Loetry.

God Working for us and in us-Clearly diffused we read the truth Of what the blessed fled has done, In working in un ov mis grace,

And working for us by His Son. He wrought for us when, on the Cross, The Saviour-victim grouned and died He worketh in us when, by This truth is to our souls applied.

He wrought for us when, by the blood Redemption full He had achieved, He worketh in us when, by grace, He gives the soul to know its need.

He wrought in power, when death and holl By virtue of the C.oss were slain: In perfect grace Ho worketh nor The lost and wandering to reclaim.

Propitiation is for us, The work of Christ and power divine; The Holy Ghost sent down, in me, Doth witness all its worth is mine

Outside oryselves-entirely so Salvation has accomplished been The beels on which all is built The rock smid a shifting scene.

I gaze delighted at the work, And own a power unseen within, As on that work I rest my soul With conscience clear from charge of sin

'Tis all of Thee, the praise be Thine! I know Thy grace, I own Thy power, And peace, unruffled peace, is mine t

For us-in us; ah i blessed God.

L'ecoport, I. W.

Called-Chosen-Faithful.

Christian, the bugie of warfare is sounding, Calling thee forth, to assist in the strife; Bidding theo bravely stand up for thy Captain Leaving behind thee the follies of life.

"Chosen and called," what unspeakable hono Called to come out from the ranks of the

Chosen for Josus, His soldier and servant See! even now is His banner unfurled.

Thou must uphold it; be faithful, and "fear not;" Looking to Him for support in the fight; He will defend thee 'mid hourly temptation Keeping thee safely, and guiding thee right. Triple the fees then wilt have to encounter;

Hard will they struggle to lead thee Mothing must make thee relinquish thy colours Always look forward to winning the day! Conquer thou wilt, for thy Captain is mighty.

Only keep near Him, and trust in His love; Tell Him thy dangers, and He will protect thee, Till thou art called to His kingdom above.

Josus has triumph'd for thes, over Satan, Only a little remains to be done. Then He will bid thee, His "chosen and faithful," Welcome to glory, to victory wen !

CHARLOTTE MURRAT.

To God the Son.

Nate, Patri coaqualis. Next in Revelation's sequel, Co-eternal Son, co-equal, Father's light, and Father's feature, All-creating, yet a creature, With our flesh thyself enduing, All our righteousness ensuing With immortal glory shining, Yet to death and time declining; Man and God united over, God in Man confounded never. Not Thyself to flosh converting. All the Godhoad still asserting; All the God to manhood taking, Yet the manhood not forsaking One with Ged by confirmation, Less than God by Incarnation: Man in substance of Thy Mother Yet than God Thyself no other. Thus two Natures' wond'rous union Stands in unimpared communion, What He was ere worlds were dated, That He was on earth created, He our only Mediator None but He our Legislator: Born for us, and circumcised, Doad, and buried, and baptized Fell on sleep, to hell descending, Rose again to life unending;

Florida For Invalids.

Who Himself was judged for all mon HILDEBERT, Archbishop of Tours

Thouce to Judgment comes to call men

If a perfectly equable climate, where a prevail, bed rable for consumptives, it can be found nowhere in the Southern States save in South-eastern Florida. The number of persons whom I saw during my journey, who had migrated to the eastern or southern sections of the State many years before, "more than half dead with consumption," and who are now robust and vigorous, was sufficient to convince me of the great benefits derived from a residence there. Physicians all agree that the conditions necessary to maure life to the consumptive are admirably provided in the climatic resources of the peninsula. That great number of invalids find the localities along the St. John's River, and even on the coast, distressing to them, is said by some physiciansto be due to the fact that those invalids go there after disease has become too deeply-The European medical men are beginning to send many patients to Florida cautioning them where to bo. It would seem impossible for the most delicate invalid to be injured by a residence anywhere on the eastern or south-eastern coast from St. Augustine down. For those who from various causes find that each successive Northern winter,—with its constantly shift-ing temperature and its trying winds, which even the healthy characterize as "deadly -saps their vitality more and more, Flor ida may be safely recommended as a home winter and summer. For the healthy and those seeking pleasure, it will become a winter paradise; for the ailing it is a refuge and strength; for those severely invalided its results depend entirely upon choice of location and the progress which the disease has already made. The perfection of the Plorida winter climate is said to be obtained at Miami, near Key Biscopus bay, on the "Miami river "here, among the coc annie ripple of the stroam occasionally touched and the mangroves invalids may cortainly his mouth, he exclaimed, believing that he count on laying a new hold on life - Edward King, in Scabner's for November.

