then cities of old, where are they ? they have passed as though they had never been. ken shalts and weed grown walls are all that remain of their glory. The hum of mon is no longer heard in their streets; the silence of the desert is the e; the lizard c awis across the palace floor, and the wild beast sleeps secure in the wasting sepulchie. Layard wandering in the east the other day, dug down deep in mounds of earth, and found a great city of the dead.

eat city of the dead.

The cities of the old world bad all a wrong patron deity-wrong, because what were the gods? Minerva was goddess of Athens; and what became of Athens? Mars, and a gods were estremed in Rome, and yet Rome has had a decline and fall. What, in a word, has been the fate of the cities over which strange gods has presided? The ploughshare has torn up their walls, and the grass has seeded, and grown rankly in their streets. Only one city of all we read had a true Patron Deity. That city was Jerusalem. The Lord was her watchman and her tower. No foreign foe might lift a mailed hand against her, the Lord was more in might by far. But Jerusalem crucified her Watchman and her Saviour between two proven thieve Her strength was aborn, her glory fled; the ensigns of Rome soon waved to the wind on her bulwarks; she has been since then as a battle field to the nations; she has been the alternate prize of the east and west-she is now an enfeebled, desolated, and abandoned

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Look at the olden cities, now visible no Look at the olden cities, now visible no more, save as pictured in the historic page.—Seen in all their glory under the mantling studight, they showed themselves so fair, that none could think their beauty would ever fade. Ages have passed, and at this day, the lonely pillar and the pyramid stand the sole relics of the past—the monuments of perished greatness.

Look at the cities of to day. They want the picturesquences of the olden cities; they want their august temples, their aqueduand viaducts; in magnificence and splendour the present cannot vie with the vast. ly, but few modern cities are girded with walls, and this is significant of peaceful times. There are no altais now to any patron god—
to any known or unknown god—and this is
significant of a better faith. May the din of
war be hushed! May this better faith abide
for aye! The cities that now look so dwarf
ish compared with the signific ones of old. ish, compared with the gigantic ones of old, have thus a vitality which, uninjured by the sword, will not be shattered for ages. It is be for faith in that city—that except the Lord build the city, the builders build in vain -that except the Lord watch the city, in vain the watchmen watch'-if such be the faith then, happy city, peace and prosperity shall be in its dwellings, and it shall abide, and

pass not away.

But there be some great cities at this day, in Asiatic lands especially, whose citizens are merchant princes, and whose presss are sage and skilled. Yet in the temples there harneth not the Schekingh of truth, but instead thereof there is a darkness as of Egypt. A better fate these cities will surely have than those of the olden time; they surely cannot decay as Babylon, Thebes, Nineveh, and Petra have decayed. In all verity they would do so, if left alone with that faith of theirs. That faith would as surely be fatal to them as is paisan correding in human ento them as is poison corroding in human entrails. They might drag on a life of lethargy, perhaps, for long centuries, but the fore-doomed framework would at length fall to pieces, for it is a lifeless lump. Nevertheless, for the cities of the east there is hope; their help is at their gates, if they would but epen these harshly grating gates, and bid welcome to their helper. A right faith would save them; if they ceased to call on their wooden gods and golden gods, their snake gods and river gods, and turned to Him who maketh the ground to grow wood, and filleth the veins of earth with gold, who painteth the serpent's head, and feedeth the rivers at their fountains—then the eastern supartures. To serpent's nead, and teacher the fivers at their fountains—then the castern supar-tree, to whose pestiferous bower they are now exposed, and under whose baneful shadow they are perishing, would be supplanted by the tree of life, whose fruit is right pleasant, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; then would a blessing descend on all habitations—theirs would be length of days from the right hand of the Most High, theirs would be the ways of pleasantness, and their paths would be peace.

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 discre-tion, no less than by patience, forbearance and allowance for uncontrollable circumstances, In order to forward the great work of reformsug national morals, we are called upon most powerfully to do all we can to provide such eachers, and imbue them with such principles, as shall not endanger the good cause by over-earnest efforts to effect more than in the nature of things can be done, or disturb the existing good by altempting more than will be berne, or by producing bypocritical pretences or more than can be really felt.

