

sister was most unreserved in the expression of her approbation. We shall have the ball, she said to some of her companions, who, during the interval of worship, occupied the same pew with her, and all of us are to have invitations. Is it rash or fanatical to pronounce, that an arrangement so got up, in opposition to pious parents, and perfected, if not begun, on the holy Sabbath, must have been displeasing to God? I had, as I well recollect, feelings of disapprobation of the course pursued. My mind, even then, was shocked at the profaneness of agitating such a subject in the house of worship. That Sabbath passed away and another succeeded, bringing in the week of youthful expectation. At length the day arrived, (it was Tuesday as I think,) and at the appointed hour, I passed through the grove to the snow white dwelling of the beautiful——. Her sisters were all there, and so were the young companions that had encircled her in the pew, and the numerous youth of both sexes, who had planned the ball. The stately dwelling was thronged with those who came to weep. We took up the lifeless corpse of——, and bore it in solemn procession through the grove, and over the tedious causeway, to the place where now repose the hopes of many mourners.

There was nothing in the unexpected decease of this beautiful but thoughtless youth to alleviate the poignant grief which it naturally occasioned. She experienced an attack of fever, which, in a few days, put a period to her life. It did not, in the first instance, threaten dissolution. From the time her life was despaired of, her reason had fled. It only remained for her Christian friends to pray, that she might not be consigned to the second death. On the day of her burial, a venerable parent stood by the coffin, and wrung her hands in such anguish as a Christian parent's heart alone can know, who commits, without hope, the remains of a beloved child to the grave. Oh, said she, could I but have the hope that my dear child has gone to heaven. But there was no voice from the lifeless clay; no promise of God to quiet her apprehensions.

Reader, be thou also ready, for in such an hour as thou thinkest not, the Son of Man cometh.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

A writer in the Richmond Family Visitor gives a striking testimony to the efficacy of prayer and perseverance in overcoming mental dullness, personal disadvantages, and coarse, unpolished manners in the case of a college student. Of a large ungainly person, uncultivated address, but of exemplary life, a certain student was the butt of ridicule for his class. His studies were prosecuted incessantly, yet no successful results followed.—The flint of application drew no sparks of fire from the benumbed rock of his intellect. Contumely, jeers, and nicknames were measured out to him without mercy. His room being next to that of the writer, it became a matter of notoriety that at certain hours of the night, and sometimes for a long time continued, a low murmuring noise proceeded from his apartment, seeming more like groans of distress than any other sound. The scholars gathered with all stillness into the writer's room one evening, in order to climb up to a high small window and ascertain the cause of the

sound. We continue the narrative in the words of the writer:

At last, about 2 o'clock, we heard the low moaning commence, and an indistinct noise as if some one speaking in a subdued tone of voice; it sounded still more strange than usual,—or a guilty consciousness of acting wrong caused us to imagine so.

My companions assisted me to arrange the forms, and to climb to the lofty window, through which, when I had succeeded in reaching it, I beheld our poor persecuted neighbor: his pale glimmering of his lamp showed me his books and papers scattered on the table, and the seat which he had evidently just vacated; all bore witness to the industry of the owner. My eyes glanced round the room, anxious to discover whence the noise proceeded, and I saw at the end of the table, with his back towards me, and his Bible open before him, upon his knees, the young man—He was so entirely absorbed in his occupation that I fearlessly put my head through the shadowy window, and heard his earnest supplication for the divine assistance in his devotion, for pardon for his own sins,—and for us he implored the blessing of God, and for me in particular, as one the most in the habit of grieving him, he prayed that my heart might be renewed; and for himself he prayed he enabled to forgive my provocations, and return them with kindness, and to withstand the temptations which surrounded him. He humbly lamented his dullness of apprehension, and the difficulty which he found in acquiring the knowledge necessary to fit him for the profession his soul longed for: he prayed the God of wisdom to assist him, and to strengthen his understanding. All this he uttered with the earnestness and freedom, with which an affectionate and dutiful child might be supposed to address a beloved parent, in whose love and affectionate willingness, as well as power, to grant his petition, he had perfect confidence. He seemed to receive comforts, as he prayed, and thus poured out his sorrow before his Almighty Father, in and through the name of Jesus his compassionate Redeemer.