English Composition.

Rev. J. S. Black delivered the opening sture of this season to the Young Men's Rev. J. S. Black delivered the opening lecture of this season to the Young Men's Christian Association of Cote street Church, Montreal, on Monday night of last week, his subject being "Thoughte on English Composition." He said in beginning that the Americans always associated with a lecture the idea of a certain amount of apread-eagleism and buncomb, but he was merely going to talk to them for a short time about a subject which should be of in-

terest to all his hearers.
The first requisite in composition—as has often been said, is to have something to write about; next a complete knowledge of this subject is necessary, and the writer requires to be deeply interested in it himself; he who admires nothing leaves wothing to admire. In order to write with advantage, the laws of beauty and also of style must be attended to. The laws of beauty are truth, order, and free-dom, or, in common parlance, purity, per-spicuity, and strength; any work, whether by pen or brush, has its beauty greatly en-hanced by its being true. Tautology is to be avoided—the more briefly any subject is stated, the more beautiful it appears; but obscurity is also to be avoided. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points, yet sometimes it is not the most convenient road to travel. Obscurity of style usually arises from ignorance of the subject in the writer, but Bishop Wheatley says that it sometimes arises from the very opposite cause, the writer knows his sub ect so perfectly that he takes for granted that others know it too, and consequently takes no pains to make it plainer. The great mass of mankind may be classed with the unthinking mob; they are too lazy to think for themselves, so they merely imitate others; they will not venture an opin-ion on any new subject until they see what the papers say about it. A friendly criti-cism is very useful for improving our style; we usually dislike to submit to the judgment of others, simply because it is a submission; yet, we must learn to benefit by the criti-cism of others, and also we must learn to criticise onr own work severely. There is no absolute standard by which to measure the useful or the beautiful; a good deal depends on surrounding circumstances. Dogmaticalness is to be avoided. It is customary to suppose that dogmatism is confined principally to theologians, but there are more dogmatists in the realms of

The Rev. lecturer then described the various kinds of critics:

1st. There are the critics who possess a fair share of general knowledge, and are over ready to draw upon this store when writing about things that they do not un-derstand. Of this kind of criticism the newspapers furnish abundant examples.

2nd. The next class of critics are those who have very little knowledge, but are guided by intuition, and there utterances are about as valuable as that of the Oracle of Delphi.

8rd. Again, there are some critics who possess both knowledge and ability, but for party or political reasons persist in misropresenting the subject they are hauding. These are the most mischievous of all

4th. Lsstly, there is the honest man who ossesses the requisite knowledge and ability, and does nothing from malice or favor, but assists in drawing men's eyes to see the beautiful, the good, the pure; such men are a blessing in the world of litera-

The lecturer next described the difference between wit and humor. Shakespeare failed in his attempts to be witty, yet he was a great humorist; we may find humor without wit, but never wit without humor. The difference between fancy and imagination is, that fancy skims along the surface of the earth, while imagination soars aloft through the realms of space; Longfellow fancies, Burns imagines. Some people found it difficult to imagine whether they were possessed of talent or genius; genius inspiration, talents may be acquired by study, and often pass for genius. People are always apt to overestimate their talents. Every one imagines that he is a natural orator before he makes the attempt; if he succeeds it gives him the fever, if he fails he takes the chils. Elequence, like genius, must be inspired; the rhetorician always keeps in mind both himself and his audience; the orator often forgets both while

engrossed in his subject. young men not to spread themselves over too much. The days of living encyclo-pædias are past. Lord Brougham was the last of them; if a man of fair ability begins at the age of 20 or 25 to give twenty-five minutes close application every day to the improvement of his best natural taiont, by the time he is 40 he will be in a position to bless the world by his knowledge. If you first find out what God has given to you in the largest amount, and then strive to make the most of that, should you be spared to old age all the world vill call you aman. Witness.

Scottish Characteristics.

