

On every hand a wondrous store
Of garments fair to deck her o'er ;
Flowers most sweet, at her command,
Salute young Spring in all the land.

All hail ! to Spring, now reigning Queen,
We love thy beauty's gentle mien,
And sweet-voiced birds from far away
Haste thee to welcome with their lay.

The streams and brooklets all rejoice,
For thou has loosed each tiny voice ;
The sky, the earth, the winds, the rain,
Yield to the power of thy reign.

New life, new hopes by thee are brought,
With promises rich their adventures fraught ;
We owe our hearts to thee, O Spring !
And to thy praise we speak and sing.

Here is a charming diction, easy versification, and such a liting rejoicing note of sympathy with the recreated world as betokens true poetic feeling moulded in expression by a just sense of art. The author was incurably insane.

And who could suppose this piece of moralising had come from a distracted person :—

A RIDDLE.

You are surely weaving day by day,
Thread upon thread, a cable grey ;
Nor pause to think now when you might,
If you are weaving this cable right.
This cable daily doth stronger grow,
Will have you fast before you know,
In silken bands or chains of steel,
And make for you your woe or weal.
Tell me the name of this cable strong,
That every day and all day long
Twineth you ever round and round,
Without a sigh and without a sound.

Answer : *Habit.*

Dr. Clarke quotes a short essay on "Right and Wrong," by an incurable patient, who argues in the most rational way that one's judgment of right and wrong depends much on education; that some proceedings counted wrong in one country or age are tolerated in another; that "lying, cheating and stealing are common vices of civilization; and that we are not educated up to the right point." The sanest secularist could not have done the thing better in the same space.

One incurable patient is devoted to

arithmetical problems of a nature so intricate that the amateur mathematician scarcely understand them, and we dare say the problem quoted by Dr. Clarke would bother the highest classes in our High Schools.

Another was found in possession of a key that he had secretly made by scraping a piece of maple firewood with a nail. The grain of the wood was made to do duty in the strongest direction, the patient had seized a chance to harden the instrument by charring it, it was an exact copy of the ward keys, it would shoot back the bolts for which it was designed, and yet the poor insane maker had taken all his measurements by eye, not being permitted to handle his model. Another who found a piece of beef shin-bone and a little bit of glass in the grounds, secretly scraped an efficient double-ended key from the bone. Another who works in the blacksmith's shop has again and again slyly made formidable pocket knives out of odd scraps of iron, steel and wood. They have handles, back-springs, and close like any ordinary knife." So cunningly did the man seize his chances that now he is never allowed to work for a moment unwatched.

The beautiful bird house in the Asylum grounds, true to the rules of Gothic architecture in all its measurements and very deftly executed, was entirely made by an incurable lunatic. "This erection," says the doctor, "shows unimpaired memory, normal judgment, excellent taste and great perseverance." Again there is a draughtsman who has "no superior in Toronto" in performing the careful work of his craft, yet is quite insane.

Such facts fully bear out Dr. Clarke's contention that insanity often consists with the display of great mental powers and with acute discrimination between right and wrong. The irresponsibility of many lunatics arises, not from a general but from a particular mental paralysis, which renders them unable to control themselves in regard to the