

Eternal Judge. What an awful lesson does this shocking event teach those who habitually put off making their peace with God to some future day, or to a death-bed? The writer of these few lines will consider himself amply repaid if his description succeeds in persuading one sinner to seek for refuge in Him who promised to be a present help unto His people in every time of trial. We remained in the position above described for about ten minutes, during which time I spoke to several around me, advising them to be patient and wait for help. The top of the car was then knocked in, giving us light and air, and enabling us to breathe more freely. At this instant a crowbar or something of the kind from without grazed my temple, and the blow was about to be repeated, when, by a sudden effort I grasped the instrument, and called upon the person to desist or he would kill me. Immediately afterwards, a hand (from the size, I should think it was a woman's) was placed completely over my mouth, so as to nearly suffocate me. With great exertion I removed it, and shortly after, being relieved from the pressure above, I succeeded in dragging myself from the wreck and reaching the edge of the canal, whence I was raised to the top by a chain fastened under my shoulders. On arising there, I was carried to the switchman's house, and received much kindness from the doctors in attendance, and also from many of the company's servants, who were anxiously and actively rendering every assistance in their power to the unfortunate sufferers."

Notwithstanding that Mr. S. Zimmerman was under the water 23 hours, his faithful watch was still going.

THE SCENE AT THE BRIDGE AND CLEARING OF THE WRECK.

The scene which was presented the instant after the terrific wreck had been consummated, beggars all description. The locomotive, with its brave driver and fireman, completely submerged; two passenger cars, freighted with precious souls, and a

baggage car, shattered in every conceivable form of destruction. But if this ruthless material destruction was appalling, how terrific, how awful, was the crushing out of human life which attended it! From the splintered ruins of those cars arose cries and shrieks, groans and oburgations of unearthly intensity; while through their ruptured sides and floors protruded the limbs and bodies of scores of the dead, wounded and dying, who but a moment before were in the heyday of happiness. Palsied for a few moments, the bewildered survivors could only gaze helplessly upon the horrors before them. A reaction ensued, and then each flew to the rescue, impelled by a common instinct. Immediate assistance was had from the different shops, and persons engaged on the works at the depot. All night persevering efforts were made to extricate the bodies from the wreck. Rafts were formed on the ice, to enable the men with long poles and hooks to proceed with their mournful task in safety. All night and all next day the wreckers persevered in their humane efforts until all the bodies were removed, and the debris of the bridge and the cars was cleared.

Neither wealth, nor power, nor skill, nor learning, nor courage, nor worth, nor experience, could help or save at that dread moment! In that assemblage were men who had run the gauntlet with death by flood and field; had passed through many trials, and had experienced some successes; men who had grown rich in worldly goods, amid the strife of life and in opposition to many discouragements; had had cause to mistrust a stout heart, and yet had outlived trying difficulties. But now they mingle once more with that dust from whence all sprung, and to which all must return; for

Death hurls the monarch from his throne,
Death claims all living for his own!

Turn we now to a closer examination of the results of this sad calamity. It may be better imagined than described, how tremendous was the frenzy of the populace as the news