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CANADIAN  INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. V.]

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No. 8

EDITORIAL SOTTINGS.

HAVE you ever observed on parade a regiment of soldiers playing at marching by lifting up alternately each foot and placing it down in exactly the same spot? Some christians are ever marching—not on, but—in precisely a similar manner, they are always on the move, never moving on; ever learning, never having any knowledge of the truth; ever witnessing, no one can tell what. Reader, how have you received Christ? Is your's the path of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day? Have you the virtue of growth? "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

WE deeply regret to learn that our friend Rev. W. W. Smith has been bereaved of his daughter during the past month. She died unexpectedly after a brief sickness at the home in Newmarket. Will our brother accept our heartfelt sympathy with him in his sorrow, in which, we are sure, our readers all will join.

"She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—

"But gone unto that school

"Where she no longer needs our poor protection,

"And Christ himself doth rule."

THE spring sessions of the English Congregational and Baptist Unions (which meet in London,) are to be held during the second week of May, this year. Arrangements, so we learn from our excellent contemporary, the *Nonconformist and Independent*, are being made for an united session during the season of simultaneous gathering. The two chairmen, Messrs. Edward White and Charles Williams, will enjoy a joint reign for that occasion, which will be of unique interest. Our English Baptist friends generally hold the principle of open communion; the points therefore of agreement with the Congregationalists, both in doctrine and

polity, far exceed those of difference; and we rejoice to see the coming together in this emphatic manner of those so strongly united in a common faith and order.

Hitherto the colonies have set the example of *organic* union between different yet kindred denominations: witness the great Presbyterian and Methodist unions. We shall rejoice to see the mother land set the example of *vital* union between denominations that rejoice in a common heritage, polity, faith and aim. For some time past there have been communications and editorials in the *New York Independent*, and the *Morning Star*, (the organ of the Free Baptist churches of the United States,) upon the subject of closer union between the Congregational churches and those of the Open Communion Baptists. Our excellent friend the *Morning Star* sees a lion in the way,—we fail to see why water should divide us. For ourselves we hold it a precious privilege to place upon our children the badge of Christian discipleship, nevertheless should another hold otherwise as to the form, we should esteem his fellowship in christian work so highly that division on that line we should deprecate. It is not an ordinance that should divide the Israel of God.

OUR English exchanges gossip gloomily about the weather. Think of the Bishop of Sodor and Man (Isle of Man,) being dug out of a snow drift in March! That may sound familiar to Canadian ears, but for the old land—terrible. Then the death rate, especially from diseases of the respiratory organs, is far beyond the average in the great metropolis, and daily papers are vivisectioning the east wind without making it one whit more tolerable. In the balmy south also this winter has proved unusually severe; think of fifteen below zero where orange blossoms bloom! Certainly they who went south for the winter, found it. But

spring is coming, the organ grinder is on our streets, the boys have had their time at marbles, the girls at jack-stones—signs of returning sunny skies more sure than the robin's note or the crow's discordant *caw*.

THE *Old Testament Student*, which we notice in our literary column, has in its March and April numbers some very decided and wise remarks upon the study of the Bible in our Theological Halls. Very justly it contends for Bible study as the most important element in the curriculum, and says that in some institutions of sacred learning Bible study is a farce. One of our own students expressed lately the sentiment of many: We want an experienced interpreter who will carry us through one or several typical books of the bible in such a manner as to teach us how to interpret. Dr. Howard Crosby, in an article on this subject in the *O. T. Student* writes:—"I cannot believe in a distinct chair of Biblical Theology as distinct from Systematic. The two should be one—every seminary student's theology should be evolved from this careful reading under the guidance of his professors. This would make sound theologians and powerful preachers." But there is Bible study and Bible study. We have been at Bible studies where the sole exercise appeared to consist in stringing together a number of texts having some particular word, but with a marvellous disregard of connexion or meaning. Nor is it Bible reading to pore over some verse or chapter, reading into it the moods of one's own mind. Nor can reading about the bible unfold its teaching. The Bible is, or should be, the minister's hand-book, and it is an important part of theological training, how reverently, boldly and truly to handle it. "Language drill," says the *Student*, "is a poor substitute for Bible study. It is invaluable, if thorough, but let not those who give it, or those who receive it, think for a moment that it is all that is needed."

One unwise act will bring down a philosopher's reputation ere a hundred can bring down a fool's.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness.

If virtue was more appreciated by us, and evil less complicated in our actions, the people of the next century would all be good. The works of one generation are examples for the next.

Correspondence.

OUR MISSIONARY'S LETTER.

GEORGETOWN.

There was a very good attendance here in the Sunday school. The scholars are all connected with families in the church. As in many other schools the "Pilgrim" lesson papers are used, and very much appreciated. Little has been done by the children for foreign missions in this part, but no doubt much will be in the future. I preached to large congregations, both morning and evening. A good collection was taken up at one service. Some of the people assured me that they would help support my work in the future. Altogether my visit to this place was pleasant and profitable. Rev. Jas. Pedley, the newly-settled pastor, is working hard; is much appreciated by his people, and confidently expects to see matters improve very much in the church, and that at no far distant date.

BARRIE.

The meeting here was not, certainly, among the largest we have had, but we spent a profitable time, and a good collection for the number present was taken up; while at the close of the meeting some of the friends assured me that they would do more for foreign missions than they had done in the past. I am afraid that the battery of the Salvation army has done mischief to this church, but the bulwarks are being rebuilt and strengthened, so as to defy the assaults of such feeble things, and a good class of officials is going to command the fortress, so that with skillful generalship the outlook will be very much improved before long.

EDGAR.

This place is in the country of storms. What a night it was; snowing, drifting, and pitch dark; still we were not discouraged, we had a fine meeting, and considerable interest was manifested in our missions.

RUGBY.

The roads were heavy, and blocked in places from the storm of the previous night. The people, however, turned out pretty well, and at the close of my address I was told that they would help to keep me in Africa, no doubt because they hoped my presence there would be of some good.

DALSTON.

For the first time a foreign missionary meeting was held in our church here. The night was dark and wild yet the people in very good numbers were in attendance, and some declared that there would have been a larger gathering had they known what kind of an address they would have heard.

The above three churches are under the care of the Rev. Mr. Wright, and are all doing well. New sheds have been building in Edgar, and other signs of internal progress were noticeable. Mr. Wright is an enthusiastic foreign missionary, and would gladly go to the field if he could. His wife is as much interested in the work as himself, and told me that although she could not go herself to foreign lands she would be glad if all her boys would grow up to be foreign missionaries. Mrs. Wright conducts a children's foreign mission Band, and is President of a Women's missionary society in connection with a church in Edgar.

This ends my trip throughout the central district. My experiences have been very pleasant. Pastors and people received me kindly, as they have done in all parts where I have visited. The churches generally promise well, and appear to be in a flourishing condition, although two or three will require a little careful, skilful management. The people throughout seem willing to help support our foreign missions, and if encouraged to do so by the pastors, as I have no doubt they will be in a hearty manner, a fine missionary spirit will soon be found throughout the country, and our society will be called on to say of the number willing to go to the foreign field, which one will next be sent.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

SPEEDSIDE.

