

A HASTY SUMMONS.

THE town of P—— in France is a gay and fashionable health resort. One sees life there in many aspects. Rich and poor, strong and delicate, all throng the boulevard on the sunny days in winter,—days which we in the british isles know little of—the glorious sunshine, and blue, blue sky overhead. And yet with all that money can procure, beautiful dresses, prancing horses, servants, etc., etc., many faces,—young and old,—had a weary, bored look, for the pleasures of life are all soon tried and exhausted, and then what have they? Surely there is only one thing which can satisfy in this weary world, “the unsearchable riches of Christ,” and the more we draw on those riches, so much the more are our longing souls satisfied.

I had not been long in P—— when a sad event happened. The barracks were quite near where I stayed, and we often looked on with interest at the evolutions of the soldiers. One day we heard the general stationed there was a little ill—but nothing serious. The next day no better, two days after he had passed away,—away from his busy round of worldly duties, to the never ending eternity. It was sad indeed to think of this strong man called away full of health and strength; but it was sadder still to think of his soul, his immortal soul. His apartments were opposite ours, and we looked on with aching hearts at all the vain mummery