

quake. One moment it trembled—and then with a crash that shook the city it fell forever. One roar of the triumphant fire, one mighty spreading of its flaming banner; one fountain-burst of sparks that made the very stars seem pale, and then it smouldered.

And the smoke hung above the ruins like a pall. As with one mind the multitude, except some twenty who stood together, fell prostrate to the earth. From those still erect came a shout, "Laudamus!" and one voice cried aloud in stern irony, GREAT IS DIANA OF EPHE-SUS!

By the light of those flames a small caval-cade pursued the way to the sea coast. By the side of Myrrha's litter rode her father and Cleon. And peaceful was their after life in the Ionian Islands; and long and fondly re-membered by the early Greek Christians was the name of Myrrha of Ephesus.

THE RICH MERCHANT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

It was night, and the streets were nearly deserted, and more especially as it was snowing fast. A single traveller, however, might have been seen; wrapped in a thick overcoat, urging his way against the tempest, by the light of the dim lamps. Suddenly as he passed a ruined tenement, the figure of a girl started up before him.

"Please sir," said she, "if it's only a penny mother is sick, and we have had nothing to eat to-day."

The first impulse of the moment was to go on—the second to stop. He looked at the girl. Her face was thin and pale, and her garments scanty. He was a man of good impulses, so he put his hand towards his pocket, intending to give her a shilling. She saw the fact, and her lustreless eye brightened. But the traveller forgot that his overcoat buttoned tightly over his pocket.

"It is too much trouble," he said to himself—"and the wind is very cutting. Besides these beggars are usually cheats—I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in some gin shop." And speaking aloud somewhat harshly, he said, "I have nothing for you; if you are really destitute, the guardians of the poor will take care of you."

The girl shrunk back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form. But a tear glistened on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

The man passed on, and turning the next corner, soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion, through whose richly curtained window a rosy light streamed out across the storm. A servant obsequiously gave him admittance. At the sound of his footsteps the parlour door was opened, and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, kissed him on the cheek, and then began to assist him in removing his heavy overcoat.

"What kept you so long, dear papa?" she said; "if I had known where you were, I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office."

"No, my love, I was at my lawyer's—busy, very busy, and all for you," and he kindly pat-tered her cheek. "But now, Maggy, can't you give me some supper?"

The daughter rang the bell and ordered the supper to be served. It was such a one as an epicure would delight in, just the supper a traveller wanted on a night like that.

"Papa," said the daughter, when it was finished, "I hope you are in a good humour, for I have a favour to ask of you," and she threw her arms around his neck, and looked up in beautiful dark eyes of hers; "I wish to give a ball on my birth-day—my eighteenth birthday. It will cost a sight of money, but you are a kind, good papa, and I know you have been successful, or you would not have been at your lawyer's."

"Yes, my darling," he said, fondly kissing her, "the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this forenoon, received the money and took it to my lawyer's telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall give up the business."

"Oh! do, do, papa. But you will give me this ball, won't you?"

"Yes, you little tease," said the father, but he spoke smilingly; and putting his hand in his pocket book, he took out a note of five hundred dollars, and placing it in his child's hand, said, "Take this—if it is not enough, you must have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more."

The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep, and here and there lay in huge drifts, blocking up the door ways. "At ten o'clock the rich merchant was on his way to his counting-room." He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered round the open cellar door of that ruined tenement. The merchant paused to inquire what was the mat-ter.

"A woman, sir, has been found dead below there," said one of the spectators; "she starved to death, it is said, and they have sent for after being out all night. I believe she was begging. That is her weeping."

"What?" said the merchant, and a pang remembered having denied a petitioner the right before. He pushed through the crowd, and descended an emaciated corpse, that lay on a heap of straw in one corner of the damp apart-ment. It was the same girl he feared it would prove. The merchant was horror-struck.

"My poor child!" he cried, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you must be cared for, God

forgive me for denying you last night.—Here, take this," and he placed a bill in her hand.

The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at him. Then she put back the proffered money. "It will do no good," she said, "mother is dead," and she burst into hysteric tears.

