

thou thyself to be another? for I am sent to thee with heavy tidings." He then broke forth in a strong tide of denunciation against Jacoboan, because he had sinned and made Israel to sin; and the voice which had proclaimed his rise from a low estate to royal power, now, with still stronger tone, proclaimed the downfall and ruin of his house—conquered in blood—its members to find tombs only in the bowels of beasts and birds.—There was one exception—only one. The youth of whom she came to enquire—no one should come to his grave in peace, by dying of his present disease, because in him only was "found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jacoboan."

Woful tidings these for a mother's heart; and scarcely, perhaps, intelligible to her stunned intellect. Here was a beginning of judgment upon Jacoboan, and upon her, because she was his. Judgment in taking away the only well conditioned and worthy son, and judgment stored up in and for the ill-conditioned ones who were suffered to remain. God, when it suits the purposes of his wisdom and his justice, can afflict no man by what he spares than by what he takes.

Yet there was mercy in this judgment; mercy, strange as it seems to say,—to him on whom the sentence of death was passed. It is so stated; and it is more intelligible than it seems. It was because there was some good thing found in him that he should die. Death was to be for him a reward, a blessing, a deliverance. He should die peaceably upon his bed; for him all Israel should mourn; for him many tears be shed; and he should be brought with honor to the tomb. More than all, he would be taken from his part in the evil that hung over his house; and the Lord's vindictive justice would thus be spared the seeming harshness of bringing ruin upon a righteous king for his father's crimes. Alas! how little do we know the real objects of the various incidents of life and death—of mercy, of punishment, and of trial! In this case the motives were disclosed; and we are suffered to glance upon some of the great secrets of death, which form the trying mysteries of life. Having the instance, we can find the parallels of lives, full of hope and promise, prematurely taken, and that in mercy, as we can judge, to those who depart. The heavenly husbandman often gathers for his garner the fruit that early ripens, without suffering it to hang needlessly long, beaten by storms, upon the tree. Oh how often, as many a grieved heart can tell, do the Lord's best beloved die betimes—taken from the evil to come—while the unripe, the evil, the injurious, live long for mischief to themselves and others! Roses and lilies wither far sooner than thorns and thistles.

Doleful were the tidings the disguised princess had to bear back to the beautiful town of Tirzah. All remoter griefs were probably to her swallowed up in this—which rung continually in her ears in all her homeward way,—“When thy feet enter into the city the child shall die.” It is heavy tidings to a mother that she must lose her well beloved son; but it is a grievous aggravation of her trouble that she might not see him before he died. They who were about him knew not that he was to die to-day, and therefore could not estimate the preciousness of his last hours and the privilege of being then near him, and of receiving his embrace. She knew; and she might not be near, nor pour out upon a dying son the fulness of a mother's heart. Knowing that her son lay on his death-bed, her first impulse must have been to fly home to receive his dying kiss; but her second to linger by the way, as if to prolong that dear life which must close the moment she entered the city. Never, surely, before or since, was a distressed mother so wofully torn between the contrary impulses of her affection!

At last her weary steps reached the city; and as she entered its gate her son died, and she was only just in time to press to her arms the heart still warm, although it had ceased to beat.—*A Selection from Killa.*

MORE SURVIVORS OF THE LYONNAIS.—The following is a report, made by two men named Toughar, a stoker, and Cedas, a passenger on board the unfortunate steamer *Lyonnais*, before the French consul at Rio, at which port they were landed, by the American ship *Essex*, which had picked them up at sea:—“In the morning of the 4th November Captain Deaulx was in his gig, with Dr. Clarin, the *seigneur de chambre*, and five sailors. They were steering at some distance from the vessel. About eleven o'clock we lost sight of them. I left the raft and went on board the *Lyonnais*, where I was rejoined by twenty of our companions, mostly sailors. All of them except four, immediately made an attack, on the provision and wine. It was in

vain that we endeavored to persuade them to assist in constructing a new raft; they replied that they would die on board the vessel. For us who wished to escape death, we began to construct two, which we sent to the large one. The night came on stormy, and was a dreadful one to pass. One of the small rafts, which we had sent to the large one, and which had remained attached to the latter, parted its hawser at eleven o'clock at night, and went adrift, having on it the chief cook named Cayolle; Romain, first stoker; and four others. At that moment the sea was very rough, and every movement of the vessel gave such a shock to the large raft, which was fastened to her, that we thought it would go to pieces. The unfortunate men who were on it uttered the most piercing cries, begging that the hawser might be cut, and the raft set adrift before it went to pieces. That we could not consent to, for if the raft floated away we thought we should lose all chance of safety. Alas! when daylight appeared, not a vestige beyond the part to which the hawser was attached was visible. By the side of us our drunken companions were still asleep with their bodies half under water. We sought to rouse them up by declaring the vessel would soon go to pieces, and that it was necessary to construct a new raft. One of them opened his eyes, and finding that it rained, replied, ‘I will not do anything while it rains.’ Four men set to work with me, and, at six o'clock in the morning of the 5th, a last raft was completed and launched. The water had then reached to a level with the deck of the vessel, and there was not a moment to be lost. We got on the raft, without provisions, and almost without clothes, with two empty barrels, the cabin doors, and some cordage. The raft was about 30 feet square. I had with me, besides my present companion, the ship's steward, the second cook, and a stoker, whose papers are now in our possession. As to those who remained on the vessel, to the number of about fifteen, we saw them take refuge in the forepart as the water rose above the upper part. We had not got to more than four times the vessel's length from her when she suddenly gave a lurch to starboard, and then suddenly disappeared, with a noise similar to an explosion of a mine. There was a smart breeze blowing at the time, and the sea was very rough. Our raft, formed of planks suspended on two barrels, had neither oars nor sails. Throughout the whole of the 5th the weather was squally, with rain, sleet, and snow. On the 5th there was a heavy sea. The raft gave a heavy lurch, and the second cook was washed away. A short time after, another man, in despair, threw himself into the sea. The steward twice attempted to follow that example, but we dragged him on board again. He, however, soon afterwards disappeared, after a very heavy sea had washed over us. There now remained only we two. We had then become very weak from long fasting and exposure to the wet and cold. Our hands and legs had swollen. At 8 o'clock in the morning of the 8th we saw a vessel at about a cannon's shot distance, but she did not see us, and continued on her route. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we saw another steering for us, and she soon came close. We were saved. Some of the crew of the vessel jumped on our raft; and finding we were too weak to move, had us slung and hoisted on board. She was the *Essex*, of Boston, and bound to Rio with a cargo of ice. The captain and his wife treated us with the greatest kindness, and we arrived at Rio on the 25th December.

