

a long life, and seldom obtain. The world was before me, and death far distant, in my thoughts. But now, the world is receding, and death is very near. You start! Have not you discovered that truth before? Soon, very soon, nothing will remain for me, but that blessed hope which I now prize as the only true riches. I am happy in the prospect which I know awaits me, and consider those only miserable to whom God is a stranger, and the love of the Saviour unknown."

"His words affected me strangely, and yet I felt that they were distasteful. Sorrow had not taught me the knowledge of self. I had yet to learn that religion alone can do that. My soul was grovelling in the dust; my thoughts wholly engrossed by the world. Religion was to me a well-invented fable, skillfully constructed, and admirably told, being beautiful and artistic in a literary point of view, but altogether too shallow to satisfy the reason of a clever fellow like me. Oh! how repugnant are its pure precepts to those whose hearts are blinded by vanity; who live but for the pleasures of the day, and never heed the to-morrow in the skies.

"I sat down at a table near my friend, and