

send, and even altered whole passages, and rounded elegant periods, without one check or recollection of the holy place where he stood. Another repeated a long dialogue which had passed between him and a friend the night before, and considered how he might have spoken more to the purpose. Some young girls rehearsed scenes with their lovers—some recalled the incidents of their last ball. Careful house-wives planned economy, gave warning to their servants, arranged the turning of a gown, or decided on the most becoming trimming of a bonnet.

To me, conscious of the recording angel's presence, all this solemn mockery of worship was frightful. I would have given worlds to have raised this congregation to a sense of what they were doing; and to my comfort, I saw for the involuntary offender a gentle warning was provided. A frown from the angel, or the waving of his impatient wings, as if about to quit a place so desecrated, recalled the wandering thoughts of many a soul, unconscious whence came the breath that revived the dying flame of their devotions, their self blame, tears of penitence and bitter remorse, of which those kneeling nearest knew nothing, wrung the heart shocked at its own careless ingratitude, wondering at and adoring the forbearance of the Almighty, while more concentrated thought, and I trust more fervent prayers, succeeded to the momentary forgetfulness. In spite of all these, however, the amount of real devotion was small; and when I looked at the angels tablets, I was shocked to see how little was written there. Out of three hundred Christians, thought I, assembled after a week of mercies, to praise and bless the Giver of all good, are these few words, the sum of what they offer.

“Look to thyself,” said the angel, reading my inmost thoughts. Such as these are, such hast thou long been. Darest thou, after what has been revealed thee, act such a part again! O could thy mortal ears bear to listen to the songs of the rejoicing angels before the throne of the Almighty, thou wouldst indeed wonder at the condescending mercy which stoops to accept these few faint wandering notes of prayer and praise. Yet the sinless angels veil their faces before Him in whose presence man stands boldly up with a mockery of worship as thou hast seen this day. Remember the solemn warning, lest hereafter it be counted to thee an aggravation of guilt.”

Suddenly the sweet solemn voice ceased, the glorious angel disappeared, and so oppressive was the silence and loneliness, that I started and awoke. My watch pointed to the hour of eleven; it must have been the stopping of the bells that interrupted my slumbers and all this solemn scene had passed before my mind in the short space of a few minutes. May the lesson I learned in those few minutes never be effaced from my heart; and if this account of them should recall one wandering thought in the house of prayer, or teach any to value more highly and cultivate more carefully the privileges of joining in the public worship of our church, it will not have been written in vain.—*English paper.*

HOLD ON, OR LET GO.

Many months after I had an opportunity for conversation with my persevering friend, I made another attempt to learn (as I had sometimes tried to learn before), what it was that kept her in her unbelief for so long a time in those dark days of her wearisome seeking.

“You have asked me that,” she said, “more than once before, and I never could tell you. I have often thought of it, but it always seemed mysterious to me. I believed the Spirit had led me, but I did not know how. But awhile ago, in one of my backslidings, I thought I found out something about it.”

“Well, how was it?”

“I was in a cold state,” said she; “I had lost all the little light I ever had. I knew I had done wrong, I had too much neglected prayer, my heart had become worldly, and for a good many weeks I was in trouble and fear, for I knew I had wandered far from God. Then I thought I felt just as I used to, before I had any hope, when I was coming to your house so much. And then I tried to recollect what I did to come to the light at that time, so as to do the same thing now. But I couldn't remember anything about it. However, while I was trying, one thing came to my mind which did me some good. You know your sermon that you preached just before I came to have any hope—I don't remember the text—but it was about wandering sinners lost on the mountains.”

“No, indeed, madam, I have no recollection of it.”

“Well, I can't tell you what it was; I can't repeat it; may be I can tell enough to make you remember. I know you represented us in that sermon as lost sinners, lost