

GEOGRAPHY.

ENDURANCE UNDER EXTREME TEMPERATURES.—Some interesting facts have been collected bearing on the extremes of heat and cold supported by white men. In the mountains of Central Asia a well-known traveller endured a temperature of 40 degrees Fahr. below zero, with a piercing north wind, under which the camels and horses perished. Captain Dawson, at Fort Rae (latitude 60 degrees 30 north), registered a cold of 88 degrees below zero in April, 1892. Lieutenant Peary and his wife suffered no great inconvenience from temperatures reaching 58 degrees below zero. Lieutenant Schwatka found 71 degrees below zero, and lived through it in Esquimau fashion, sleeping in igloes, or snow huts, wearing reindeer skins, without underclothing, and eating raw meat and blubber. When M. Buveyrier was in the Tourareg region of Central Africa he experienced a heat of 150 degrees. The range of temperature which can be supported by the white man is thus very great, being certainly over 230 degrees Fahr. Travelers in the arctic regions say the physical effects of cold there are about as follows: 15 degrees above, unpleasantly warm; zero, mild; 10 degrees below, bracing; 20 degrees below, sharp, but not severely cold; 30 degrees below, very cold; 40 degrees below, intensely cold; 60 degrees below, a struggle for life.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.*

THE MOTE.

ON one fair autumn morn the sun-
beams smote
Through creviced inlets on my
darkened room,
And in their rays the sudden-silvered
mote

Flashed out, and quickly lost itself
in gloom;

Fit emblem this of all our human
path;

From dark it passeth into dark again,
Such fleeting course it is our spirit
hath,

So pass between two darks the lives
of men.

Yet as the mote, unseen, floats ever on,
And yieldeth not its substance into
nought,

So of our mind, when outward form
is gone

It loseth not the essence which it
brought.

And as the mote that floats in view-
less ways

Shines with a brilliance that is not
its own,

So does our living soul reflect the rays
Of one great Life that is to us un-
known.

And more must come when souls re-
cross the Dark,

And wake again in splendours
whence they came;

When life no longer, here, a slender
spark,

But there, unquenched, beholds the
central Flame

From whence have come all longings
for the Truth,

And all desires for fuller life of love,
For life unbroken--some undying
youth—

That sees—and needs not to be-
lieve, or prove.

—From "*The Burdens of Belief, and other
Poems,*" by the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T.