

GENERAL READING
THE PRINCESS AS A VERSIFIER.

It is said that the prologue to the play "Alone," which was given in Rideau Hall, to a very select and fashionable audience, was composed by the Princess Louise. It is as follows:

A moment's pause before we play our parts
To speak the thought that reigns within our hearts,
Now from the Future hours, and unknown days,
Affection turns, and with the past delays;
For countless voices in our mighty land
Speak the fond praises of a vanished hand;
And shall, to mightier ages yet, proclaim
The happy memories linked with Dufferin's name.

Missed is he here, to whom each class and creed
"Mong our people lately bade "God speed";
Missed, when each winter sees the skater wheel
In ringing circle on the flashing steel;
Missed in the Spring, in Summer, and in Fall,
In many a hut, as in the Council Hall;
Where'er his wanderings on Duty's heat
Evoked his glowing speech, his genial jest;
We mourn his absence, though we joy that now
Old England's honors cluster round his brow,
And that he left us but to serve again
Our Queen and Empire on the Neva's plain!

Amidst the honored roll of those whose fate
It was to crown our fair Canadian State,
And bind in one bright diadem alone,
Each glorious Province, each resplendent stone,
His name shall last and his example give
To all her sons a lesson how to live.
How every task, if met with heart as bold,
Proves the hard rock is seamed with yellow gold;
And Labor, when with Mirth and Love allied,
Finds friends far stronger than in Force and Pride;
And Sympathy and Kindness can be made
The potent methods by which men are sway'd.

He proved a nation's trust can well be won
By loyal work, and constant duty done.

The wit that winged the wisdom of his word
Set forth our glories, till all Europe heard
How wide the room our Western world can spare
For all who'll nobly toil and bravely dare.—

And while the statesman we revere, we know
In him the friend is gone, to whom we owe
So much of gaiety, so much that made
Life's duller days to seem with joy repaid.
These little festivals by him made bright
With grateful thoughts of him, renewed to-night,
Remind no less of her who deigned to grace
This mimic world, and fill therein her place
With the sweet dignity and gracious mien
The race of Hamilton has often seen,
But never shown upon the wider stage
Where the great "cast" is writ on History's page,
More purely, nobly, than by her, whose
voice
Here moved to tears, or made the heart rejoice;
And who in act and word, at home, or far,
Shone with calm beauty like the Northern Star!

Green as the Shamrock of their native Isle
Their memory lives, and babes unborn shall smile
And share in happiness, the pride that blends
Our country's name with her beloved friends!

SAMBO'S SERMON ON THE ORIGIN OF WHITE MEN.

Brother Believers,—
You ssemble dis nite to har the wor, and hab it splained and moastrated to you; yegs, and I tand to splain it clear as the libin day. "State is de ruder and narrier is the puff which leadeff to glory." We're all wicked sinners har below—it fac my brederen, an I tell you how it come. You see my frens,
Adam was de fus man,
Ebe was de totder,
Cane was a wicked man,
Kae be kill his brodder.
A lam and Ebe were bofe black men, and so was Cane an Abel. Now, I spose it seems to strike you understand how the fuc white man cum. Why, I let you no. Den you see when Cane kill his brodder, de massa cum an he say, "whar you brodder Abel?" Cane say, "I don't know, massa." He cum agin, an say, "Cane, whar your brodder Abel?" Cane say, "I don't know massa." But the nigger no'd all de time. Nass now git mad, cum agin, speak mighty sharp dis time. "Cane, whar you brodder Abel, you nigger?" Cane now get fren and he turn "WITE"; an dis is de way de fus wite man cum pou dis arth, and if it hadn't bin for dat nigger Cane, we'd neba bin troubled wid dese assy whites pon the face ob this ciscumlar globe. Now sing de forty-lebenth hy-an, tieular metre.

OUR NEIGHBORS IN THE MOON

A great change is taking place in our views in regard to the moon, and it may be that we are on the eve of discoveries which will make the century an epoch in astronomical history. Some American observers saw not long since a crater on the lunar surface in active operation under conditions as reliable as a human vision at such a distance can be expected to reach. A French astronomer has made observations on a grander scale, and confidently asserts that the moon is inhabited! M. Camille Flammarion, the present originator of this long cherished idea, is a scientist of honor and renown, well known for his reputation as an observer and enthusiastic writer. He has written several articles to prove his position, and has determined to devote his life to that branch of astronomical research.