I drove out here on Monday morning in company with the Rev. D. McGregor. The pastorate has been rendered vacant by the resignation of the Rev. W. T. Clarke. The cause is not strong, and in consequence it is hoped soon to unite it, under the care of some suitable pastor, with the church in Fergus. Mr. McGregor urged the claims of the home society, and I those of the foreign; what the result will be the future must tell, we hope it will be good.

GUELPH.

On my return from Speedside to this place, I went to visit the Sunday school. It is one of the largest and finest we have in Canada. It is attended by such a large proportion of the gentler sex however, as would tax the nerves of any ordinary man who may be called upon to address them. If only the missionary spirit would brood over the school, Mt. Holyoke itself would not be a more interesting place for missionaries to visit. In the evening we had an unusually large congregation and a good rousing meeting. At the close of the service a young man came to consult with me about his going to college to study for work in the foreign field. This is not the first missionary in embryo I have met with. A number in the country long to go to the foreign field. Let us take hold of this work

with zest and a new field of usefulness will be opened to our young people, students will flock to our college, and funds will roll into our missionary treasury, home and foreign, in sufficient quantity to meet all the lawful requirements of our work.

BELWOOD.

The church was just about filled with people. They all wanted to see a real live missionary, or the making of one. Some also wanted to shake hands with him and show him their sympathy with the work, and wish him God-speed. Surely the meeting will not soon be forgotten, and its fruits will be seen in due time. The people want to have a share in our work, and they are heartily welcome to as large a one as they like to take.

GARAFRAXA.

There was quite a nice gathering in the church. We missed the pastor very much though. He was away hunting a magistrate to enforce the Scott Act. Still, the meeting passed off well and we enjoyed a pleasant, and I trust, profitable visit.

FERGUS.

The pastor came home after his Scott Act business with a headache, and did not feel able to attend the missionary meeting. The people in the community were insufficiently notified, and in consequence the meeting was rather thinly attended. We made the best of the situation, however, and there is reason to believe that seed was sown in good ground which will bring forth fruit in the interest of our foreign missions.

LISTOWEL.

The newly-settled pastor was prevented by previous engagements from being present. Dr. Gunner discharged the functions of chairman in a happy manner. Our attendance was not large. The week had been one of feasting for the church, and the people had imbibed so much at the beginning of the feast that when at last the good wine was brought in, they had no appetite, at least most of them had not, for only a few could be induced to try it. Those who did, however, went away thinking what a fine thing it is to have a large capacity. The church here has suffered some serious losses of late which have crippled it very much; but it is hoped that under the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Burgess, who has just been ordained, it will regain its former strength, and even attain to greater power and usefulness. We wish both pastor and people joy and great blessing in their new relationship. Assurance has been given that our work in Africa will not be forgotten by the people here.

STRATFORD.

My visit to this place was a very enjoyable one. Both pastor and people received and treated me in a

most kindly manner. I preached in the morning and delivered a lecture in the evening. The congregations were good, all things considered, and the collections showed that the people have not been made selfish by their straightened circumstances, and are willing to help other good works even as they would be helped in theirs. In the afternoon I addressed the Sunday school at an open session. The attendance was not very large, but the children were well behaved, and there is every reason to expect that their numbers will increase and that the school will improve greatly. The Rev. C. E. Gordon-Smith is struggling manfully against great odds. He deserves the sympathy of our people, and if he succeeds, as he no doubt will, if he continues, as in the past, to press forward, he will prove himself to be a workman who needeth not to be ashamed.

CENTRAL DISTRICT—BOWMANVILLE.

My welcome to this place was very hearty indeed, and there is reason to believe that seed was sown which will bring forth a good harvest for the foreign field. In the morning I preached to a good congregation in the beautiful little church building. In the afternoon there was an open session of the Sunday school, at which several addresses including one from myself, were delivered, on foreign missions. The attention of the scholars was all that could be desired. At the close of the session it was decided to form an F. M. Band among the children. In the evening I delivered an address on "Africa and our proposed Mission Field," which was enjoyed by the people, if one can judge from their assurances to that effect. Pastor Warriner is well known to the denomination. He is faithfully pursuing his work. His congregation is on the increase. His large choir and orchestra render stirring music at the services. He is cheerful and hopeful himself and with good reason.

MANILLA.

The Rev. George White, a fellow-graduate, is now settled in this field, and is working as vigorously as he was wont to do of old. A short time before my visit he announced a series of special meetings to be held in his church; scarcely had they commenced when a professional revivalist connected with the Methodists began meetings in the church across the road, and conducted his work in such a way as to give one the impression that he was like a wolf in search of lambs from the Congregational fold; but brother White is a careful and attentive shepherd, and doubtless will be able to care for his own flock. At the evangelistic meeting held Sunday night I delivered an address, the meeting was very impressive and augured well for the results of the movement. On Tuesday night, the church was filled with people who gave me a very attentive hear-

ing on the subject "Our Mission to Africa," and at the close the pastor announced that an organized effort in support of our society would at once be made, and that the people would assuredly help our work.

STOUFFVILLE.

In the evening the children met to practice for their Xmas tree. After the services were over I gave them a short address. May it lead some of them at least to an interest in our work. At the usual hour for the Wednesday evening prayer meeting a number of friends gathered with the children in the basement of the church, and we had a pleasant missionary meeting, at the close of which the pastor, Rev. J. Unsworth wished me God-speed in very kindly terms, and the people in a formal way expressed their appreciation of the address, and a determination to help in the work. May they be generous in their assistance, as they desire the Lord to be to them. The cause is progressing here.

UNIONVILLE.

Dec. 24, 1885.—I called at this place on my way home. The signs of progress were marked. A new lamp stood at the door, a new fence surrounded the property, and new sheds appeared in the rear; while the church debt is being reduced more rapidly than the mortgagee desires, and it is said that the membership is increasing, and that persons who attended no place of worship until recently, may be found not merely at the services, but also taking part in the prayer meetings. It was Xmas eve, the people were busy and had heard me before on the Missionary and other subjects, so that it was unnecessary to hold a meeting on that occasion, but I am sure that the brethren are going to do what they can for our cause. The Rev. Mr. Wilmot is pastor here, he has only recently joined our denomination and is not known to our people at large, but he is sincerely loved by the members of his own congregation for the good work he is doing among them. May he go on and prosper.

TORONTO.

Here I enjoyed a week of rest, and the first Xmas at home I have spent for many years.

WESTERN CHURCH.

I preached here in the morning to a good congregation and not without result, for at the close of the service a brother put into the pastor's hand a neat little subscription for our work. Why should not more of our interested friends do likewise? Their voluntary gifts would act like a charm, and spur on to redoubled energy in the work. In the afternoon it was very wet, yet there was a fine attendance at the Sunday school. I addressed the children. They have been helping our cause. They will no doubt increase their efforts in the future.

PARKDALE.

After addressing the Western school, I went and spoke a few words to the children in this place. Their attendance was no doubt smaller than it would have been had it been on a bright day. The pastor expects the school to have some part in our work, be it little or much. I could not arrange to preach to the church, having only two Sundays to spend in the city.

NORTHERN CHURCH.

I preached here in the evening. Just before going into the pulpit the pastor said to me "be at ease, use your own method, never mind regular rules." I followed his advice and we had a pleasant meeting, at the close of which a number of friends expressed the interest which they felt in the address and sorrow that the very wet night had prevented a large congregation from being present. We expect this church to be among the generous supporters of our work, and its example will have an influence over others.

MOUNT ZION.

