

within the circle is all that requires to be removed, and also that this can be effected only by using the inside leg. If both the legs were used at the same time, the excavation would assume the shape of a cylinder, and not that of a cone; which is the only form that can suit the purpose of the insect. It must, however, be obvious, that if, throughout the whole of this laborious process, one leg continued to be exclusively used, the limb would get tired. To obviate this inconvenience, nature has taught the little pioneer to adopt an apt expedient: one furrow having been completely excavated, another is traced in an opposite direction; this brings into play the leg which had been previously at rest. It frequently happens that small stones impede the progress of its labours; these are all, one by one, placed upon its head, and jerked beyond the outer margin of the excavation. But when arrived near the bottom, it sometimes encounters a pebble too large to be removed even by his process, its head not having sufficient breadth and strength to bear so bulky and so heavy a substance; while the hole is too deep to admit of its being projected over the margin. In this dilemma the little engineer is not destitute of resources. A new mode of proceeding is adopted, suited to the difficulty which the insect has to overcome. By a series of the most ingenious movements, it contrives to lift the pebble upon its back, where it is kept in a steady position by means of the segments which compose that part. Having thus secured the pebble from the chance of falling, the indefatigable labourer resolutely walks, tail forwards, up the slope of the excavation, and deposits its burden on the outside. When the stone to be removed happens to be round, the insect's task becomes more arduous and difficult: in this emergency, the proceeding of the little ant-lion cannot fail to excite the deepest sympathy.

Desirous to witness the ingenuity, and try the perseverance, of one of these creatures, M. Bonnet threw a good-sized pebble into the den: its removal seemed to be quite essential; for the ant-lion left its work to effect it. To toss it out was beyond its power; it therefore determined to carry it up the declivity. For this purpose it insinuated its tail under the offending impediment, and, by moving the rings of its body, hoisted it gradually on its back: thus loaded, it set off with its burden, walking backwards up the sloping side of the hole. Of course, every step made the stone shake and overbalance; but it was righted in a trice by the due adjustment of the body of the insect, or a proper movement of the rings which compose it. Five or six times successively, the stone fell off, in spite of all the skill and patience of the creature; and five or six times, Sisyphus-like, it renewed its efforts. In some instances, success attended its patient labours; in others, its efforts proved unavailing: but rather than submit to the inconvenience of a pebble, which could offer the means of escape to its prey, the insect chose to quit the den, and begin a new one. Another, however, acting with more sagacity, simply drove the stone into the sandy walls of the den, and thus effectually abated the nuisance, with little trouble.

All difficulties having been at length surmounted, the pit is finished: it is a conical excavation, rather more than two inches deep, and about three inches in diameter at the top, gradually diminishing in its dimensions, until it becomes no more than a point at the bottom. It is at this narrow part of the den that the ant-lion now takes its station; and least its uncouth and forbidding appearance should scare away any prey which might happen to approach its lurking-hole, it conceals its whole body under a layer of sand, except the points of its expanded forceps, which stick out above the surface. It seldom happens that much time elapses before some vagrant ant, unsuspecting of danger, arrives upon the margin of the den. Impelled by some fatal motive, it is prompted to explore the depth below; and bitterly is made to rue its prying intrusion. The treacherous sand gives way under its feet; the struggles which it makes to escape serve but to accelerate its descent; and it falls headlong into the open forceps of its destroyer. The ant, however, sometimes succeeds in arresting its downward progress half-way, when it uses every effort to scramble up the sloping side. Furnished with six eyes on each side of the head, the ant-lion is sufficiently sharp-sighted to perceive this

manoeuvre. Roused by the prospect of losing the expected delicacy, it instantly throws off its inactivity, shovels loads of sand upon its head, and vigorously throws it after the retreating victim. The blows which the ant thus receives from substances comparatively of great size, soon bring it down within the grasp of the terrible pincers which are extended to receive it. If one shower should fail, another soon follows; and lucky indeed must be the insect which can effect its escape.

