

emly silent. They looked towards the bed, his late tenant was not there. Tremblingly they glanced around, and found the corpse stretched upon the floor, one arm extended, as though reaching forth graspingly towards the floor in the last expiring struggle of nature. Before night closed upon the scene, remorse and horror had claimed another victim. Terrified, as it would seem, with the idea that the lying man was following close behind him, driven to desperation too with the reproaches which had probably been heaped upon him, and his conscience suddenly awakened by witnessing the mental agonies of his expiring fellow-sinner, the miserable man, Brown hastened to his own house, entered it unseen, shut himself in his chamber, and was found, not long afterwards, lifeless, with the instrument of self-destruction grasped firmly in his hand.

Robinson survived his former associates about fifteen years. It is now about forty years since my father bought Wooddale farm, and came to reside upon it. I was then eight or nine years old. Soon after we had taken up our abode here, my father had some business to transact with Robinson (the son, not the father), and I accompanied him. The house was in a different condition then to that in which we have this day found it; but even then, I cannot help remembering, there was an air of gloom about it which chilled my veins. As we walked up to the front of the house, we encountered, in charge of an attendant, an aged man who gazed wildly at us for a second or two, and then, without speaking a word, struck off into a side-path, and was shortly out of sight. This old man was the Robinson of my story. On our arrival at the house we were shown into a parlour, where we were joined by the younger Robinson, a sad looking, gentlemanly person of middle age, with whom my father entered into conversation on the business in hand.

The elder Robinson never recovered from his hypochondriacism. His son lived with him and managed his affairs, a servant, his constant attendant, followed his steps by day and slept with him by night—linked to him hand to hand, lest he should escape unperceived; the comforts of life were lost to him, he rarely spoke, except to himself; shunned all society; and at length died, unlamented and unburied.

At his father's death, his son broke up the establishment shut up 'the folly,' after an auction of all its furniture; disposed of all his inherited property at H—; and immediately left the neighbourhood. 'Robinson's Folly' has ever since remained unoccupied, the terror of the ignorant, and a beacon to all who can read aright the lesson which it teaches.

Translated from the German of Krummacher. THE CREATION OF THE CATERPILLAR.

PILLAR. The first man had been banished from Eden for his sin, and the pious Abel had already fallen by the murderous hand of his brother, when the angel of death descended to the abode of the human family. He alighted in a small garden in which Mirza, Abel's beloved and mourning sister, cultivated shrubs and flowers. It was a little image of Eden, with its cool shades and lovely bowers. The heavenly messenger paused in silent thought, touched by the innocence and love of Mirza. 'Must I then cause a fresh pang to this pious gentle sufferer? But be it so: to such as she is in affliction yields peace and joy. And belongs she is not also to the fallen race? The seed of corruption is in this one fact, therefore must death and decay have its ministers here.' He spoke and lowered his wand, and from the dust which he touched sprang forth a devouring caterpillar. Immediately it began to gnaw the plants around, and to eat up the leaves and blossoms of the nearest shrub, and Mirza no sooner entered the garden than she started at discovering the havoc thus made. But when she came near and saw the curious animal clinging with ravenous bite to the stems, she was terrified, and cried to her young brother Seth, 'Lo! a serpent is devouring my tree and clinging to the leaves.' Then came Seth into the little garden, and after gazing upon the caterpillar he said, 'Not so, Mirza! Fear has made thee deem the animal more formidable than he is. The serpent crawls upon his belly, but this animal has feet and appears to live as do the sheep upon the herbs of the field. I will soon tread him under my feet.' And as he spoke, the boy shook the tree till the caterpillar fell to the ground. 'Ah, no!' said Mirza, 'hurt it not! Do not we also eat of the fruit of the garden? And the poor animal knows not that my garb is such a delight and joy to me. Therefore smite it not. I will take care to give him enough, and then he will not harm my plants.' 'But,' said the boy, 'are not the animals subject to us, and given into our hands?'—'Yes, it is not better,' answered Mirza, 'to rule with gentleness than with violence? Oh, leave him his life.' Thereupon Mirza made a little enclosure for the caterpillar, and gave it of the leaves and blossoms of the tree upon which she had first beheld it. She gave of them each morning and each evening more than it could consume. And when the heavenly messenger saw this, he was moved, and said, 'There is hope, then, that man may yet be renewed in the divine image which he has lost? Is this not like it—to love an enemy, and to recompense evil with good? Again the angel paused, and again he touched the worm with his wand, and it was endued with the wondrous power to build its own tomb. All this happened in the time of the evening twilight. Early the next morning, Mirza