The merchant, at that moment would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

The lesson thus learned he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother, and afterwards took the daughter into his house, educated her for a high station in life, and, on her marriage presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children lip their gratitude.

From Graham's Magazine.

SUDDEN DEATH.

WHERE are ye, spirits of the dead?

That erst with us held converse kind?

Bright o'er our hearts your sunlight shed

And with strong influence moved the mind?

At morn, with tender smile and word,

Ye cheered us on our devious way—

At eve, we marked, with terror stirred,

A ghastly form of breathless clay.

This hour, beside the cheerful hearth,

Or at the household board ye sit,

The next, dissolve the ties of earth

And like the impassive shadow flit.

On your sealed lip the unfinished phrase

With trembling agony we trace,

And shudder as with stony grace

Ye shut us from your fond embrace.

We vainly search your viewless track—

We call, ye deign us no reply—

We weep, and yet ye turn not back

To kiss the tear-drop from your eye.

Ye hide from us the robes you wear,

The path you take, the page you read,

And coldly lock the mansion where

A strange, mysterious life you lead.

Ah! why is this? What fault is ours?

That silent thus ye haste away,

And heed no more the cherished flowers

That in your pulseless hand we lay?

Heed not the piercing cries that swell

From the lone infant's wild despair,

And leave to those ye loved so well

The load of undivided care.

Oh, spirits of the viewless dead!

If nought within this world of pain

May hope to lure your backward tread

To love's sweet intercourse again,—

Yet bend, and teach us how to mourn,—

Unfold the hovering wing, and show

How at one rush the nerves were torn

That bind so close to joys below.

We knelt beside your shrouded clay,—

And long invoked the unthrilling ear,—

And now, the self-same words we say

Beside your grave that yawns so drear.

It closes!—Must we homeward go,

The desert-void of life to try?

And miss, amid your toil and wo,

The solace of your answering eye?

Bereaved, and shelterless, and lone,

There still remains one place of trust,—

The footstool of our Father's throne,—

The humble lip laid low in dust;—

There let us cling, though tempest-tost,—

There let us breathe the contrite prayer,

Till, spirits of the loved and lost,

Like you, an unknown flight we dare,—

From orb to orb, from sphere to sphere,

Shall what your eyes behold discern,—

What your purged ear hath heard shall hear,—

And what your thoughts conceive shall learn;

And if, like you, with lowly zeal

This dim probation-path we trod,

Shall at your side enraptured kneel

Amid the paradise of God.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

From Cruikshank's Table Book.

THE STAGE SEAMAN.

THE British seaman tells those he meets to "Belay, there," which we find by a reference to a dictionary of sea terms, is making a rope fast by turns round a pin or coil without hitching or seizing it. He calls his legs his timbers, though timbers, in nautical language, mean ribs; and he is continually requesting that they may be shivered. He is always either on terms of easy familiarity with his captain, or particu-

larly mutinous, and often in love with the same young lady as his superior officer, whom, in consequence of their affections clashing, he generally cuts down to a mere hull, as he techni-cally expresses it. He calls every elderly person a grampus, and stigmatizes as a land-lubber every individual whose pursuits do not happen to be nautical. When at sea, though only a common sailor, the stage tar is the most im-portant personage in the vessel; and the cap-tain frequently retires to the side of the ship—sitting, probably on a water-barrel, in order to leave the entire deck at the service of the tar, while he indulges in a naval horoscope. The

