

poverty, but it was the poverty of the virtuous. Here loathsome vice was clearly the parent of misery. He has brought it upon himself," ejaculated I; "his suffering is not occasioned by the visitation of Heaven! He has sown the wind, let him reap the whirlwind!" The visitation of God! Alas what more awful visitation can there be from Him than to leave the vicious in their vice! This is a judgment more terrible far than earthquake or pestilence. From such a doom good Lord deliver us!

I turned upon my heel from the wretched object before me. "Poor wretch!" I ejaculated, "he will suffer, but who is to blame?" And thus choking down an accusing conscience, I strode away. But his voice sounded reproachfully in my ear like a haunting one, and I was but ill satisfied that I had not at least inquired into his necessities. He had not asked for charity, it was true; but did not his miserable apparel plead for him more eloquently than words? He might be too proud to ask, or he might despair receiving, thought I; at all events, it would have been well enough to have said a word to him about his wicked course, even if it were not right to give him money.—I hesitated. I turned around. Standing in the place where I had left him, I saw the miserable man. His hands were clasped, and his face upturned towards Heaven, and I even fancied I could hear the words of prayer on his lips.—"Such a wicked man pray!" thought I. Partly from curiosity, and partly from benevolent feelings, I turned back.

"Why do you stand here?" inquired I, as I approached him. "You will be perished with the cold."

"Very likely," was the quiet reply.

"Why don't you go home?" I asked, really touched by the forlornness of his situation. "I have no home."—"Then go to your friends," I rejoined. "I have no friends."—"Have you no acquaintances then?" "Yes, the dram-seller, when I have money."—"Have you no money?" "Not a farthing."—"You are a miserable vagabond then." "I know it."—"You are a loathsome drunkard." "Very true."

"Do you know to what these evil courses will lead you?" continued I, putting on a self-righteous air, and looking, as I flattered myself, peculiarly solemn.

"Yes"—was the fearful, emphatic and startling response.

For a moment I was silent. "I pity you," at length I resumed. "Heaven knows how I pity you; and if I did not look upon you as an incorrigible sot, I would do something for your relief."

"Vice is more an object of compassion than mere poverty," was the reply, "and in me both are united."

"I give freely to the virtuous poor," resumed I, in a renewed fit of self-righteousness, "but I am principled against bestowing alms upon the vicious."

"I have not asked alms," was the cool response, "nor a sermon."

"True, but you need both, and were you not a drunkard I would bestow them."

"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," replied the man, while a glow which might have been of gratitude or devotion, flashed suddenly over his face. There was something in his tone that went to my heart. I felt the reproof—and had he that moment seen my face, he would have observed the blush that I felt reddening my cheek.

"True," said I musing, talking to myself rather than to him.

Oh! the difference between the benevolence of man and the benevolence of God! One is partial in its operations, and exclusive in its character—and the other embraces the universe within its arms! As such thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, my determination was taken. My heart grew as tender as a child's. The voice of inspiration spoke to my quickened soul, and its language was, "blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy." God forgive the self-righteous spirit in which I indulged but a moment before. "Come with me, and I will be your friend," said I, looking into his bloated face, and actually taking his skinny hand in my own.

Oh! the luxury of doing good! It is the opening of a new world to the spiritual eye! It is the baptism of love to the religious heart! How beautiful and true is the sentiment of Holy Writ: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The loathsome and degraded man went with me to my home. I ministered to his necessities—I watched over him in sickness, bearing patiently the self-imposed toil, and leading him step by step from debasement and disease into the pleasant paths of sobriety and health. This was the first time in which the meek spirit of religion had presided over and guided my once ostentatious charity. And great indeed was my reward! A noble spirit was saved from the fearful death and still more awful doom of the drunkard, and called back by the voice of kindness from the track of sin to that of true wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace. A new man, he went from under my humble roof, and mingled again with the world. But remembering the whirlpool that had drawn him into this vortex, he has shunned it with a tireless care. Resisting the blandishments that would lure him to his ruin, he has walked with a faultless step in the thornless track of virtue, growing strong in heart, and preserving before the world an integrity unspotted and pure. I saw him yesterday with the glow of health upon his cheek, treading with the step of undegraded manhood among his fellow men, surrounded by an atmos-

phere of love—honored, useful and happy.—And this, said I, is my reward. With a light step and lighter heart, I went to my own quiet home, while a "still small voice" seemed whispering in my ear, "He who converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

For the Pearl.