A Scotsman is always afraid of expressing unquelified praise. If you remark that "It's a good day," the usual reply is, "Atwoel, sir, I've seen w. ur." If you say his wife is an excellent woman, he returns "Sho's no a bad body." A buxom lass, smartly dressed, is "No sae very unpurpose like." The richest and rarest viands are "No bad." A man noted for his bone volence is "No the warst man i' the woritt." And should anybody in ke a romark, how ever novel, that squares with a Scotsman's ideas, he will at once say, "That's what I've

often thocht! Old Armstrong, the laird of Sobictrees in Liddesdale, had been attending one of these convivial meeting, of neighbor lands, common in the district in the last century. He had, as usual with him, drung over much, so that, on crossing the ford of the river Liddell, he fell from his horse partially into the water. He was discovered in the morning by one of his people, his head rost ing on one margin of the current. As a was still n the banqueting place, "Nac mair, I thank yo; not a single drap mair."

Voltairs Dying.

On the tweaty-fifth of February, 1758, Voltaire pouned the following blashhomy:
"I'wonty years more and God will be in a
pratty plight." Let us see what was taking place at precisely the time indicated. On the twenty-fifth of February, 1758, Voltaire was lying, as was thought, on his bed of death. Rucked and tortured by remorse for past misdeeds, he was anxious to propitiate the God whom he had insulted, and the Church which he and his band had sworn to destroy; and hence he resolved on addressing a minister of religion in order to receive the sacrament of reconcilia-tion. On the twenty-sixth then he wrote the following to the Abbe Gaultier: "You promised me, sir, to come and hear me.
I entreat you to take the trouble to call as
soon as possible." The Abbe went at once.

A few days later, in the presence of the same Abbe Gaultier, the Abbe Mignot and the Marquis de Villeveille, the dying man made the following declaration; "I, the undersigned, declare that, for these four days past, having been afflicted with vomitations of the same property and the same property and the same possible of the same possible." ing of blood at the age of eighty-four, and, not being able to drag myself to church, the reverend-rector of St. Sulpice, having been pleased to add to his other good works that of sending to me the Abbe Gaultier, a priest, I confessed to him, and, if it pleases God to dispose of me, I die in the Holy Catholic Church, in which I was born, hop-ing that the divine morey will pardon all my faults, if ever I have scandalized the Church, I ask the pardon of God and of the Church, March 1, 1778.—Voltaire."
This document was deposited with Mons.
Momet, notary of Paris. It was also, with the permission of Voltaire, carried to the rector of Sulpice, and to the Archbishop of Paris, in order that they might say whether or not the declaration was sufficiently ex-

plicit and estisfactory.
Twice before, when dangerously ill, the wretched man had made abject retractions. But these he had not only rejected when restored to health, but, passing from bad to worse, he poured out fuller vials of his wrath against God and Christianity. It was then of necessity to receive the most solomn and full abjuration of past infidelities.

When Gaultier returned with the archi-episcopal answer he was refused admission to the dying man. The arch conspirators trembled at the apostacy of their hero; and, dreading the ridicule which would fall upon themselves, it was determined not to allow any minister of religion thenceforth to visit him. Finding himself thus cut off from the consolations of religion. Voltaire became infuriated; no repreach, no curse being deemed bad enough for the D'Alemberts and Diderots who guarded him. "Be gone" he said; "it is you who have brought me to my present state. Be gone! I could have done without you all; but you could not have existed without me; and what a wretched glory you procured me!"
And then praying, and next blaspheming,
now saying, "O Christ," and next, "I am
abandened by God and man," he wasted away his life, ceasing to curse and blaspheme and live on the thirtieth of May. 1778. These facts were made public by Mons. Tronchin, a Protestant physician from Geneva, who attended him aimost to the last. Horrified at what he had to witness, he declared that to see all the furies of Orestes, one only had to be present at the death of Voltaire—"Pour voir toutes les furies d'Oreste, il n'y avait qu'a se trouver a la mort de Voltaire. "Such a speciacle," he adds, "would benefit the very when a relacion of logical the very young who are in danger of losing the pre-cious helps of religion." The Marshall do Richeliou was so torrified at what he saw that he left the bedside of Voltaire, declaring that "the sight was too horrible for endurance. -London Popular Journal.

