

be sure to set herself free before morning, and we would just have to rise and bind her again. But we resolved, we rejoined, whatever might happen, that she should *not* be tied down in that way to the filthy floor ; and ultimately we succeeded in carrying our point. The song ceased for a moment ; the maniac turned round, presenting full to the light the strongly-marked, energetic features of a woman of about fifty-five ; and, surveying us with a keen scrutinizing glance, altogether unlike that of the idiot, she emphatically repeated the sacred text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." She then began singing, in a low, mournful tone, an old Scotch ballad ; and, as we left the cottage, we could hear her voice gradually heightening as we retired, until it had at length attained to its former pitch and wildness of tone.

Before daybreak the maniac succeeded in setting herself free ; but the paroxysm of the fit had meanwhile passed over ; and when she visited me next morning at the place where I was hewing,—a little apart from the other workmen, who were all engaged in building on the walls,—save for the strongly-marked features I would scarcely have recognized her. She was neatly dressed, though her gown was neither fine nor new ; her clean white cap was nicely arranged ; and her air seemed rather that of the respectable tradesman's wife or daughter, than of the ordinary country woman. For some little time she stood beside me without speaking, and then somewhat abruptly asked,—“What makes *you* work as a mason ?” I made some commonplace reply ; but it failed to satisfy her. “All your fellows are real masons,” she said ; “but you are merely in the disguise of a mason ; and I have come to consult you about the deep matters of the soul.” The matters she had come to inquire regarding were really very deep indeed ; she had, I found, carefully read Flavel's “Treatise on the Soul of Man,”—a volume which, fortunately for my credit, I also had perused ; and we were soon deep together in the rather bad metaphysics promulgated on the subject by the Schoolmen, and republished by the divine. It seemed clear, she said, that every human soul was created,—not transmitted,—created,