

has been indulged in but slightly by our boys, and the gymnasium, which affords ample opportunity for exercise, has been patronized but little. This is a serious state of affairs. If the hour and a half which most of the boys spend in walking on the level sidewalk were spent in climbing mountains or some other invigorating exercise, they might expect to keep robust, but otherwise they cannot. However, spring is here, and with it field sports—those great health protectors and mind invigorators.

THE following lines were written by an inmate of Toronto Insane Asylum. Dr. Clark, the Superintendent, has contributed several specimens of poetry and prose to the Methodist Magazine, showing the height of mentality to which many of them can rise.

## TRIALS.

The clouds may hide, but cannot reach  
The stars afar,  
The waves may spend their noisy strength  
On rock or scar.

Vengeful winds may sweep the bending fronds  
Of forest trees,  
The lightning's flash may strike in vain  
The rolling seas.

The quivering earth may shuddering feel  
The earthquake's throe,  
Mountain torrents may remorseless sweep  
In downward flow.

The soul has storm-clouds in its dire distress,  
But heaven's above.  
The waves of anguish sweep against it, guarded by  
A Father's love.

The howling tempests of malignant power  
Beat it in vain,  
The lurid chain strikes with vengeful hiss  
At heart and brain.

The spirit quivers, passion's flood may flow  
In angry quest,  
But God commands, and says,  
"Be still—give rest."