Hints to Housekeepers.

There are three things which a house wife should never forget, to see that her family have plenty of sunshine, pure air, and a wholsome and varied diet, as the health of her family depends in a great measure upon them. Sunshine and fresh air are in many localities easily obtained, but the food question is one that requires more thought and labor. Food containing much phosphorus is best for students and business men, and for all who use the brain, for "thought even in the manual exercise of writing exhausts the vital fluid with inorodible rapidity." Graham bread, oatpersons-in fact, for all persons, as they are equally good to restore the tissues, and if growing children use them daily their teeth will be stronger and less likely to decay.

Many cooks use soda to excess, forgetting that grease and sode combined make soap. Soda or saleratus should never be use unless bread or pastry is sour, or unless you add to the flour before mixing a proportionate quantity of acid, such as cream of tartar. It you add sods alone to perfectly sweet material it has no more effect in making it rise than so much sait. When using soda, be caroful to use only enough to neutralize the acid. For receipts which call for a level tenspoonful of cream of tartar and a haif teaspoonful of soda, I occasionally use one hosping tenspoonful of baking powder. If the baking powder is good it will be sufficient.

Eggs and yeast are healthful and pure, and should be used to raise all kinds of broad, mussins, etc. Some will say, I can-not afford eggs for such purposes. Can you afford to lose you health and pay doctor's bille ?

Bread should be the queen of every kitchen. It should not be neglected for an metant after it is ready to make up, and those having charge of it should not forget that bread sweetened with sods will no have the same king of sweetness that it has before turning sour. As bread rises slight, ly while baking it should not be quite light enough when put into the oven. I know what I am saying, for I have had much ex-perience in this branch of cookery. It makes me sad to happen in at a neighbor's at meal-time and see a family eat fried meat, hot soda biscuit, or broad so light that all its sweetness is lost, even if not absolutely sour. It is the first duty of every woman who has charge of domestic affairs to see that good, whilesome food is regularly prepared for her family.—Cor. Rural New Yorker.

The Microscope as a Criminal Detective.

The annals of criminal jurisprudence furnish an abundance of cases in which the microscope, in the hands of an expert, has been the means of eliciting missing links in the circumstantial evidence pointing to the guilt of the accused. Instances are cited where the instrument has shown hairs, clinging to the edge of an axe, to be those of a human being, in direct contradiction of the prisoner, ascribing them to some ani-mal; and similar scrutiny of fresh blood upon clothing has proved the origin of the stair beyond a reasonable doubt.

When blood, however, has once become dry, several authorities assert that it is im-possible to distinguish it from that of anox, pig, sheep, horse, or goat. It is urged that the differences between the average sizes of their corpuscies are too irregular to measure accurately, and that a man's life should not be put in question on the uncertain calcula-tion of a blood corpuscio's ratio of contraction in drying. In opposition to these views are some recent experiments, made by Dr. Joseph G. Bichardson, of Philadelphia. This investigation disposes of the first object tion above mentioned by pointing out that, while it may be valid as regards feebly magnified blood disks, it becomes void when these bodies are amplified 8700 times. Regarding the second, he stamps it as incorrect, and cites a case in which seven human blood disks whose mean diameter had been accurately determined at 1-8236 of an inch, were subsequently computed to average 1-8266, or only 1-852292 of an inch less than their actual magnitude. Dr. Richardson also points out, with reference to the last objection, that all the blood disks likely to be mistaken for those of man being morally smaller, instead of contracting they would have to expand to become conformed to those of human blood. This expansion does not occur, so that the only possible mistake in diagnosis would be to suppose that ox blood was present when man's blood had actually been shed; so that at the worst we might contribute to a criminal's escape, but never to the punishment of an

innocent person. In order to afford a positive demonstration of the facts, Dr. Richardson obtained, from each of two friends, three specimens of blood clots, from the veins of a man, an ox, and a sheep respectively, selected without his knowledge. By microscopial examination alone, he was able to determine with perfect accuracy, the origin of each sample. The corp.scles of human blood averaged 1-3480, with a maximum of 1-3174 and a minimum of 1-3686 of an inch; those of the ox blood gave a mean measurement ot 1-4662, with a maximum of 1-4847 and a minimum of 1-4874; while those of the sheep's blood afforded a mean of 1-5952 with a maximum of 1-5105 and a minimum

