

is pinned down and the air excluded in the act of walking or climbing, but it is the very same, only upon a larger scale, with the mechanism of a fly's or a butterfly's foot; and both operations, the climbing of the sea-horse upon the ice, and the creeping of the fly upon the window or the ceiling, are performed exactly by the same power, the weight of the atmosphere, which causes the quicksilver to stand in the weather glass, the wind to whistle through a key hole, and the piston to descend in an old steam engine. *Brougham.*

THE TRAVELLER.

INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL.

From Rev. Robert Moffat's most interesting work on Southern Africa, just published by Mr. Carter, the following thrilling incidents are copied.

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

On our route homeward we halted at a spot where a novel scene once occurred, and which was described by an individual who witnessed it when a boy. Near a very small fountain which was shewn to me, stood a camel thorn-tree, (*Acacia Giraffe*.) It was a stiff tree, about twelve feet high, with a flat, bushy top. Many years ago, the relater, then a boy, was returning to his village, and having turned aside to the fountain for a drink, lay down on the bank, and fell asleep. Being awake by the piercing rays of the sun, he saw, through the bush behind which he lay, a giraffe browsing at ease on the tender shoots of the tree, and, to his horror, a lion, creeping like a cat, only a dozen yards from him, preparing to pounce on his prey. The lion eyed the giraffe for a few moments, his body gave a shake, and he bounded into the air, to seize the head of the animal, which instantly turned his stately neck, and the lion, missing his grasp, fell on his back in the centre of the mass of thorns, like spikes, and the giraffe bounded over the plain. The boy instantly followed the example, expecting as a matter of course, that the enraged lion would soon find his way to the earth. Some time afterwards, the people of the village, who seldom visited that spot, saw the eagles hovering in the air; and as it is almost always a certain sign that the lion has killed game, or some animal is lying dead, they went to the place, and sought in vain till, coming under the lee of the tree, their olfactory nerves directed them to where the lion lay dead in his thorny bed. I still found some of his bones under the tree, and hair on its branches, to convince me of what I scarcely could have credited.

The lion will sometimes manage to mount the back of a giraffe, and fixing his sharp claws into each shoulder, gnaw away till he reaches the vertebrae of the neck, when both fall; and oftentimes the lion is lamed for his trouble. If the giraffe happens to be very strong, he succeeds in bringing his rider to the ground. Among those that we shot in our journey, the healed wounds of the lion's claws on the shoulder, and marks of his teeth on the back of the neck, gave us ocular demonstration that two of them had carried the monarch of the forest on their backs, and yet came off triumphant.

TERROR OF OXEN AT A LION.

We were often exposed to danger from lions, which, from the scarcity of water, frequent the pools or fountains, and some of our number had some hair-breadth escapes. One night we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening worship, the book was still in my hand, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard; our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn-books, our Bible and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any. Africaner, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue in a dark and gloomy ravine, grasped a firebrand, and exclaimed, "Follow me!" and but for this promptness and intrepidity we must have lost some of our number, for nothing can exceed the terror of oxen at even the smell of a lion. Though they may happen to be

in the worst condition possible, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the sraggy monster is perceived, they start like race horses, with their tails erect, and sometimes days will elapse before they are found. The number of lions may be easily accounted for, when it is remembered how thinly scattered the inhabitants are, and, indeed, the whole appearance of the country impresses the mind with the idea that it is only fit for beasts of prey. The people seem to drag out a miserable existence, wandering from place to place in quest of grass, game, or wild roots. Those I had met with had, from infancy, been living a no-made life, with one great object in view, to keep soul and body together.

"A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round
Spread—void of living sight or sound."

RUINS OF LAODICEA.

THE RUINS of Laodicea and Hierapolis are very extensive. The stadium of the former city, and the gymnasia and theatres of both, are the most complete which I have anywhere seen. Hierapolis is remarkable also for the so-called frozen cascades—a natural curiosity, in its kind probably not surpassed for beauty and extent in the world. It consists of a deposit of carbonate of lime, white as the driven snow, assuming, when closely examined, various forms, and covering nearly the whole southern and western declivities of the elevation on which the city was built. It is visible for many miles, and has procured for the place the name, by which alone Hierapolis is known among the Turks, of the Cotton Castle. Hierapolis was famous in ancient times for its medicinal waters, and its baths were much frequented. The warm water still flows abundantly, and still tumbles sparkling down the sides of the hill, increasing the deposit which has been forming for so many ages. The old deposit, covering many acres of the site of the ancient city, is now a dark-coloured hard limestone. The recent deposits are perfectly white, and not harder than lime plastering two or three weeks old. We bathed in the water near its source, and found it exceedingly refreshing after the fatigues of our journey. Mr. Adger suggests that the vicinity of these distinguished waters to Laodicea might have occasioned the use of the figure employed in our Saviour's address to that church, Revelation iii. 16.—"Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."—*Missionary Herald.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

From the N. Y. Observer.

A FRAGMENT

FROM THE ANNALS OF APOSTACY.

