

life flashed across my mind, and I instantly recognised in him the identical person who was formerly known by me as the REV. DOCTOR CROWDER, once our minister at Beech Ridge.* Twenty years had passed away since our last interview. Alas! what changes, even to myself, had occurred during that interval. I was at that time but a reckless, wayward boy, dreaming only in the sunshine of my own heart; unconscious of the world's woes, and blind to the eventful ills incidental to human life. Strange metamorphosis of time, indeed.

Reflection made me pause with tears,
Upon the footprints of those years,
That in the paths of life were placed
Too deeply sunk to be effaced.

The minister having read the 23rd Psalm, requested that some one present would conduct the singing. Silence for a few seconds ensued. He again solicited, whereupon a rough, burly bushwhacker arose and struck up tune on the alto-key-note of the solo-treble-organ-bass, and a variety of windpipes, tempered to every tone, responded therewith, and sent forth a loud swelling volume of devotional praise. One line was sung, and the next was being commenced, when the "precentor" ran off the track, and instantaneously stopped his wind-organ, which produced a harsh flourish of rickety crotchets and double semi-quavers among the singers, who, on discovering that their leader was non-plussed, stopped also, one after another as soon as possible, and a deathlike silence ensued. The precentor again attempted to proceed with the tune, but failed, and then sat down. A tall, ghastly, hollow-bosomed woman arose and struck up the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and succeeded wonderfully well. One after another the company joined in

* See Tale 3.