A COMPETENT WITNESS.—The following extract from Dr. Kane's *Arctic Explorations* is a manly recognition of God's never failing Providence, which ordereth all things that are in heaven and earth:—

“Meanwhile we tried to dream of commerce with the Esquimaux, and open water, and home. For myself, my thoughts had quite occupation enough in the question of our closing labors. I never lost my hope. I looked to the coming Spring as full of responsibilities; but I had bodily strength and moral tone enough to look through them to the end.—A trust, based on experience as well as on promises, buoyed me up at the worst of times. Call it fatalism, as you ignorantly may, there is that in the story of every eventful life which teaches the inefficiency of human means and the present control of a supreme agency. See how often relief has come at the moment of extremity, in forms strangely unsought, almost at the time unwelcome; see still more, how the back has been strengthened to its increasing burden, and the heart cheered by some conscious influence of an unseen power.”

We add the Doctor's testimony to the value of the labors of the Missionaries among the Esquimaux:—

“The labors of the Lutheran and Moravian Missionaries have been so successful among these peo-

ple that but few of them are now without the pale of professed Christianity, and its reforming influences have affected the moral tone of all. Before the arrival of these self-sacrificing evangelists, murder, incest, burial of the living, and infanticide, were not numbered among crimes. It was unsafe for vessels to touch upon the coast; treachery was as common and as much honored as among the Polynesians of the Eastern seas. Crantz tells us of a Dutch brig that was seized by the natives at the port of Disco, in 1740, and the whole crew murdered; and two years later the same fate befell the seamen of another vessel that had accidentally stranded.

“But for the last hundred years Greenland has been safer for the wrecked mariner than many parts of our own coast. Hospitality is the universal characteristic, enjoined upon the converted as a Christian duty, but everywhere a virtue of savage life.—From Upernavik to Capo Farwell, the Esquimaux does not hesitate to devote his own meal to the necessities of a guest.

“The benefits of the Missionary school are not confined to the Christianized natives; and it is observable that the virtues of truth, self-reliance, and generous bearing, have been inculcated successfully with men who still cherish the wild traditional superstitions of their fathers. Some of them are persons of strongly marked character, and are trusted largely by the Danish officials.”

PHYSICAL CHANGES.—Our bodies are at all times like the fire which was shown to the hero of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in Interpreter's House, which had water poured on it, on one side of the wall against which it blazed, and oil on the other.—Here one tissue is burning like fuel, and there another is becoming the depository of combustible matter. We have, as it were, millions of microscopic wind-furnaces, converting into carbonic acid, water-vapour, and other products of combustion, all the combustible elements of the body; and millions of blast-furnaces reducing the starch and sugar of the food, and the sulphates and phosphates of the body, into inflammable oils and other fuels, which are finally transferred to the wind furnaces and burned there. Burning, and what we must call in contradistinction, unburning, thus proceed together; the flame of life, like a blow-pipe flame, exhibiting an oxidising and a reducing action, at points not far distant from each other. Such is the human body, ever changing, ever abiding. A temple, always complete, and yet always under repair. A mansion which quite contents its possessor, and yet has its plans and its materials altered each moment. A machine which never stops working, and yet is taken to pieces in the one twinkling of an eye, and put together in the other. A cloth of gold, to which the needle is ever adding on one side of a line, and from which the scissors are ever cutting away on the other. Yes! Life like Penelope of old is ever weaving and unweaving the same web, whilst her grim suitors, Disease and Death, watch for her halting; only for her there is no Ulysses who will one day in triumph return.—*Dr. George Wilson.*

THE CLERGY RESERVES IN CANADA.—The question of the independence and self-government of the Church in Canada is, we are informed, now under discussion in the judicial committee of the Privy Council. In 1853 the Imperial Parliament passed an act enabling the Canadian Legislature to deal with the clergy reserves, which formed the endowment of the church of the province. In 1854 the Provincial Legislature alienated this property to secular purposes, subject to giving a life interest, as was required by the Imperial act, to the existing holders. The Church, being thus stripped of her State endowments, desired to be liberated from State control, and with this intent, in 1855, the local Parliament unanimously passed a bill to enable the Church to hold synods for the management of its own affairs, including the electing and deposing of its own officers of every order or degree whatsoever, any law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding. By the law of Canada, bills become law upon receiving the assent of the Governor, and remain so, unless disallowed from home within two years; or the Governor may withhold his assent and remit the bill for the advice of the authorities at home to certify. This is what has been done with the bill, and it is now being argued before the Privy Council whether the bill contravenes the ecclesiastical prerogative of the Crown.—*The Union.*

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS IN INDIA.—Sanction has been accorded for the erection of four thousand miles of new lines of electric telegraph throughout India. The line to Hyderabad in the Deccan was to have been completed in February.