

much about Christ, and how he suffered to save poor sinners. Pray that you may be enabled to feast thereon, to love him and to serve him. If you enjoy this glad news; which is spoken of us a feast, Isa 25: 6, surely you will not forget the poor heathen; but you will be anxious "to send port-ona unto them for whom nothing is prepared." Neh. 8: 10. Help the Bible, the Tract, and the Missionary Societies, by whom the Gospel is sent to the heathen.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

In the environs of Inspruck, are many spots presenting legendary or romantic interest, to visit all of which would require a separate tour. Among these is Martin's-wand, an almost perpendicular wall of rock, about two miles from the city, near to the old castle of Fergenstein on the road to Zul, famous for the Chamois Chase of the Emperor Maximilian. Near the centre of the cliff called after the Emperor, in which is fixed a large crucifix looking down at the frightful precipice, where he encountered his perilous adventure. The Emperor in the ardent pursuit of a chamois, which he had wounded, ventured too far on the ledge of a rock, when suddenly the staff slipped from his hand. The tremendous depth made him tremble, and he sought by a violent effort to leap to a more secure position; but of his six Iron crampons, five were broken, and he found himself held only by a single one from being precipitated in to the gulf below. Despairing of human aid, he recommended himself to God, and contemplated the alternatives of being starved to death or dashed to pieces. His suit having in the meantime discovered the emperor by his cries, used every effort to rescue him, but found it impossible to render him any succour. To preserve his mortal part from destruction being beyond their power, he was considered a dying man, and they prepared in the mournful extremity to afford him the last consolations of religion.

Already had the plaintiff bell of the village church, summoned the people to pray before the holy sacrament which was conveying to the foot of a rock, to be solemnized in the presence of the unfortunate monarch, when a chamois hunter, of the name of Zips, reached the spot where the emperor was suspended between life and death. Surprised to see a man where only the pressed chamois ventured his foot he cried out, "Halloa, what are you doing there below?" And the Emperor answered calmly, "I am on the watch," (en laure,) and pointed to him the awful ceremonial which was performing. "Well," rejoined the hunter, "must not I attempt a descent?" "Come with me." Then giving the Emperor fresh crampons for his feet, he assisted with his arm, and conducted him safely to the bottom. "Henceforth," said the emperor to his deliverer, "you shall no longer be called Zips, but Hollaner, in eternal commemoration of my deliverance, that this day may preserve forever the remembrance of your Halloa, and of my answer in German, Ich Laure; and as this high rock would have been my place of sepulture without your aid, the title of Lord Hohenfelsan [of the high rock,] Hellaner de Hohenfelsan with suitable arms, shall be granted to you in perpetuity."

JUVENILE COURAGE AND HUMANITY.—When the frigate La Tribune, was wrecked off Hali-

fax, in November, 1747, the whole ship's crew perished, with the exception of four men, who escaped in the jolly boat, and eight others, who clung to the main and fore tops. The inhabitants of the place came down in the night opposite the point where the ship struck, and approached so near as to converse with the people on the wreck. The first exertion that was made for their relief, was by a boy of no more than thirteen years of age, from Herring Cove, who ventured off in a small skiff by himself, about eleven o'clock the next day. With great exertions, and at extreme risk to himself, he ventured to approach the wreck, and backed in his little boat so near to the fore top as to take off two of the men, for the boat could not with safety hold any more. He rowed them triumphantly to the Cove, and had them instantly conveyed to a comfortable habitation. After shaming, by his example, older persons who had longer boats, the manly boy put off again in his little skiff, out with all his efforts he was unable to reach the wreck a second time. His example, however, was soon followed by other boats of the cove, and by their joint exertions the whole of the remaining survivors were saved.

THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE.

