

Poetry.

God Working for us and in us.

Clearly defined we read the truth
Of what the blessed God has done,
In working in us by His grace,
And working for us by His Son.

Called—Chosen—Faithful.

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

To God the Son.

Next in Revelation's sequel,
Co-eternal Son, co-equal,
Father's light, and Father's feature,
All-creating, yet a creature,

Florida For Invalids.

If a perfectly equable climate, where a soothing warmth and moisture combined prevail, be desirable for consumptives, it can be found nowhere in the Southern States save in South-eastern Florida.

English Composition.

Rev. J. S. Black delivered the opening lecture of this season to the Young Men's Christian Association of Gots street Church, Montreal, on Monday night of last week, his subject being "Thought on English Composition."

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 nothing to admire.

The lecturer then described the various kinds of critics: 1st. There are the critics who possess a fair share of general knowledge, and are over eager to draw upon this store when writing about things that they do not understand.

Scottish Characteristics.

A Scotsman is always afraid of expressing unqualified praise. If you remark that "It's a good day," the usual reply is, "Atweel, sir, I've seen w. ar."

Voltaire Dying.

On the twenty-fifth of February, 1758, Voltaire penned the following blasphemy: "Twenty years more and God will be in a pretty plight."

A few days later, in the presence of the same Abbe Gaultier, the Abbe Mignot and the Marquis de Villerville, the dying man made the following declaration: "I, the undersigned, declare that, for these four days past, having been afflicted with vomiting 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, hoping that the divine mercy 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."

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.

When Gaultier returned with the arch-episcopal answer he was refused admission to the dying man. The arch conspirators trembled at the apostasy of their hero; and, dressing the ridicule which would fall upon themselves, it was determined not to allow any minister of religion thenceforth to visit him.

Hints to Housekeepers.

There are three things which a housewife should never forget, to see that her family have plenty of sunshine, pure air, and a wholesome and varied diet, as the health of her family depends in a great measure upon them.

Many cooks use soda to excess, forgetting that grease and soda combined make soap. Soda or saleratus should never be used 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.

Eggs and yeast are healthful and pure, and should be used to raise all kinds of bread, muffins, etc. Some will say, I cannot afford eggs for such purposes. Can you afford to lose your health and pay doctor's bills?

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.

When blood, however, has once become dry, several authorities assert that it is impossible to distinguish it from that of an ox, pig, sheep, horse, or goat. It is urged that the differences between the average sizes of their corpuscles are too irregular to measure accurately, and that a man's life should not be put in question on the uncertain calculation of the blood corpuscle's ratio of contraction in drying.

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.

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 aid of high powers of the microscope and and under favorable circumstances, positively to distinguish stains produced by human blood from those caused by the blood of any one of the animals just enumerated; and thus even after a lapse of five years (at least) from the date of their primary production."

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 how an elevated drover whom he met in a coach, did in all kindness, try to gloss over this inferiority.

An Ice Cave.

The entrance to the Shalloch is on the face of the cliff, and it is difficult to believe that any sheep could have managed to reach it from the pasture below. However, tradition says that it derives its name from having been the 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.

not prevent our having to undergo a painful amount of shut-breaking. From a wonderful sight presents itself. On both sides, rising like ports of crystal before the inner cave, are two magnificent columns of ice, towering up to a roof from which depends gigantic icicles that might have formed part of the architecture of the famous ice palace on the Neva. 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 glass some 170 feet thick, through which each incrustation on the rock beneath is plainly visible. Above, below, all round, and in the glittering arches, and pillars, and ceiling, and floor of ice, it is the entrance to a frozen fairyland. Just beyond the cave, the snow is shallowly piled, and here there is an ice-fall some thirty yards in depth like a frozen Schaffhausen on a small scale. The axe is brought into requisition, and I find that this "Glattis" requires much more force to hew a staircase in it than would be necessary for surmounting the most obstinate scree on a glacier. At the bottom of the ice-fall the cave becomes much higher, and we find ourselves in a sort of circular hall, with a ceiling some forty feet high, and a floor of perfectly transparent ice, certainly more than a foot thick. The brilliant light of a magnesium torch shows more clusters of columns, and more delicate frostwork all round, but in the middle a clear space is left which would make the most admirable skating rink. Miniature glaciers rise up gracefully upon each side, and huge stalactites 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 slippery than the surface can scarcely be conceived. Even where it is almost absolutely 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 marvelous view of the frozen cascade is obtained from below. You seem to be in an immense 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 thermometer, 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 Morning Post.

The Boys Heard from.

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 cultivate 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 fast forever.

We feel sorry for boys. They have their real troubles, and one of the worst is suppressed hilarity. To want to laugh, and yet maintain gravity; to see the minister's giggling twisted, and yet look devotional; to discover a mouse in prayer-time, and yet not titter, to see too young brides and groom in church try to look like old married people; to have the leechon drop the contribution plate and spill the pennies, and yet look sorry for the misfortune; in a word, to be a boy with hair from the top hair on the crown of the head to the tip end of the toes, 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 disturbance 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-meeting, whisked in hand, and fanciful eye-glass on, looked 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 inadvertently removed it. Had it not been for an extemporized handkerchief and sneeze, and active use of pocket-handkerchief on our part, we should have been hopelessly ruined.

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

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.