No instruments on the globe are powerful enough to afford a glimpse of our lunar neighbors. M. Flammarion is not in the least discouraged at this apparently insuperable obstacle in the way of a solution of this problem.—He is going to have one made that will exhibit the men in the moon to terrestrial eyes without a possibility of mistake. He is urgently soliciting contributions to a fund for an immense refracting telescope, whose estimated cost is a million francs, or \$200,000. This instrument, the astronomer believes, will be effectual in revealing the inhabitants in the moon, really existing according to his sanguine faith. Some of the largest refractor sin the world, if used when the air is pure, bear a power of 3,000 on the moon—that is, the moon appears as if it were at a distance of eighty miles instead of 240,000. It can thus be seen that an immensely increased power would be required to detect small objects on the surface. We trust M. Flammarion will be successful in collecting funds for his monster telescope, and that he will pick up crowds of lunarians through its far seeing eye before the vision of the present generation becomes too dim to behold the long wished for sight.—*Providence Journal.*

MYSTERY.

Will there never cease to be mysteries? None but the infinite God can give positive answer to that question. But we can reach an answer which is so probable that we can scarcely discover a difference between that amount of probability and a well-assumed certainty.

In the first place there are abundant evidences that the greatest human mind is finite, and if a mind be not infinite it cannot inclose, it cannot comprehend every possible thing that has bounds and limits, that is, every finite thing. Whatever is not thoroughly and utterly known is a mystery.

Tacitus says that the ancient Germans were very superstitious, and took every thing that was unknown to them as a marvel and a mystery, *omne ignotum pro mirifico*. Well, does not even the most scientific mind do the same thing? The difference between the savages that originally inhabited the German forests and their highly cultivated descendants is, that the former left the unknown things remain unknown, and the longer it was unknown the more marvelous it became, and the more settled became their conviction that the thing could never be known; while the modern thinker sets himself to the work of finding the thread which connects this marvel with the already ascertained laws of the universe, or to use it, in connection with other facts, for the discovery of some other law.

But there is this other thing which has marked every step of the progress of science; the solution of one mystery has been the discovery of another and a greater mystery. A line of hills has seemed to bound our world, and a view from the top of that has promised us a sight of the beyond, and when we have climbed to it we have seen Alps on Alps, in endless chains, and ranges of mountains. Therefore, such men as Locke, in the department of intellectual science, and of Faraday in the department of physical science, have died feeling that they were children gathering pebbles on the shore of an ocean which contained immeasurable treasures.

And look what words we use in science to express inconceivable ideas! Take the atomic theory. It teaches that all matter consists of particles so small that they cannot be made smaller. If any matter can be conceived to be smaller, then that is not an atom. As we cannot think of matter without dimensions, it follows that an atom is an inconceivable thing. Religion asks men to believe in nothing more mysterious than an atom of matter. And yet scientific men are all the week coolly teaching the mysteries of the material world to the young gentlemen in their classes, and then decline to come to hear us gospel teachers, because we teach them and their scholars the mysteries of religion, and decline simply on the ground that what we teach is a mystery. The professor even undertakes to weigh atoms and to count them, and thus has been introduced into chemistry a nomenclature of marvelous usefulness, and theories that are almost poetically beautiful. But does he not see that he is soon met by a "mystery"? He believes that divisibility is an essential of matter. He defines matter, "anything which has extension." Then it is divisible. But one of the highest scientific authorities says; "The view most consistent with chemical facts and theories is, that there is a limit to the divisibility of matter, and to that limit the term atom (an invisible particle) is applied. It is believed that at this point matter is no longer divisible. What that limit is cannot be defined, and it is unnecessary for practical purposes to inquire." The science of religion no more stops than the science of nature. It is every man's duty to do all he can to extend the knowledge of mankind in both departments. It is thus that each man

stands on the shoulder of him who went before, and the horizon of humanity is widened so that the modern Charles Wesley can sing as known what Isaiah and David harped as a mystery.

THE PYRAMIDS.