came to the garden, and looked into the little abode of the caterpillar and found it not. 'Oh it is still asleep,' she said, in childlike artlessness, 'and I will not wake it, but I will gather leaves for it whereof it may make its bed.' And she gathered both leaves and flowers; for Mirza's kindness to the animal had endeared it to her, and she bore all nature in her heart since Abel walked not with her. When Mirza next came with flowers and leaves she found a cocoon, bright and of fair silvery hue; and she stood and marvelled, and called her father and her mother, and those of the household, and said, 'See what a creature I have nourished! It is now dead, and rests in a wonderful grave. Who can tell whether it may not come forth from it again?' Thus spoke Mirza, with prophetic spirit, but she knew not that she spoke prophetically. But Adam, her father said, 'who can fathom these things? The beginning and the end are alike hid from the eyes of man. Yet this new occurrence may not be without its lesson of wisdom for us. Come, let us bring it with us to our abode.' And they bore the cocoon into their house. But Mirza said, 'Now I rejoice that I cared for it to its death.' And now lay the animal in this shroud of its own formation, in the abode of the human family, to them an image of Abel, the first who had fallen asleep and been hidden from their eyes. One morning the family were all assembled spake of death with sad hearts, when lo! there suddenly burst the silver-hued grave, and the tomb of the animal moved of itself. With eager gaze they stood around and watched in hushed expectation what would follow. They suddenly burst the silver-hued grave, and lo! there came forth a living being, and expanded a double pair of wings—Blue were they as sapphire, and as the clear vault of heaven, and with a golden edge, and every portion was a span long; and as the bright creature fluttered and still more widely expand them, all marvelled that they had not been bruised in the narrow tenement in which they had been so long confined. There lay the cocoon upon it was one single red drop like blood. The new-born creature was soaring upon swift pinion above their heads, and soon did they behold it sporting amid the flowers, and renouncing for ever its coarse diet of leaves, living in freedom and light and joy. Then holy wonder and gladness filled the hearts of the first family, and they thought of Abel, who first had fallen asleep, but no longer did they think of him with sadness; and even Mirza mourned no longer, for their eyes were opened, and it seemed to them that they beheld the form of Abel as if it had been the form of an angel. Then heard they the voice of an angel, who sigh, 'Lo! out of death springs forth life, and time changes into eternity. To the pure mind and childlike faith it is given to behold the truth in the symbol.' And from that day the first human family thought of death with joyful hope.

From Hogg's Instructor. FAMILY WORSHIP. BY CATHERINE PRINGLE CRAIG.

We will not say the former days Were better than our own— That softer fell the dew of Heaven, Or the sun more brightly shone— That the stars look'd down with a sweeter light Through the depths of the azure sky— Or that wand'ring zephyrs touch'd the notes Of a richer harmony; For we know Jehovah's word is pledged For the sunshine and the dew— The flowers may fade, but the breath of spring Shall their wasted life renew; And the anthem of nature's praise is hymn'd Through changing years the same, And to countless ages the stars of night Their story shall proclaim. But we miss, oh! we miss the homes of men The holy song of praise— The sweet and solemn strain is hush'd. And we sigh for the former days, Is the smile of heavenly love withdrawn? Is the time of blessing o'er? Have we no more a God in heaven— A Father to adore? Not silent are our blessed dead, Though their work on earth is done, The struggle and the gloom is past, And the glory has begun. The beauty of the sinless land Shines radiant on each brow, And a song of joy and happiness Is the song they are singing now. Awake, ye children of them who sleep In the bed of peaceful rest, And let your voices blend again With the anthems of the blest! We know ye learn'd at your fathers' hearth The hymn of love and praise; Let us hear your song with your children now— The songs of your early days!

Oh! so sweet on the breath of the balmy air— Shall the sound of such music be, That passing angels may pause to hear, And rejoice in the melody! And soft as evening dew that fall When no rude wind is stir'd, Shall the peace of Heaven on that home descend, Where the worship of God is heard.

