

with you, were you not? you told me you were quite happy?" "Yes mother but Mr. —— has made me quite miserable." "But you must not be miserable, my dear S., perhaps Mr. H. will call to-morrow and see you."

The rest of our conversation need not be recorded. The mother endeavored to explain to her daughter that I meant it all for good; and to apologize to me for the weakly, nervous state of her daughter. After a few words of solemn warning to both, we parted; I never saw her again.

But, oh! how can I speak of the fearful delusion? How can I sound out from the pages of "The Sower" the suitable warning voice? How can I impress on all who have to do with sick chambers and death-beds, the importance of plain and faithful dealing with the immortal soul? Graven deeply on my memory were these awful words of false consolation, "You know you were so happy yesterday when Mr. H. called and read a chapter and prayed with you." "But what," ten thousand voices in Christendom will ask, "what more, what better, could a minister do than read a chapter to the sick and offer up a prayer?" In some circumstances, we reply, nothing more, nothing better; and we are free to say, that many in their ministerial calls do much less. But in the case before us it only lulled the conscience into a deeper sleep in sin; she being still unconverted, still "dead in trespasses and sins," still unawakened as to her real state as a sinner, still ignorant of the character of God, His hatred of sin as shewn in the