#### EARTHQUAKE AT MOUNT ARARAT.

The Russian Government has published the following report on the extraordinary earthquake at Mount Ararat:—

"About sunset, on the 2d of July, a violent earthquake occurred in the Armenian province, which lasted nearly one minute. The village of Achturi, situated on the declivity of the Ararat, in the Surmanlinsk district, with the whole of its inhabitants, the more elevated cloister of St. Jacob, and the house of the former Sirdars (governors,) were completely overwhelmed by the masses of earth, stone, and ice, which rushed down from the mountain. Inundations of melted snow, mixed with mud, flowed over the neighbouring fields, totally covering them, and destroying all the grain and fruits within a circuit of more than ten wersts. In the Seharursk district also, at seven o'clock in the evening of the same day; no less than 3,137 houses, with all their subsidiary buildings, were levelled to the ground by the earthquake—whereby 13 men, 20 women, and 253 head of cattle perished. The loss of property to the inhabitants of this district is estimated at 43,929 silver rubles. At the same moment the shock was felt in the fortress of Shusha and other parts of the Kerabacha province, where it also lasted exactly a minute. The fortress sustained no damage; but in the province, one church and 169 inhabited houses were destroyed. The eastern wall of the ancient Armenian convent of Tatuvs gave way, along with the roof, from which the carved stones rolled down, and the towers were demolished. The rocks in the neighbourhood of the villages of Shingen sank down, by which an Armenian, two women, and a great number of cattle were killed; immediately after, the whole of the road to the village was covered and closed up. As yet, the inhabitants can only communicate with each other by means of ropes.

On the 6th, a second downfall of Mount Ararat took place: in consequence of which vast rocks, stupendous blocks of ice, and immense floods of water rushed down with such rapidity and force, that in a few minutes everything that stood in their way was destroyed. Great streams of the various substances thrown up extended over a surface of more than twenty wersts. The inhabitants of the numerous villages in the Surmanlinsk district, situate at the foot of the Ararat, are left destitute by the devastation of their houses.

**BEFITTING SENTIMENTS.**—A correspondent of the New York Observer writes, that the coronation of the King of Prussia was remarkable for the pious sentiments uttered by this prince. He solemnly invoked God before his people; he promised to govern in the fear of God, upon Christian principles: "I recognize before you all," said he, "that I hold my crown in trust from the Lord, and that I must account to him for every day and every hour of my reign. This is the security I offer you for the future; nor can I, nor any body else, give a better security; it has more authority, more binding force, than all the oaths of a coronation, than all the pledges written upon parchment, or upon brass; for it comes from the heart, and it has its foundation in faith." Happy the nations who hear such words from the lips of their sovereigns.

**ON THE USE OF OPPROBRIOUS EPITHETS.**—It costs no labour, and needs no intellect, to pronounce the words, foolish, stupid, dull, odious, absurd, ridiculous. The weakest or most uncultivated mind may, therefore, gratify its vanity, laziness, and malice, all at once, by a prompt application of vague condemnatory words, where a wise and liberal man would not feel himself warranted to pronounce without the most deliberate consideration, and where such consideration might perhaps result in applause.—Foster.

## POETRY.

### THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S DEATH.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. THOS. TAYLOR.

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SERVANT of God! well done,  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle's fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy;  
The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,  
He fell—but felt no fear.

At home amidst arms,  
It found him in the field;  
A veteran slumbering on his arms,  
Beneath his red-cross shield:  
His sword was in his hand,  
Still warm with recent fight;  
Ready that moment at command  
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,  
Of heavenly temper keen;  
And double were the wounds it made  
Where'er it glanced between;  
'Twas death to win—'twas life  
To all that mourn'd their sin;  
It kindled and it silenced strife,  
Made war and peace within.

Stout hearts before it fell,  
Subdued by wrath and love;  
'Twas dreadful as the flames of hell,  
Bright as the beams above:  
Heroes were wont to name  
The weapons of their might;  
This was a brand of matchless fame,—  
The word of God, in fight.

Oft with its fiery force  
His arm had quell'd the foe;  
And laid, resistless in his course,  
The alien armies low;  
Eent on such glorious toils,  
The world to him was loss;  
But all his trophies, all his spoils,  
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,  
"To meet thy God prepare,"  
He woke—he caught his Captain's eye;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,  
His spirit with a bound  
Burst its incumbent clay;—  
His tent at sun-rise on the ground  
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,  
Labour and sorrow cease;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.  
Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Begin thy new employ;  
Siug, while eternal ages run,  
Thy Master and his joy.

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THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES IN BOTH DISTRICTS.  
MR. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, . . Toronto.  
MR. CHARLES HALES, . . . Kingston.

#### MONTREAL:

PRINTED FOR THE COMMITTEE, ONCE A fortnight

BY JOHN E. L. MILLER,

at the Office in St. Nicholas Street.—All communications for the *Wesleyan* must be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, Montreal.

TERMS.—Five Shillings per annum, including postage, payable half-yearly in advance.