

mayhap, at the time when it began to be ; but if so, how, or on what principle, did it come under the influence of the Fall ? I merely remarked, in reply, that she was of course acquainted with the views of the old theologians,—such as *Flavel*,—men who really knew as much about such things as could be known, and perhaps a little more ; was she not satisfied with them ? Not dissatisfied, she said ; but she wanted more light. Could a soul not derived from our first parents be rendered vile simply by being put into a body derived from them ? One of the passages in *Flavel*, on this special point, had luckily struck me, from its odd obscurity of expression, and I was able to quote it in nearly the original words. You know, I remarked, that a great authority on the question “declined confidently to affirm that the moral infection came by way of physical agency, as a rusty scabbard infects and defiles a bright sword when sheathed therein ; it might be,” he thought, “by way of natural concomitancy, as *Estius* will have it ; or, to speak as *Dr. Reynolds* doth, by way of ineffable resultancy and emanation.” As this was perfectly unintelligible, it seemed to satisfy my new friend. I added, however, that, like herself, I was waiting for more light on the difficulty, and might set myself to it in right earnest, when I found it fully demonstrated that the Creator could not, or did not make man equally the descendant in soul as in body of the original progenitors of the race. I believed, with the great *Mr. Locke*, that he could do it ; nor was I aware he had anywhere said that what he could do in the matter he had not done. Such was the first of many strange conversations with the maniac, who, with all her sad brokenness of mind, was one of the most intellectual women I ever knew. Humble as were the circumstances in which I found her, her brother, who was at this time about two years dead, had been one of the best-known ministers of the Scottish Church in the Northern Highlands. To quote from an affectionate notice by the editor of a little volume of his sermons, published a few years ago,—the *Rev. Mr. Mackenzie* of North Leith,—he “was a profound divine, an eloquent preacher, a deeply-experienced Christian, and, withal, a classi-