

Tenderly then he laid
 His hand upon me.
 " Arise my child," he said,
 " Arise, thou art forgiven ;
 Weep not ; be comforted :
 But let my heart be riven
 No more by blow from thee ; by blood I won thee."

—*Ladies' Repository.*

THE VILLAGE OF LEPERS.

At a little distance after leaving Sinjan, we came to a small collection of mud hovels, huddled together at some distance from the road. When we drew near the whole population turned out and stood in a line, men, women, and children, by the side of the path, begging vociferously for alms. These unhappy beings, thus living in habitations hardly fitted for brute animals, not to mention human beings, cut off from all communication with their fellow creatures, save such as are afflicted with the same disorder, were lepers, who, by the strange custom of Persia, while prohibited from coming within a certain distance of a town or village, are yet allowed, horrible as it may seem, to live together, contract marriages, and thus perpetuate the curse through an entire race. The miserable wretches poured out of their dens like a pack of half-starved hounds, falling over each other in their eagerness to be the first to reach the vicinity of the traveller, whom they dare not approach nearer than a certain regulated distance. Their swollen and distorted features were dreadful to look at, their limbs, deformed and eaten away by the revolting malady, were held out imploringly, and in some instances the features blackened and scorched by the virulence of the terrible disorder, scarcely retained the appearance of those of human beings. The whole of the north-west of Persia seems to be afflicted with this frightful scourge of humanity. During the remainder of the way to Tabreez not a day passed that we did not meet with one or more of these communities, severed from the sympathy and care of relatives and friends. No attempt is made to cure the disease. The instant it shows itself the sufferer is banished from the society of his kindred to that of those similarly afflicted. In his misery he is supported by their offerings and by the labor of his own hands, as long as his strength lasts. In the case of a woman, the severing of all family ties, and the life of wretchedness which is their only prospect makes the punishment many times more severe than in that of men, bitter as is the lot of the latter. The leper lives and dies in isolation. He is buried by those afflicted like himself; his own kindred, from whose minds long absence may not have erased all affection, standing afar off, and visiting the grave only when a sufficient time has elapsed to remove all chance of the awful infection.

—*A Journey from London to Persepolis, by John Ussher, F. R. G. S.*

THE SPIRIT DEALER'S DEBT.

Give that mother back her son as he was on the day when he returned from his father's grave, and, in the affection of his uncorrupted boyhood, walked to the house of God with a weeping mother leaning on his arm. Give that grieved man back his brother, as innocent and happy as in that day when the boys, twined in each other's arms, returned from school, bent over the same bible, slept in the same bed, and never thought that the day would come when brother would blush for brother. Give the sorrowful maiden, who, in all the fondness of a gushing affection, has bestowed her heart's best jewel upon one whom the fatal "cup" has degraded and rendered unworthy of the gift, the treasure of love which she plighted; but read in the tearful countenance, the lines of suffering, and of pain caused by the reckless conduct of him whom intemperance has robbed of every generous impulse. Give this weeping wife, who sits before us wringing her hands in agony, the tears dripping through her jewelled fingers, and the lines of sorrow prematurely drawn upon her brow; give her back the man she loved, such as he was when her young heart was won, when they stood side by side on