

Extracts.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOCELYN—LADY GAINSBOROUGH—THE QUEEN.—We subjoin a part of a letter which has just been addressed by Lord Roden to the Rev. D. A. Doudney, of Bonmahon, Ireland, relative to Lieutenant-Colonel Jocelyn, the noble lord's son now with the army in the Crimea, and which appears in a religious periodical which Mr. Doudney conducts. Lord Roden says:—I cannot help again writing to you to thank you for your prayers, and those whom you have interested in behalf of my dear son, now Lieutenant-Colonel Jocelyn, in the Crimea. He has come out of the two bloody battles of Alma and Inkermann, in both of which he was in the hottest of the fire, with his regiment, the Scots Fusilier Guards. Many were killed about him. His company marched into the battle of Inkermann fifty-four in number, and came out twenty-six; yet he came out with them untouched. Since then he has been undergoing, in common with many others, the greatest hardships, never having taken off his clothes since the 6th of September, often sleeping in them, when drenched with rain, in the open air; never having slept in a house for nearly nine months, and still without any baggage, when he wrote on the 28th of Dec.; and yet he says:—"I do not know what it is to feel ill, altho' sickness is all around me. I put down my safety and preservation entirely to those blessed prayers which have been offered up on my behalf by you and your dear friends, who have been led to pray for me." And he says in another letter:—"I hope you will not worry yourself on my account, for I am in God's keeping, and I often say to myself, that in reality, I am just as safe here as if I were in St. James's street, for not a hair of my head can be touched without His will, and, although I have many hardships and sufferings, He can and does support me."

In connexion with this young and gallant officer, we are enabled to mention an incident which reflects the highest credit on the Queen, and which will, we are sure, afford the greatest gratification to all her subjects. It is well known that Lady Gainsborough, the sister of Lieutenant-Colonel Jocelyn, is one of her Majesty's greatest favorites at Court, and is more in her society, perhaps, than any other of England's noble daughters. When the despatches giving the details of the battle of Inkermann and the list of killed and wounded arrived at the War Office, a telegraphic despatch was forwarded to her Majesty at Windsor announcing the fact, and adding that they would be immediately sent to her. Lady Gainsborough was with her Majesty at the time, and, as might be expected, was in a state of intense anxiety to learn what had been the fate of her brother, at one time hoping the best, and at others, knowing how enormous our losses were, fearing the worst. Her Majesty, with a judgment and feeling, to which it would be impossible to do justice, soon after withdrew from the apartment in which she and Lady Gainsborough had been, and, calling the servant whose duty it was to deliver the despatches from the War Office into her hands, desired him not to bring them into the usual room, if Lady Gainsborough were present, but to put them into an adjoining apartment, and unobserved intimate to her Majesty that they had arrived. Lady Gainsborough was with her Majesty when the despatches were received, and they were put into another room in accordance with the Queen's wishes. Her Majesty hurried away to the room in which the despatches were left, snatched them up, opened them, and eagerly ran her eye over the list of killed and wounded officers in Lieutenant Colonel Jocelyn's regiment. Finding that he had escaped,—not being even wounded,—her Majesty rushed into the apartment where Lady Gainsborough was, and, forgetting for the moment the Queen in the woman, and setting the rules of court etiquette at naught, threw her arms around Lady Gainsborough's neck, and exclaimed, with an emphasis which cannot be described—"He's safe! he's safe!"

The force of such an incident would only be weakened by any thing in the shape of comment. It would not be easy to imagine a circumstance more calculated to endear her Majesty to her subjects.—*Morning Advertiser.*

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.—We take the following extract from the report to be found in the Home and Foreign Record, which the Rev. John Bonar, "Convener of the Continental Committee" of the Free Church of Scotland, has made of a recent tour which he performed in France and Belgium.—This extract is found in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Weston, given in Mr Bonar's report, and relates to

the progress of the Truth in the northern part of France. It cannot fail to interest our readers. "What hath God wrought!" we may well exclaim:

"Fresmay, le Grand is a large village in the department of the Aisne, on the border of that of the North. A poor orphan boy was brought up at a hospital for destitute children. When there he had read an abridgment of the Bible, and had taken an interest in the book. When he was of the proper age, he was bound out as an apprentice, and about that time he began to feel some vague but importunate cravings, and said, from time to time, he wished he could find 'something to do good to his soul.' Having had occasion to go to St. Julien, somehow or other he bought a Protestant Almanac. When he came home he discovered that there were Bibles to be had at Paris, and wrote a letter to the President of the Bible Society to inquire how he could get a copy. The President sent him one as a present. He had never seen so splendid a book, for so it appeared to the poor orphan boy. He invited his young acquaintances to come and see it. They were all struck with the magnificent present, and after examining the external appearance, they began to read, and were not less astonished at the contents. They came back several times to read it; began to compare one passage with another; and talked so much about it that they attracted the attention of grown up people, and meetings began to be formed, at first for curiosity, then because they took an interest in what they read or heard, and, finally, because they found it did them good. A company of Protestants was then formed, without any missionary, or minister, or colporteur, or any other instruction from without. They have now got a minister and a place of worship, and the congregation cannot be less than 400 persons. But what is more, the movement has spread into the adjoining parishes of Fieulaine and Fossoy; as also into Grugie, at some little distance. This last place is the more remarkable, as few of the inhabitants can read. But they listen with great attention, so that they are much better acquainted with the Scriptures than might be supposed, and are further advanced in piety than their neighbors who enjoy greater advantages. I have learned four days ago that they have got a church built, with a minister and a schoolmaster, which shows that they are really in earnest. The whole number of converts in these four villages cannot be less than 1000, and is perhaps more, for no accurate account has been taken of them. All this has proceeded from a Bible presented to a poor orphan boy. I shall only make the remark, that 'this is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes.'"

