

Sad thoughts I have yet, but not so bitter when I think of meeting the loved ones gone before, seeing the Saviour who redeemed us, and of dwelling forever in perfect peace in eternal day, where no pain or trouble ever comes or crosses the mind. My very soul chides itself for its coldness and carelessness, for I know the world sees no change in me. That is what makes me doubt. It seems to me I yield just as often to temptation as I used to do. My thoughts seem as wicked. Yet I have such peace within. With pleasure I look forward to our new minister's coming. He will want me to unite with the Church. I shrink from it. Yet it was our Saviour's dying request, His last wish. 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' There is another thing that troubles me, 'Foreordination.' I know nothing about it, but I like the Presbyterian Church, because I always went to it, and because my blood warms to that church which was fought and bled for by our forefathers, who gave their life-blood for 'kirk and covenant.' My Scottish veins would chide me were I to turn to another."

Sept. 17th, 1877.—"Girlhood comes next, with its bright longings and hopings for the mystic future, which still cling closely to me. There is such an attraction to me in the mantle of feeling and thought which shrouds a worthy young girl just entering on womanhood, if she has any love for the beautiful, any higher aim than to eat, drink and be merry. I know, even young as I am, I have had hopes that will never be realized, longings to peer into forbidden chambers of the unknown, and aspirations for that which I shall never reach. I used to wish I had died while young, so that I might have avoided the responsibility of living; but the thought cheers me, that if there is a cross, there is a crown to follow. Angels will never know the exquisite bliss of overcoming the world and helping others, as it is possible for us poor mortals to do; having the same trials and temptations as our blessed Master had and the joy of triumphing over them. Our minister says, if there is a dark side to a minister's life it is when zeal flags and faith gives way. He might truly apply it to all Christians."

These extracts, bearing less directly on her daily work than those from her Campbellville Journal, are yet of deep interest, inasmuch as they clearly reveal the fact that in the interval she has