This is a mission church in east Toronto, in the formation of which I had an active part. It has been carried on with unabated energy ever since. It is doing a mission second to none that I have met with in Canada. Its history, if written, would be read by many with deep interest. The people for some time previous to my visit had been anxious to hear me again. The attendance at the service, even though the morning was bitterly cold, was quite large, and a good collection was taken for our work. On a previous occasion I had the pleasure of addressing the Sunday school, at an open session of a missionary character. The building was literally packed with children, and my heart was filled with sincere gratitude to God, when I saw the evidence of the good that was being done. In this mission there are two Sunday school services, two preaching services, and from one to two prayer meetings every Sabbath. Every member of the church has some department of christian work to do and seems to take pleasure in doing it.

News of the Churches.

BRANTFORD.—From the lively sheet published monthly by this enterprising church, we learn of constant and rapid progress there. Each month witnesses an increase of the membership, and the seats in the church are being rapidly taken. We can but congratulate the earnest pastor on the manifest tokens of blessings enjoyed.

BARRIE.—The Rev. J. I. Hindley has resigned the pastorate of this church, whose existence and measure of success is due very largely to his untiring energy. Mr. Hindley feels that a change would be for the general good, and retires from the field, May 12th, amid

the general regret of the friends, both of Barrie and of the cause. May our brother soon find a suitable field of service among us, and Barrie as good a pastor.

HUMBER SUMMIT.—The young friends of this church have been at work, cleaning and beautifying the church. The walls have been made white, and ornamented with appropriate mottoes, while the platform has been nicely carpeted. Special services were held at the beginning of the year, Mr. Gay, evangelist was with us part of the time. Chiefly as a result of this, eleven persons, five of them heads of families, have been received into church fellowship, while others have been blessed.

PINE GROVE.—Notwithstanding unfavorable weather of the 19th ult., a goodly number of people, young and old, gathered at Pine Grove parsonage, giving a genuine surprise to the quiet dwellers therein. With no further warning than a rap at the door, the friends began to pour in with well-filled baskets and soon had entire possession of the house. Tea was soon ready, and when all had enjoyed themselves the gathering resolved itself into a committee of the whole to amuse and edify one another with music, etc. The evening passing away too quickly, Mr. John Bennetts was called to the chair, he explained that the churches of Pine Grove and Humber Summit had decided to present to Mr. and Mrs. Gerrie nothing less than a good milk cow, which animal was in the stable of one of the neighbors ready to be delivered up to her owners when the weather and pasture fields should be favorable. Mr. Gerrie made a feeling and humorous reply, thanking the friends on behalf of Mrs. Gerrie and himself for their very useful and common-sense gift, and expressed the hope that the good example set by Pine Grove and Humber Summit might be imitated by other churches and that many pastors might be cheered by the bright and health-giving prospect which opened up before him that night. After some time spent in social conversation, the friends joined heartily in singing "Shall we gather at the river," and dispersed, after prayer by the pastor. Since Mr. Gerrie came to this field, several events have transpired that seem to indicate something of temporal prosperity at least. The parsonage has been freed from a small remaining debt, painted, papered, etc., a woodshed and veranda erected. Increased congregations, and more apparent interest in the services are all the increased marks of spiritual progress we can point to.

TORONTO NORTHERN.—The pastor of this church removing to a more convenient house in the city, was made an occasion of presenting him with a purse of \$200 by his people, with the request that he would use it in making his new residence comfortable and seemly.

TORONTO, ZION.—Rev. H. D. Powis preached his farewell sermon on Sunday morning, March 28th, to this Church, of which he has been pastor for the last eight years, from the text, Phil. i. 1, "Paul and Timotheus, the servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons." During Mr. Powis' ministry the Church removed from the old site, on the corner of Bay and Adelaide streets, to their new and handsome building erected on College Avenue, at a cost of \$32,000, of which \$19,000 has been paid, leaving a present debt on the property of \$13,000; a legacy of \$2000 recently made

to the church, and subscriptions promised will further reduce the liability to \$10,000. In closing Mr. Powis said: "Those are blessed truths it has been my joy to preach to you, these eight years past, uttered out of an honest heart, which knew no other ambition than to be a minister and messenger of Jesus Christ. I have tried to be the friend of all, and make you my friends. For all kindnesses I have received I present my grateful thanks. I have no doubt that I shall be remembered by you; to be remembered by a multitude is naught but a hollow delusion at best, but to live in loving hearts is something, and He said so, in the words, 'This do in remembrance of me.' It is a source of deepest pleasure to me to assure myself that my ministry will still live among you. If I believe what many of you have told me, you have received permanent good from that ministry and have been helped to become nobler Christian men and women, it will be a great joy to remember this. I have been near to many of you when your dear ones have been taken away and laid in the cold grave, and I have mingled my tears with yours. I have had to witness those changes which have taken place in the households of some of you, and it has been my earnest desire to alleviate your sorrows and to share your joys: my heart is still sore for many of you as I speak, when I think of the losses I have seen you sustain, and to know that you are still yearning after 'the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.' I shall not soon forget the place that I have worked in, nor the people among whom I have labored. For myself, I know not where I may be for long, my future is uncertain, but one thing I know, I am not anxious about it, He who has guided me all my journey so far, will still lead on, till my rest is won.' Wherever I am my thoughts will often wander back to this beautiful city and this sanctuary, and to you who live in the one and worship in the other. I hope I shall have your prayers and your good wishes. As to my ministry, I have never preached to please men, and ever determined not to know anything among you, save 'Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' We shall never meet again just in the way we meet this day. I hope we shall meet again often as friends and fellow-worshippers. Now I must say farewell. It is not pleasant to part, I had hoped to have labored on a while longer, but the weight of advancing years, chiefly, has guided me in the matter of resignation; hence the need of a new man, a new voice, new methods, new activities, and of some one to be more among the people and less, if need be, in the study. My taste and habits incline me more to quiet study and preaching of sermons, and less to the special work of the pastorate. Another man will come and occupy this pulpit, I pray God that he may be a good man and true, an able and consistent minister of the New Testament. I hope it will be so, that, whether I hear of your affairs, or come again and see you, my heart may rejoice. Let me say to you, as Samuel said to Israel, 'Fear not, for the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake: because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people. Moreover, as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you.'" In the evening Mr. Powis preached again, from the text, 2 Peter, iii. 18. "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." After an able and impressive discourse, Mr. Powis made a few farewell

remarks, and mentioned the fact, that he had been engaged in the ministry for nearly forty years. His last service of love for his congregation was now ended, and his prayer would ever be that the blessing of God might rest upon them all, all the days of their life, and that they might meet at last where farewells are never more uttered. The congregations both morning and evening were large, and the services of a very solemn character; both preacher and people felt much difficulty in restraining their emotions.

*TWO BRITISH SCIENTISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROF. T. W. DALE.

We judge a plant by its blossoms and fruit. We estimate the value of a science by its positive additions to human knowledge, that is by its intellectual fruitage.

But there is an estimate of science which is quite as interesting as that based on the promotion of knowledge. It is one which has to do with the promoters of that knowledge. The former asks, what has science done; the latter, who and what are the scientists; what sort of men has science developed; what is the moral fruitage of modern science?

I propose this evening to combine these two inquiries, and in what I have to say, shall endeavor to combine science and biography. Perhaps some present may find something to their taste in one portion of the paper, and some in another, and thus everyone be in a measure satisfied.

