 EVENING DEVOTION.
How sweet are the hours at the close How sweet, are the hours at the close of
When the sky is olad in the blue of May, And the sun's last beam on the mountain
beight,
Sits lingering tolook on the shades of nigh
When the bosy hum of the world is still,
And the bleating forks on the devy hill When the bust hum of the world is still,
And the beating fook ks on the devy hill,
And the lowing herds in the vale below, And the lowing herds in the vale below,
By the side of the pure stream's murmurin
flow, And the birds in the
wind blows,

When the fair full moon, with a smile of love,
Looks,
abwn on the earth frotn her sphere Add the titars
gite burn bright as they smoothl
In their shining barks on the azure tide;
And seem, as we gaze through the twiligh Like aims, boi the glittering seraphim.
When God tike Nature has pot away
Her glorious veil of When God-fike Nature has pat away
Hef giorious veil of the solar ray;
And stands revealed to our wondering ey
And we look oo her awfal mysteries!

 whet her uation, or whether the symptoms
recent um.
rem mild or severe, the most soothing and
are and the disorders to which the hu-
gentle treatment is uniformly extended; gente treatment is uniformly extended; man frame is liable, that which is termed
the Superintendent and Matron, with the Insanty, alchough most interesting, on
Resident and Visiting Physicians, and account of its deranging the operations of
Assitants are thus enabled, in teneral. io the mind, and invol init the exercise ot
 primary importance; an opportunity is tions of mind merely the symptoms of
thus aforded for minute investigation of that state, it has been too common to look
the peculiar character of each case, show. upon it as an unintelligible malady of the
ing the medical remedies neceessary to be immortal existence itself; and the unhap-
employed as well as pointing out those py lunatic has been left, with a simple









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