

most clearly, that the father of Hindoo mathematics lived not before 107 years after Christ. The discovery of the two zodiacs in the Egyptian temple, by the French, on the occasion of their invasion, caused within the Cardinal's younger experience no small excitement; they were supposed to date respectively from 3000 and 4000 B. C., and, therefore, to bear on the important subject of the antiquity of astronomical knowledge. They have since been found, from Greek inscriptions in the temple, to belong, one to the time of Antoninus Pius, the other to Nero. Monuments take us back no farther than 2000 years B. C.

The Hindoo genealogy and Chinese history of Confucius deal in such extravagant figures as to be palpably absurd and unworthy of credit, as regards their antiquity. Objections are frequently based on the apparent discrepancy in dates of the same events as given in the Bible and in profane history. These objections are somewhat difficult to meet, from the scantiness of reliable information; but even where this fails, there is no reason whatever for saying that the one account is less true than the other, while the general correctness of the Bible dates renders the supposition that in these cases they are not wrong, quite rational. The date of the death of Antiochus, as given in the book of Maccabees, was long a vexed question, till lately the keeper of the Viennese collection of coins and medals which bore out the Scripture date entirely, fixing the death of the king in the 149th year of the era of the Seleucidae. The objection to the constant recurrence, in the Mosaic account, of kings each bearing the name of Pharaoh, since discovered to have been merely a title of honour, and the discovery of the ancient Coptic language, by means of the Rosetta stone, were then reviewed, and the charges of improbability brought against the history of Joseph investigated. The fact of the introduction of a stranger into the court and government of the notoriously jealous Egyptians has been explained by a tablet deciphered by Professor Rossellini, of Pisa, and from which he has been able, by connecting certain points in it with certain other known contemporary events, to construct an Egyptian chronology. From this it appears that the Egyptian sovereigns of the time of Joseph were not of the native race, but were shepherd kings, who, like those of Tartary, expelled the native princes, and held forcible possession of their thrones. This will fully account for the introduction of Joseph among the Egyptians, and for the statement given in the last verse of Genesis xlv., where Jacob and his family are told to declare themselves to be shepherds when asked by Pharaoh the nature of their occupation. The Pharaoh that knew not Joseph was a native prince who had driven out the shepherd kings, and who, as might have been expected, treated their favourites, whose profession was also "an abomination to the Egyptians," with all the rigour which we are told befel them.

The silence of the Mosaic history respecting an expedition, which it appears, from monuments and tablets, that Sesostrius made into Palestine, extending his ravages to the borders of Greece, is fully accounted for by the recently ascertained fact, that this expedition took place during the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness. The statements in the 29th chapter of the book Ezekiel, to the effect that Egypt should be Nebuchadnezzar's reward for his service against Tyre, are wonderfully supported by the monuments, which describe the governor of Egypt by a word which means viceroy, and not king; the deciphering of the Nineveh marbles, by Rawlinson, the quibbles as to the origin of words by people for the most part little learned in the language. The present distinctness of Jewish people, as confirmatory of the whole of their ancient peculiarity, were all dwelt on, and the question confidently put, whether any other history than the biblical one can bring such proofs of its veracity as it can, to answer the cavillings and often absurd objections of infidels.—*English Journal of Education.*

## VII. Miscellaneous.

### 1. AUTUMN.

Ruddy as gold is the chestnut tree  
When autumn passes by;  
No bleak wind crisps the silent sea,  
Which is blue as a maiden's eye.

The yellow sun through the forest leaves  
Drops a thread of dancing light;  
Young children sing 'mid the barley-sheaves,  
And shout at the swallow's flight.

Yet earth is lonely. The woodland sere,  
And the softly murmuring foam,  
Seem ever to the listening ear  
Sweet songs of an unknown home.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

### 2. THE RETURN OF THE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN EXPLORING PARTY.

[A prize poem recited at the late Convocation of University College, Toronto. The poem illustrates the touching coincidence of the tolling of a church-bell in London, at the burial of a little child, just as Captain McClintock's steam-yacht passed up the river Thames, on her return from the Arctic regions.—See page 165.]

The golden clouds of even, river-mirrored, calmly lie  
On an old church tower that by Father Thames stands up against  
the sky,  
As a strange long weather-beaten ship on the ancient stream glides by.

Toll for the fair and sweet; a knell from the old church tower  
Makes melancholy the young night's breeze, as the clouds grow grey  
and lower.  
Where they bring a mother's coffin'd child to its grave from its  
mother's bower.

There's a murmur on the waters, a sunset in the sky,  
And the gathering clouds of even, deeply mirror'd, slumbering lie,  
And the ship, as the knell is knolled, glides on in majestic silence by.

And the knell knells on, and the ship glides on to her haven in the  
stream,  
—Ah! woe is me for the mother's heart's in that knell of love's  
fond dream;  
But the freight of that ship is a weight of gloom which shall quench  
other hopes' last gleam.

Ring out, lone sorrowing knell for the brave that are no more,  
For they who braved the icy deep 'mid the Arctic tempest's roar,  
And sleep death's tranquil dreamless sleep far on yon ice-bound  
shore.

They for whom Mother England has watched and wept in vain,  
They on whose unknown northern track again and yet again  
Missioned have gone the searching ships to question that northern  
main.

Within the guarded ramparts of the polar north they sped,  
A dauntless band of truth's pioneers with Franklin at their head,  
But never shall England's sons return till the sea shall give up her  
dead.

Sound on, as the ship glides calmly by, and knell for a broken heart,  
Weep mother for thy buried child, and mother England too, thy part  
Shall make long-wept and bitter tears in a gush of anguish start.

For the sea gives not up her dead, and the northern ice holds on,  
And the gallant and fondly loved lie there each a bleaching skeleton,  
And that ship sweeps by with its strange-won freight of reply to a  
widow's moan.

What recks it,—fondly loved,—the mother's love for her babe,—  
The widowed love of that noble wife, strong only not to save,  
And a people's love, and pride, and grief, for sons buried 'neath ice  
and wave.

What recks it,—defying death, on yon icy ramparts won,  
They died, in daring a noble strife, as the brave before them have  
done,  
And the struggle and the grief are all past, and the glory and worth  
live on.

England build up thy memorial pile for thy brave ones gone to rest,  
Where Arctic tempests in snowy shroud are folding each gallant crest;  
•They sleep as sweetly as that fair child just laid from its mother's  
breast.

Grave deep on their loving country's heart, each name that with  
Franklin shared.

The struggle to wrest Truth's golden key of science from Arctic ward,  
But say—who have done what Britons have done—who dared what  
they have dared!—*Anonymous.*

### 3. THE CHARITIES THAT SWEETEN LIFE.

Pleasant words! Pleasant words! Do you know kind reader, how  
potent a spell lies in a pleasant word? Have you not often thought  
of its power to soothe—to charm—to delight, when all things else fail?  
As you have passed on through the journey of life, have you not  
seen it smoothing many a ruffled brow, and calming many an aching