the weakness of man? Yet that green grave, not three feet long is to me a great estate, making me rich with wealth untold. I can pray there. There I meet the infant angels; there I see all the mothers whose spirits are above; and there my heart says strange things in strange words—Baby, I am coming, coming soon! Do you know me? Do you see me? Do you look from sunny places down to this cold land of weariness? O baby, sweet, sweet baby, I will try for your sake to be a better man; I will be kind to other little babies, and tell them your name and sometimes let them play with your toys; but, oh, baby, baby, baby, my old heart sobs and breaks!—Joseph Parker.

The Debt of Honor.

Every son, when he goes away from home, carries with him the honor of the home to which he belongs, and he may either exchange or dissipate it, says Dr. Stalker in the Christian World Pulpit. If he does well, his success is doubled, for it is not only an ornament to himself, but a crown of honor to his parents. There is nothing in this world more touching than the pride of a father over a son's success. Many a student, in the rivalries of academic life, is thinking about this more than anything else, and on the day when he is being applauded by hundreds he is thinking chiefly of hearts far away that are glorifying in his honor. On the field of battle this has often been the inspiration of courage, and in the battles of life in a city like this there are multitudes doing their best, living laborious days, shaking off the temper, and keeping straight in the middle of the narrow way, for the sake of those far-off, whose hearts will be cheered by their well-doing, and would be broken by their ill-doing. I do not think there is a sight more touching—certainly there is not one that touches me more—than when a youth, who has been away in another city, or in a foreign land, and bears in his face and demeanor tokens of his well doing, comes back some Sabbath to the church in which his boyhood has been spent, and sits again side by side with the proud hearts that love him. Where is there a disappointment so keen, or a disgrace so poignant, as he inflicts who comes not back because he dare not, having in the foreign land or in the distant city soiled his good name and rolled the honor of his home in the dust?—Sel.

The Power of Littles.

As the sublimest symphony is made up of separate single notes; as the wealth of the cornfield is made up of separate stalks, or rather of separate grains; as the magnificent texture, with its gorgeous combinations of color, its pictures cunningly interwoven by the hand or the shuttle, is made up of individual threads; as the mightiest avalanche that ever came thundering down from its Alpine throne, uprooting villages and forests, is made up of tiny snowflakes—so it is with the spiritual life. That life is itself the grandest illustration of the power of little. Character is the product of daily, hourly actions and words and thoughts—daily forgiveness, unselfishness, kindness, sympathies, charities, sacrifices for the good of others, struggles against temptation, submissiveness under trial. O, it is these, like the blending colors in a picture or the blending notes of music, which constitute "the man!" It is when the whole being is in divine harmony with the divine will—this, this is the true "Psalm of Life."—Macduff.

Fame.

A cruel, blind, deceiving guide is Fame,
She charms men through the battle's bloody heat
For chaff, but never leads to Wisdom's wheat:
A lasting memory's oft a lasting shame;
Nero, whose life is writ in direful flame,
The guilty men who knelt at Caesar's feet
To stab,—I envy not their lofty seat,
But men who seek the truth and not acclaim.
To wear a crown of thorns for love, or die
For truth, is better than to fight and bleed
For fame, and stand upon a pillar high:
The growth of love is eye the lover's need,
And Truth doth find the truth its only need;
'Tis fame enough to please the Giver's eye.

—ARTHUR D. WILMOT.