

causes, but we also see hundreds of men and women suffering in the same way outside who are regarded as perfectly sane, and therefore too much stress should not be placed on these accessories or contributing causes, when the tension string snaps and the mind is gone. Insanity *per se* is a disease of the soul, and both soul and body must be treated by their respective remedies, faith and works going together to complete the cure. It would be manifestly unscientific to kneel down and pray God to heal pneumonia or spinal meningitis without using the means to remove the congested conditions. So, too, in insanity, where there are physical complications, water packs, judicious medication, rest in bed and all other helps should go hand in hand with the declaration of God's word and prayer. Faith and works going together every time. There is perhaps no greater power, apart from God's word and prayer, than sanctified music, and if one might be permitted to suggest, no matter how often the piano comes in for some demented patient's revenge, for the sake of the other less violent patients it should next day be put in order as the clocks are by the civic watchmaker in the City Hall. On Christmas eve the writer and his wife were invited to the Christmas eve concert at the Hospital for Insane, Queen Street West, given by the Medical Superintendent, Dr. Clarke, and his gifted orchestra. To see the Medical Superintendent over a thousand patients wielding the baton to their supreme delight was to us a real pleasure and an assurance of success. And next morning about 5 a.m. the writer was awakened out of a three hours' sleep—as, after reaching home about midnight, Santa Claus had to be investigated before retiring—and right before us was "Memory gone how sad the fact," the recollection of the sad condition of some of those in the wards led us to get up and, while not given to poetry, this is what by the favor of kind Providence, came:

YULE-TIDE.

At Queen Street Asylum, 1910.

Memory, how sweet thou art,
When gone how sad the heart;
That vacant look, that vacant stare,
That demonstrates no "image" there.
The body, mind and soul, thy laws transgressed,
And in asylum walls they are obsessed.
Then suddenly that light doth shine,
That makes them once again divine,
And homeward rushes every thought,
To Father, Mother, Sister, "Tot";