From an Address by the Revd. Dr. Pendergast A LIBERAL EDUCATION SUITED TO ALL.

There is one of the laudable acts of the honoured dead which I must not pass by in silence, for it is my stated duty, my brethren, to move and exhort you to be favourable and beneficial maintainers of the noble foundation of Tonbridge School. Education, my brethren, and especially the education of the poor, is, to use an expression of the old prophets, in a peculiar manner 'the burden' of the present times; and I trust that I may venture very respectfully to express my earnest hope that, entering into the spirit of the times, you, my brethren, are extending as far as possible the unspeakable benefit of a liberal education to that class of the people for whose use and advantage your fine foundation was originally and especially designed. Do not imagine, my brethren, that literature and science have no charms for the humbler classes of society, and no adaption to their condition. Nature, my brethren, has made no difference in man, and that which is a source of happiness or honour to one is capable of becoming so to all. He that ploughs the ground is endued with the power of studying the heavens; he that understands the soil is capable of understanding the stars. The Tasso that delights the mistress in the drawing-room is capable of pleasing also the maid in the kitchen; and the Sophocles, or the Shakespeare, 'fancy's noblest, sweetest child,' that charms the scholar in his library, might also charm the mechanic in his workshop. We all belong to the same class of intelligent beings, and circumstances and situation alone create the difference between us. Under the dark skin and woolly hair of the poor forlorn African, there is the same delicate chain of nerves, the same susceptible brain, the same powers of fancy, imagination, and judgment, which we fair and refined Europeans so often and so miserably abuse: yea, the poor forsaken wanderer, whom misfortune has driven to a life of infamy, possesses under her rags and wretchedness such delicacy of form and feeling, such a natural sense of modesty and shame, such susceptibility of tender emotion and lasting attachment, such sprightliness and vivacity, which, if they were decked with the ornaments of wealth and art, and called into action by happy circumstances, and lighted up by a joyful heart, might grace a drawing room or rule a court; or he who views man with a philosophic eye, strips off the gay or tattered outside, and 'sees him as he is.' Where he sees ignorance, he sees also capacities for knowledge; where he observes rudeness he observes also capacities for refinement. Nature has made more courtiers than have dazzled courts, more warriors than have conquered states, more painters than have enlivened the canvass, more sculptors than have breathed into the solid marble; more philosopher than have reasoned, more orators than have spoken, more poets than have sung. Many a Newton would have added to our stores of knowledge, but no institution like yours called out the noble mind; cold neglect chilled and froze up the ardent spirit, and 'bounded it in thick-ribbed ice.' Many a Shakespeare might have warbled his 'native wood-notes wild,' to the delight of after ages; many a Milton, of godlike mind, might have clothed Divine thoughts with burning words, and uttered forth seraphic strains; but all his genius was exhausted in the search of bread; many a Nelson and many a Napoleon might, by daring deeds, have dazzled or darkened the page of history; but a narrow home stifled the Mers within him, and bid them be content with being the first wrestler on some village green. Many a Hampden would have courted 'the mountain nymph, sweet liberty,' and have defended the freedom of man on the largest scale, but your learned and gratuitous teacher was wanting; circumstances quenched the celestial fire, bounded the noble mind, and compelled the liberator of a world to satisfy his expansive soul by resisting the little tyrant of his native town. 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear, Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.' Why do I say these things? To give you apt and striking illustrations of that important moral truth, that God has made of one blood the whole family of man. And what interference do I wish to draw from this principle? Plainly this, that what is good for the individual is good for the species—is good for man, as man, without any regard to the adventitious circumstances of rank and condition; that the same instruction which is advantageous to the polite would be equally so to the rude; that the same book, whether of science or philosophy, which affords refreshment and repose to the minister of state, worn out by the cares of the nation and stunned by the brawlings of the senate, is capable also of giving relaxation and rest to him whose ears and limbs are wearied by the hammer and the anvil; that the same work, whether of interesting fact or agreeable fiction, which relieves the weariness of the woman of fashion, exhausts

ted by ceremonious visits, is able also to afford rest and repose to the more honourable fatigue which hath been superintended by domestic cares and the charge of a rising family. Natural reason, then, which shows that what is really good is universally good—natural reason, I say, and the general verdict of our common humanity, stamp these ancient grammar-schools, which were founded and endowed for the liberal education, and for the elevation and refinement of the humbler classes with the fiat of their approval.

