

in referring, in his "Demonology," to the young rascals on whose extraordinary evidence so many old women were burnt as witches in Sweden, has some very striking, and, we think, very just remarks, on the obtuseness of the moral sense in most children, especially boys. "The melancholy truth, that the 'human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' is by nothing proved so strongly," we find him saying, "as by the imperfect sense displayed by children of the sanctity of moral truth. Both gentlemen and the mass of the people, as they advance in years, learn to despise and avoid falsehood,—the former out of pride, and from a remaining feeling, derived from the days of chivalry, that the character of a liar is a deadly stain on their honour; the other, from some general reflection upon the necessity of preserving a character for integrity in the course of life, and a sense of the truth of the common adage that 'honesty is the best policy.' But these are acquired habits of thinking. The child has no natural love of truth, as is experienced by all who have the least acquaintance with early youth. If they are charged with a fault while they can hardly speak, the first words they stammer forth are a falsehood to excuse it. Nor is this all. The temptation of attracting attention, the pleasure of enjoying importance, the desire to escape from an unpleasing task, or accomplish a holiday, will at any time overcome the sentiment of truth,—so weak is it within them." A sad picture, but, we fear, a true one; and in reading the tragic story of Chatterton, we were oftener than once reminded of it. We see in almost every stage of his progress the unripe boy,—precocious in intellect, and in that only. But with the following powerful passage, taken from the closing scene in the sad drama, we must conclude,—meanwhile recommending Professor Masson's work to our readers, as one of singular interest and ability:—

" 'He called on me,' is Mr Cross's statement, 'about half-past eleven