

country, to which you were soon going. You would gather up all the information you could about its nature, its dimensions, its climate, and localities, with all the eagerness possible. You would ask and enquire of every body about it.

'It's naturil I should.'

'Well then: why are you less anxious concerning the nature and circumstances of that country beyond the grave, to which all mankind are hastening? It is certainly of more importance to you to obtain information on all the points connected with it, than to do anything else you can well think of. And, as I said before, the Bible is the only guide to the country in question.'

'I'll see about it, as soon as I can. But Sir, did not you tell my wife a little ago, that it would do to think of these things when we are old or when

'By no means; I said no such thing. I only said that a death-bed repentance is better than none at all; but that it should be avoided as much as possible by an early attention to religion and its various duties. But to set your mind at rest upon that subject, I will tell you an anecdote:—

'An acquaintance of mine,—a very good man in his way, but like many others too negligent of religion and the concerns of his soul,—had an idea, that invariably soothed his conscience in regard to a preparation for death. He used to say that he had no doubt of his ultimate salvation, if he were allowed time to repeat only three words preparatory to that awful event. The words were—'Lord save me.' He was led, no doubt, to entertain this notion, by what we are told in Scripture of the mercy, and loving-kindness of God. But mark the event. One day he was racing on horseback in company with a neighbour. A corner of the road was before them; where it turned suddenly to the left over a bridge. The banks of the stream about the bridge were very precipitous: the water foaming and eddying far below in a deep ravine. The road, where it entered on the bridge, was only a few feet from the brink of the precipice. To this point the racing horsemen approached. The animal which my acquaintance rode, by some mischance or other, missed his balance at the dangerous place, and both horse and rider were precipitated into the gulph below: so that he had not time even to repeat the three words that he had so much faith in.'

'That was indeed awful.'

'It certainly is an instance in which the Judgment of heaven was displayed in a fearful manner. Learn from this then, my friend, to be always prepared to meet thy God.'

For the Colonial Churchman.

THE MANIAC.

At the time when Bonaparte was aiming at universal power, and had overcome Spain with his armies, to subjugate that kingdom, in order to enforce more strictly his continental system against England,—I happened to be at Barcelona, when some of his troops marched into that place, and took possession of it. The inhabitants were completely horror struck to find themselves under the power of the French; and exposed to all the indignities and insults, that a brutal, licentious soldiery, are prone to commit. It was very evident they would not submit to be placed under such circumstances very long

before they would rise up against their oppressors, and expel them from their territories. The inhabitants of the villages around Barcelona soon took up arms for that purpose, and we could behold skirmishes daily occurring between the soldiers and the peasantry, and the greatest barbarity perpetrated on both sides.

It was some time after this event had taken place that as I was walking on a beautiful evening through one of the streets of the city, I observed a fine looking building, with a high wall at the back of it, which appeared to encircle a garden, or pleasure ground, for the benefit of the patients,—it being, as I soon learned, an hospital for lunatics. I walked round it in the hope of finding some aperture, or grating, whence I might obtain a view of the interior. Unsuccessful, however, in this attempt, I turned to leave the spot, when my steps were suddenly arrested by the sound of a voice within the enclosure; and as I drew to the place which I occupied, I could clearly distinguish the voice to be that of a female.—'Oh! my Antonio, my husband, my poor husband, where have they taken you; cruel monsters! Will you not return to me? Ah! Julia, my life—my love, thou too art gone!' Suddenly she became quiet, speaking in a sweet subdued tone, but in a manner so incoherent that for some minutes I could scarcely divine her meaning. At length she cried in a tone almost amounting to a shriek, 'those bloody murderers! did I not see it; yes—their blood—their blood!' Here she burst out in one of those vacant laughs, so peculiar to insanity.