During the last few years England has lost two men of science, who were not only among the foremost of British Scientists, but whose fame has gone into all the earth, and whose scientific achievements have done much to advance the science of this century. I have selected these two men as typical representatives of the science of the latter part of the century, and more especially of modern British science.

The names of these scientists are Charles Darwin and James Clerk Maxwell, the former, as all the world knows, distinguished for his researches in zoology and biology, the latter less popularly celebrated but perhaps equally eminent, for his investigation in physics.—Darwin, born at Shrewsbury, on the outskirts of the Welsh hill country in 1809, Maxwell, his junior, born in the Athens of Scotland in 1831.

Both inherited marked individuality. Darwin's father and grandfather were both physicians, and his grandfather devoted the leisure hours, which his medical practice afforded him, in writing works in which were combined, or in which he attempted to combine poetry and science. It must be confessed, however, that the marriage of science and poetry in this case was not for the better of either, but rather for the worse of both. Nevertheless the writings of Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802) foreshadowed that combination of scientific judgment and scientific imagination, the faculty which conceives hypotheses and that which tries them, which blossomed out so fruitfully in the works of his grandson seventy-five years later. The key to Charles Darwin's mental peculiarities is to be found in the traits and ideas of his grandfather, as may be seen from the following lines written by the latter in 1794-96.

*An address given to the Young Men's Association of the Northern Congregational Church, Toronto.

"Would it be too bold to imagine that, in the great length of time since the earth began to exist, perhaps millions of ages before the commencement of the history of mankind, would it be too bold to imagine that all warm blooded animals have arisen from one living filament, which the great First Cause endued with animality, with the power of acquiring new parts, attended with new propensities; directed by irritations, sensations, volitions, and associations, and thus possessing the faculty of continuing to improve by its own inherent activity, and of delivering down these improvements by generation to its posterity world without end.

The ancestors of James Clerk Maxwell were none the less marked for strong intellectual traits. He descended from a line which for two centuries had produced some of the best intellectual and moral stuff, for which the rocky soil of old Scotland, like that of her transatlantic sister New England, is so justly celebrated. The father of Maxwell was a lawyer with decidedly scientific inclinations, who inheriting a small estate in Kirkcudbrightshire abandoned in early life his unimportant legal practice in Edinburgh, and thenceforth devoted himself to the cultivation of his farm and his family. He loved to do whatever he did, great or small— from the selection of a hide for his shoes to the planning of a barn— with what he called "judiciousness." He had a special fondness for applied science, and early took his son to visit various industrial establishments where he directed his attention to the useful application of scientific principles.

Not only did a valuable intellectual heritage fall to the lot of both Darwin and Maxwell, but a precious moral inheritance descended to them both. The father of Charles Darwin was known for his benevolence to the poor whom he met in his practice, and Maxwell was early surrounded on his father's side by the earnest influences of Scottish Presbyterianism, and on his mother's by the perhaps more genial and humane influences of the Church of England; and we shall see either that those were not lost in building up the character of the retired naturalist of Bromley, or of the Cambridge professor of physics.

But before proceeding a word as to the order in which our subject is to be treated. I purpose first to go over briefly the leading facts in the careers of Darwin and Maxwell, then to give a condensed summary of their contributions to science, and finally to call your attention to the personal and religious character of these men as far as the facts before the public will permit. For it is not enough for us to know what great things a man may do or write or discover, nor indeed does the mind rest satisfied with the knowledge of the great things which the author of nature has done, but we must needs ask what sort of man was he that did or wrote or found— as we also reverently ask who is this Almighty One who made the wonderful universe in which we live. And out of all this I propose not to draw myself, but let each one of my hearers draw for himself, some food for reflection— something which to young men who are looking forward to life with earnestness may be a help, an inspiration, a warning.

Charles Darwin, after receiving his primary training at Shrewsbury Grammar School, went at sixteen to Edinburgh University for two years, then to Christ College, Cambridge, where he was graduated with or-

inary degrees in 1831, in his twenty-second year. It may be of interest to recall that it was Christ College which graduated Latimer and expelled Milton. Darwin's father destined him for the church, but at Cambridge he came under the influence of a Professor Henslow, a man who combined singular purity of character and interest in natural science. We shall get some idea both of this man and of the kind of influence he exerted over his pupil, as well as of Darwin's own matured character, by what Darwin wrote concerning him, for, as one of his biographers remarks, had he not reflected something of the character of his teacher, he would never have so appreciatingly described it. The words which Goethe puts into the mouth of the Earth Spirit, whom Faust conjures up in his study with mystic symbols, apply here: "Thou art like the mind whom thou comprehendest." Darwin thus refers to his Cambridge teacher: "I went to Cambridge in 1828 and soon became acquainted with Professor Henslow. Nothing could be more simple, cordial and unpretending than the encouragement which he afforded to all young naturalists. I soon became intimate with him, for he had a remarkable power of making the young feel completely at ease with him, though we were all awe struck with the amount of his knowledge." Then he proceeded to analyze his character. He speaks of his transparent sincerity, kindness of heart, the absence in him of all self-consciousness, the objectivity of his mind, his winning courtesy to all— to the most distinguished scholar and the youngest student alike, the considerateness with which he corrected the blunders of students, the equability of his temper, his benevolence, his vigorous and determined will. In intellect his accurate powers of observation, sound sense and cautious judgment seemed predominant, and he manifested capacity for extended observations and broad views. Darwin concludes this sketch with these significant words: "Reflecting over his character with gratitude and reverence, his moral attributes rise, as they should do in the highest characters, in pre-eminence over his intellect."

Upon being graduated, Darwin, at the friendly recommendation of Prof. Henslow, had an opportunity of accompanying, as naturalist, Captain Fitzroy of H. M. ship *Beagle* upon a six year's cruise. The ship visited South America, the Pacific Islands, Australia, New Zealand and Mauritius, returning in 1836.

Three elements went to make Darwin a naturalist: his inherited aptitudes, his contact with Professor Henslow, and particularly the cruise of the *Beagle*. In the course of this extended cruise the young naturalist had large opportunities of observing nature in all her phases, and over a considerable portion of the planet. He here gathered great masses of material and cultivated his rare powers of observation. As the direct and indirect result of this voyage, Darwin wrote a series of works which continued to appear during the succeeding seventeen years. These works include a considerable portion of the "Zoology of the voyage of H. M. ship *Beagle*, 1840-43; the structure and distribution of coral reefs, 1842. The instruction given in our common school physical geographies as to the origin of atolls, embodies the result of Mr Darwin's investigations as set forth in this work. Geological observations on volcanic islands, 1844; geological observations on South America, 1846. In 1851-3 appeared

a two-volume monograph on cirropedia, stalked attached crustacea related to barnacles, followed by two other volumes on the fossil animals of the same group. These works were most elaborate and exhaustive productions, abounding in minute descriptions and anatomical drawings, but not without careful generalizations. In 1854 appeared his journal of researches in natural history and zoology, a most readable and attractive work of a semi-popular character.