Maxims .- Refuse not to be informed, for shows pride or stupidity.

Humility and knowledge in poor clothes, xeel pride and ignorance in costly attire Neither despise nor oppose what thou dost not understand.

A wager is a lool's argument.

From Hogg's Instructor. THE OLD CLOCK.

CLOCK of the household, few creatures could Aught worthy a scag in thy dust covered

The sight of thy hands and the sound of thy

Tell the hour, and to many 'tis all thou canst

But to me thou canst preach with the tongue of a sage; Thou canst tell me old tales from life's ear-

liest page : The long night of sorrow, the short span of

All any chequers of fate have been witnessed

They say, my first breathings of infant delight Were bestowed on the 'dicky birds,' gilded

and bright, Which shone forth on thy case—that the cake or the toy

No'er illumined my eyes with such beam-Full well I remember my wonder profound,

What caused thee to tick, and thy hands to move round, Till I watched a safe moment, and mounted

the chair, Intent to discover the why and the where.

I revelled in min, anid wheels, weights and

springs : What sport for the fingers, what glorious

No doubt I gained something of knowledge; Full soon 'twas declared the old clock did'nt

The culprit was seized, but all punishment I was caught at such doings again and

*Twas the favorite mischief, and nothing could

Cure, Till a lock kept the pendulum sacred and

The corner thou stood'st in was always my

place.
When 'I shan't,' or 'I shall' had insured my disgrace; Where my storm of defiance might wear it-

selfout, 'Till the happy laugh banished the frown and the pout.

When a playmate was coming, how often my eye Would greet thee to see if the moment were

nigh; And impatiently fancied I never had found Thy hand such a laggard in travelling its

Thou bringest back visions of heart-bounding

When thy midnight hour chorussed the rude carol rhymes; When our Christmas was noted for festival

And the merry New Year had a boisterous

I remember the station thou had'st in the hall,
Where the holly and mistletoe decked the gude wall;

Where we mock'd at thy voice till the herald ofilay Peeped over the hills in his mantle of gray.

And thou bringest back sorrow; for, oh ! thou hast been

The companion of many a gloomier scene; In the dead of the night I have heard thy loud Till my ear has recoiled, and my heart bas

I have sighed back to thee, as I noiselessly

To the cluse-curtzined bed where a dying one slept; Where thy echoing stroke, and a mother's faint breath,

Seemed the sepulchre tidings that whispered of death

Clock of the household, thou ne'er hast been thrust

From thy station to dwell amid lumber and Let Fashion prevail and rare changes be-

Thou went always preserved with a cherish-Thou hast ever been nigh, thou hast looked

On the birth, on the bridat, the ciadle and

To the infant at play, and the sire turning

Thou hast spoken the warning of 'passing' away.

Clock of the household, I gaze on thee With the shadow of thought growing deep on

For I seel and I know that 'the future' has Which will not be marked by a dial of flow-

ess. My race may be run, when thy musical chime

Will be still tinging out in the service of time;
And the clack of the household will shine

in the room, When I, the forgotten one, sleep in the tomb. 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. 'As well as he who drank of St. Gires's Bowl az he rode to Tyburn, answered the knight, and said, 'It is good drink, if a man might but tarry by it.' Prithee, never fear, Beeston, cried he to his old friend Sir Hugh, who was repulsed from the scaffold by the sheriff, ' I shall have a place.'

A man, bald from extreme age, pressed forward to see him, he said, 'and pray God for him.' Raleigh took a richty 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

Farewell, my lords,' was his cheerful part. ing 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

'Now I am going to God,' said that heroic epirit, 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. Cayley, after describing Sir Walter's execution, adds, 'the head, after having been shown on either side of the scaffold, was put into a ted leather bag, over which Sir Walter's gown was thrown, and the whole conveye away in a mourning carriage by Lady Ra-leigh. It was preserved by her in a case during twenty nine years which she survived her bashand, and was afterwards kept with no less piety by their affectionate son Carew, with whom it is supposed to have been buried in West Hersley, in Surrey. The body was interred in the chancel, near the altar of St Margaret, Westminster.—Memoirs of the City of Westminster.

