

her feelings, as delicate sensibilities, as any feminine soul,—but through the wondrous power of a new principle of life, a divine strength continually sought and continually supplied, she was enabled to maintain the even tenour of her way, the path of holy and loving obedience.

Change of scene was now proposed in the hope of turning the current of her thoughts, and banishing the engrossing power of religion from her mind. Lord Elton spared no pains to make their tour delightful, and Emily was grateful for his care, while she lamented its object. Never had she so enjoyed travelling, for now all nature breathed a new and eloquent language to her ear; she seemed to be in a new world. She found "honey in the wilderness;" and when she returned, it was to hasten with fresh delight to those ordinances and means of grace from which for a time she had been exiled.

Lord Elton now resolved on adopting more decisive measures. He would have more gaiety at home, in which Emily could not refuse to join without giving serious offence. She should no longer evade these scenes, and seek shelter with her methodistical friends. She must be actually present, and do the honours of the house, which would now devolve on her more exclusively, as Lady Elton, with her other daughter, was for the present remaining at the German baths. A musical assembly were invited, in which Emily's well-known and brilliant powers would compel her to take a prominent part. The hour arrived, the party assembled, and, well knowing the real object of their meeting, many a heart beat high with hope of victory. The siege was pressing closer; no way of escape appeared possible; she *must* join in the gay amusements of her father's house; she *must* add her own voice to swell the chorus of revelry; she *must* surrender at last. The company were in high spirits, song after song was sung, and folly, vanity, and godless mirth were at their height. And now the decisive moment came. Lady Emily Lisle was solicited to sing. Breathless was the silence as she arose, moved across the room, and took her place at the instrument. It was the moment to seal her fate. With perfect self-possession she ran her fingers over the keys of the pianoforte, and commenced singing, in a sweet and thrilling voice, the following words:—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone:  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
Th' inexorable throne!

"No matter which my thoughts employ,  
A moment's misery or joy;  
But, oh! when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destined place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend?"

She arose from her seat amid profound silence; the whole party were subdued; not a word was spoken: Lord Elton wept aloud; one by one the guests left the house, and the father and daughter were alone. Her prayers were answered! the victory was won! Borne on the melody of her voice, the message of life had been wafted into his soul. He awoke to the belief that religion is a deep, a glorious reality; and henceforth it became the great work of his life. He sought and found salvation, and ever after devoted himself to his Redeemer's service.

Spreading the glad tidings of peace—winning souls to Christ, now became his delightful employment. Duty and inclination mingled in the exquisite luxury of doing good, and his memory is a bright and noble example of christian munificence, earnestness, and zeal.

Immortal one! you whose eyes are now bending over this page, a sound will one day pierce *your ear* which you will have no power to resist or to withstand. No longer the language of entreaty, or the note of warning,—their time will have passed,—but the "voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God," electrifying you from your grave, and citing you to appear before the "great white throne."

Shall you be able to stand the ordeal of that dread day?

Oh, seek refuge *now* in the riven side of the Rock of Ages, that you may not then be one of that wretched multitude who will call upon the mountains and the rocks to fall on them, to hide them "from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."

Listen, oh, listen now, to the pleading of that voice of divine compassion,—"**TURN YE, TURN YE, WHY WILL YE DIE?**"—*British Tract.*

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### Meeting of the Synod of New Brunswick in connection with the Church of Scotland.

The Synod of New Brunswick in connection with the Church of Scotland, met in St. James' Church, Newcastle, on Wednesday, the 8th August, at half-past seven in the evening. The Rev. Dr. Donald of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, the retiring Moderator, preached a very appropriate and excellent discourse from 2 Timothy iv. 2.: "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." The Synod was then constituted, and the roll called, ten ministers and three elders being present, together with Dr. Inglis, a corresponding member from the Synod of Nova Scotia. Three ministers were absent, namely, Dr.