

In about half an hour or less I heard there were signs of our good doctor taking his departure. I went out to bid him "good-bye," and see him into his carriage. "Have you heard the news," said he, "of this morning, Mr. Campbell?" "No, sir," I replied; "what is it, doctor?" "The races, you know, commenced yesterday morning." "Yes," I replied. "Well, the horse of Captain B—— was to run the first race. This gentleman, given up to sporting and to amusements of all kinds, became possessor of the prize. Amidst his triumph and prosperity he was so uplifted with joy that there was a rush of blood to his heart, and he fell in a fit upon the ground. He was carried in great distress to his home, and he is dead this morning. But alas! Mr. Campbell, it was such a dreadful death! I have never witnessed such a scene!" "Ah, doctor," I said, "we must, sir, be prepared to die. Just think of that poor man yesterday morning on the race-course, exulting in his sports; but where is his soul to-day? We must, my dear sir, we must be prepared to meet our God." The doctor acquiesced in the truth of the remarks, and bade me farewell.

On my return to the hall, there was Mr. Hebie, who was now joined by two missionary brethren,