But in 1859 Darwin published a book which embodied the broad philosophical results of all his special studies, and with this book more than with any other, will his name and probably the zoological science of the time always be associated. This was "The Origin of Species." Upon the preparation of this book he focussed the observations and studies of a quarter of a century. His aim throughout was to substantiate his statements and theories by facts. It is not surprising that a book prepared by such a mind, with such material and such preparation should be weighty for good or ill, for truth or error. It has been translated into nearly every European language. It gave rise to a literature of its own. A list of books and pamphlets treating of the subject which was prepared by a German bookseller, numbers 312 authors, and the titles alone fill thirty-six octavo pages. To give the leading thought and the results of this work in a few words:— Darwin succeeded in demonstrating the great probability that organisms have arisen not by a vast number of special miracles as we were told in our childhood, but by a gradual process. In other words that the vegetable and animal kingdoms are themselves great organisms in a larger sense resembling the organisms of which they consist. The service of Darwin was not in originating this idea, for it had been entertained by several great minds in the last century, and indeed was entertained by some of his contemporaries. Thus Duchesne, an obscure French naturalist, wrote in 1766: "The genealogical order is the only one that nature indicates, the only one that fully satisfies the mind. Every other is arbitrary and void of ideas." And it is well known that Wallace, the English zoologist, published about the same time as the "Origin of Species," ideas on evolution akin to those of Darwin. Darwin's service lay in marshalling facts and indications so numerous and pertinent as to bring this idea out of the domain of speculative philosophy and poetry, into that of scientific probability.

What Darwin has not succeeded in doing is in determining all the causes which produce differences in organisms. He has shown that environment and the struggle for life, natural selection, do play an important part in the history of organic life, but the more cautious and reliable scientific minds of the day, freely admit that a something else besides these external agents and incentives operates in organisms to build them up after certain plans and types. There is a something within which plans, builds and adorns the organism as well as something without which by reaction modifies and remodels it, and adapts it to its life. Darwin's error lay in attributing too much to the external factor.

But his chief contribution to human knowledge, is in showing us natural phenomena in their natural concatenations—in their living organic unity, which before were regarded as isolated, and studied in a more

or less mechanical way. Nature looked at by the old school science is about as much like the nature which Darwin saw as the gospel seen through a Westminster catechism is like that which shines through Christ's parables. Darwin's work has been a seed which has already born abundant fruit in the scientific thinking of the age, and will bear fruit in all time to come.

I will but enumerate his other works:—Variation of Animals and Plants under domestication, 1868; The Descent of Man, 1871; The Formation of Vegetable Mold through the action of worms for this work he made one experiment which was not completed for twenty years; The Movements and Habits of climbing plants; The Expression of the Emotions in men and animals; Insectivorous Plants; The various contrivances by which Orchids are fertilized by Insects; The Effects of cross and self-fertilization in the vegetable kingdom; The different forms of Flowers on Plants of the same Species. Unfortunately the facts of Darwin's personal and religious life are not accessible to the public, the biography in preparation by his son not being yet published; but from all that has reached the public we gather that a malady probably resulting from the effects of long continued seasickness on the voyage of the Beagle compelled him to confine himself for most of his life to his home, so that he was better known abroad by his works than by face. But all accounts agree in representing him in this home, where he labored for forty years, as a man of singular simplicity and modesty of character, most courteous to younger men in his own profession, and unselfish in his intercourse with everyone whose privilege it was to meet him. He loved truth more than any theory he might have in regard to it. The views he entertained as to the origin of man, and which he expressed frankly in his "Descent of Man," have undoubtedly been used by naturalists in a way which their author probably would not have sanctioned.

It is to be regretted that one who knew how to put the thoughts and deliberations of years into a few words, and whose words have therefore had such weight with students the world over, could not have more fully recognized the spiritual nature of man, and by at least one sentence, have guarded his conclusions from inferences hostile to Divine truth. For some men have argued, if man appeared as a result of a process of development, man's life is purely physical—therefore let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die. How easily could the great naturalist have expressed his faith in words somewhat like this: Although primeval physical man would thus in common with the organisms beneath him, seem to have been brought into existence immediately by natural and not supernatural processes, yet by virtue of his moral nature, however debased it may become, man possesses affiliations of a higher order. In this body of so humble an origin, is a personality of vast moral and spiritual capabilities. With this body the Saviour designed to veil his divinity and his life, teaching and resurrection attest forever the heavenly potentialities locked up in human existence.

What Darwin did say is this:—"I have given the evidence to the best of my ability; and we must acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with

his God-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin." These are the closing lines of his "Descent of Man." The universal respect in which Darwin is otherwise held, both as a man and a naturalist, was shown by the contributions which came from all parts of the world, and from all classes of people towards the erection of the monument to his memory, which was recently unveiled at the British Museum. From Sweden, the birth-place of Linnæus, came as many as 2296 subscriptions "from all sorts of people, from the bishop to the seamstress, and in sums from five pounds to two pence;" and Mr. Spottiswoode, the president of the Royal Society, remarked at a public dinner about the time of Darwin's death:

"I know not whether in the presence of statesmen and leaders of thought, of commanders both by sea and land, of artists, of preachers, of poets and men of letters of every kind, it is fitting that I should speak of greatness, but if patience and perseverance in good work, if a firm determination to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, either for glory or for gain, if a continual overcoming of evil with good in any way constitute elements of greatness, then Charles Darwin was truly great. He lived, indeed to a good age, he lived to complete the great work of his life; he lived to witness a revolution in public opinion on matters with which he was concerned, such as few had seen before—a revolution from opposition to concurrence, a revolution from antipathy to sympathy, or whatever else may express a complete change of front. And so having at the beginning been somewhat rudely pushed aside as an intruder and disturber of accepted opinions, he was in the end not only borne on the shoulders of his comrades to his last resting place, but was welcomed at the threshold by the custodians of an ancient fabric (Westminster Abbey) and of an ancient faith as a fitting companion of Newton and of Herschel, and of the other great men who from time to time have been buried there."

Let us now turn to the other representative scientist—Maxwell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Official Notices.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Treasurer acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the following additional amounts:—Montreal, Zion, Sunday school, \$10.00; Cobourg, Thos. Harper, \$5.00; Vankleek Hill, \$4.50; L'Original, M. Cameron, \$1.00; Montreal, Emmanuel, Miss Brown, \$1.00; Toronto, Bond Street, \$150; Toronto, Shaftesbury Hall, deaf mute class, by Mr. Nasmith, \$25.00; N. S and N. B. F. Miss. Soc., \$10.00; Burford, \$6.00; Speedside—T. S. Armstrong, George Armstrong, Henry Carter, Richard Mounce, \$1.00 each, small sums \$7.60—total \$11.60; Sherbrooke, Mission Band, \$3.00.

T. B. MACAULAY,

Montreal, April 5th, 1886.

Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE C. C. M. S.

The Treasurer would acknowledge the following subscriptions:—Eaton, \$30.25; St. Catharines, \$35.00; Rugby, \$24.00; Edgar, \$40.50; Dalston, \$6.50; Granby, \$38.00; St. Thomas, \$16.00; Garafraxa, \$18.00; Toronto, Western, \$5.00; Paris, \$25.10; Montreal, Calvary, \$78.00; Barrie, \$25.00; Forest, \$5.56; Ebenezer, \$2.57; Brockville, \$15.32; Waterville, \$19.35; Fergus, \$26; A Friend, Montreal, specially for Mr. Hall's salary, \$400.00.

B. W. ROBERTSON,
Treasurer.

The Family Circle.

THE OLD WOODEN CHAIR.

BY M. M.

