

ven, to restore the lady Isabella to her country and friends.' Cautioning me once again to be prudent, and place my trust in heaven, the old man gave me his blessing, and ushering me through a long corridor, he opened a side door, by which I made my exit in an opposite wing of the building to that by which I entered. Revolving in my mind all I had seen and heard, I considered it safest to follow the counsel I had received, or at least not to venture on any hazardous steps till I had consulted with you on the rationality of resigning my fate and Isabella's into the hands of a Franciscan Friar."

To be continued.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

HE that can look with rapture upon the agonies of an unoffending and unresisting animal, will soon learn to view the suffering of a fellow-creature with indifference; and in time he will acquire the power of viewing them with triumph, if that fellow-creature should become the victim of his resentment, be it just or unjust. But the minds of children are open to impressions of every sort; and indeed wonderful is the facility with which a judicious instructor may habituate them to tender emotions. I have therefore always considered mercy to beings of an inferior species as a nature which children are very capable of learning, but which is most difficult to be taught if the heart has been once familiarized to spectacles of distress, and has been permitted either to behold the pangs of any living creature with cold insensibility, or to inflict them with wanton barbarity.—*Dr. Parr.*

DISPROPORTION OF WEALTH.

A too great disproportion of wealth among citizens, weakens any state. Every person, if possible, ought to enjoy the fruits of his labour, in a full possession of all the necessaries and many of the conveniences of life. No one can doubt but such an equality is most suitable to human nature, and diminishes much less from the happiness of the rich than it adds to that of the poor. It also augments the power of the state, and makes any extraordinary taxes or impositions be paid with more cheerfulness. Where the riches are engrossed by a few, these must contribute very largely to supplying the public necessities; but when the riches are dispersed among multitudes, the burden feels light on every shoulder; and the taxes make not a sensible difference on any one's way of living. Add to this, that where the riches are in few hands, these must enjoy all the power; and will readily conspire to lay all the burden on the poor, and oppress them still further to the discouragement of all industry.—*Hume.*

THE EARTHQUAKE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THERE was no sound in earth or air,
And soft the moonbeams smiled
On stately tower and temple fair,
Like mother o'er her child;
And all was hushed in the deep repose
That welcomes the summer evening's close.

Many an eye that day had wept,
And many a cheek with joy grew bright,
Which now, alike unconscious, slept
Beneath the wan moonlight;
And mandolin and gay guitar
Had ceased to woo the evening star.

The lover has sought his couch again,
And the maiden's eyes no longer glisten,
As she comes to the lattice to catch his strain,
And sighs while she bends to smile and listen.
She sleeps, but her rosy lips still move,
And in dreams she answers the voice of love.

Sleep on, ye thoughtless and giddy train,
Sorrow comes with the dawning ray;
Ye never shall wake to joy again,
Or your gay laugh gladden the rising day:
Death sits brooding above your towers,
And destruction rides on the coming hours.—

The day has dawned—but not a breath
Sighs through the sultry air;
The heavens above and earth beneath
One gloomy aspect wear—
Horror and doubt and wild dismay
Welcome the dawn of the fatal day.

Hark!—'tis not the thunder's lengthened peal!
Hark!—'tis not the winds that rise;
Or the heavy crush of the laden wheel,
That echoes through the skies—
'Tis the sound that gives the earthquake birth!
'Tis the heavy groans of the rending earth!

Oh, there were shrieks of wild affright,
And sounds of hurrying feet,
And men who cursed the lurid light,
Whose glance they feared to meet:
And some sunk down in mute despair
On the parched earth, and perished there.—

It comes!—it comes!—that lengthened shock—
The earth before it reels—
The stately towers and temples rock,
The dark abyss reveals
Its fiery depths—the strife is o'er,
The city sinks to rise no more.

She has passed from earth like a fearful dream;—
Where her pomp and splendour rose,
There runs a dark and turbid stream,
And a sable cloud its shadow throws;
Pale sorrow broods in silence there,
To mourn the perished things that were.