

and in the vicinity of its mouth, were scared from their dwellings, and suffered some considerable loss of property. I was assured that no water was seen:—It was like a deluge of bluish grey mud, intermixed with slaty rocks, and exhibiting much the same appearance to the eye as it does at present. It continued to flow, but gently, for two or three days, and then stopped.

As it moved down from an immense height, the momentum it acquired carried it forward at last with irresistible violence, sweeping away blocks of stone many tons in weight, which floated like corks upon the surface. It covered the high road for a length of about nine hundred feet, and overwhelmed many fields, orchards, and some few houses. Such phenomena are by no means new in that neighborhood. It appears, from the accounts of the people in the neighborhood, that "some very long time ago, the Rhone, in that part of its course, flowed much more nearly through the centre of the Vallais, and that a town or village, named Penassez, stood upon its bank, but that a *debacle* from this same ravine overwhelmed Penassez, and drove the Rhone eastward, to the channel which it now occupies, at the very foot of the opposite mountain, the Dent de Morcles, which bounds the Vallais on that side."—*Selected.*



[For the Maple Leaf.

## A SKETCH.

"The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn  
By mortal hand; it merits a divine.  
Angels should paint it, angels ever there."

There he lay, the cold hand of death already on his brow, and his emaciated features settling in the repose that knows no waking. Peacefully he sank to his everlasting slumber. No traces of suffering disturbed the serenity of his brow, or marred the holy calmness that pervaded his last moments; the spirit of his life, struggling onwards, had at last reached the confines of time, and was about to pass into the vast unknown. Not a sound was heard; no sigh of complaint was uttered; for the deep solemnity of the death-chamber hushed our voices, and we knew that the spirit passing away in death's deep silence would inherit the reward of the just. No shuffling tread broke the solemn stillness; no dissonant note of grief fell amid the awful gloom. We heard the voice of the minister breathing words of