The words *riches* and *purity* are strangely interchangeable in the thoughts of some people and the lives of others. Now, in the case of Miss Elmira, was she rich or poor? To me she can never seem poor. I think of her as rich beyond comparison.

"For all you can hold in your dead, cold hand
Is what you have given away."

Her worn, wrinkled hands were full of that treasure eternity cannot destroy. It is a strange thought that one may be very rich, yet poverty stricken; and poor, yet very rich.

One could not help thinking on such contrasts as these, when looking at Alice Westerman. Life seemed to have brought her every good gift that could be desired. Her father was a physician of great reputation and wealth: a man of upright, blameless life, and a singularly loving heart for two persons. One of them was his wife, who died when Alice was a little girl; the other was this only child.

Dr. Westerman led an extremely busy life, as do all men of his class in large cities; he possessed those qualities of mind that made the successful physician—and was a skeptic on all religious matters. In his search for that mysterious essence called life, or soul, he proclaimed in despair, "There is no such thing. Man is matter, and death is the end of all."

So Dr. Westerman believed and spoke, but never before Alice. For, when his wife was dying, she said softly, "Richard, you do not believe in Jesus as I do. You know the sorrow this is to me. How many times we have talked of it! I can't say more now except to urge you to be careful of Alice. I have marked a passage in my Bible—don't read it now—some day when I am gone, turn to it." When he did so he read this: "And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the sea."

Dr. Westerman fulfilled his wife's wishes perfectly in the letter, and, as far as he could, in the spirit. His reason denied the existence of life beyond the grave. What his intellect did not fathom, that he did not believe. Yet, did he believe his wife was dead utterly? Ah, no. Invisible she walked by him at times, and looked at him with eyes "deeper than the

depths of water stilled at even." He felt that somewhere they should meet again.

Imagine the love he gave the child she left! The careful training and education, the beautiful home. At twenty Alice was a girl one might well envy.

It is impossible to describe the appearance of a person so that a true idea is given. At best, such descriptions are like photographs, which give outlines in black and white and omit the expression that is the individual characteristic. I shall not try to tell you how Alice looked, only that she was sweet and fair to look upon. Her mind had been kept as dainty and pure as her body, and she was good, because it pleased her to be so, not because she struggled to be so. There is a vast difference between the two.

She was not at all religious. The teachings of her mother had grown fainter and fainter as the years went by, bringing with them so many joyous and beautiful things. She went to church every Sunday morning because her father wished her to do so, and the church was so beautiful, the music so fine, her artistic sense was gratified; then, too, "all the other girls of our set go"—which was the most potent reason of all.

Any real perception of her need of Jesus never entered her mind, nor any perception of his saving powers in this sad, hard world of ours. Suffering and poverty were only words to her, and death,—a frightful possibility she did not need to think of for long years to come.

Dr. Westerman and Alice dwelt in "that land;" the country far from his Father's home to which the prodigal journeyed. It is a mistake to think only desperate characters and "riotous living" are there. Fair women and noble men live there in ease in pleasant homes. Have you not known them?

One cold winter day the Doctor and his daughter went to church as usual. A foreign missionary occupied the pulpit and preached with fervent zeal. Dr. Westerman at first looked at Alice and thought how becoming her blue velvet gown was to her, then his mind wandered off to a difficult case he had been treating, and it was doubtful whether he heard one sentence of the sermon. Alice whispered a little to Nattie Snyder, who was with her, and watched the flickering rays of light that fell from the stained glass windows and she, too, heard very little that was said. When the sermon ended and the music began a queer little old woman, in one of the free seats under the gallery, made a nervous motion, and Alice who thought she was waking from a nap was much amused. "Really," she said to Nattie as they walked out of church, that was very funny. The old dame had such a queer bonnet on. I like to watch people of that kind, don't you?"

That afternoon, as she and her father sat together in the beautiful library of their home, he said to her, "Alice, the sermon to-day was good, was it not?"

"Yes, I believe so. But missionaries always ask for money whenever they preach, and I do so dislike that. They ought to be more dignified."

"Why, my dear, they have to have money. People do not give unless they are asked to do so, and such work necessarily absorbs a great deal of money. Take ourselves, for instance; we do not give anything to missions. Perhaps, this would be a good time to begin. I rather liked that preacher's face, it was honest

and true, and he believed what he said, which is a great point with me."

After a pause of a few moments, he opened his pocket-book and handed Alice a bill for one hundred dollars, saying as he did so, "If you wish to give that to the missions, do so."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice. "That is too much, is it not?"

The doctor said hastily, "that shall be just as you think. I give the money to you, to do with exactly as you please. If you choose to give it to this mission, it is your gift, not mine. The money is yours—and now run away, for I have some writing to do."

Alice went to her own room, and, as she put the money away she thought, "How odd of papa to think of that old missionary. I don't suppose I need bother myself to give him any money. There will be ever so much given to him by the church people." Before she went to bed, she decided to use the money for a set of silver buttons she had seen at a jewelers not long before.

Next day they were hers, and she reflected with satisfaction that they made her blue velvet gown perfect. To feel that her buttons were of genuine metal and rare workmanship gave positive delight to the dainty little lady.

The winter was a severe one, and a cold that Alice contracted resulted in a dangerous attack of pneumonia. She was confined to bed for a long while and her father was very anxious about her. She lay in bed, on her lace-trimmed pillows, looking very ill, and, I must add, very fretful and discontented. Nattie and the other girl friends came almost every day to see her, and she had so many flowers sent to her that she became cross and said she was "tired of them and of the horrid odors."

Her father bought a famous picture, a restful sea beach with waves crested with foam breaking on it—and a misty atmosphere that seemed to bring sweet salt air into the close sick-room. This he hung where she could look at it from her bed.

All her friends vied with each other in planning pleasant surprises for her. She acknowledged the days were "not so very bad," but when night came with its long silent hours, and brought thoughts that could not be pushed aside, then she tossed restlessly and bemoaned her fate. Dreadful thoughts intruded themselves, for when her father looked at her as he did sometimes when he kissed her good-night, death seemed to be a real possibility after all.

One evening, as the doctor sat with her, he said: "I witnessed a curious scene to-day. I was just leaving my office, when an old woman fainted just at my feet. Where she came from, I do not know. She must have been sitting on the steps. James and I carried her in and for a little while I thought she was dead. She came to herself, however, and I examined her and found she had a dangerous disease of the heart. I told her so, and she said the strangest thing I ever heard under any circumstances. She exclaimed rapturously, 'Oh, ain't the Lord good to me!' I supposed her mind was wandering, but she went on to say she had feared a long sickness and this prospect of sudden death was, as she expressed it, 'just like my Heavenly Father opened the gate and let me in.' Poor old soul!"

As Dr. Westerman ceased to speak, he sighed and looked a long while at the glowing fire. The truth was, Miss Elmira's words about consumption in her family made him think of the havoc it had wrought in his own, and of the danger Alice was now in. The discontent and fretting of his daughter weighed heavily upon him, and whatever folly the poor old woman believed, she really believed it, and it took away all terror of death, such as Alice felt, from her.

Alice interrupted his thoughts, saying, "Opened the gate and let her in! There are gates to a good many different kinds of places. I should much prefer not to have the gate of a prison opened to me."