Between eight and nine o'clock on Thursday evening, a dead body was stolen from a house in Sovereign-mews, Sovereign street, Paddington, under the following disgraceful circumstances:—On the day preceding, died an old man, who, for several years previously had supported himself by sweeping the crossing at the top of Sovereign street. Application was made by his wife to the parish authorities to bury him, to which they assented—but about half past eight on Thursday evening a lad called at the house, and stated that he came from a lady in Grosvenor square, who having known the old man some years ago, and hearing of his death, wished to contribute a small trifle towards defraying the expenses of his funeral, and requesting the wife of the deceased to wait upon her for that purpose; the lad, at the same time, gave her the name and address of her supposed benefactress. The old woman, as may be expected, lost as little time as possible in setting off for Grosvenor Square, leaving the house and corpse to the care of a little boy, a son of hers. She had not been five minutes gone, when two men entered, for the purpose, as they alleged, of conveying the body to the work-house, by order of the parish officers, previous to interment; but the boy declined letting them take it until his mother returned, and they consented to wait for her. One of them proposed to have some beer in the interim, and took the boy out with him for it. When they returned, after the lapse of a minute or two, they sent the boy out alone for some tobacco, and availed themselves of that opportunity to put the body into, it is supposed, a sack, and decamped with their sacrilegious booty. The poor woman went to Grosvenor square, but no such person as the lady to whom she had been directed could be found there; and her disappointment was turned into a more painful feeling, when, on coming home, she discovered the outrage which had been committed in her absence. The circumstances under which the body was taken, leaves no doubt but that the ruffians who stole it are professional caterers

for the hospitals, and as soon as information was given to the police, every search was made after them but hitherto without success.

MOUNT ARRARAT.

On the side of Arrarat is a hermitage, supposed to be Noah's habitation on his descent, and the first in the world. This venerable mountain has a most imposing appearance; in addition to its peculiar form, it rises from a champagne country, and appears to much greater effect, from their being no other eminence in the vicinity of it. On leaving Erivan we had intended to visit the seven churches of Guerni, cut out of solid rock; but on this occasion our first disaster befel us, and we failed in the object of our expedition.—Having set out night overtook us before we could expect to arrive at the village, and as it snowed the whole of the day, our guide had every excuse for mistaking the road. We had observed him for some time looking from right to left, as if he was out of his latitude, and he at length acknowledged he had lost his way. For many long hours we had endeavoured by loudly hallooing to make ourselves heard, but our vociferations were vain; we were creeping into a chimney in despair of a shelter, when about one o'clock in the morning, we thought we discerned the bark of a watch dog; having advanced toward the sound, we found in a ruined church our baggage, for the men with the mules had fortunately found their way there also,—and an immense flock of sheep; and we began now to understand the cause of our misfortune.

The poor guide, whom we abused for stupidity had directed his course properly enough, but the village had been demolished when the Russians passed through in pursuit of the Persians in the late war, and nothing remained but the stone walls of this welcome church, which now formed an asylum for sheep, and which from the darkness of the night, we should not have discovered but for the shepherd's dog. No hotel, however, well provided and sumptuous, was ever so welcome as this old church, which afforded at least a shelter against a fall of snow. We soon made a fire, and an attack upon the provision basket made amends for previous cold and hunger.—We congratulated ourselves that we had gained experience, which might afterwards be of use to us, not to place too much reliance upon the existence of villages and towns, and run the risk of being benighted in a similar manner. As the villages are universally built of earth, they disappear altogether from time to time and so complete is the destruction, that it is no exaggeration to say that the mud-walls once fallen, soon unite with the ground, and the plough goes over them leaving not a vestige to be seen. There seems to be nothing to remind the traveller in Armenia of its ancient kingdom, and like Poland and several other states, now under the dominion of Russia, (the crowns of most of which are deposited among the regalia of Moscow,) it is scarcely known to exist.

From Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity.

Examine first with attention the natural powers and faculties of man; invention, reason, judgment, memory; a mind of "large discourse," "looking before and after," reviewing the past, thence determining for the present, and anticipating the future; discerning, collecting, combining, comparing; capable not merely of apprehending, but of admiring the beauty of moral excellence: with fear and hope to warn and animate; with joy and sorrow to solace and soften, with love to attach, with sympathy to harmonize, with courage to attempt, with patience to endure, and with the power of conscience, that faithful monitor within the breast, to enforce the conclusions of reason, and direct and regulate the passions of the soul.

Truly we must pronounce him "majestic, though in ruin." "Happy, happy world!" would be the exclamation of the inhabitant of some other planet, on being told of a globe like ours, peopled with such creatures as these, and abounding with situations and occasions to call