

seems every effort, and despair at success or certitude still hangs over all the supposed triumph that human genius might here have won. What efforts, what guesses, what errors do we not meet with all through the chequered history of the worlds that roll and shine around us. Through the long centuries of antediluvian life, human eyes have constantly gazed and watched far up into the bright blue sky. After the deluge had swept the wicked from the world, when the storm was hushed to rest, and heaven was gemmed again in its pristine beauty, from the summits of lofty mountains astronomers took up their vigils. In Babylon they kept a sacred watch, and the Egyptian priests inspired a thirst for the sacred mysteries of the stars. The plains of Shinar, the temples of India, the Pyramids of Egypt were in turn their watching spots. When science fled to Greece, astronomy grew strong amid the schools of her philosophers; and when darkness covered over the world the burning deserts of Arabia became the theatre of her observations. When brighter days dawned in Europe, we find the astronomer toiling with Copernicus, and Galileo watching with Tycho and triumphing with Kepler. Six thousand years have passed away since the first great observation commenced: we stand at the terminus of this vast period and, looking through the long vista of departed years, we notice many changes, but what success or triumphs in discovering can we count upon. None whatever, everything is still a mystery, and everything is but guess work. The nearest of the planets or stars are yet unknown to us, and to attempt to say with accuracy what is farther on is absurd. We know far out in the dim realms of space music is there—the deep and solemn harmony of the Spheres. We know poetry is there, breathing to worlds of brightness and written on the sable garments of the night. We know that architecture is there, the majestic structure of sun and system, of clustre and universal architraves and archways ghostly from infinitude. We know that eloquence is there, deep and solemn, surging through revolving worlds all overpowering the mind in its attempts to scale those rugged steeps, yet shedding the light of encouragement and hope along the sublime and mysterious pathway. But that is all, we can here only guess or dream, and all the lesson astronomy can tell us is that God is great and majestic, that He is all holy, all powerful and sublime. As it is in astronomy so it is in geology, only that in this branch of science there is still more diversity, uncertainty and speculation. The different schools hold different theories, but even amongst these every independent inquirer entertains different views and deductions. And the principal fact that many of the schools or the individuals make an effort to agree about is about something that may seemingly closh with revelation and the Mosaic account of creation. Most of them want no God, no virtue, no sin, no redemption; looking on beasts as their venerable companions, and in this ignoble fraternity they overlook the natural dignity of man and his prerogative common sense. Geological Don Quixotes made desperate efforts with the fossilised jawbone of an ass to burst up Creation, they hope with a piece of broken earthenware dug up from some entombed village, to scratch out the history of mankind and tear to pieces the sacred writings, or with a pointed old adze of the Indians of the Red River to historically tomahawk, Moses and the Prophets and the martyr testimony of the true Church. They believe by the rule of three or by the spear of the savage they will sink the Ark of Noah, and overthrow the tower of Babel, or with a handful of mud taken from their craniums, they will blind all the nations of the earth, their gorilla brothers included, and they will insist on us giving them credit for profound learning and brilliant discovery, and ask us to prefer their geological croquetts to universally established facts. The "Andrias Scheuchzerii" of the Swiss naturalist may be taken as a fair sample of geological accuracy. We know the sensation the learned Dr. Scheuchzer produced when he found the fossil skeleton by the Lake of Constance, and certified it to be the remains of a man, calling it the "*homo diluvii testis*." It was soon discovered however, that this "*homo diluvii testis*" was nothing but the skeleton of a Salamander, living specimens of which, may be seen in several of the Zoological Gardens of the world. Is it such and similar foundations that we are to rest our faith upon? Or is the whole history of man, his hope in eternal life to be blotted out by salamander skeletons or the mental freaks of their thick-headed discoveries? Where, then, is the presumptuous folly, and where, we might ask, is the common sense? Where is the illusion and where is the naked fact? Where is the descent to the mud and its progeny, and where is the excelsior movement and the progress heavenwards? Are we to lean on the instincts of the ape, or on the love and wisdom of our Father who is heaven? Common sense will tell us that true faith cannot be affected by true science, and that no science can be true that does not stand the test of revealed religion and the Scriptures truly interpreted. God cannot contradict Himself, light cannot diminish or darken light, truth cannot overthrow truth, and so we can only trust science when it agrees with faith, and is conformable to the teachings of the true Church. We must trust God more than man we must follow the light of His countenance and listen to His voice, and if we do not we are like the blind following the blind, for geology, astronomy, and every other science will only show us our utter helplessness, our ignorance, and convince us of the necessity of believing in a higher science, the science of the Saints. In our thoughts on the land of weeping and gnashing of teeth, we must feel convinced that science cannot offer any tangible obstacle to our faith, but on the contrary must agree with it, and that on it alone we must depend for the true solution of the great questions of right and wrong, of human responsibility and future punishment or reward. In the Church of God we will find every science encouraged, and every germ of human discovery tended and cared for. In that Church we will find rare flowers of genius blooming, nourished by the centre of life and drinking from the fountain of Heaven. We shall find warblers there without number, rising gloriously into the far off blue, and songsters in humble plumage, ever touching the highest chords of celestial harmony and cheering on with holy hope the sickly and sad in the silent night of their affliction. Outside of the Church, 'tis true, we will find genius and kindness and love, but being further removed from the divine source of light and truth, everything is more stunted