And it seems to me that the plea which natural reason puts in, in favour of these institutions for the general diffusion of sound learning, is materially strengthened by a consideration of the particular state of society in these kingdoms. The popular form of our constitution, a form annually extending, and growing every year more popular, and which gives so large a share in the choice of their rulers to the mass of the people, and that fine contrivance of human prudence, trial by jury, which might place the lives or property of any of us at the will of twelve men taken from a class of society in which persons of mean parentage may, by good fortune, be called to move, renders it highly expedient that every free-born Briton should at least be so far initiated into the elements of liberal learning as to enable him to distinguish between sound reasoning and flashy eloquence, to fulfil aright all the duties of a good citizen, and to form a correct judgment on all matters which concern the welfare of the individual, or the prosperity of the state; for it is most evidently desirable that a portion of that knowledge and prudence should exist in the elective body, which we all admit to be so indispensably necessary in the deliberative, the legislative, and the executive.

CAUSES OF EPIDEMICS.

Little is known of the immediate chemical or vital causes of epidemics; but in given circumstances, where many are immersed in an atmosphere of decaying organic matter, some disease is invariably produced; where there is starvation, it is most frequently typhus; cold, influenza; heat, is cholera, yellow fever, plague. At the mouths of the Ganges, of the Nile, of the Niger; in London particularly up to the seventeenth century; in camps; barracks, in ships, in prison, formerly; in Ireland, in Liverpool, in all our towns now, the circumstances in which zymotic diseases become epidemic may be witnessed. A city breathing an atmosphere perfectly pure may not be exempt from every epidemic; but observation has shown that such irruptions are unfrequent; and fatal to few persons of strength or stamina. Internal sanitary arrangements, and not quarantine or sanitary lines, are the safeguards of nation. A salubrious city in epidemic—like a city built of stone in conflagration—is exposed to danger and injury, but not to the same extent as the present cities of Europe, which are left without any adequate regulations for the health and security of their inhabitants. The great historical epidemics have diminished in intensity; and there appears to be no reason why they should not be ultimately suppressed, with the advance of the population among which they take their rise. Their origin is obscure, but influenza appears generally to become first epidemic in Russia—cholera in India that the source of the latter must be attacked. If the health of India becomes sound, Europe might be safe, and hear no more of the epidemic which is traversing Russia. The attention of the Indian authorities has for some time been directed to the subject. The other nations of Europe are beginning to take an interest in public sanitary improvements; and any found in England will no doubt, be carried out as speedily as possible in all parts of her Majesty's dominions; for the vast population that owns sway is intimately united. Asiatic cholera has taught us that the lives of thousands in England may depend on the condition of the Parishes of Jessore.—Report of the Registrar General.

FLATTERY SOMETIMES SERVICEABLE

A bear, who was taking his lesson in dancing; and who believed that he could not fail to be admired, paused for a moment on his hind legs to ask an ape how he liked his dancing. 'To say the truth, friend, you dance very badly; you are too heavy.'—'But surely I do not want grace and what you call heaviness may it not be dignity of carriage?' and Bruin recommenced his practice with somewhat of an offended air. 'Bravo!' cried an ass, who now passed by, 'such light and graceful dancing I have never seen; it is perfection.' But this unqualified praise was too much for even the self-love of the bear, and startled by it into modesty, he said within himself, 'While the ape only censured I doubted but now that the ass praises me I am sure I must dance horribly.' Friends suffer a word of advice, when good taste censures, hesitate doubt; when folly applauds be certain you are all in the wrong.

SLANDER IS THE TONGUE OF ENVY.

At the court of the lion was a noble horse, who had long and faithfully served his king; and his master prized and loved his faithful servant as he deserved. This was distasteful to the crowd of inferior courtiers, and the fox undertook to undermine the trusty servant and rob him of his monarch's favour. But his insinuations were nobly and wisely met by the king of beasts. 'I need no stronger proof of the worth of a good horse, than that he has such a vile wretch as thou for his enemy.—Lessing.