"Dear Heart," said her father gently, "the old woman never thought of such a thing as a prison. The gate she thought of opened into the gardens where the blessed mansions are that your mother believed in." A full heart prevented further utterance. His wife seemed to lean over "the bar of Heaven" toward him to sympathize with him in his sorrow.

Here was their child, to whom he had given all that he had to give, and what was it all worth to her when the time of trial came? There she lay without any real mental strength or resource. Eager or listless, fretful or sullen, what did she really possess?

"Would that I could see her with the happiness I saw in that poor creature's face to-night. Such hope is unreasonable and intangible, but exists for some people. A man is a fool who does not admit a vital force when he sees it, and I saw it to-night." Such thoughts haunted the Doctor all the evening as he watched beside his child.

But Alice was not to die just then. She grew better slowly but constantly, and, when the first spring days came, was well enough to drive in the sweet fresh air and to walk in the parks where she found the first wild flowers. The quaint old English bard spoke truth, when he said, "Knowest thou what sweet thoughts from Heaven the violet distills?" As Alice gathered the blossoms she felt a sense of gratitude to God for renewed life and strength such as she had never felt before. Sometimes when she opened the gate to the park, she thought whimsically, "Perhaps this is the type of that old woman's heaven. She does not know better, I dare say."

Though neither spoke of it, the remembrance of the accident, at the office of the Doctor, was often present in the minds of both father and daughter. It led him to say, "Alice, I met my queer old woman in the street to-day. I neglected to ask where she lived and I was very glad to meet her again. She is growing very feeble. I could see at a glance she will not live long. I asked for her address. Here it is, and I wish you would go and see her. She may be in great need, although she is so cheerful and happy." Alice consented at once to go and Dr. Westerman suggested some nourishing food it would be well to take with her.

Alice thought a great deal of this visit and what she would do and say. She made out quite a sentimental programme. It would be proper to read a chapter in the Bible, and she would do that first, and as Miss Hoffman had said she read better than any other girl at school, this would astonish the old woman, who probably stumbled along and got no real meaning from what she read. Then she would listen while the old

woman would tell a long story of aches and complaints. Alice made up her mind to listen patiently to it all. She decided not to take flowers with her, for people such as she did not care for such things—did not see any beauty in them—of that Alice was sure. Altogether Alice dreamed a pretty little day dream with herself the central figure, an angelic combination of all the virtues. Do not laugh at her. Have you never done this yourself?

Next day she went to such a delightful lunch party at Nattie Snyder's, and two of her friends proposed to go home with her and remain a week. They came, and every day was filled with fun and pleasure. Dr. Westerman was delighted to see Alice happy once more and urged the girls to stay another week.

When they did, at last, leave, Alice felt lonely and could think of nothing she wished to do. She wandered about the house listlessly, up stairs and down stairs, till suddenly she remembered the old woman. It was just the thing, such a good day to go, when she had nothing else to do. She ordered her carriage, and drove to the address given to her by her father. The way seemed very long, as she passed through streets that were entirely new to her, but at last the carriage stopped and she alighted quickly, taking with her the soup and jelly that the Doctor had suggested. The landlady opened the door. Alice asked "Does Miss Elmira Perkins live here?"

"Yes; leastways she did live here. She's dead now."

"Dead!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes, she's ben a'faillin' this good while back, and day before yesterday we found her dead, settin' in her chair by the winder. My! I don't know when I had such an awful scare as when I seen her there. She didn't look bad nuther. She was kind of smiling. I don't know what I should a' done, ef by the queerest streak of luck a man hadn't a come from Westmoreland County tnat very day; said he was a relative of hers; that he'd lost all tracks of her. He felt real bad when he found she'd been so poorly off and was dead and gone, and he said, as he was well to do, he'd take her to the place where she used to live and bury her beside her father and mother. What did you want of Miss Elmury? Was you lookin' for somebody to do plain sewing? My sister takes in work, if that's your a'rant."

All the self-complacency of Alice vanished instantly. The old woman had gone within the gate before she had had the opportunity to ask her what she imagined to be beyond it. She asked timidly, "Could I see where she lived?"

"Oh, yes. Come in. I'll show you the way. Miss Jones, she's up there now. She knew Miss Elmury, and she come to see her, just like you did, and there she was dead. Real curus, aint it?"

When they climbed the stairs and reached the little back room—the dingy little back room, a woman stood by the window weeping. The landlady was called by some one below, and saying to Alice, "Walk right in, Miss Jones she'll tell you about it," left her at the door.

"Did you know the woman who lived here?" asked Alice, looking around her with wonder and surprise that any one could live in a room like this.

"Oh, yes! oh yes!" sobbed the woman. "Seems like I can't believe she's gone, and to think she should

have been sick, and sufferin' and me not know of it—just now, too, when Will, he's a gettin' sech good wages and I could have paid back a little of the kindness she done to me. I laid out to come but I have ben busy and jest let things hender me, and now I feel jest like my heart will break, when I think of it."

She lost control of herself and for a long time the sound of her bitter weeping filled the room. When she could speak Mrs Jones told Alice what Miss Elmira had done for her in her time of sore distress and how she had led her to believe in and trust the "Helper of the helpless." Breathless with sobs, she told the little things she knew of Miss Elmira's life—her loving charity and self-denial—the days she went without food in order to give medicine to her sick neighbor. She told all she knew of the beautiful life, told it in homely but heartfelt phrases, and Alice sat benumbed and still, listening to it all.

"Oh, to think of it!" cried Mrs. Jones. "That she hadn't no chair to set on but that old wooden one, and that she died in it—and me restin' so comfortable all the time! Miss McCarty says she sold her good rocking chair last winter, and I know it was to give the money away to some one who needed it. She loved everybody so much, and she loved her Heavenly Father so much, and seemed like she didn't know she ever made any sacrifices."

The sunlight fell on the old wooden chair and Alice felt one of God's angels had dwelt in the poor little room—one of God's messengers on whom she had shut the door.

It was a relief to Mrs. Jones to talk, and they sat there a long while, till the landlady returned, and, in her matter-of-fact way, said the furniture was for sale. Alice asked if she might buy the chair.

"Certain; but what on airth do you want with it?"

To the question Alice gave no reply, but had the chair put in her carriage and taken to her room when she reached home.

Her thoughts that day were long thoughts of heavenly things.

In the evening, she asked her father to go with her to her room and there she told him of the death of Miss Elmira and the story of the chair. She knelt beside the Doctor, holding his hand and weeping quietly.

"It is not fanciful—is it, papa?—to think God sends people across our path to show us what is right and true. I am sure he does. This poor woman had some word of help for me and God gave me the opportunity to give her care and help and comfort, and I forgot her. No, I did not forget her; I remembered her every day but I would not go. I took up mamma's Bible to-day and there was a verse that she had marked, something about offendin' little ones, but the verse above it made me weep as I never wept before. It was about giving a cup of cold water in Jesus' name and I never did even that—not even that. God sent a messenger to me and I scorned her, and she is now within that gate I dread so much to have open for me."

* * * * *

When the dwellers in "that land" begin their journey homeward, is the way long? Not so. Rough and hard perhaps, but they soon see the Father, even afar off, and know they are forgiven.

Alice Westerman still keeps the chair that silently rebuked her. It is an incongruous piece of furniture

in the beautiful room, and no one but her father knows why it is there. As Alice goes about doing good, we remember a prayer of Miss Elmira's: "Lord, keep her unspotted from the world."