The age of the pyramids is doubtful. The object for which they were built is certain. There is no need here to examine curious speculations to which their measures have, like the numbers of Manetho's list, seemed to offer themselves with a strange facility, like false lights that lead a traveller into the quicksands. They were royal tombs, and nothing more. We need not draw any idea of any astronomical use from their facing the cardinal points, whereas the Chaldean Pyramids pointed to them, nor, in case of the Great Pyramid from the curious circumstance that at the time of its building the entrance passage pointed to the then pole star, a Draconis, nor from the excellent platform for astronomical observations on its summit, nor from its chief measures being in exact Egyptian cubits without fractions. There may have been religious reasons for the orientation of this and other Egyptian pyramids, but it is quite obvious that a deviation of direction would have produced a disagreeable disaccord in the placing of these geometrically-shaped buildings. It was no use to point a passage to the pole star, as it had to be closed at the completion of the structure, after the King's sepulchre. The platform did not exist when the casing of the monument was complete to its apex. The most famous buildings of antiquity were constructed of full measures without fractions, in all their chief dimensions. What perhaps, originated in the difficulty of observing due proportions when fractions were allowed became a matter of religion. The Pyramids, then, were tombs of Kings. Each had its name. The Great Pyramid was called "the Splendid," the second pyramid, strangely enough, "the Great," the third pyramid, "the Superior." Each must have been the chief object of a King's reign. Fegun at, or perhaps in some cases before his accession, it was built on a plan which allowed constant addition and speedy completion. Thus the pyramids are the measures of the reigns of those who built them, and happily in many cases we know from the tombs around who these royal builders were. The main principles of an Egyptian tomb in this age are the same in the pyramids and in the smaller built tombs, though the latter in which the principles are carried out is different. These smaller tombs consist of a quadrangular mass of masonry, like an oblong truncated pyramid, having a pit entered from above descending to a sepulchral chamber cut in rock beneath; and within is a chapel, to which was probably attached a secret chamber to contain statues of the deceased. The pyramids represent the purely sepulchral part of these structures. In front of the entrance of each was a chapel, to which was probably attached a secret chamber. The form of the pyramids is probably traceable to the natural shapes of the desert mountains. All Egyptian architecture is characterized by the same sloping lines as these mountains, varying like them from the slight inclination of the pyramids to the very slight slope of the built tombs, and it may be added of all the great massive gateways of the later temples. Whether these forms were thus derived or not, their adoption must have been due to their extreme strength. The manner in which the pyramids were constructed was first shown in Prof. Leksus's "Letters from Egypt." The objects of the royal builders was strength of position, a sepulchre, and a method by which the monument could be gradually increased from year to year, and finished with little delay when the King's death made this necessary. A site was chosen on the low table land of the Libyan Desert, and a slight elevation was selected as a peg on which the structure should as it were be pivoted. In this core of rock, a sloping, descending passage, usually entered from the north, was cut of sufficient size for the conveyance of a sarcophagus, leading to a sepulchral chamber. Above and around the rock a solid structure of masonry was raised of cubical form, but with slightly sloping sides. In the case of the king's death at this stage of the work, the pyramid was at once completed by the addition of sloping lateral masses and a pyramidal cap. Roughly this additional work did not exceed in quantity the first construction, excluding the excavation. If the king lived on, the first construction was enlarged on each of its four sides as to form a great platform, on which a second central mass was raised, and a pyramid of two degrees without filled in angles was formed. At this stage the work could be completed, if necessary, if the King still lived, each platform from the lowest could be increased on the same principle. The form of the Pyramid of Steps at Sakkarah, the central monument of the Necropolis of Memphis, is a good illustration of the general principle, and the change angle in the Southern Pyramid of Dashour is valuable as a probable instance of hasty completion.—*Contemporary Review.*

FAMILY READING.

THE OLD PASTOR'S DISMISSAL.

"We need a younger man to stir the people,
And lead them to the fold."
The deacon said: "We ask your resignation,
Because you're growing old."
The pastor bowed his deacons out in silence,
And tenderly the gloom
Of twilight hid him and his bitter anguish
Within his lonely room.
Above the violet hills the sunlight's glory
Hung like a crown of gold,
And from the great church spire the bell's
Sweet anthem
A down the stillness rolled.
Assembled were the people for their worship;
But in his study chair
The pastor sat unheeded, while the south
wind
Caressed his snow-white hair.