of 1-6451 of an inch. From these and other experiments, Dr. Richardson concludes that, since the red blood globules of the pig, ox, red deer, cat, horse, sheep and goat "are all so much smaller than even the ordinary minimum size of the human red disk, as computed in

my investigations, we are now able, by the and of high powers of the microscope and and under favorable circumstances, positive ly to distinguish stains produced by human blood from those caused by the blood of any

one of the animals just enumerated; and this even after a lapse of five years (at least) from the date of their primary production." –Scientific American.

Clerical Anecdotes.

"A. K. H. B.," in the current number of Fraser's Magazine, pleasantly breaks out again and tells some good stories, of which the following are samples: In my youth I heard an exemplary clergyman, who was somewhat weak in the pulpit, relate with much good nature h. w an elevated drover where he met is a cook did in all light. whom he met in a coach, did in all kindli-ness, try to gloss over this inferiority.

"Ah, Dr. B.," said the drover, his heart warmed by good bargains at a great market, "ye dinna ken me, but I ken you; I'm whiles in your parish. There's no a better likit man onywhere; yer own folk jest adoro ye. Who cares aboot preachin'?" ndore ye. Who cares about preachin'?"
Truth, you see must be recognized; but
how delicately asimuated! It was as when
a Scotchman, abroad, declared that no
such grapes grow in the world as those
which in Scotland ripen in the open air.
"But I must premise," he added, "that I
like them a wee sour." "It is a curious fact," once said to the writer a scholarly and thoughtful but quest preacher. "that whenever I preach in the same church both forencon and afternoon, there is always a inuch smaller congregation in the afternoon." Humility never went further then in an historic sentence uttered many a year since, in a parish church well known to me. A certain lady, the cleverest woman of her time in that little community, was at church with her children, seven in number. The little things not having fal-

asleep (which is the best thing very young children can do during the sermon. grow very restless on a hot summer after-noon. They sat just in view of the pulpit. The good old dignitary who was preaching could at length bear it on longer; and, stopping in his discourse, said, with grea good nature, that really those children had best be taken out of church, or he could not go on. The mother arose, and got the seven out into the passage, who joyfully made for the door. But, ere she followed them, she said in an antible whisper, to a friend at the end of the next pew, "I'm just like Mary Magdalene, out of whom proceeded seven devils."

An Ice Cave.

The entrance to the Shafloch is on the face of the chiff, and it is difficult to believe that any sheep could have managed to reach it from the pasture below. However, tra-dition says that it derives its name from having been their refuge in stormy weather and certainly the activity of some of these Swiss sheep is such as to make one consider them capable of any mountaineering feat. The mouth of the cave is possibly 40 feet in width, and 26 feet in height. It is about 5840 feet above the level of the sea, and only a few hundred feet below the topmost peak of the Rothborn. Huge boulders fil the floor for perhaps 100 yards, and even the flaming torch carried by my guide does

