

various passages must decide ; but especially Acts xxi. 5, where we are told, on the open shore, the Tyrian Christians thus parted from the Apostle Paul and his friends. In the sequel of this morning visit, it will be well believed, that the circumstances of its commencement were looked back upon with feelings of solemn thankfulness, that such a communion of Christian faith, and love, and hope had sanctified the parting hours of a long and close friendship.

But to resume. Among the few, simple, earnest requests suited to the circumstances of the case, and well remembered afterwards, the writer, conceiving that, perhaps, the best means of gently drawing our friend from dwelling upon her grief was to waken her benevolent feeling of interest in the good of others, prayed that she might live set apart in Christ Jesus, to the service of God here, as preparing for a blessed and uninterrupted service in glory, when she should be called upon to exchange earth for heaven, and sorrow for eternal joy. A few moments were thus spent, and as we rose from our knees she wiped away her tears, expressed herself much comforted and cheered ; and, after speaking of the refreshment she always enjoyed in the prayers of a beloved friend whom she named, she resumed her seat, and spoke of others endeared to her by the closest of all ties, communion in Christ Jesus. After a few minutes' farther conversation about friends, and arrangements for her approaching journey, she asked the writer to come up with her to the little writing-room in which she spent most of her secluded hours. We reached the little room, upon the table of which stood the desk on which she had closed the letter on our arrival. Several books lay upon the table. She opened one after another ; they were all books of Christian instruction, and she cheerfully discussed the character of each, as I looked over it with her. Taking up one with peculiar interest, "Have you seen this?" she inquired. It was the "Night of Weeping." "It is most instructive, most beautiful," she continued. It was full of marks, either placed for her use by the friend who had given it, or by her own hand. "Do take it home ; it will afford you so much pleasure, and you can keep it as long as you wish." I thankfully accepted the little volume, and kept it in my hand, while we still bent over the writing-table, looking at others. I laid my hand upon her little Bible,— "This is your Bible," I said : "after all, the best book." "Yes," she earnestly replied ; and, turning from the table, we stood and talked calmly of the consolation of God's sustaining love : a sure refuge in time of trouble. She raised her eyes with an expression of meek devotion : "I can say so," she said ; "He has been my support, my refuge, my Comforter." A few words more passed, and she then drew my arm affectionately within her own, saying, as we descended the staircase together, "One thing I wish you to promise me. When I return from ———, in two or three months, let me visit your poor with you. It is what I should so desire : hitherto domestic duty has entirely kept me from such engagements ; but it would give me so much pleasure." I replied that home-duties were unquestionably the very first in the order of God's service, if fulfilled to His glory ; but readily assented to her proposition ; and, as she opened the drawing-room door, she said, "With you, remember," in a tone of such cheerfulness, that M——, whom we now joined, looked round and smiled to see her spirits so restored. We resumed our seats, and conversed for about twenty minutes. The whole tenor of her conversation was, as usual, that of Christian consistency, developing at every remark the high-toned