

sible, let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." The prayer may be answered by its effect upon the mind of the patient ; by directing the physician, the nurse, or the friends to the use of such means as may hasten recovery ; or, for aught we know, by a direct effect produced upon the physical system, behind the visible system of causes and effects, but reaching the patient through them ; then, if the patient recovers, it will seem as though he recovered naturally, though it may be in an unusual manner. The Christian in his personal religious experience may believe that his prayer was the element that induced God to interfere and prolong life. Assuming that there is a God, who made and loves men, none can show his faith irrational or unscriptural ; but such testimony can be of no value to demonstrate to others a fact in the plane of science. When the time comes that the Christian is to die, he must then rest, even while praying for life, upon the promise, " My grace is sufficient for thee."

The faith-healers represent God as interfering constantly, not by cause and effect in the order of nature, but affecting the result directly. Their want of superiority to those who are not Christians, but use either false pretenses or natural laws, and their inferiority to Christ and the apostles, condemn their pretensions. Nor does it avail them to say, " Christ would not come down from the cross when taunted by unbelievers." They might perhaps with propriety refuse a test for *the test's sake*, though Elijah forced one. But in a close observation of their works the radical difference between them and those who they say have no divine help should be manifest. Some of them affirm that the Mormons, Newton, and others do their mighty works by the aid of devils. If so, since casting out devils was a miracle-working power of a very low grade, it is wonderful that none of these persons have been

able to cast out the devils from any of the great number who are working in this way, and thus demonstrate their superiority as the apostles vindicated their claims against Simon the sorcerer and others.

Faith-cure, technically so called, as now held by many Protestants, is a pitiable superstition, dangerous in its final effects.

It may be asked, what harm can result from allowing persons to believe in " faith-healing " ? Very great indeed. Its tendency is to produce an effeminate type of character which shrinks from any pain and to concentrate attention upon self and its sensations. It sets up false grounds for determining whether a person is or is not in the favor of God. It opens the door to every superstition, such as attaching importance to dreams, signs, opening the Bible at random, expecting the Lord to make it open so that they can gather his will from the first passage they see, " impressions," " assurances," etc. Practically it gives great support to other delusions which claim a supernatural element. It greatly injures Christianity by subjecting it to a test which it cannot endure. It directs attention from the moral and spiritual transformation which Christianity professes to work, a transformation which wherever made manifests its divinity, so that none who behold it need any other proof that it is of God. It destroys the ascendancy of reason in the soul, and thus, like similar delusions, it is self-perpetuating ; and its natural, and in some minds, its irresistible tendency is to mental derangement.

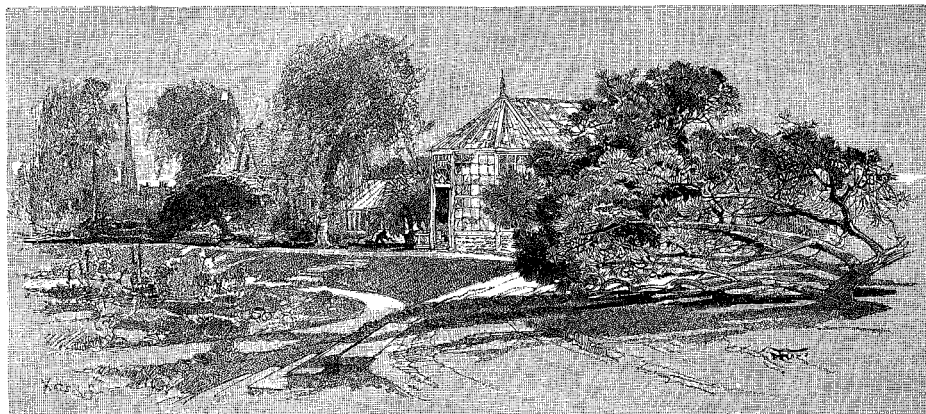
Little hope exists of freeing those already entangled, but it is highly important to prevent others from falling into so plausible and luxurious a snare, and to show that Christianity is not to be held responsible for aberrations of the imagination which belong exclusively to no party, creed, race, clime, or age.

J. M. Buckley.

A SONNET.

TAKE all of me,—I am thine own, heart—soul—
Brain, body—all ; all that I am or dream
Is thine forever ; yea, though space should teem
With thy conditions, I'd fulfill the whole—
Were to fulfill them to be loved of thee.
Oh, love me ! — were to love me but a way
To kill me — love me ; so to die would be
To live forever. Let me hear thee say
Once only, " Dear, I love thee " — then all life
Would be one sweet remembrance,—thou its king :
Nay, thou art that already, and the strife
Of twenty worlds could not uncrown thee. Bring,
O Time ! my monarch to possess his throne
Which is my heart and for himself alone.

Amélie Rives.



HARVARD'S BOTANIC GARDEN AND ITS BOTANISTS.

THOSE horse-cars which leave Bowdoin Square, Boston, every half-hour for Mt. Auburn by the way of Garden street, Cambridge, take the visitor nearest to the Botanic Garden of Harvard University, and the residence of the venerable botanist, Dr. Asa Gray. Having passed Harvard Square and the Washington Elm, you leave the car at the Arsenal, and walk up Garden street, following the track which the British soldiers took in 1775 when they started for Lexington and Concord.

The houses along the street are pleasant homes, with wide shrubbery-filled spaces between, and the gravel sidewalks are continuously canopied by maples, ashes, and elms. At the corner of Linnæan street the thirsty vis-

itor halts, and, reaching through the fence, drinks from a tin cup at a spring of the coldest, clearest water in Cambridge. A few steps farther on a low gate, free to all, admits to the garden at the door of Professor Gray's modest house, where wistaria, forsythia, and pipe-vine intertwine their varying greenery, and hang their flowers above the porch.

Altogether, the Botanic Garden covers a space of about eight acres stretching northward from Linnæan street—suggestive name!—between Garden and Raymond. Rather northward of the middle of this tract, a chain of buildings—herbarium, lecture-rooms, green-houses, etc.—extends from the professor's house nearly across to Raymond street, occupying a raised terrace and facing southward. In the rear of these is the less cultivated part of the establishment, where are placed the storehouses and nurseries, while in front lies the garden proper,—a combination of scientific order and picturesque effect that makes one forget that the object is system and instruction, rather than studied confusion or tasteful display.

Up to the beginning of the present century Harvard appears to have given no regular instruction worth mentioning in any branch of natural history. But in 1805 there was founded the Massachusetts Professorship of Natural History, and William Dandridge Peck was formally inducted into its duties; "afterward," says the record, "they sat down to a decent dinner in the Hall." To this professorship was attached a botanic garden, land having been given for that purpose by Mr. Craigie, whose name belongs to a prominent street in the neighborhood, and thus the present garden originated.

According to the sketch in the "Harvard Book," Dr. Peck laid out the grounds that



THE PINES ON GARDEN STREET.