

then cities of old, where are they? they have passed as though they had never been. Broken shafts and weed grown walls are all that remain of their glory.

The cities of the old world had all a wrong patron deity—wrong, because what were the gods? Minerva was goddess of Athens; and what became of Athens? Mars, and a tribe of gods were esteemed in Rome, and yet Rome has had a decline and fall.

Look at the olden cities, now visible no more, save as pictured in the historic page.—Seen in all their glory under the mantling sunlight, they showed themselves so fair, that none could think their beauty would ever fade.

Look at the cities of to-day. They want the picturesqueness of the olden cities; they want their august temples, their aqueducts and viaducts; in magnificence and splendour the present cannot vie with the past.

But there be some great cities at this day, in Asiatic lands especially, whose citizens are merchant princes, and whose priests are sage and skilled. Yet in the temples there burneth not the Schechinah of truth, but instead thereof there is a darkness as of Egypt.

REFORMERS OF NATIONAL MORALS.

GREAT is the efficacy of good example from those in the higher walks of life, but the zeal of those who wish to impress the people with the deep and awful mysteries of religion, should be tempered by wisdom and discretion.

MAXIMS.—Refuse not to be informed, for that shows pride or stupidity. Humility and knowledge in poor clothes, excel pride and ignorance in costly attire.

From Hogg's Instructor. THE OLD CLOCK.

Clock of the household, few creatures could trace Aught worthy a scag in thy dust covered face; The sight of thy hands and the sound of thy bell, Tell the hour, and to many 'tis all thou canst tell.

LAST MOMENTS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

His last hours were each an episode, and his acts and words have been carefully recorded. On the morning of his execution his keeper brought a cup of sack to him, and inquired how he was pleased with it.

A man, bald from extreme age, pressed forward to see him, he said, 'and pray God for him.' Raleigh took a richly embroidered cap from his own head, and placing it on that of the old man, said, 'Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need of it than I.'

'Farewell, my lords,' was his cheerful parting to a courtly group who affectionately took their sad leave of him. 'I have a long journey before me, and must e'en say good-bye.'

'Now I am going to God,' said that heroic spirit, as he trod the scaffold; and gently touching the axe, added, 'This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases.' The very headsman shrunk from beheading one so illustrious and brave, until the unquailing soldier addressed him, 'What dost thou fear? Strike man! In another moment the mighty soul had fled from its manacled tenement.

USE OF GOOD MEN IN BAD TIMES.

It is very necessary that good men should live in very bad times, not only to reprove a wicked world, that God may not utterly destroy it, as he once did in the days of Noah, when all flesh had corrupted its ways, but also to season human conversation, to give check to wickedness, and to revive the practice of virtue by some great and bright examples, and to redress those violences and injuries which are done under the sun; at least to struggle and contend with a corrupt age, which will put some stop to the growing evil, and scatter such seeds of virtue as will spring up in time.

ACTIVITY.

Do not be discouraged if you are unfortunate, and are lying flat on your back. Rise—stand erect and persevere in something else. Fall again if you cannot do better, but never yield to despondency. As fast as you fall spring to your feet again, and there will always be hope. Lie still—lament that you are in the ditch, and you but cause rejoicing among your enemies, and no one will render you assistance. Dig out—work hard—persevere, with a determination to earn a comfortable living, and you shall have it.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.

I have a rich neighbour, says Isaac Walton, who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh: the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich.' And it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.'

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

Of all the races which at this day occupy the scene of the world, the most active, and

that which possesses the greatest weight and influence, is unquestionably the Anglo-Saxon race. Other nations may be more noisy and brilliant than England and the United States—they may exhibit more external glory—but not one if looked at closely, can be considered so necessary as both these people. The Anglo-Saxon race is one of the most important springs of the great political machine of the universe: without it, it would perish, or be abandoned to the contempt of the future, some of the most important facts of history, and some of those moral notions which are most essential to humanity. Without England and America Protestantism would exist no longer. Had Protestantism no other support than Germany, we would see it now expiring in delirium and blasphemy amidst the laughter of other nations.

FREEZING UP.

To put out five hundred dollars at interest, have yourself packed in ice, and stay frozen with suspended life, till it amounts to a fortune, seems now becoming a possible resource. The scientific men of France are at present speculating on a recent instance of a young man being brought to life after being frozen up eleven months, on the Alps. It has given rise to a revived belief in the theory that life can be suspended at pleasure; and criminals are about to be demanded of the Government to be frozen on experiment. The reader will already have inferred what relief this offers to such unhappy ladies as find themselves not contemporary with hearts they sigh to win. They have only to be iced till overtaken! We should add that the above is by no means a joke. The blood of a living man was infused into the veins of the frozen youth, and he moved and spoke. The experiment was afterwards tried on a hare, for the purpose, and with complete success.—Home Journal.

INTELLECTUAL POWER MISAPPLIED IN LITERATURE.

Think what a glorious power is that of expression: and what responsibility follows the man who possesses it! That grace of language which can make even commonplace things beautiful, throwing robes of the poorest texture into forms of all-attractive loveliness: why does it not expend its genius on materials that would be worthy of the artist? The great interests of men are before it, are crying for it, can absorb all its endeavour, are indeed the noblest field for it. Think of this—then think what a waste of high intellectual endowments there has been in all ages from the meanest of motives. But what wise man would not rather have the harmless fame, which youths, on a holiday, scratch upon the leaden roof of some cathedral tower, than enjoy the undeniable renown of those who, with whatever power, have written from slight and unworthy motives what may prove a hindrance rather than an aid to the well being of their fellow men.

MODERN ATHENS.

The modern inhabitants of Athens—perched as they are beside the ruins—irresistibly suggests to one a camp of gipsies among the ruins of Stonehenge. The contrast is just about as great, and the relation of modern to ancient, there quite as respectable. Or, if you compare a commercial illustration, I would compare the town to an insolvent establishment, into which Europe has put King Otho, as a kind of man in possession. There is a sort of lawry semi-Turkish, semi-French seediness about those narrow streets which inspires one with profound melancholy and disgust.

There is a muddy palm tree growing at the entrance of the main street in a consumptive manner—a false life, like the life round about. And there stands for ever and ever, brown and ghostly, the temple of the old time, besides which this said life, with its noise, falsity and pettiness, goes bustling on: a kind of wake that life seems holding round the noble death there—a wretched wake over the dead queen.

One foolish act may undo a man, and a timely one make his fortune.