The reason of this poor young woman had been evidently crushed beneath the ruin which involved a husband, and a dear and only child. The last words she uttered fell indistinctly upon my ear, as she returned towards the house. I waited a few moments to see whether she would again pass by; but all was silent save the turret clock, which sounded the hour of nine, reminding me that it was time for me to seek my lodgings, as it was considered dangerous to be in the streets late at night. Determined to revisit this place at another and more seasonable time, for the purpose of making some enquiry into the history of one who had so deeply interested me, I directed my steps homeward. It was a lovely night, and the moon, nearly in the full, shone with more than usual splendour. Every now and then a light cloud passed like a thin veil over her disk, borne rapidly on by the rising breeze. I walked forward with divided attention, now gazing with admiration upon the noble buildings which rose on every side; and then recurring with melancholy reflection, to the subject of the poor maniac. I had proceeded a considerable distance, when I suddenly espied a man whom I immediately recognized to be one with whom I was acquainted,—he was a native of the place, and spoke the English language fluently, and of the medical profession. I went up and saluted him, and gave him an account of what I had heard. He told me that he was one of the physicians attending on that establishment, and would give me the history of the maniac in whom I appeared to be so much interested. He said 'she was an American by birth,—that her husband was a native of Catalonia, and had resided in the United States for some years,—had married this woman when there, who was of a respectable family,—that he brought her to this country shortly after, and had taken up his abode

in a small village about six miles from this city, where they lived happily together until the French invaded the country, and spread terror and dismay in every part of it.—The general commanding, hearing that the inhabitants of the villages and country around were in a state of disturbance, had sent a detachment to this village, as well as to others in the district, to keep down any insurrectionary spirit that might manifest itself. The husband of this maniac being a wine merchant, the soldiers had made very free with his stock, and what they did not drink, they wantonly destroyed. This so enraged him, that he took up arms to defend his property. The soldiers seeing this, attacked and slew him,—his wife was standing by and was a witness to this tragedy; and not having sufficiently satiated their thirst for blood, they took the child, their only child, and dashed out its brains against the wall. This was too much for the young wife to bear,—her reason forsook her, and from that moment she became a maniac, and was in consequence conveyed to the hospital for the insane where you saw her in that deplorable condition. She has now been there about six weeks, and I am not without hope of her being restored to her reason again, as she has exhibited symptoms, which warrant me in concluding that her insanity is not incurable.' I desired him in the event of his hopes as regarded her restoration being happily realized, to give me the earliest intimation of it, as I wished much to see her after her recovery. He kindly promised that he would. Not more than a month subsequent to this interview with the Doctor, I received from him the wished for intelligence, that his patient had recovered her reason; and he added that it was even sooner than he had anticipated. I accordingly embraced the first opportunity to call and see her. She had then taken lodgings in a private home. I found her quite restored, but very weak. She gave me the same history of herself as that I had previously received from the Doctor, with this addition,—that she had been brought up in the doctrines and discipline of the Episcopal Church. But subsequently to her marriage, her husband, with the earnest solicitations of the parish priest, had prevailed upon her, to become a member of the Roman Church; not being aware at the time, of the gross corruptions that prevailed in the pale of that Church,—especially in Spain. Her mind had not been at ease since the time she was betrayed to commit that fatal error. The ignorant and senseless multitude, instead of offering up their prayers to God, through the intercession of the blessed Redeemer, directed their worship entirely, to a long list of Saints, through the medium of pictures, and images which were exhibited in every part of the Church. In short, she saw nothing, wherever she looked, but gross superstition and idolatry practised. And those deluded people believed, that every Protestant, whom they call *heretics*, would all be condemned at the day of Judgment to eternal perdition. She rejoiced at having a Book of Common Prayer in her possession, which she held precious to her soul.—Notwithstanding she was obliged to attend mass, she used to worship her God and Saviour privately, and for that purpose made use of those excellent prayers that are to be found in that Book, which was a great relief to her mind. Her heart's desire and prayer was, now that she had lost all she held dear in the world and had no tie to keep her in that