

A MAN OVERBOARD, OR THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

ABOUT six months since, as we were sailing on the broad expanse of the ocean, homeward bound, after having doubled Cape Horn, and surmounted the difficulties and dangers incident to such a voyage; having experienced bad weather and head winds, we were welcomed with the south-east trades. Each heart was rejoiced at the thoughts of once more returning to his native shore, and receiving the embraces of those who were near and dear to him by the ties of nature; the brother to clasp the affectionate sister to his breast, and let the tear of joy fall on her bosom; the boy once more to behold his tender mother greet him with the welcome smile of joy; the husband to embrace with raptures of delight the partner he had chosen, and to relate to her by the fireside the dangers he had overcome, the anxieties he had felt concerning her during the absence of a three years' voyage. Such was the scene on board the ship. It was a moon-light evening, each sail swelled its bosom to the breeze; the sea was smooth, and the vessel seemed to glide on the surface like some fairy form with nymph-like grace, now and then gently plunging her bows as if in token of respect to the God of the sea. The moon was playing with the ripple on the waters, which added grandeur and solemnity to the scene.

Such was the scene on board the good ship when the awful catastrophe took place which I am about to relate. The king of terrors with up-lifted hand had overtaken us, and marked out his victim from among the crew. The bell had just announced the hour. The watch were relieved, and each man to his duty. It was heard by all on board—some to retire and dream of their friends, and some to pace the deck and guard her from dangers. There was one on board who heard that bell toll for the last time; it was his funeral dirge; it called him back on deck for the last time. But was he aware that in less than half an hour he would be called from time into eternity? No; his thoughts were on home; he had just indulged in the hope that in a stated period of days he should enjoy the society of that partner who was dear to him. But his days were all numbered, his glass was run out, and the King of Kings summoned him to appear before his tribunal, to give an account of his stewardship. I had been conversing with him all the evening; he seemed cheerful and lively. Being a fine evening, I went forward and was sitting on the bows conversing with one of the men, and watching the progress of the ship through the water as she made the white foam extend around her prow, when suddenly we saw a shoal of porpoises. We immediately shouted "porpoises," as is customary on shipboard, when any come round the ship, as they are very palatable after having subsisted on salt provisions for any length of time. In an instant all hands were on the fore-castle of the ship, some with harpoons, and some ready to haul. The unfortunate person who is the subject of this sad tale went out on the martingale with a harpoon in his hand, when the captain, joking, said, "why don't you fasten?" he replied, "I am waiting for a chance." That chance came; he fastened to the porpoise, when, losing his balance, I saw him fall, and immediately ran aft to clear away a boat. The man at the helm brought the ship to the wind: in an instant every sail was aback, and the gallant ship, that but a moment before was sailing at the rate of five miles per hour, now lay dormant. The unfortunate man rose to the surface of the water and cried for help—he could not swim. The captain threw a frame to him, but he regarded it not. In an instant two

boats were in the water; he rose again, and answered the captain again, and again he answered; but lastly, one loud shriek was heard, and all hushed. O that shriek! it rings in my ears now. The sea closed over him for ever, and he now sleeps in the coral grave beneath the dark blue wave. No stone marks the spot; but the inhabitants of the deep pass by his watery grave, and ships sail over him, without disturbing his repose. But when the last trump shall sound, his bed of shell shall hold him no more. He shall arise with the thousands that now sleep beneath the surface of the great deep.

The boats returned slowly; not a word was spoken; all was still as death; every one trying to catch a sound from the waters; but all was silent as the grave. They were unwilling to give up the pursuit; but lastly they returned with sorrow depicted on their countenances. The ship was filled away, and she skipped again over the mighty deep, bearing many sorrowful friends of the one who but a short time ago enjoyed their society.—*Christian Herald.*

THE JOYS OF HOME.

SEE the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle—the image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance. It quickens him to diligence, it cheers him under difficulties, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which caused him to hope, "thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not sin." How joyful the re-union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after many days of absence. Behold the man of science! He drops the labour and painfulness of research, closes his volume, smoothes his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and unbending himself stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy,
The youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive, he will be embosomed in the caresses of his family, he will behold the desire of his eyes, the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the labourer. He has borne the burthen and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his humble repast. See, his toil-worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness; his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats, and is satisfied; the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again, and retires to rest, and "the rest of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely, lovely dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!

"Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
Thy homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

ENTHUSIASM.

TALK not of enthusiasm! He who has felt most has not felt enough. We are speaking of scenes of misery, over which a Paul wept with anguish! We are living in the very world for which Christ bled in agony! Those very scenes which hardly raise an emotion in us are the scenes which moved the heart of God—which produced the cross of Christ. So that were every Christian to tremble with emotion—were the members of every Church to meet on the subject, to start from their cupidity as one man, and to utter a loud cry of lamentation—were the whole Church to be seized as in travail of souls, it would be only what sympathy with Christ requires, and what the state of a perishing world demands. To the Church of Christ, Dr. Harris says, "You are giving Christianity to posterity; what kind of a Christianity are you giving it?—a languid, feeble, spiritless thing, or a system instinct with life? Shall it go forth to the world, and down to the future, covered with the honours, and repeating the achievements of its first days? or a half-hearted, torpid, self-indulging system, living on the world's suffrage, and struggling on for a bare existence? Remote generations summon us to duty, and adjure us, by the responsibility of our present position—by the brightest hopes we cherish of millennial bliss, and by the certainty that the impulse that we are now giving to religion will impart a character to that bliss—a lustre or a shade—that we give them the Christianity of apostolic time, *fresh from the cross, and glowing with the spirit of a Paul.* These lofty, evangelical, and eloquent breathings are a borrowed illustration of our signification of the word ENTHUSIASM."

THE TRAVELLER,

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

[From the Literary Gazette.]

SECOND YEAR.

The magnetometers, &c., again strictly compared with those of the fixed observatory, the crew refreshed, the ships refitted, the gallant band again proceeded with their arduous task.—The expedition went to Sydney and the Bay of Islands, in order to extend the magnetic observations, and finish meteorological and other philosophical experiments. These at the antipodes of European observatories, and equally separated from each other, are of much interest to science; and have decided the important question of the exact correspondence of the momentary magnetic perturbations. The perturbations at Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand were found to be in exact accordance.

Nov. 23, 1841.—They sailed from the Bay of Islands, and, passing by the Chatham Islands, bore away to the eastward, to examine the supposed position of the focus of greater magnetic intensity, and, favoured with fine weather, obtained a series of observations which demonstrated the error of the assigned position. They accordingly proceeded to the south to resume the examination of the antarctic seas.

Dec. 18.—In lat. 62° 28' S., and long. 146° 57' W. they made the pack 300 miles further north than before; which unexpected obstructions showed that they were too early for the season.—They entered, however, and pursued their voyage for 300 miles, when it became so close that they could push the ships no more to the southward. With untiring zeal and unflinching fatigue of officers and men, it was again New-year's day, 1842, before they could cross the antarctic circle. The intense brightness of the sky foreshadowed them that they would still have to encounter vast bodies of ice in that direction, whilst more encouraging appearances held out inducements to try their fortune to the westward. By January 19 they had succeeded in reaching within a few miles of the open water, when a violent gale sprung up and placed them in a situation of appalling jeopardy. The rudder of the Erebus was shattered, and that of the Terror was soon after utterly destroyed; and violent shocks against the ice for 26 hours, as they rolled deeply among