

II. *English Psychological Literature.*

This Report, although prepared, is omitted from this number to make room for the two important medico-legal cases recorded in Part IV. The present limits of the Journal (10 sheets) are the result of the limited finance of the Association, and not, the Editor finds, of its literary contributions, which would readily enable him to add two sheets to the contents of each quarter. A little effort to increase the numbers of the Association at this Annual Meeting, by another fifty members, would place the 'Journal of Mental Science' on a more liberal basis, and enable the President and Committee to increase both the quality and quantity of the contents.

III. *Asylum Reports, 1863.*

Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Suffolk Lunatic Asylum, December, 1862.

Our President's report of this year is tinged with a note of sadness out of the great trial which has recently come to him, after, he must remember, long years of usefulness and gladness. And now he may, in all his care, re-echo the poet's thought*—

"Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
Her being working in mine own,
The footsteps of her life in mine."

Referring to his beautiful new chapel, Dr. Kirkman says,

"The chapel is placed just outside the old cemetery ground, now domestically consecrated by the interment of one who identified herself with every want, sorrowed in every sorrow, and rejoiced in every joy, of those to whom she devoted her life-long energies.† Her sorrowing survivor only solicits the painful gratification of being allowed to supply a light of hallowed memory, which may fall on the devotion of the insane worshippers, by a memorial window, at his own expense.

"It now only remains that I should throw myself upon the further indulgence of the visitors, with the full conviction that time is rather to be reckoned by services than by years. I could wish those services presented a better account; and the only reference that I would make to them now has special regard to that support which I feel to be more than ordinarily needed."

* 'In Memoriam.'

† " 'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest,
Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of her youth."