

there have been many melancholy examples of its mischievous character. I once heard of a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman in the country, who, from mistaken motives on this score, or allowing her mind to go into a diseased state, became affected with a religious madness, if it may be so called; she spent not only whole hours but whole days on her knees in the exercise of prayer; she gave up all attention to her domestic duties; would not enter into conversation or see any company, and almost broke the heart of a fond parent. No advice nor admonition could turn the current of her feelings; she gradually pined away in her health and personal appearance, and it was obvious that she was not long for this world. While in this dismal condition, it happened that a certain clergyman called upon her father, and remarked with pain the altered aspect of his daughter; on hearing the reason, he endeavoured to show to her the impropriety of her behaviour, and how ill it accorded with that dutiful devotion to God pointed out by the tenets of our faith. Yet all would not do; the lady was obdurate.— Before leaving the house, the clergyman, who was a poet, as well as a divine, and is well known in the South of Scotland for the exceeding beneficence of his character, and the kindness of his manners, conveyed to her the following lines applicable to her case:—

THE PIOUS ENTHUSIAST.

Why, lovely maid, thus waste thy blooming prime,
 Of earth regardless and the things of Time?
 Thou may'st become an inmate of the skies,
 Without dissolving nature's tender ties:
 The gracious Power who rules o'er heaven and earth
 Is not the foe of youthful, harmless mirth;
 And though He bids thee think on things above,
 Forbids thee not to own an earthly love;
 All sentient creatures happy are and gay,
 In the mild morning of life's little day,
 And seldom scorn to bless the cheerful light,
 Thro' apprehension of the coming night;