Literary Notices.

WORDS AND WEAPONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.—Dr. G. F. Pentecost, Brooklyn, still keeps up its freshness and power. The April number is before us full of pithy pointed sayings.

THE OLD TESTAMENT STUDENT.—Chicago, The American Publication Society of Hebrew. Dr. W. R. Harper, Editor. This monthly is indeed a *student*, it is full of suggestions and critical apparatus for the Bible reader in the original Hebrew, and of collateral knowledge by which all may profit. We have made use of some of its notes in our jottings in this number.

THE PULPIT TREASURY.—E. B. Treat, Publisher, 771 Broadway, New York, contains numerous fresh, plain and practical sermons from such men as Revds. Drs. Seiss, Pryor, Canon Liddon, Bishop Baldwin, Chas. Spurgeon, etc., etc. Perhaps the best synopsis of the Sunday School Lesson Helps in pastoral work, together with "Beautiful Thoughts," illustrative selections, and a monthly survey, all of great interest and very helpful to Christian workers.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW.—Funk & Wagnalls. The current number of this able monthly fully sustains its well-earned reputation. It deals with subjects of absorbing interest to every Bible student, such as, Probation after Death, is there any foundation for the dogma in reason or revelation, by Prof. E. C. Smyth. Though we are utterly unable to accept the Professor's conclusions, founded largely upon assumptions, yet we hail with much delight the plain and fearless statement of that side of the burning question. An article on Prohibition, by Dr. Howard Crosby is timely, temperate and wise. How may the Ministry increase its efficiency and usefulness, is wisely considered by Dr. Wheeler, President of Alleghany College. Much has been written on this subject of late, both by the secular and religious press, yet the Doctor finds something fresh and stimulating still to say. Sensation in the sermon comes in for strong condemnation. A sensational interest damages the pulpit instead of strengthening it, this is true witness. We can only find room to mention one other article among the many in this issue, Has Modern Criticism affected unfavorably any of the essential doctrines of Christianity, by Prof. G. F. Wright, Editor of *Bibliotheca*, one of the ablest young men amongst the able men of America. Believing as Prof. Wright does in the truthfulness of the Christian system, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, he does not admit that modern criticism has undermined any of its essential doctrines. "When we come to the immediate question at issue," he says, "it is surprising how little modern criticism, has in the light of sound scholarship, affected Christianity." Not only has it left us the main facts, but all the books of the Bible, and while it has occupied a large part of the time and strength of good people in defensive warfare, perhaps the worst thing it has done, still in the providence of God, good comes from this temporary evil.

OUT OF EGYPT, by Dr. Pentecost.—Funk & Wagnalls, New York. A handy little volume of fresh, pointed, and eminently practical reading from the Book of Exodus. No attempt at exposition, but full of applications of home truths to every day life.

THE CENTURY for April seems to us to be a number of unusual interest. Its article on the domestic life of the late Henry W. Longfellow opens up fresh views in that life; his works can be read with greater pleasure as we know the man. The vivid descriptions and illustrations of the cruises and last battle of the Confederate cruiser, Alabama, enlist interest as they instruct; while a suggestive article by Dr. Washington Gladden on Christianity and Popular Education discusses a subject of vital importance to ourselves. Is the entire secularization of our public school system wise? It is sadly suggestive of a negative answer that in Massachusetts, the state in which education has been the longest established and schools most munificently endowed, that with the secularization of education comes an increase in crime. In 1850 there was one native criminal to every 1267 native citizens; in 1880, one to every 615. There are difficulties no doubt, in the way of practically teaching morality with religion, yet the neglect to afford the instruction is fraught with terrible danger. "Religion is the inspiration of all highest morality," without it a nation is doomed.

FOR some weeks past the most astonishing reports have been in circulation in regard to the effects produced in Cincinnati by the labors of the Rev. Sam Jones. It has been stated that his meetings were attended by 9,000 people, that 4,000 persons had joined the churches as the result of his labours, that the Sabbath theatres were closed, that the concert halls and saloons were also closed on Sabbath, and, in short, that a great moral and spiritual revolution had taken place in Cincinnati. Would that all these things were so! The *Herald and Presbyter*, a friendly though thoroughly reliable authority on such matters, shows that they were not so. The hall referred to—galleries included—has chairs for just 4,254 people, and if 9,000 were in it the stage and the aisles must have held nearly 5,000—a most unlikely thing, to put the matter mildly. The Churches have not received one tenth of 4,000 members, the additions in many of them, our contemporary states, being smaller than for the corresponding period last year. The saloons unfortunately are not closed on Sabbath and never were. The theatres were closed but are open again. Mr. Jones made no direct assault on Sabbath desecration, and the Sabbath theatres were closed for a time through the exertion of the Law and Order League. The League intends to proceed against the Sabbath concert halls soon, and may also attack the saloons. As we might naturally expect, the *Herald and Presbyter* regrets being compelled to make these corrections, but feels that the truth should be told. When will people learn that the cause of God is not helped, but mightily hindered by such exaggeration? What must any candid, unconverted citizen of Cincinnati think when he reads that the saloons of the city have been closed on Sunday by a revival movement, and then looks at hundreds of them in full blast? Better that no report at all should be given of any religious movement than a report which people on the ground know to be without foundation in fact. There

is too much reason to fear that many similar reports are as foundationless as those that originated in Cincinnati. If there is anything in this world about which men should be careful in speaking sure it is God's cause.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

Poetry.

THE BONNY LAND.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

"O weel ken I the bonny land,
Beside the Tweed it lies;—
I ken the very nook o' the sky
'Neath which its pearls and gowans lie,
And where its mountains rise!
Wi' Bemerside and Cowdenknows,
Frae Newark Peel to the Loch o' the Lowes,
Where laverocks sing and heather grows,—
O that's the bonny land!

"O that may be, and yet to me
There lies my 'bonny land!
Where simmer streamlets glint and glide,
Through Carse o' Gowrie, fair and wide,—
And gray auld castles stand.
Where Tay, past mony a rock and scaur,
Flows saft as peace that follows war,
And Hieland hills look down from far,—
O that's the bonny land!

"I ken, I ken the bonny land—
For I was cradled there!
'Tis not by Tweed, nor yet by Forth,
'Tis not on Tay, but in the North,
Where beauty fills the air!
Where mountains beckon to the skies,
And lochs are clear as maidens' eyes,
And glory on Glen Conan lies—
O that's the bonny land!"

Up spak our wee wee gowdie-lane,
The youngest o' them a':

"The bonny land I weel can tell,
Is where my mither's gaoe to dwell,
In yon sweet Far-awa!
The darksome night is never there,
The morning light's aye rosy, fair,—
And weeping een can weep nae mair,
Within that bonny land!

"The weary heart shall win the balm
That gars it sing for glee;
And, saft as breath o' evening psalm,
'The storm shall sink into a calm,
Upon that Simmer-sea!
And holy hearts shall harbor there,
Aneath the smile o' angels fair,—
For He wha maks this warld His care,
Maks that the BONNY LAND!"

Newmarket, Ont.

Bonny, lovely; *ken*, know; *gowans*, wild daisies; *laverocks*, larks; *glint*, sparkle; *carse*, a broad, open valley; *scaur*, a precipitous bank; *lochs*, lakes, (ch, guttural); *gowdie-lane*, a child able to walk: *gars*, compels.

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