not prevent our having to undergo a painful account of shu-breaking. Phon a wonder ful sight presents itself. On both sides, rising like port is of crystal before the in-ner cave, are two magnificent columns of ice, towering up to a roof from which de-pendagigantic icicles that might have formed pends gigantic teleles that might have formed part of the architecture of the amous ice palace on the Nova. At the base of each is a clear pool of ice—not the opaque substance which composes the glaciers of the upper world, but a sheet of glacs some two thick through high each increbition. apper world, but a sneet or gave some two feet thick, through thich each increastation on the rock beneath is plaidly visible. Above, below, all round at the glittering arches, and pille s, and ceiling, and floor of ice. It is the entrance to a frezen fairyland. Just boyond the cavern turne sharply to the right, and here there is an ice-fall some thirty yards in depth like a frezen Schaif hausen or a small scale The axe is brought into requisition, and I find that this "Glatt-eis" requires much more force to how a staircase in it than would be necessary for surmounting the most ob finate serae on a glacier. At the bottom, of the ica-fall, the cave be-comes which higher, and we find ourselves in a sort of circular hall, with a colling some forty feet high, and with a floor of perfectly transparent ice, certainly more than a foot thick. The builliant light of a magnesium forch shown more clusters of columns, and more delicate frestwork all round, but in the middle a clear space is loft which would make the most admirable skating rink, make the most admirable skating rink, Miniature glac era rise up gracefully upon each side, and huge scalastites depend from the roof. Here there is what seems to be a high altar of ice, and by its side is a crystal basin into which water is distilling from some chink in the rock; anything more alippory than the surface can scarcely be conceived. Even where it is almost absolutely level one has the greatest difficulty intely level one has the greatest difficulty in standing upon it without the aid of an ice-axe. Curiously enough the glacier does not fill up the end of the cave, where one would suppose the cold was greatest; for here the rocks are again visible. By standing at the edge of the ice a most mervellous yiew of the frezen cascade is obtained from below. You seem to be in an immune gallery with glassy walls, and the fantastic shapes of the columns and blocks of ice suggest the idea of dimly-seen statuary. I had unfortunately omitted to take a therefore I am mable to mometer, and therefore I am unable to speak with precision as to the temperature of the cave; but I believe that it is supposed to be almost always within a degree or two of freezing point. There is a curious superstition that the ice forms more in summer than in winter; and, moreover, the hotter the summer the more the ice accumulates in the cave. But this has been falsified in the present year, for the weather has been exceptionally hot, whereas there is much less ice than usual.—Correspondent of the

The Boys Heard from.

Morning Post.

We hear many hard things said about masculine juvenescence. Now we think that there is nothing in all the world so admirable as a rubicund boy, unless, perhaps, it be a girl. We suspect that those who say such rough things about the former have none of this lively adornment in their household. They have probably been praying for one a good while, and are exercising a grudge because their prayer has not been answered.

Boys are, in our estimation, at a premium. The world would be a dull place without them. They make a good deal of racket, and occasionally break things, and crumple up valuable letters for kite tails, and send us in hot haste for the doctor in the month of green apples; but all that is cheap, considering their worth. Instead of inveighing against them, let us culture the boy in our own nature, by taking an occasional game at leap-frog, blind-man's buff, and base-ball.
When the boy entirely gets out of a man's heart his usefulness is gone. If through the wear and tear of life the boy is escaping from your nature, better catch him now and make him feet forces.

make him fast forever. We feel sorry for boys. They have their real troubles, and one of the worst is sup-pressed hilarity. To want to laugh, and yet maintain gravity; to see the minister's wiggetting twisted, and yet look devotional; to discover a mouse in prayer-time, and yet not titter, to see too young bride and groom in church try to look like old married people; to have the deacon drop the contribution plate and spill the pennies, and yet look against for the misfortunes, in a world to hear sorry for the misfortune; in a word, to be a boy with fun from the top hair on the crown of the head to the tip end of the great tee, and yet make no demonstration, is a trial with which we are deeply sympathetic. To sit on a long bench at the school with eight or ten other boys, all able to keep quiet only by utmost force of resolution, and something happen that makes all the rest snicker, while you abstain, requires an amount of heroic endurance we never reached. We remember well how a rattan feels when it arrives in the open palm at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In our first ten years we suppressed enough giggles, smiles, chuckles and yells to have ruined us for all time. We so often retired from the sitting-room, when we had company, to the wood-shed, where our mirth would be no disturbence to anything but the ash-barrels, that we have all allowance to make for that age of life which is apt to be struck through with titter. We still feel the boy in our nature when ludicrous things happen, as when a city exquisite came into our prayer-meet-ing, whisk-cane in hand, and fanciful eyeglass on, locked sublimely around on the audience as much as to say, "I suppose you all see that I am here," and then sat down where a chair had just before stood, but from which place the usher had inader tently removed it. Had it not been for an extemporised cough and graces, and selive

should have been hopelessly ruined But lot nothing that has been said in extenuation of our young folks be taken by them as a house for unseasonable sportfulness. Boys! Behave yourselves, or we will be after you in our very next editorial!

—Christian at Work.

extemporised cough and sneeze, and active

use of pocket-handkerchief on our part, we

So great has been the continued demand for the October number of the Contemporary Review, containing Mr. Gladstone's article on Ritualism, that a tenth edition has been issued.