SOME four years ago the field of my labors was at one of the country seats of a neighboring State. Turning over recently a book of Pastoral Records of that date, an incident was revived in my memory, the affecting details of which may perhaps reach, with a salutary influence, the heart of some wanderer. One of the individuals referred to—a brother in the ministry—if his eye lights upon this page, will excuse the liberty I have taken, as my only motive is the hope of good to a class of persons mournfully numerous, especially in these new sections of our land. The other, I know not where or what he now may be; but if still living, and clothed at length in his right mind, he has found the feet of Jesus, he will not object that his sad history be recorded as a warning to the unwary, careless professor.

Entering my pulpit one Sabbath afternoon, I found, within the leaves of my Hym Book, the following note:

"Dear Sir,—Affliction and sorrow press heavily upon me, and I have resolved to seek relief at the feet of my Saviour, whom I have so grievously insulted. Death at farthest cannot be far, and I feel so unhappy that I know unless I find favor at the mercy-seat, I must soon lay my spirit down in hell. I would be glad to hear you preach a sermon, this afternoon, suited to my case. Death has recently snatched from me a dear relation, by complying with this request, you may perhaps save a soul from hell; at any rate you will oblige
A Repenting Prodigal.

P. S. I withhold my name for the present, but you shall know me ere long. I am a stranger in a strange land, far from friends and home."

Anxiously marking my congregation as it assembled, I observed a young man enter, somewhat late, with an air of great dejection. He was the Editor of one of our village newspapers. I had scarcely any acquaintance with him, for his character was exceedingly profligate, and his associates of the same stamp. My subject could hardly have been better suited to his case had I selected it purposely for him; and before the services were over, I had no doubt but he was the writer of the anonymous note.

That evening I addressed him a line stating my conviction, and desiring him, if I was correct in it, to come to my house the following day. At the appointed hour he came. Our interview was deeply affecting. He told me his history, while bitter tears revealed how painfully remorse was rending his spirit. At the age of fourteen he professed religion; soon after commenced preparatory studies for the ministry, and thought he knew the joys of a Christian. After some years of study and of apparent religious activity, his health failed, and he journeyed westward. Reaching our village, the conducting of a weekly political press was offered him. Party enthusiasm was running high; he neglected religious duty, was entangled with vicious companionship, became dissipated, got into several drunken broils, and sunk with unusual speed into open and scandalous impiety. In this state some business difficulties, but especially the news of the death of a beloved and pious sister, aroused him to reflection. And thus awakened, he perceived the note which procured our interview.

I thought when he left me that evening, that I had never seen a case of more genuine penitence, of stronger determination to amend. But alas for blighted hopes! In a few weeks the miserable man had again fallen, was again with a hardened countenance and a hardened heart sitting in the seat of scorn, standing in the ways of the ungodly, abandoned apparently of God, to swift perdition.

At our interview this young man had told me that he had a brother at ———, a Presbyterian clergyman. When again he had fallen, I determined to write that brother the sad account of his prodigal course. I did so. By return of post, I received a reply, a few passages of which that brother will pardon me for inserting here; and if a similar prodigal, far from an earthly and a heavenly home, shall read them, he may read in them the emotions of anguish which his wanderings are awakening in hearts that yearn after him with untold tenderness. Would to God, he might hear, in such accents of indescribable sorrow, a voice that should arrest his straying footsteps!

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—Yours of the ——— inat. was received a few hours since, and I now hasten to respond to it. Permit me in the first place to offer my sincerest thanks to you for communicating to me the mournful tidings of my brother's apostacy. ——— is my brother. Hitherto his life has been above suspicion, his moral and Christian character has been irreproachable. Judge, then, of my surprise on the receipt of your letter. He had been a member of my church, and I entertained no fears respecting his stability.

"I know not what to write, or how to write at all. Were it possible, I would start forthwith in quest of this poor prodigal brother; but I cannot, as I am just making arrangements to go to W——— city, to see a relative who is dying. My dear sir, will you not try to rescue my poor brother from destruction? I know you will. Tell him of his dear mother, his sister, his father. Alas! this calamity will cause the deepest woe to them all. O sir, he was kind, affectionate, and promised to be the pride as well as the comfort and prop of his poor mother. Prevail on him, if possible, at once and forever to desist. If any earthly motive will influence him, it will be his mother's need of him!

"I know not what more to write. You, sir, can easily anticipate all my anxious, troubled heart would dictate. Fallen, O how greatly fallen! Christ wounded,—his cause reproached,—a dear brother ruined,—a soul lost! Hope blighted—prospects blasted—expectation disappointed—Great God, have mercy!

Seldom has my own soul been so deeply agitated as while perusing this sheet, bathed literally in a Christian brother's tears. I sought immediately the unhappy subject of its solicitude, and placed it in his hands. What more could be attempted? But it produced no essential change. At length we separated, he remaining still the victim of apostacy. Often have I recalled these incidents, fraught with so fearful warning, and as often have the startling words of the Son of God sounded solemnly on my heart: "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven!"

A WESTERN PASTOR.

H———, Missouri, March, 1843.

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and Experience is his banker: but his drafts are seldom honored, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.