

uprising of the dense congregation, as I read the first words of the Morning Prayer. How well I remember the nervous tremor with which I opened my new velvet sermon-case, not unmingled, I fear, with a secret hope that the sermon would be admired. And then, after the conclusion of the service, how grateful were the kind words of encouragement and congratulation with which so many friends crowded around me! How delightful was the long walk in the Sabbath stillness of that fair evening! How calm and untroubled, how full of joy and trust, the prayers and praises which, for the first time, I was called to offer at the family altar of that bright happy home!

And to-day! As my mind wanders back through the long vista of those sixteen years, what memories crowd upon my soul! What a record of shame and sorrow, of failure and disappointment, lies open before me! What expectations formed and never realized; what plans devised and come to nought!

A cold, dull autumnal day; the clouds threatening but not actually descending in rain. The church a small plain building of brick, without tower, or spire, or chancel. The congregation consisted of about fifty adults and a proportionate number of children; they were apparently reverent in their demeanour, but without any signs of devotional fervour. None kneeled, none except the sexton read the responses aloud. No pealing organ, no chants or hymns, for the parish has been three months vacant, and the former choir is scattered. While I was unrobing, the churchwardens came into the vestry, and were kind and attentive; but they parted from me at the church door, and I walked alone to the dreary tavern where I am for the present staying, and have passed a solitary evening.

And yet, am I not repining, when I ought rather to bless God for His goodness? Am I not unworthy to be even a door-keeper in the House of God; and here there is committed to my charge an extensive and important sphere of labour? Is there not enough, and more than enough, to do in the service of my Master, to occupy all my time, and to tax to the utmost my strength and ability? Besides the congregation in the village, two others are included in the mission; one in a small hamlet two miles off, and the other in a large but very scattered

settlement at a distance of nine miles. And I am told that, besides these, there are several other localities within a circle of thirty miles, where congregations might be gathered. Surely then here is scope enough for the exercise of far greater power and energy than I possess. Help me, blessed Lord, to be willing to spend and be spent in Thy service. Help me to redeem the time misapplied, to cast off all sloth and indifference, and to labour among this people with more fidelity and zeal, more humility and sound judgment, than I have hitherto manifested. Let me realize more fully the solemn truth that the salvation of souls is my appointed work; and that to be the humble but most honored instrument in leading even one soul to eternal life, is a work more glorious, more blissful, more full of joy and peace, than to direct the councils of nations, or to sit among the noble and wealthy. Let me gird myself for the warfare against sin and the world; and do Thou, Lord, uphold me with Thy right hand in the day of battle:

And O! when worn and tir'd I sigh
 With that more fearful war within,
 When Passion's storms are loud and high,
 And brooding o'er remembered sin,
 The heart dies down—O, mightiest then.
 Come ever true, come ever near,
 And wake my slumbering love again,
 Spirit of God's most holy fear.

Spirit-Rappings and Popery.

Two of the most celebrated "Spiritualists" in the United States, Dr. T. L. Nichols and Mrs. Mary Gove Nichols, have published an account of their miraculous conversion to Popery. The document is in part of so extraordinary a nature that it would provoke a smile, if the subject were not so terribly serious that it calls rather for feelings of awe and solemn fear.

The greatest credulity is always found to be compatible with the greatest scepticism. Our own experience, in countries where Romanism prevails unchecked by the operation of causes which correct its tendencies in England and upon this continent, have convinced us that a large number of the highly educated classes of those countries are sunk in the darkest depths of scepticism. And so, on the other hand in the United States, where scepticism and infidelity have made such fearful progress among a people who idolize intellectual cultivation without educating the heart, vast numbers have