

mitted through an opening in the wall. He was occupied in knitting, and thus kept in repose, seldom having any violent paroxysms of insanity, so soothing even to the disordered mind is employment. Rarely have we seen a face which bore such evidence of character and beauty. None of the fierceness and matted hair of ordinary maniacs! His fine Grecian face and well moulded features were pallid from confinement. His dark eye flashing out unnatural fire. His rich beard and black hair drooping in ringlets over his wild and supernatural face. These were prominent characteristics of the son whom the mother loves, and there he lives, in his darkened apartment, chained to the floor.



A THOUGHT.—How few who live and die are ever known beyond the precincts of their own neighbourhoods! They are beloved by a few and perhaps hated by as many, who live in their vicinity, but they soon depart from the world and leave no trace behind.—In a few years their names are forgotten and none remember that such individuals ever existed. Thus we shall pass away. How humiliating the thought! Yet we are tugging and striving for honor and distinction. What can they yield us if obtained! How much better to strive for real virtues, that when we are called from the scenes of time, we may be prepared for a more glorious state, and leave behind an influence that shall be felt to the latest period of time.



MARRIED LIFE.—There is a kind of bachelor sneering at the married man, cantant, which has in many instances affected weak minds, and too often caused estrangement from domestic enjoyments. Some men have a singular pride of isolated independence—a selfishness that scorns to share with any one the cares, the doubts, the fears, or the pleasures of the heart—who almost invariably meet with laughing contempt, any allusion to what they seem to consider the very equivocal joys of a married life. With many this is nothing but affectation—a kind of careless expression of an opinion not well settled in the mind; but such an expression has its influence, and is calculated to affect the actions and feelings of too many whose conduct is governed, not by their own innate sense of right or wrong, but by the intimations of certain persons for whose opinions they have a regard, or whose sneers they are not willing to brave.

CHARITY.—If "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," what an excessively charitable community this should be, in order to hide a small portion even of the record of their " manifold sins and iniquities!" We don't mean purse charity, though, at this time of the year, if properly applied, that would cover a great many backs, and consequently cover a " multitude of sins." But there is a charity of spirit, that is even less known, or if known, less practised than the other, a charity that exhibits itself in the generous flow of what is sometimes termed "the milk of human kindness"—in comforting the afflicted, cheering the sorrowful, and sympathising with the guilty. A desire to look with mercy upon human frailty, to extenuate rather than magnify faults, and a willingness to believe that fallen nature is not so bad as it is frequently represented: to look in short, at the bright side of things, and even when viewing the character of a friend, which may have been clouded by an unlucky circumstance, feel that though dark to-day, it may be bright to-morrow—and when the self-righteous turn away in the violence of their virtuous indignation, meekly lay your hand upon your heart, and pray for strength in the hour of need.

"Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn,"

says the best of nature's poets, and what is this but uncharitableness, a readiness to believe all that is said against man, and an unworthy scepticism with regard to his praiseworthy actions. A persecution, galling to the heart and crushing to the spirit, is carried on, because he has been maligned, no matter whether unjustly or not; he has a bad name and the sooner he is hanged the better. This is the world's charity, to strike a falling man, and kick him when he is down! How many hearts are now mourning, how many broken and now at rest, from this one cause, victims to unjust suspicion and cruel misrepresentation; the storm came and they bent beneath its power, the blight of uncharitableness fell upon their hopes, and they died. Learn then, reader, to enquire before you condemn—take it not for granted that all you hear is true, listen to calumny with distrust—seek out and enquire the motives of the calumniator, and in nine cases out of ten, you will find that he is actuated by feelings of personal hostility—hatred or malice. Practice the charity of the purse, for by so doing you cast your bread upon the waters, which shall return unto you after many days—but neglect not that charity of the spirit—the angel that ministers to the oppressed and broken hearted.