

and Christian gratitude enough in this Canada of ours?

Every city and town has its own special Jubilee Scheme, of course, and this is only to be expected. But each of these is purely local in its scope and none could be called in any sense "National." Much has been said about sending a Canadian regiment to take part in an eight hours' procession—a mere spectacle—at a cost of hundreds of thousand of dollars. Of how much greater importance it must be to Canada, in the long, run to organize a regiment—or rather a *brigade*—of life savers, disposed in battle array against the ever advancing lines of disease and death? Something has been said of statues of Her Majesty which are very well in their way; but would she not have a nobler monument—"more enduring than brass" in a living agency, perpetually at work to check the ravages of painful and destructive maladies, and preserve invaluable lives to homes which otherwise would be left desolate.—FIDELIS

THE FIRST REVOLUTION OF THE HEAVENS WITNESSED BY MAN!

Far away from the earth on which we dwell, in the blue ocean of space, thousands of bright orbs, in clusterings and configurations of exceeding beauty, invite the upward gaze of man, and tempt him to the examination of the wonderful sphere by which he is surrounded. The starry heavens do not display their glittering constellations in the glare of day, while the rush and turmoil of business incapacitate man for the enjoyment of their solemn grandeur. It is in the stillness of the midnight hour, when all nature is hushed in repose, when the hum of the world's on-going is no longer heard, that the planets roll and shine, and the bright stars, trooping through the deep heavens, speak to the willing spirit that would learn their mysterious being. Often have I swept backward in imagination six thousand years, and stood beside our great ancestor as he gazed for the first time upon the going down of the sun.

What strange sensations must have swept through his bewildered mind, as he watched the last departing ray of the sinking orb, unconscious whether he ever should behold its return. Wrapt in a maze of thought, strange and startling, his eye long lingers about the point at which the sun had slowly faded from his view. A mysterious darkness, hitherto unexperienced, creeps over the face of nature. The beautiful scenes of earth, which through the swift hours of the first wonderful day of his existence had so charmed his senses, are slowly fading, one by one, from his dimmed vision. A gloom deeper than that which covers earth steals across the mind of earth's solitary inhabitant. He raises his enquiring gaze towards heaven, and lo! a silver crescent of light, clear and beautiful, hanging in the western sky meets his astonished eye. The young moon charms his untutored vision, and leads him upward to her bright attendants, which are now stealing, one by one, from out the deep blue sky. The solitary gazer bows, and wonders, and adores.

The hours glide by—the silver moon is gone—the stars are rising, slowly ascending the heights of heaven, and solemnly sweeping downward in the stillness of the night. The first grand revolution to mortal vision is nearly completed. A faint streak of rosy light is seen in the east—it brightens—the stars fade—the planets are extinguished—the eye is fixed in mute astonishment on the growing splendor, till the first rays of the returning sun dart their radiance on the young earth and its solitary inhabitant. To him "the evening and the morning were the first day." The curiosity excited on this first solemn night, the consciousness that in the heavens God had declared His glory, the eager desire to comprehend the mysteries that dwell in these bright orbs, have clung to the descendants of him who first watched and wondered, through the long lapse of six thousand years. In this boundless field of investigation human genius has won its most signal victories. Generation after generation has rolled away, age after age has swept silently by; but each has swelled by its contribution the stream of discovery. One barrier after another has given way to the force of intellect,

mysterious movements have been unravelled, mighty laws have been revealed, ponderous orbs have been weighed, their reciprocal influence computed, their complex wanderings made clear, until the mind, majestic in its strength, has mounted, step by step, up the rocky height of its self-built pyramid, from whose star-crowned summit it looks out upon the grandeur of the universe, self-clothed with the prescience of a God.

With resistless energy it rolls back the tide of time, and lives in the configuration of rolling worlds a thousand years ago, or, more wonderful, it sweeps away the dark curtain from the future, and beholds those celestial scenes which shall greet the vision of generations when a thousand years shall have rolled away, breathing their noiseless waves on the dim shores of eternity.

To trace the efforts of the human mind in this long and ardent struggle, to reveal its hopes and fears, its long years of patient watching, its moments of despair and hours of triumph, to develop the means by which the deep foundations of the rock-built pyramid of science have been laid, and to follow it as it slowly rears its stately form from age to age, until its vertex pierces the very heavens, these are the objects proposed for accomplishment, and these are the topics to which I would invite your earnest attention. The task is one of no ordinary difficulty. It is no feat of fancy, with music and poetry, with eloquence and art, to enchain the mind. Music is here; but it is the deep and solemn harmony of the spheres.

Poetry is here; but it must be read in the characters of light, written on the sable garments of night. Architecture is here; but it is the colossal structure of sun and system, of cluster and universe. Eloquence is here; but "there is neither speech nor language; its voice is not heard;" yet its restless sweep comes over us in the mighty periods of revolving worlds.

Shall we not listen to this music, because it is deep and solemn? Shall we not read this poetry, because its letters are the stars of heaven? Shall we refuse to contemplate this architecture, because "its architraves, its archways seem ghostly from infinitude?" Shall we turn away from this surging eloquence, because its utterance is made through sweeping worlds? No! the mind is ever inquisitive, ever ready to attempt to scale the most rugged steeps. Wake up its enthusiasm, fling the light of hope on its pathway, and, no matter how rough and steep and rocky it may prove, onward is the word which charms its willing powers.

IN SECRET.

No part of the bracing and invigorating sermon preached, a week or two ago, by Dr. Berry before the Free Church Council was more seasonable and more important than the sentences in which he insisted on the absolute necessity, to all labourers for Christ, of the life in secret. In these days of ours, he said, it is too frequently a wearied and exhausted minister who faces, each Sunday morning, a wearied and exhausted congregation. Occupied all the week with outward spiritual work, careful and troubled about the many things of the Kingdom, he has not been sitting, often enough and patiently enough, at the feet of Jesus; and so he is not all that he ought to be—a shepherd skilled to lead the flock into the green pastures and beside the waters of quietness.

The danger besets many a living and loving Christian. "I have discovered," Pascal says, "that all the misfortunes of men arise from one thing, that they are unable to stay in their own chamber." If that were true two centuries since, it is tenfold more true at this instant. We pride ourselves, in religion as in everything else, on our practical genius, our planning and attempting and achieving. We rather despise those Oriental nations and faiths which are much given to brooding. We speak with some degree of contempt of Mysticism and Pietism, as if they were pitiful aberrations from the best course. Conferences and meetings and crowds and activities absorb us, until, like Zaccheus in Jericho, we are unable to see Christ Himself for the press. But the Christianity of none of us will be deep and effective, unless we are in the habit of secluding ourselves in the solitary place and of shutting our doors behind us. The scholar who wishes to be wise must burn the midnight oil and study. The merchant who wishes to be rich must watch the markets

—Ormsby M. Mitchell, the astronomer and soldier, author of "The Planetary and Stellar Worlds," and who died of yellow fever, at Beaufort, S. C., in 1852, penned this beautiful production of his pen.