I cannot express my feelings. Shame—sorrow—admiration—were mingled together. I felt how infinitely superior that poor despised young man was to my proud companions, and to myself, with all our boasted talents and accomplishments. I descended as softly and silently as possible from my situation, to my room mate, who was impatiently waiting at the foot of my mimic scaffolding to learn the cause of the agitation which he had already observed in me. I told him what I had seen, and heard, and was grieved to find that the recital only excited his merriment. He turned all I could say into a jest: "The things of God were foolishness to him." But for me (blessed be God!) the pious instructions of my mother had not been entirely forgotten;—they told me that this young man was the friend of God, and I dared not speak against him any more. In the morning, when our companions came to ask of our success, my room mate gave a most ludicrous account of my discoveries, and of our 'Methodist neighbor,' as he called him—I said as little as I could on the subject, for I was too much entangled in their evil ways, to dare to say much in his favor, and as I before said, I dared not now to speak against him.

When I left college, I left the student there

also; his manners and habits remained the same—but he was making better advances in his studies, than any of the professors or tutors had expected. I had never become intimate with him, as the bitter consciousness of my former treatment of him would not permit me to seek his friendship; while his reserved and studious habits prevented him from observing the change of my feeling towards him. Some seven years after, when by the mercy of God my wild and careless heart had learned to love, and wished to serve God, I came into——, a large and flourishing town, on my way to the field of labor appointed to me as a missionary of the Episcopal Church in the West. I was detained a day, it being Sunday, and I heard many persons speaking of a very celebrated preacher, whom they were all going to hear, and who was spoken of as a very learned man, of a very polite address, but above all of a most holy and blameless life and conversation. He was the beloved pastor of the largest church in the town, and his eloquence had become so much spoken of, that many strangers came from a distance to hear him preach.

I was pleased with the opportunity to improve myself, by hearing this celebrated man. I went, and judge, sir, of my utter astonishment at beholding——, the dull, awkward, despised student of—— College! The God in whom he trusted, to whom he prayed, and whom he served faithfully, had heard him, had blessed him and was accepted of him. His pious soul was now enjoying the happiness it longed for, in preaching Christ to poor lost sinners. I returned to my lodgings, deeply impressed with a consciousness, that truly, 'Whatever we shall ask in the name of Christ, believing, we shall receive.'

THE HERMIT.

'Beneath a mountain's brow the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherd's trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hands,
A Hermit lived,—a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains:
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
They did report him,—the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touched
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake;
And entering on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.'

On the declivity of a hill, which overlooks the pellucid waters of the Seekonk River, in a rude cell, resides a Hermit, whose history is as inexplicable as his affected account of himself is mysterious. His name is Robert but to what country he belongs, or what are the inducements which have led him to lead the solitary life of a hermit, no one knows, and the fact puts conjecture at a hazard. Certain it is, however, that he is not a native of New-England; and that he is not by education or by principle, attached to our habits or our institutions, the whole course of his life, since he has been with us, has abundantly proved.

It is now about eighteen years since he first visited us, and took up his abode in a thick pine grove, which threw its luxurious foliage over the brow of Arnold's Hill; and from that day to this, he has carefully avoided answering any question, which might lead to a discovery of his history, or gratify the curiosity of his inquirer.

Months, years, and days pass by him unnoticed and unregarded, and it is only on extraordinary occasions, that he emerges from the confines of his solitary hermitage. In the Spring he sometimes occupies himself in laborious employments, such as attending gardens for the neighbourhood; but so regardless is he of the things of this world, that he cares not whether his labors are rewarded or not, by those who receive the benefits of them.