

sued their way there was little to remind them that that day was the Lord's.

They entered the little Sabbath school, and here a small but faithful band were engaged in the arduous work. Teachers and scholars were alike few, but the former, at least seemed to labour with an earnest spirit.

"Do you see that boy?" said the host, pointing to one who sat near, "he is the most incorrigible lad in the town; all we can do has failed to bring him to good; and after a long trial, though it is with sorrow, the rector has resolved to expel him, for his example is most vitiating to the other scholars."

The Doctor spoke a few words of advice to the boy, gave him a tract or two, with an inward prayer that they might be blest; then, turning to another part of the room, lost sight of the refractory youth.

It was long after, when he again visited the town, while passing along its principal thoroughfare, a young man suddenly darted from the opposite side of the way, and politely accosted him with "Dr——, I presume." The good man replied in the affirmative. "You do not then recollect me?" continued his interrogator.

The countenance of the speaker was frank, open, and intelligent. The Doctor had some dim remembrance of having seen it before, but could not call to mind when or where. "You visited our town more than nine years ago, and on that occasion your attention was directed to a boy, the black sheep of the Sabbath school."

The circumstance at once occurred to the Doctor's memory. "Then," resumed the young man, in a tone of deep feeling, "I was that boy. Your words, my dear sir, first led me to reflect, and reflection brought conviction. Since then, I trust my life has been a changed one. I was not, as had been threatened, expelled from the school, but ere long became a teacher. My earnest desire was to enter the ministry, and funds were raised to further my wishes. I now only await ordination to leave Ireland for a distant land, there, with the blessing of God upon my labour, to lead others to that fountain of light and life to which I, the wandering and rebellious one, have been myself so mercifully led."

"And now," continued the old gentleman, drawing forth a letter, while the tremor of his voice became each moment more perceptible, "it was only to-day that I was seated in my study, noting down the heads of a speech for the evening, when this letter was put into my hands. It bore a foreign