dramatic seaman usually wears patent leather pumps and silk stockings, when on active ser-vice; and, if we are to believe what he says, he is in the habit of sitting most unnecessarily on the main-top gallant cross-trees in a storm at midnight, for the purpose of thinking of Pol-ly. When he fights, he seldom condescends to engage less than three at a time; and if the ac-tion, has been general a minute before, he has the field all to himself, as if by general consent, directly he evinces any disposition for a com-bat. If there is a battle, he wins it personally, without the aid of anybody else; and he treats the admiral as if he were a mere cypher—as, in fact, he is, for he generally comes in, after all is over, at the head of his staff, to promote the British seaman, and to tell him that his country owes him a debt of everlasting grati-tude. If the tar is a married man, he invari-ably leaves his Polly without the means of pay-ing her rent; and when he returns, he gener-ally finds her rejecting the dishonorable propo-sals of a man in possession, who is making advances either on his own account, or as the agent of a libertine landlord. In these cases the British seaman pays out the execution with a very large purse heavily laden at both ends, which he indignantly flings at the shark, as he indignantly calls the broker's man, who goes away without counting the money or giving any receipt for it. The stage tar sometimes carries papers in his bosom, which, as he cannot read, he does not know the purport of, and though he has them, he has never thought it worth while to get anybody to look at them, but he generally pulls them out in the very nick of time, in the presence of some old nobleman, who glances at them, and exclaims, "My long lost son!" at the same time expanding his arms for the tar to rush into. Sometimes he carries a miniature, and finds in some titled dame a mother to match it, or pulls up the sleeve of his jacket and shows a stain of port wine upon his arm, and convicts a conscience-stricken steward of a long train of villainies. At the close of his exploits it is customary to bring in the union-jack (nobody knows why it is introduced or where it comes from) and to wave it over his head, to the air of "Rule Britannia."

OLD MAIDS.

Now here is a plain, straight forward, sensi-ble article from the Brooklyn Star. We have always respected and "cottoned," to a lady of mature age and in a good state of preserva-tion before a regiment of misses, in what Cleo-patra calls their "green and salad" days:

My dear sir, if you ever marry, marry an old maid—a good old maid—who is serious, and simple, and true. I hate these double minded misses, who are all the time hunting after a husband. I tell you that when a wo-man gets to be twenty-eight, she settles into a calms—rather she "anchors in deep waters, and safe from shore." There never was a set, or class, or community of persons so belied, as these ancient ladies.

Look upon it as no reproach to a woman that she is not married at thirty or thirty-five. Above all, fall not into the vulgar notion of ro-mances, and shallow wits—unlearned in wo-man's hearts, because they never had the love of a true woman—that these are continually laying in wait to catch bachelor's hearts. For one woman who has floated into the calm of her years, who is anxious to fix you, I will find you fifty maidens in their teens, and just out, who lay a thousand snares to entrap you, and with more cold blooded intent—for which is worse, that one of the singleness of purpose should seek to lean upon you for life, or that one should seek you as a lover, to excite jea-lousy in others, or as a last resort!

Marry a healthy, well bred woman, between twenty eight and thirty five, who is inclined to love you, and never bewilder your brains with suspicions about whether she has intentions on you or not. This is the rock of vanity upon which many a man has wrecked his best feelings and truest inclinations. Our falseness, and the falseness of society, and more than all, the false and hollow tone of language upon this subject, leave very little courage for a straight-forward and independent course in the matter. What matter if a woman likes you, and shows that she does, honestly, and wishes to marry you?—the more reason for congratulation but not for vanity. What matter if she be young or not, so she be loveable? I won't say what matter if she be plain or not—for every body knows that is no matter, where love is, though, it may have some business in determining the sentiment. I don't know what has led me into this course of remark. The last thing I should have expected on sitting down to write, is, that I should have fallen into a lecture on matrimony. I am not an old maid myself, yet; but I have a clearer eye to their virtues than I have had, and begin to feel how digni-fied a woman may be "in her loneliness—in her loneliness—and the fairer for that loneliness." You may think it is bespeaking favor and pa-tience with a vengeance.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

By John Brown.

OLD Colonel Brown, my father, must have been somewhat of a rake in his younger days. He was of a gay disposition, fond of company, and by no means destitute of humour. He re-lishes a good joke yet.

A few years ago, there lived near Brown-ton, a man named John Simpson, a second cousin to the Hon. Joel Simpson, who for many years, represented the district in Congress. John was a worker in gim-cracks; always seeking to invent something, though never succeeding. His affairs had consequently gone to decay, and he was very poor. John was very fond of the old Colonel, who

used to humor his fancies a good deal, and was particularly patient in listening to his long stories of things that might be invented—if one knew how. The old Colonel used to say, to others, that he tolerated John's twaddle, because just such men often did succeed, in discoveries and inventions, and that John might stumble on something yet, that would be useful.