#### THEILLS OF LIFE.

Who shall portray the ills of life,  
Or point where they may be?  
Or say to poverty or strife,  
The climax—is with thee?

The ills of life!—a protean train  
Hover o'er every scene,—  
Or grief—or misery—or pain  
Do but transform their mein.

They hie them to the cottage heart,  
They seek the gilded dome,  
E'en midst the scenes of festive mirth,  
Sorrow—can find a home.

In ev'ry clime where earth has bound,  
These bitter waters flow,—  
The "sad variety" is found  
In every form of woe.

Ask the bereaved—why starts the tear,  
In sad and lonely hour,  
When memory brings each object near  
By her electric power?

That parent ask, whose lov'd and prized  
And cherished—are no more!  
For what he nourish'd taught, advised,  
If 'twere not to restore?

Is this an ill—or are we wrong?  
Heaven but resumes its own,—  
There must be error in our song,—  
Father, Thy will be done."

Then ask the victim of remorse  
His estimate of ill,  
The errors that have stain'd his course  
Are from man's wayward will.

Philosophers have sought the cause,  
"Presuming God to scan,"—  
Daring to scrutinize His laws,  
But not the will of man.

'Tis just!—the mandate of His will  
Who rules o'er earth abroad,  
And man, his creature—"be thou still"  
And own that he is God.

Halifax, December 7.

From the London Journal.

#### THE MAD-HOUSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It was a cold raw day last December that I went over to Stamboul to see the Turkish mad-house.

I was aware that the mad-house was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Seraskier's palace; so having got there, I asked the first Turk I met which was the way to the mad-house; he looked at me with an air, not of astonishment, but of patronising pity, for about a second, and then walked on without answering me. The next man I met was an Armenian, and to him I put the same question. He stopped and asked me what I wanted there. I turned towards a Greek that I saw approaching. On my stating where I wanted to go, the Greek said he would show me the gate. After we had walked a few hundred yards, through several small unfrequented looking streets, my guide pointed to a door in the wall and told me that was the entrance to the place that I sought. I pushed up the gate and entering found myself in a small square formed by houses of stone, apparently uninhabited. The centre of the square was planted with trees, and the ground covered several inches deep, with withered leaves—altogether a most desolate looking place. I walked across the square to a door of the same kind as that by which I had entered, and pushing it up, found myself in another square of the same size as the first. On a short stool inside the gate sat a cavia, or Turkish guard, armed with his pistols and large knife, stuck into the ample shawl which was wound round his middle. He saluted me with "Sabanhus ehier olsun Effindim." (May your morning be happy, my dear sir), to which I replied in due form, when he held out his hand, and said "Backshise." This demand for a present was expected as the civility of a salute; so having put a twenty para piece, or three half pence into his hand, I stood a little to reconnoitre where I was. The square was about seventy or eighty feet from the houses on the one side to those of the other. There were

no windows in the side from which I entered; but the other three sides showed each four windows, having a strong framing of iron bars, but no glass in them. From each of these, a great chain, polished clean, apparently from accidental friction, hung out, and the one end of it was fastened to a ring bolt in the wall. At several of the windows were strangers, looking in through the bars. The doors were all open, and as people seemed to be going and coming at their pleasure, I entered the first door on my left, and found myself in a stone room about twenty feet long and eighteen broad, having an arched roof and a mud floor. There was one window on the side from which I entered and another on the opposite side; before each of these there was a wooden bench raised about three inches from the ground, upon the top of which was some bulky substance, covered with an old levantine capote. There was no other furniture of any sort in the room, and the only symptoms of civilization that I could see were the two clean chains that came through the window bars, and seemed attached to the lumps or masses huddled up on the wooden benches.

