

to London, to project the foundation of mechanics' institutions in the metropolis and throughout the country. Nor was it his time alone that was directed to this laudable object, his purse was not less freely bestowed. We believe he lent £3,000 to establish the London institution in Chancery-lane, and by a singular coincidence, the members of that body were to meet for the purpose of celebrating its 18th anniversary, within a few hours of the period when its founder had ceased to exist.

As a medical man, Dr. Birkbeck enjoyed considerable practice, much more than is generally bestowed on those given to scientific or literary pursuits. Dr. Birkbeck had a reflective beneficent countenance, a venerable and very unpretending aspect. In his disposition he was mild, and in his deportment unassuming. As a public speaker he acquitted himself with credit; his ideas were always sound and practical, conveyed in appropriate language.

CALUMNY.—The aspersions of calumny will not adhere permanently to your character, unless they find in it some ground of adhesion. When, therefore, you are assailed by slander and obloquy, suffer that which will not stick to fall to the ground of its own accord; and as to the past, mend your character.

New Orleans has \$33 grog shops, paying for licences 19£,000 dollars. Their real cost to the city is estimated by the "Bee" at Five Million Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

THE POOR BUT GODLY MAN,

OR THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A German Legend.

"See, see, a simple countryman,
With walking-staff in hand comes now;
Coarse is the garment he has on,
Yet noble is his form and brow;
Thank God I sing; so I can raise
A proud song to the good man's praise."

BURGER.

'Twas where an ancient forest waved,
And ink-black rivers rolled;
There lived within a lonely hut,
A pious man and old;
And Demons came to him by night,
And tempted him with gold!

The poor old man was coarsely clad,
And in that dreary spot,
'Midst wasting poverty he lived,
By all the world forgot,
Yet well he knew a godly life
Would sanctify him!

And there, at quiet eventide,
When all was dark and still,
And evening shades, and twilight mists,
Slumbered on lake and hill,
Thick clouds, of grim unearthly smoke,
His lonely hut would fill!

And through the smoke a shapeless form
Moved darkly to and fro;
And offered caves of buried wealth,
If he with him would go;—
But alike to all his proffered gifts
The poor old man said—"no!"

Then did the Demon's blasted brow
Grow black with fearful blight;
His eye-balls glowed like coals of fire.
And shot out sulphury light;
The very fiends would stand aghast
Before so dread a sight!

Then the old man took God's blessed book,
With meek and reverend air,
And read of Jesus on the tree,
Before his children there:
And, with a calm and pious trust,
They knelt in solemn prayer.

And as they prayed, the Demon quailed,
And his gaze became less wild,
His arm hung palsied at his side,
And his fiery eye grew mild.
Till he stood amid that holy scene
As powerless as a child!

And when they rose from off their knees,
They stood in the room alone,
For that meek prayer in heaven was heard,
And the tempting fiend had flown;
And a faint sweet light, like the smile of God,
Throughout the dwelling shone!

Thus day by day, and year by year;
The old man watched with care,
And at the stated twilight hour
The shapeless form was there,
But the poor man girded himself—with truth!
And conquered the fiend—by prayer!

And day by day, and year by year,
The prayer worked with new might;
For every time the Demon came,
His form changed to the sight,
'Till at length, instead of a wicked fiend,
He became a Child of Light!

And when at length the old man died,
And the sod o'er his form was pressed,
His soul had treasures in heaven laid up,
And his spirit in Christ found rest,
And the angels of God all welcom'd him,
And number'd him with the blest!