

ing but leaves.' But we are prone to look back with vain regret to the past, and with bright hopes to the future; the present time passes unheeded until it mingles in the waters of the past.

"But why do I write these saddening things? There is a bright side to every picture, and why not look at it? I am not one who should write in such a style, for I never feel dissatisfied now, only when some duty is left undone, or when I commit some wilful sin or enter into some pleasure I know to be wrong.

"It may be error on my part, but may all that is good forbid it. I feel a peace which passeth understanding, but I am fully conscious that when a person tells to the world that such is her experience, then every action is watched, and it has a right to be; and I shudder to think of the great harm of making a profession and not living up to it.

"I do not feel the same ardor I once did, but the determination is stronger than ever. Fanny E—— told me that such would be the case; that the new-born soul, like the lame man who was healed, leaps and walks with the joy of being healed; but that through time it changes to the firm tread, when it has to battle with the world. Then is the moment of peril. When at Campbellville I used to keep a record of my thoughts and feelings, and it is by comparing them with my thoughts, aspirations and desires now that I realize I am entirely changed. I send you one or two extracts, word for word, as I recorded them then:

"The evening is coming on, the day is waning, the shadows are deepening, and I must go. How soon will I have to say that of my life? I am troubled; I cannot study, I cannot pray. I am condemning myself when I try.' (Oct. 13) 'Nearly three weeks have passed since I last wrote, and I am neither mentally nor morally improved. Every one seems happy but myself. Why is it, I ask. But I have to use my talents or give an account of them.' (Oct. 15) 'Do not feel so dull, only diffident. I know I am on my way to ruin. O that I were a Christian! To me death is a fearful thought. I feel a void in my heart that I know never can be filled till I am a believer.' There; you see enough to know what a state I was in. *Now*, each evening as it closes brings to me the thought, 'One day nearer to our home beyond the sky.'