As I turned to retrace my steps, both of these bundles moved, and in piteous accents begged a few paras to buy tobacco. I was horror struck with the sight. They had scarcely any clothes on them, and round their neck was an immense iron collar, to which one of the links of the chain before noticed was rivetted, so as to form the padlock; but they had none, nor covering of any sort but their worn out ragged clothes and an old capote which served them for blanket, coverlet, &c. while the only place they had to sleep, or sit, or stand upon, was the wooden bench, raised about three inches above the cold damp mud floor. From this they could not stir, as I observed the length of their chain only allowed them to approach its limits, or, in other words, it was just long enough to allow them to turn themselves round. Both individuals were in exactly the same position, but placed at different windows, through which the wind and the drifting snow were freely entering. So much misery I had never before seen; the sight chilled me far more than the cold day, and I hastily retreated to the next room. One by one I visited all the twelve chambers.—They differed in nothing save in the number of windows, some having two, and others three, while almost at every one of them lay a human being, chained, with a heavy iron collar, and at least 56 lb. of chain attached to it. In no instance did I find more individuals in a room than windows. The entire number of inmates was 27. They were all Turks: some of them were merry, and continued singing a wild incomprehensible chaunt; others were the most woeful pictures of despair. Some scolded the visitors for coming to look at them; others thanked them for the visit. Many of them gazed with a look of stupor; but there were none of them had the appearance of being either constitutionally insane or idiots. If insanity was inside the building at all, I think the treatment that the inmates were under was enough to have produced it; and my only surprise was, that human nature could exist under such an accumulation of hardships; for it would have defied the most ingenious cruelty to have these beings in positions of greater misery. Yet although exposed to all the rigor of the weather, without a curtain to shade them from the drifting snow, they appeared for the most part careless of its severity; there was, however, one poor creature, who, naked with the exception of his capote, or great-coat, thrown over him, was resting on his knees on his hard couch, bending his head over a few pieces of inanimate charcoal that he had by some means or another gathered together, and endeavouring to imagine that it was a fire. I stood for a few minutes; it was heart-rending to see how the poor creature wring his cold and clammy fingers over the black mass, in the vain hopes of warming them. After he had done this a short time he observed me looking at him, and asked me for some tobacco. I put some down on his bench, lifted his pipe, filled it, and having struck fire, put a piece of lighted tinder in it. This movement of mine altered every feature of his face; his body ceased to shiver; he drew his limbs together in the Turkish fashion, sat down, completely covering himself with his capote, and waited quietly until I gave him the lighted pipe. I endeavored to enter into conversation with him; but all he would say was, "Shukur Allah" (thank God); and when I parted from him he appeared to be one of the most happy beings in the world.

I entered into conversation with several of the inmates, and found some of them could talk sensibly enough; other did not know what they were saying, but such as condescended to speak addressed me by the name of Captan, which proved that they had discrimination enough to find out that I was a Frank, although dressed in a Turkish fashion; and almost universally, on turning away, they would ask a few paras to buy tobacco; the most of them had a chibook or Turkish pipe.

One of these poor men deserves particular notice on account of his treatment, being different from all the others. On approaching one of the doors, I found it fastened with a padlock; and the window had a matting of reeds before it. I was about to pass on, when some Turkish boys called out something that I did not understand, and the curtain was drawn aside, when there stood a dervish chained by a heavy chain, which came down from the roof of his prison, and was fastened to a heavy iron collar round his neck. The chain would not allow him to sit down, nor to move more than a few inches from where he stood. What the meaning of this was, I know not, and I could not find any one there that could give me the least information. I asked the guard at the gate if he was