

to transfer it to some stage scenery. One of the old towers of the church was undergoing repairs ; he stood near it, as the best point of view. While thus engaged in his work, a stone fell from above upon his head, crushing him and leaving him a mangled corpse upon the spot. Never, said the preacher, could he forget the horror of that sight ; and while he stood gazing upon the reeking remains of his friend, he seemed to hear again the fearful words that had fastened upon his soul : "Ye have sinned against the Lord your God, and be sure your sin will find you out." He left the church, resolved never again to enter another, and he *did not* for years, carefully avoiding every person whom he thought likely to speak at all to him on serious subjects, lest he should hear the dreaded words. It seemed as if the whole Bible was made up of just that sentence alone.

A short time afterward an actor of eminence—one whose name, he said, we should recognize at once if mentioned, though the Atlantic rolls between us and his grave—a prey to consumption, was to act a tragedy, which ended in a death scene. He performed his part to the satisfaction of the spectators, and when he fell in mockery of death, it was *so real*, that it brought down thunders of applause as the curtain fell. Little did the delighted audience dream of the scene that was taking place *behind* that curtain. His companions seeing he did not rise at once, went to him, and two little streaks of blood from either corner of his mouth told the whole. He was not dead, but lingered several days. When he asked his physician if there was any hope for him, and was answered by a solemn shake of the head, a terrible despair settled on his countenance, and he exclaimed in words so familiar to him : "Oh, Doctor, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ; Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ; Raze out the written troubles of the brain ; And, with some sweet oblivious antidote, Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart ?"

They were only the words of a play, but they were *fearful* words !—of solemn import then. Grasping Mr. S's wrist, he cried out, "Oh S——, the theatre may do for us to *live* by, but it will not do to *die* by ;"—"we have all sinned against the Lord our God, but be sure our sin will find us out." With these words upon his lips he expired. Those words which had haunted him ever since he first heard them, now thrilled and agitated his soul anew. Even when thinking of that scene after the long lapse of time, he could feel again the grasp of his dying comrade, and hear his agonized voice.

These scenes were too much for him, and he resolved to leave England—to fly beyond the reach of those soul-piercing words and forget them, if possible in another land. He went to Australia for the purpose of establishing a theatre and gaining for himself a name. Here, he realized \$50,000. Falling in with an American he was induced to come to the United States and make engagements in New Orleans and St. Louis. While in the latter city, he set himself to excel in some particular character which he was to personate. One morning he determined to devote six hours to uninterrupted study. He gave orders that he would see *no one*, and must not be interrupted on any account. Accordingly he shut himself up in his chamber. While pacing his room intent upon his work, he heard a rap at his door ; he resolved not to notice it. After a few moments he heard it again—a gentle rap. Annoyed and irritated, he opened the door violently, to demand who had *dared* to interrupt him. He threw open the door, and there stood two ladies—perfect strangers ; for, said he, "One glance was sufficient to show me they were no actresses—meaning no slur on the ladies of that profession—only, those who are and those who are *not*, are readily distinguished."

He asked as politely as he could under the circumstances what they wished. One of the ladies, giving a surprised and curious glance at the theatrical paraphernalia about the room, hesitatingly asked if "he would be kind enough to read this"—handing him something. "What is it ?" said he. "*A tract*," was the answer. "If a serpent had stung me I could not have felt worse ;" and, said he, "I exclaimed with all the bitter sarcasm I could throw into my tone. *A tract !* Madam, you have mistaken your person ; I am an actor ; and then he turned his back upon them, expecting that surprised, they would gather their skirts about them, for fear of contamination and go at once. But no ! he felt a hand upon his arm, and turning, he saw her eyes glisten, as she said, "Sir, the soul of an actor is as dear to me as any other ; we have all sinned against the Lord our God, and be sure your sin will find you out." They pierced his soul—those words he had almost forgotten—those words he had taken so much precaution never to hear again. With a new and startling power they melted away his anger, and he became a very child ; he offered the lady a seat, and for a few moments she talked of the "one thing needful," and left him subdued and thoughtful. He said he had always believed he should hear those words again at some time—he felt now that this was the last time—that if he ever heard them again it would be at the sealing of his eternal woe. His resolve was made. But the world he would forsake never ap-