USE OF GOOD MEN IN BAD TIMES.

It is very necessary that good men should live in very bad times, not only to reprieve 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 wise to season human conversation, to give chick to wickedness, and to revive the practice of virtue by some great and bright exam-ples, 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 grawing evil and scatter such seeds of virtue as will spring up in time. It is an argument of God's care of the world, that antidoles grow in the neighborhood of poisons; that the most degenerate ages have some excellent men, who seem to be made on purpose for such a time, to stem the torient, and to give some ease to the miseries of mankind.—Sherlock.

ACTIVITY.

Do not be discouraged if you are unfortu-nate, 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 are in the ditch. you assistance. Dig out-work hard-persevere, with a determination to earn a comfortable living, and you shall have it. while living, and you same, who would help to cover you with reproaches, when writhing and lamenting over your misfortunes. The and lamenting over your misfortunes. The whole secret of life is activity. To actionto action-and you will never see the day that you will need assistance which will not be rendered in some shape or other. Activi ty is the life of man; it makes him for this world, to say nothing of the world to come,

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.

I have a rich neighbour, says Izaak 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 drudging on, saying that Solom 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; was wisely said by a man of great observation, that there be as many miseries beyond tiches as on this side of them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having competency, we may be conteat and thankful. Let us not repine be contest and thankful. or so much as think the gifts of God unequalriches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang of-ten so heavily at the rich mans girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's ness, few consider him to be like the silk. worm, when she seems to play is at the same time spinning her own bowels and consuming herself. And this many rich men do, loading themselves with cankering cares to keep what they have already got. Let us therefore, be thankful for health and competency, and above all for a quiet conscience.

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-Soxon race. Other nations may be more noisy and brilliant than England and the United States—they may exhibit more external glo-ry—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 abando ned 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 sup-port than Germany, we would see it now ex-piring in deli rium and blasphemy amidst the laughter of other nations. Without the ex ample afforded by England the French revolution would not only be anathematised, but abandoned as without reason and full of incoherent extravagences. Had it not been for England, America would on its discovery have fallen back into the barbarism in which a Spanish vessel found it. It is owing to England that the glorious discovery of Columbus has not proved useless, and counts for a great human fact, and for a service rendered to moral order and not moral order. to moral order, and not merely a discovery interesting to science and cosmology. It is England who at this day prevents nations from falling upon and devouring one another, and who maintains the equilibrium of the Continent by the fear of having to measure strength with so redoubtable an adversary Thus, her very egotism is useful, for it pro-tects our repose. It is she who crosses the projects of Oriental Europe, and says to the two Sclavi races, 'Thus far shall ye go, and no further.'—What a destiny! Her form and power are absolutely necessary to the moral order of the world. Let us lay aside all national prejudice and patriotic pride; many nations of apparently more importance might disappear, and which seem to be more immediately interested in the diately interested in the maintenance of modern civilisation, but there is not one whose death would leave such terrible results as that of the solitary, the egotistical and inde-pendent England.—Reveu des Deux des Mon-des.

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 pessible resource. The scientific men of France are at present speculating on a recent instance of a young man being brought to life after bring 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 interred what relief this offers to such unhappy ladies as find themselvesnot contemporary with hearts they sigh to win. They have only to be iced till overtaken! We should add that the shove 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 spake. The experiment was afterwards tried on a bare, for the purpose, and with complete success. - Home Journal.

INTELLECTUAL POWER MISSAP-PLIED IN LITERATURE.

Think what a glorious power is that of expression: and what responsibility follows the man who possesses it! That grace of lan-guage 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 root of some cathedral tower, than erjoy 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 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. a sort of tawlry semi-Turkish, sem-French seediness about those narrow servets 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 fa'se tlife, like the life round about. And there stands for ever and ever, brown and ghostly, the temples 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 bolding round the noble death there-a wretched wake over the dead queen.

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