

landed. He had scarcely time to make an exclamation, when some American sailors perceived him, and ran towards him with expressions of surprise.

Hidler conducted them to the hut, when Tarling related their story to the American captain, who took them on board immediately, and set sail. After a safe voyage they arrived at Boston, the place of their original destination.

Restored to the society from which they thought themselves cut off for ever, they resumed their duties, and prepared each to follow his own path. Their association in the isle of Bergh had been like an encampment of three years in the desert; but they were united by too many ties of gratitude and affection to separate from each other without regret. All four of them embraced each other tenderly. At last, Tarling, uniting their hands in his, and pressing them for the last time, said, "Farewell, my friends; let us go where our lot calls us, but whatever happens, let us remember the great lesson we have received; let us never forget that the most humble abilities have their use, and that there is always room in the world for those who wish well of their fellow-creatures."

A Yorkshireman, who had attended a meeting of the Anthropological Society, was asked by a friend what the learned gentleman had been saying. "Well, I don't exactly know," he said; "there are many things I could not understand; but there was one thing I thought I made out; they believe that we have come from monkeys, and I thought how they were fast getting back again to where they came from."

Sleeplessness.

Theologians and poets, physiologists and metaphysicians have all endeavored to write profoundly on the phenomena of sleep, and have all more or less lost themselves in a subject which, whenever studied, takes a fixed hold of the imagination. The existence of a bodily condition which is not death, yet suspends mental life, which is consistent with motion, but not with thought, which can continue while half the mind is at work, yet ends if all begins to work together, suggests strange ideas on the oldest of all speculations, the connection between matter and spirit. The materialist has derived some of his best arguments from a state which shows every day that, whether or not the mind be the outcome of physical action within the brain, say a kind of voltaic pile working in the cells there, the moment that action is suspended, mind disappears. The spiritualist has no better proof of the existence of something independent of matter than the occasional but well known occurrence of complete mental operations, such as the solution of a geometrical problem, or the composition of a sonata, or the winning of a game at chess, having been completed while the body lay still in torpor. A grain of a drug extracted from the poppy juice will suspend mental power; how, then, can mind be immaterial? The mind will compel the tongue to speak while yet the rest of the body is powerless; how, then, can it be wholly material? The argument on either side is a thin one, the proof whether it is not the agent which is paralyzed instead of the master, remaining in all cases wanting; but it has occupied many minds. So, again, there has been writing for ever on the question whether men always dream, and only occasionally remember dreams, or