

he Indian savages dwelt here. The Mastodon was evidently a species of the Elephant, but of a much larger size than the one now existing. One of these animals was found many years since, we think, in some part of Russian Asia, frozen into the ice, near a hundred feet from the water. It was nearly perfect in its organization, and protruded from the ice. From this specimen a general idea could be formed of the species of the animal. Its skin, tusks, head, and general appearance, very much resembled the elephant tribe. This relic of a bygone age had no doubt hid there in its icy grave thousands of years, and had been left there when the waters were much higher than now. Immense quantities of the tusks and bones of the Mastodon are strewn over the greater part of Siberia and Northern Asia; so much so that their discovery and sale of ivory form a profitable branch of commerce and revenue to the Emperor Nicholas. In some places they lie in vast heaps or mines, as if washed there by water. In the extreme north there are vast mines or heaps of the remains of these animals. We intend to give in a future number an account of one of them. The Mastodon was probably twice or three times the size of the largest Elephant, and fed on grass and vegetables. It is supposed by many that it was capable of living in a northern as well as southern climate, and congregated in vast herds, as do the Buffaloes now; going to the north in the summer and to the south in the winter. The appearance of things all over America and Northern Asia seem to indicate three, or certainly two epochs, or eras in their history. One when the whole face of the country was covered by an immense ocean, extending from the extreme west, over a great part of Asia and all of Europe. The ocean subsided and dry land appeared, which so remained, perhaps for thousands of years. During this period the Mastodons probably lived, and perhaps America was settled by a civilized race of men; whose remains are seen in vast piles of ruins and mounds in California, Central America, Oregon and North America. Then one would suppose that some great desolation or flood had swept our land and destroyed the vegetation and animals. The third epoch was when a vast tract of country extending across the Atlantic from Spain and the Azore Islands to South and North America and to Africa, by some great convulsion of nature, was sunk, leaving an ocean in place of it. Of the last there are still faint traditions to be found in ancient Egyptian records. See the article on the two first pages of this number. This sunken land was called the Island or land of the Atlantides. It may be that the second and third epochs are all one, but geology would seem to say not; for the third was

much more recent. During the second the vast coal fields were formed. These coal fields are the remains of vast forests and plains or marshes of immense reeds or vegetables. Geologists have proved that coal originates from vegetable matter. When did that vegetation exist? In England and America coal beds extend for hundreds of miles in extent, and for hundreds of yards deep; lying under deep earth and even beds of rock. The traditions of ancient times, Indians, Egyptians, and Grecians speak of a great flood that took place many thousands of years before their time. It was probably during that flood, the same one described in the Old Testament by Moses, that the destruction of the Mammoth took place; whose bones are strewn every where; and perhaps the remains found in California are of the same date. There must have been an era before this, when coal beds were formed from forests and vegetables united with the action of water and fire. The California and Central American ruins may, however, be the remains of a race living subsequent to the flood.

The Book of Genesis according to received opinions and constructions, shows that about two thousand years elapsed between the creation of man and the flood. Chronology also informs us, drawing its conclusions from Jewish history up to the time of Christ, assisted by Grecian accounts; that about 4,000 years have elapsed since the flood.

The grand object of Scripture history is to prove and show the existence of God,—man's fallen moral condition, and the moral government of God over man and the universe; the grand consummation of which on earth was the appearance of Christ, who came from God to declare the will of God and the truths of immortality to man. Incorrect conclusions as to the Chronology of the world may have been drawn from Mosaic and profane history, as to the time elapsing between certain events in the world. Moses did not pretend to declare with infallibility all astronomical or geographical facts. He was a man like ourselves. Consequently longer periods may have elapsed between the flood and man's creation, and also between the flood and the time of Christ than is supposed. Moses appeared 1500 years before Christ, and at that time Egypt was an old settled kingdom. In Abraham's time, about 400 years before Moses, Assyria was full of tribes, and Egypt was a well settled kingdom. This interesting subject will be again alluded to.

The Hon. Adam Ferguson has given the Sons of Temperance of the Fergus Division a valuable piece of land for a site for a Temperance Hall.

## BRIGHTER HOURS WILL DAWN.

*For the Canadian Son of Temperance.*

When woes sharp darts assail the mind  
And fate begins to lower  
Bereft of hope no peace we'd find  
With sweetly soothing power;  
Still tho' bereft of all that's dear,  
May hope from heaven be drawn  
Then cheer thee, mourner, cheer thee, cheer  
For brighter hours will dawn.

The darkest hour's ere morning breaks,  
So hope's obscured in fears,  
And Joy is hushed while Pity speaks  
Yet smiles behind her tears.  
Then manfully drive fear away  
And bid wan grief begone,  
And cheer up, mourner, cheer thee, cheer,  
For brighter hours will dawn.

And when upon the sea of life,  
Our frail, frail bark is toss'd  
And we, 'mid varying passion's strife,  
Have yielded all as lost,  
Tho' boisterous billows may o'erwhelm,  
Or gulphing whirlpools yawn,  
Let Hope but still direct the helm  
And brighter hours will dawn.

Our sky may often be o'er cast  
By many a gloomy cloud,  
And the dark future o'er the past  
May fling a mystic shroud;  
But Hope's bright sun shall still appear  
To light life's flowery lawn:  
Then mourner be of better cheer  
For brighter hours will dawn.

And when thy soul is sunk in woe,  
Or sorrow clouds thy mind:  
Beware lest rebel tears shall flow  
Thy reason's sight to blind,  
Then let thy woes to heaven appear,  
Thence may thy hope be drawn:  
Then let this thought the mourner cheer  
For brighter hours will dawn.

Then angels whispering in the air,  
The flood—the field—the streams  
Shall bid thy heart defy despair,  
And tranquilize thy dreams:  
Thou then wilt find the path once dear  
To be with flow'rets strewn:  
And angels whisper cheer thee, cheer  
For brighter hours will dawn.

Then may the soul triumphant soar  
Above the ills of life,  
Find fortune's apathy no more,  
Nor trembling bow to strife:  
And though a frowning world is near  
From whence no comfort's drawn,  
Be God thy hope—thy heart shall cheer—  
And brighter hours will dawn.

And though should tardy wealth withhold  
Her coffered dross to drain  
Still we despite her needful gold,  
May competency gain.  
With competence content us here;  
While Hope shall urge us on:  
Then let this hope thy spirit cheer,  
That brighter hours will dawn.

But if for fame, more tardy still,  
The tameless spirit sighs,  
Seek not to urge thy labouring will  
That dies as fancy dies.  
Propitious yet may Fate appear  
And Fame by her led on,  
May stoop a Bard's sad heart to cheer;  
When brighter hours shall dawn.

FOREST BARD.

Great preparations are making to receive Kossuth in London and elsewhere. He has issued an address to the French nation against the refusal of the despot government that rules that unfortunate land. An Editor has been imprisoned for alluding to the fact in France.