BABYLONIAN ANTIQUITIES.—At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society (in England), there was read part of a memoir, by Colonel Rawlinson, "On the celebrated Mound, of Birs-i-Nimrud, near Babylon." This paper has been sent by the Colonel to the British Museum, and was obligingly communicated by the authorities of that Institution to the Society. It will be remembered that the Birs-i-Nimrud is an immense, shapeless mound, nearly 300 feet high, and, where it reaches the plain, from 200 to 400 feet in width—apparently made up of crumbling rubbish, except the summit, which stands out like the fragment of a ruined tower. It has excited much attention on the part of Eastern tourists; and several sketches, taken from various points of view, have been published. The colonel commences his memoir with a graphic account of the discovery of the purport of this vast mound—a discovery sought for on a predetermined plan, without which it is probable that his attempt, like the many which have preceded it, would have been fruitless.—The plan followed in the research is described in the memoir with minute details. The experience gained in former excavations enabled him to lay down a positive rule to the gentleman who skilfully superintended the work in his absence. He was directed to sink a perpendicular shaft at a point marked, until something should be reached indicating a wall or terrace; and, on reaching such indication, to follow it up horizontally, right and left, until it ended in the angle which he inferred would be found leading off to the other side of the mound. After two months' excavation, the colonel was summoned to the work by the information that such a wall had been found, and laid bare to the length of near 190 feet; and that it turned off in right angles at each end, to be apparently carried all round the mound, forming a square of about twenty seven feet in height, surmounted by a platform.

He immediately rode to the excavation, examined the spot where he found the workmen quite discouraged and hopeless, having labored long and found no

thing. He was now, however, well aware of these facts, and at once pointed out the spot near the corner where the bricks should be removed. In half an hour a small hollow was found, from which he immediately directed the head workman to "bring out the commemorative cylinder,"—a command which, to the wonder and bewilderment of the people, was obeyed; and a cylinder, covered with inscriptions, was drawn out from its hiding place of twenty-four centuries, as it is as when deposited there by the hands, probably, of Nebuchadnezzar himself! The colonel added in a note that the same of his magical power had flown to Bagdad, and that he was besieged with applications for the loan of his wonderful instrument to be used in the discovery of hidden treasures. At the other exposed corner of the terrace, or wall, another cylinder was found, a duplicate of the former; but the discovery was not made quite so readily, nor, naturally, did it excite so much interest. The paper was too long to be read entirely; and the whole of the description of the building was reserved for another meeting. It will be sufficient to say now, that it was composed of a series of several square platforms, one over the other, diminishing in diameter as they rose from the ground, each dedicated to one of the planets, and colored externally with the colors attributed to the seven planets in the works of the Sabian astrologers, and traditionally handed down from the Chaldeans. The translation of the inscriptions on the cylinders was read. It began with the name and usual titles of Nebuchadnezzar, and proceeded with a summary of the buildings of Babylon, which the king had repaired or erected. It then says that the "Temple of the Planets of the Seven Spheres," which had been built by an early King, 504 years previously (about 1,100 B. C.) having become ruinous, owing to a neglect of the drainage, which allowed the rain to penetrate, and the sun-dried bricks causing the outer covering to bulge out, and fall down, the God Merodach had put it into his heart to restore it; that he did not, however, rebuild the platform, which was unimpaired, but that all the rest was restored by his command: The inscription ends with the usual expression of his aspirations for the eternal duration of his work, and the continuation of his family on the throne forever.—*English Churchman.*

ANECDOTE OF MONTGOMERY THE POET.—The poet was mundanely compelled to look occasionally after business and base lucre. "He was, therefore, sometimes seen riding forth to a considerable distance to collect what was due to him from subscribers to his newspaper. On one of these occasions he came to Knottingley, near Pontefract, where he intended to rest and dine, and dismounted, opposite the sign of the 'Dog.' He opened the house door, entered, told one of the inmates to take charge of his horse, which was done; and, seeing the family at dinner, the poet said he would sit down with them, and take part of what they had. He took his place at the table, was helped to a plate of meat, and commenced operations very satisfactorily. A suspicion however somehow arose in his mind, and a question fell from his lips, to which a single monosyllable in reply, kindly enough uttered by his host, explained to the uninvited and abashed but not unwelcome visitor that he had unwittingly entered, and was dining with a private family next door to the Inn! The parties had no suspicion as to who their guest might be until the mistake was discovered; it was but a slight mitigation of the awkwardness of the misadventure, that Montgomery had as it happened, the name of his involuntary entertainer in his book as a debtor."

THE "ANGEL GABRIEL" AT HOME.—The Glasgow Mail of the 12th of February, mentions the arrival of the screw steamship Glasgow, from New York, on board of which vessel was the Angel Gabriel. It says:—

"A most dissonant screeching sound from the steamer reached the ears of the loungers on the quay, and in which was soon recognised the old-familiar note of John S. Orr's, alias the Angel Gabriel's, trumpet. As the vessel neared the wharf, 'the Angel' (of discord) was only recognised by his old acquaintances by the brazen emblems which he carried, for he appeared not only to have become a convert to the heard movement, but to allow his hair to grow till it hung over his shoulders. He sprang upon the quay, took up his old position at the large gas lamp-pole, blew a blast or two on his trumpet, and shortly thereafter a crowd of curious onlookers, pointed to it as a sign of his presence, which he had received in Canada and the United States in doing battle with Popery."