One Spring, John took it into his head to try the problem of perpetual motion. Accordingly he fitted his garret up as a workshop, and com-menced in earnest. He worked steadily all summer, suffering no day to enter the room. At times, he would give the old Colonel a hint, that he was getting along admirably.

At length, John waited on my father, and requested him to look at his machine. The old Colonel found the garret nearly filled with wheels, and weights, and springs, and bands, and so on; and was assured by John that his efforts were on the eve of being crowned with complete success. As soon as one or two springs and weights should be adjusted, and one or two more wheels introduced, the thing would work—there was no doubt of it. All the great principles of mechanics had yielded to John's excited fancy, he seemed to have forgotten entirely the natural inertia of matter, and the law of reactions.

The old Colonel listened, with his usual pa-tience, to all the explanations, and, at length, John asked him what he thought of it?

"I think it will be a great thing for you, John, if it works—certainly," said the old Co-lonel, "and I'll tell you how you can settle the question of its operation at once."

"How?"

"Why, take your compass and go to the highest point in the hill-field, place your face directly towards the North, and your back, of course, to the South—"

"Well—"

"And then, your right hand will be to the East, and your left to the West—won't they?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, place both hands on the seat of your breeches, and lift with all your might—and you may depend, your machine will go—if you succeed in lifting yourself up, and hold-ing yourself out at arms length!"

New Works.

The Church's Confidence. A Sermon preached to the Congregation of New Greyfriars, in Newington Church, on Sunday 26th January, 1845, the first Sunday after the Greyfriars Churches were consumed by Fire. By the Rev. William Robertson, Minister of New Greyfriars. Edinburgh.

We copy the following extracts at the request of several subscribers.

"The bright and happy day which the Church had so long enjoyed became at length overcast. The clouds gathered thicker; more and more threatening grew the aspect of the sky; at last the storm burst, and the searching time of trial came. I need not now remind you of the fiery ordeal through which we have lately passed, and through which, indeed, we are still passing. I need not remind you of the obloquy which has been cast upon us, of the misrepresentation which we have borne; how every epithet of scorn, every name of reproach, every term of contempt, has been liberally ap-plied to us; how we were said to have cast off Christ! to have trampled upon his cross! to have denied the Lord that bought us!—(O Lord thou knowest!)—to be unworthy of Christian fellowship—to be nothing better than the chaff winnowed from the wheat, and the dross from which the gold has been purged. O it was hard to bear, more especially from the lips of those whom we had loved as brethren, and honored as fathers. 'For it was not an enemy that reproached us; then we could have borne it; neither was it they that hated us that did magnify themselves against us, then we would have hid ourselves from them; but it was our brethren, our guides, our acquaintance with whom we had taken sweet counsel to-gether, and walked to the house of God in com-pany.' O it was a sad change from the time when we had been praised as Christ's people, admired as Christ's inheritance, and trusted as Christ's friends; and, strange as it may seem, all this occurred while we were utterly uncon-scious of the slightest change having taken place in our characters, our principles, or our conduct, to justify, in any measure, such a change of treatment. What had our ministers done? On the day of ordination each one of them publicly made a solemn vow to God, that he would, to the utmost of his power, main-tain and support the Church of which he then became a minister, and that he never would endeavour, directly or indirectly, the prejudice or subversion thereof, or follow any divisive courses. This solemn vow to God they held sacred and kept inviolate; and that was all. Or, what had our people done? They remained faithful and true to that Church into which in infancy they had been baptized; which, from their earliest years, they had been taught to love and honor; in which they had received the sacred symbols of Christ's broken body and shed blood, and which was inextricably associated in their minds with their country's prosperity and honor, the salvation of thousands of immortal souls, and the interests of the Re-deemer's kingdom on our land; and that was all. * * * Thank God! That in the hour of trial he did support her; and through his gracious blessing the Church of Scotland hath proved herself no mere holiday barge fit only to glide with the current, or sport on a summer sea, but as fit to master the storm as to pre-ced by the calm. O well did I love her, and highly did I honor her in the day of her prosperity when, adorned with colours streaming in the breeze, her tall mast pointing in the sky, her