

work of Christ, and her need of pardon, just as much as the very chief of sinners. Close dealing with the conscience, in dependence on God, while the soul is in this state, is the visitor's only mission. Searching conversation and prayer, with texts bearing on this subject, must be his only weapons. No soul is ever serious, ever real, ever true, until it has been brought face to face with the living God, and entered in some measure into His thoughts of sin.

Were it not as a warning voice to all visitors, and for the eternal welfare of immortal souls, we should never think of bringing before the public eye such private scenes. But all false delicacy must give way when the truth of God, the glory of Christ, and the salvation of the soul are concerned. And we can honestly say, that while we cherish in our hearts nothing but love for all those to whom this paper relates, we cannot but lament over that scene with a loud and bitter lamentation. Who so loved, so trusted, so unsuspected, as a minister, and a mother? The countenance of the invalid brightens up at the sound of his footstep, and so it should be when he is shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. His kindly inquiries, his familiar voice in reading and prayer, how soothing! and rightly so, when Christ is known and loved. But if the same thing be done to the unconverted, the mere formalist, or the young lady who lived in pleasure, how dangerous! But ~~more~~, alas, how eternally ruinous! The only two, ~~perhaps~~, in the whole world whose word she would have received