

began hastily to turn over the pages of a volume which lay before me. It contained the admirable writings of the Rev. Robert Hall. I pettishly closed the book, and pushed it from me.

“As I raised my head, our eyes met. He evidently read my thoughts.

“I do not wish to lecture you, Philip, nor do I condemn you. Your mind, in its present unawakened state, cannot understand the sublime truths you affect to despise. The blind see not; they cannot comprehend the light, and we are not surprised that they stumble and fall. But I love you too well, Philip, to wish you to remain in this state of mental darkness. Read the Bible with the eyes of faith; think and pray, and the true light will dawn upon your soul, as it has on mine. Let not the ravings of fanaticism, nor the vulgarity of low cant, frighten you from the enjoyment of the highest and noblest privilege granted to man—the capacity of holding converse with his God. And, now, farewell, my dear friend. I shall see you again—in the morning; think over twice what I have said to you before you go to sleep.’

“I retired to my chamber, but not to rest. I sat before the fire, musing over, and trying to