

While we build our cities and recount the achievements of a few generations past, this globe of matter hurries onward in its destined career as rapidly as a million years ago, when merely preparing for the occupancy of Adam's race. Every year and every day witnesses the dissipation of terrestrial warmth. While we ponder the great fact, the world is growing cold beneath our feet. The current of events is carrying us inevitably to a state of total refrigeration. Perhaps the mountains will have been levelled first, and the continents swallowed up in the sea. Perhaps the volcano will have been first extinguished, and the earthquake will have lain down to its final slumber. Buffon imagined that the final refrigeration of the earth would introduce the rigors of perpetual winter, and render our planet uninhabitable. Though more recent investigators have asserted that that event would only reduce our earth's surface temperature one-fortieth of its present amount, it seems difficult to rest upon that conclusion. The interior of the earth is probably half as hot as the sun. The earth's molten core is separated from us by not more than a hundred miles of rocky crust. The glowing sun is a million times farther removed, and yet, it is alleged, yields forty times the warmth which we derive from the nearer heat. In face of the testimony of figures, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the final cooling of our earth will exert a greater influence upon its surface conditions than these philosophers have dreamed.

LOVE THROUGH ALL.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

ONLY let me feel Thee near me,
Though the darkness fall,
Give me but this thought to cheer me,
Love rules over all ;
Surely, then, in peace abiding,
I may wait Thy will ;
In that changeless love confiding,
Suffer and be still.

Let bright hopes, and cherished dearly
Blossom but to die ;
Only show Thy face more clearly,
Bring Thy love more nigh.
So will many a ray from heaven
Gild the cross below ;
So will every trial given
Catch love's tender glow.

TORONTO.