A smile lay on his lips. His was the secret
Of sorrow's glad surcease,
Upon his forehead shone the benediction
Of everlasting peace.

"The ways of Providence are most mysterious."
The deacons gravely said,
As wondering-eyed, and scared, the people
crowded
About their pastor—dead.

"We loved him," wrote the people on the
coffin
In words of shining gold,
And 'bove the broken heart they set a statue,
Of marble, white and cold.

ON COMMUNION IN PRAYER.

Supposing that a little will for prayer might be squeezed from a flinty heart, you have no power still to compass fellowship with God. And what is prayer without divine communion? A mere prating to a dead wall or blue sky. It is babbling to an unknown god, as four hundred and fifty prophets did to Baal from morning until evening, but found no answer. (1 Kings xviii 26.) Baal kept no fellowship with his votaries there, and never has done since. Praying unto God without communion is like talking to a man who neither gives an answer, nor a smile, nor a look. You would soon be weary of converse, and avoid such company; and no people find a heart to pray who feel no fellowship with God. With what conscience can you call yourself a subject of the Lord Jesus Christ? Where your bosom is a sturdy rebel, and content to be so, you may as well call me your prince as Jesus Christ your king, if he does not rule within your breast; and might as properly call me your maker as Christ your Saviour, if he does not save you from your sins. Where he rules as king, and shows himself a Saviour, he will purge the conscience by his blood from guilt, and hallow well the heart by his spirit.

PLEASURES WHICH THE CHRISTIAN MUST FOREGO.

I TIMOTHY IV. 4.

1. Those as to the propriety of which you are in doubt.—Rom. xiv. 23.
2. Those in which you cannot indulge without danger that your example may lead others into sin.—1 Cor. viii. 9, and Rom. xvi. 16.
3. Even those in which, if you engage, you will grieve weak Christians, who disapprove them much more than those which Christians universally condemn.—1 Cor. viii. 12, 13; Rom. xiv. 15, and Mark ix. 42.
4. Those which have the taint of sin upon them.—Jude 23.
5. Those which, if indulged in would place you in a false position, (1 Thess. v. 12, and 2 Cor. xiii. 21), and seem to identify you in taste and life with a sinful world, from which you should be separate.—Rom. xii. 2, and 2 Cor. vi. 14-17.
6. Those which might gain the mastery over you, which would interfere with anything of more importance.—Eph. v. 18; Pull. iv., 5, and 1 Cor. vii. 31.
7. Those into which you cannot carry your religion without incongruity (1 Cor. x. 31), on which you cannot ask God's blessing (Col. iii. 17), in which you cannot show forth the shining graces of a Christian character to the honor of God (Matt. v. 16), and in which you cannot breathe the atmosphere of Christ's presence.

WILLINGNESS TO DIE NOT A TEST.

Zion's Herald.
Neither willingness nor desire to die is proof of fitness to meet one's final doom. When the irascible Walter Savage Landor thought himself on the brink of death, he said: "What a pity! Death should have made two bites of a cherry! He seems to grin at me for saying so, and to shake in my face as much of a fiat as belongs to him. But he knows I never cared a fig for his menaces, and am now quite ready to let him have his own way. . . . I take it uncivil in Death to invite, and

then to balk me. It was troublesome to walk back when I found he would not take me in. I do hope and trust he will never play me the same trick again." If this was irreverent trifling with a serious matter, it was no doubt sincere. Landor was disgusted with life which his own lawless action had made thorny and vexatious; but he had no fitness for Death whom he invited. He was scholarly, keen in intellect and wit, a genius, indeed, but he knew nothing of spiritual religion. He did not fear to die because he was physically brave, and spiritually blind. For the same reasons, the wicked often "have no bands in their death." Nevertheless, their fearless leap into eternity involves, as in the case of Dives, a terrible waking. He only is fit to die whose willingness is the happy result of faith in Him who by dying conquered death.

THE AWFULNESS OF LIFE.

(F. W. ROBERTSON.)