and everything is pining away. The outside climate is neither warm nor congenial, and no germ will bud to full perfection, and no flower spring up but will lack the rich brightness and purity of the divine fire. Grand intellects will sometimes rise outside her, and noble hearts will appear, but they will be lonely and without kindred companions, wandering through the gloomy wilderness and pining away. Their theme and song may be sublimely touching, they will be admired because they will be rare, they will be welcomed because they will be pensive lonely ones, exiled away from their kindred and their home. To intellectual souls, yearning for the steady light to guide their footsteps, outside the Church of God all is a dreary waste, with nothing to follow but the unsteady cone of the zodiacal lights of a departed or still hidden sun, or a phantom light of the desert, shifting and fleeting at the moment of being grasped. It is in the light of the true faith we are too see this great question, as it is in its true sense revealed by God.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN FROM AUSTRIA.

NEAR the village of Zillingdorf, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Haas an intelligent and industrious woman, whose story of physical suffering and final relief, as related by herself, is of interest to English women. "I was employed," she says, "in the work of a large farmhouse. Overwork brought on sick headache, followed by a deadly fainting and sickness of the stomach, until I was unable to retain either food or drink. I was compelled to take to my bed for several weeks. Getting a little better from rest and quiet, I sought to do some work, but was soon taken with a pain in my side, which in a little while seemed to spread over my whole body, and throbbed in my every limb. This was followed by a cough and shortness of breath, until finally I could not sew, and I took to my bed for the second, and, as I thought, for the last time. My friends told me that my time had nearly come, and that I could not live longer than when the trees put on their green once more. Then I happened to get one of the Seigel pamphlets. I read it, and my dear mother bought me a bottle of Seigel's Syrup, which I took exactly according to directions, and I had not taken the whole of it before I felt a great change for the better. My last illness began June 3, 1882, and continued to August 9, when I began to take the Syrup. Very soon I could do a little light work. The cough left me, and I was no more troubled in breathing. Now I am perfectly cured. And, oh, how happy I am! I cannot express gratitude enough for Seigel's Syrup. Now I must tell you that the doctors in our district distributed handbills cautioning people against the medicine, telling them it would do them no good, and many were thereby influenced to destroy the Seigel pamphlets; but now wherever one is to be found, it is kept like a relic. The few preserved are borrowed to read, and I have lent mine for six miles around our district. People have come eighteen miles to get me to buy the medicine for them, knowing that it cured me, and to be sure to get the right kind. I know a woman who was looking like death, and who told them there was no help for her, that she had consulted several doctors, but none could help her. I told her of Seigel's Syrup, and wrote the name down for her that she might make no mistake. She took my advice and the Syrup, and now she is in perfect health, and the people around us are amazed. The medicine has made such progress in our neighbourhood that people say they don't want the doctor any more, but they take the Syrup. Sufferers from gout, who were confined to their bed and could hardly move a finger, have been cured by it. There is a girl in our district who caught a cold by going through some water, and was in bed five years with costiveness and rheumatic pains, and had to have an attendant to watch by her. There was not a doctor in the surrounding districts to whom her mother had not applied to relieve her child, but everyone crossed themselves and said they could not help her. Whenever the little bell rang which is rung in our place when somebody is dead, we thought surely it was for her, but Seigel's Syrup and Pills saved her life, and now she is as healthy as anybody, goes to church, and can work even in the fields. Everybody was astonished when they saw her out, knowing how many years she had been in bed. To-day she adds her gratitude to mine for God's mercies and Siegel's Syrup,

"MARIA HAAS."

The people of England speak confirming the above.

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS.

"Stoke Ferry, January 9, 1884.

"Gentlemen,—I have used Seigel's Syrup for several years, and have found it a most efficacious remedy for liver complaints and general debility, and I always keep some by me, and cannot speak too highly in its praise.—I remain, yours truly,

"HARRIET KING."

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Whittle-le-Woods, near Chorley, December 26, 1883.

"Dear Sir,—Mother Seigel's medicine sells exceedingly well with us. All that try it speak highly in its favour. We had a case of a young lady that had been troubled many years with pains after eating. She tells us that the pains were entirely taken away after a few doses of your medicine.—Yours truly,

"E. PEEL"

THE EFFECTS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL.

"Ilford Road Dispensary, Dagenfield, May 3, 1884

"Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the sale of your Syrup and Pills increases here continually. Several of my customers speak of having derived more benefit from the use of these than from any other medicine. In some instances the effects have been wonderful.—Yours very respectfully,

"PRO. EDWIN EASTWOOD, J.B."