God tempted or tried Abraham. Christ was tempted in the wilderness. Life is all temptation. It is sad to think so, but surely we would not have it otherwise; for dark and hard as the dispensation seems, trial here is indispensable for the purifying of the soul. There is no strength or real goodness of soul except that which is wrought out of circumstances of temptation; there is no real strength in cloister virtue, no vigor without trial. It is thus we can understand Abraham's life. In some of these trials he fell, in others he came off victorious. He was by no means a perfect specimen of man, no example out of romance. His was real life. Out of failure was organized strength. Trials do not become lighter as we go on. The text says, "And it came to pass after these things that God did tempt Abraham." What! no repose, no honorable rest for the friend of God full of years? No. There are harder and yet harder trials for him even to the end. The last trial of Abraham was the hardest of all to bear. And this is the history of our existence. For the soldier engaged in this world's warfare there is an honorable asylum for declining years, but for the soldier of the cross there is no rest except the grave. Conquer, and fresh trials will be yours, followed by fresh victories. Nay, even Abraham's last victory did not guarantee the future. There is a deep truth contained in the fabled story of old, where a mother wishing to render her son invulnerable, plunged him into the Styx, but forgot to dip his heel, by which she held him. We are baptized in the blood and fire of sorrow that temptation may make us invulnerable; but let us remember that trials will assail us in our most vulnerable part, be it head or heel. Let us therefore give up the idea of any moment of our lives coming when we may lay aside our armor and rest in perfect peace. . . . The impression made on Jacob was of the awfulness of life. He exclaims, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not." And he was afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place; this is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." Children, play away life. It is a touching and softening thing to see a child without aim or thought, playing away his young moments; but it is sad indeed to see men and women do this, for life is a solemn mystery, full of questions that we cannot answer. Whence come we? Whither go we? How came we here? You say that life is short, that it is a shadow, a dream, a vapor, a puff of air. Yes, it is short, but it has an eternity wrapped up in it; it is a dream, but an appalling, awful dream, the most solemn dream of eternity that we shall ever have. Remember that this is the gate of heaven; this is a dreadful place; the common is divine. God is here, so Jacob felt, and therefore he made two resolutions. . . . Jacob's faults were visited after conversion. He suffered a banishment of twenty-one years, and only returned in time to close his father's eyes. Fools say, I sin because I shall get off, but no man can escape the consequences of that which he has done. Repentance may give him a sense of pardon and take away the sting of remorse, but it cannot release him from the natural penalties of wrong-doing. Life before us looks long, life past a nothing. Moments linger, years fly. Expect nothing from the world, from the God of Jacob everything.

Mr. Moody is doing good work in Baltimore. In two of the four districts in which he mapped out for himself at the beginning of the season, he has closed his labors, and he reports nearly 1000 converts. Of the revival meetings it is said: "For many years past there has not been so general a religious interest in Baltimore. In every part of the city special religious services have been held. Even the Ritualists have begun meetings after the Moody fashion, and sing some of the same hymns."

THE

WHEN I

To drink sin; this is does the ta a sin? Th when not e in its prop eness is fr from it. T state of sin come sin. ly sober wi that can in him, and t state of soft another gla third fires inflames hi all this; a partly insa savage; a s stupid—a a reason is are for a tit and generat ers, and th and defied. drunkards dom of God begin? At step toward at the sixt not every st the system ication an ing to the soul?—John

THE FAS

What aw wine cup. highest orde the sculptor Raphael's, n harmony, n orchestral a physical or s of nation of obeyed a ma tippler does cup; its fasc his duty to his God. A sacred they call, and we appetite are. The Syren her victims of unsuspecting unreasons, to light falsely i In every v holds its victi such as a drun appreciate; b bodily exten tion, and hi into helpless sora on th nerve system through the carrying its un and its madd Appetites we powers of the vital principle sult of yieldi drinking into victims loose t inflamed, bab by friends, wh fate, pitied by the fascination them to that s hand can reac Then let our noble Do its duty—hear With manly coura To daring deeds a Strive to save, fro With love's quick From fascination's

YO

It is a great own affairs wit the affairs of o to be a busy-bu ters. But it w dinary turpitu in about to plu neighbour's hea avert the blow. terrible than th ing your child v is written on hi tion is gleanin every art know he is striving to your loved one. advantage over h under the spell turn away from romance reekin and from the so companionship of the sanctuary of and guided salve that he had tak the path to ruin well with him. we gave you w row. We could away to the p alarm. Were w house wrapped i bor in peril of o our criminality t that of the incu