

THE MIDNIGHT SUMMONS.

IT was on the last evening of the old year, that a happy social party was assembled in the drawing-room of a Christian gentleman residing in the country, to enjoy the pleasures of intelligent Christian intercourse.

Within that circle was one whose presence seemed to give it a peculiar charm. Even a stranger must have been struck with the tall and elegant form of that lovely girl. Her glossy black hair shaded as fine a forehead as ever belonged to woman-kind, and contrasted well with the rosy tints of health that bloomed upon her cheeks. Her fine dark eyes, which beamed with intelligence, were shaded by long black eye-lashes, and

lessons of heavenly wisdom in that school where such lessons are best learned. Her heavenly Father had put the cup of sorrow to her lips, and bid her drink it even to the dregs; but He had sweetened that bitter cup with love; and while she drank it in obedience to His command, He graciously smiled upon His dear child, and by His grace enabled her in sweet submission to exclaim, "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

The peculiar nature of her heaviest trial may be gathered from the following extract from her papers: "With what a strange diversity of feelings do I hail this day. I cannot witness its return without sorrow; but I thank my God that it is a sorrow mingled with thankfulness. With a melancholy, though I trust with a grateful, heart do I retrace the events of this



the whole expression of her countenance indicated deep chastened thoughtfulness and much sweetness of temper. In addition to all these personal charms, this young lady was highly educated and accomplished; and although naturally rather of a silent disposition, especially when the conversation was of a frivolous kind, yet when she did speak, it was soon perceived that her remarks were listened to with that respectful deference and attention which are generally only accorded to those of riper years.

On the occasion alluded to, several friends noticed the animation with which she entered upon the various topics of conversation, and were especially struck with her earnestness when the subject assumed a deeply religious tone. This young Christian had been taught

day twelvemonth. Then with a heart elate with pleasure did I bend my steps towards the house of God. There did I listen to the voice of one who vowed an unalterable affection for me. Little did my unsuspecting heart imagine that those vows were but to deceive.

"But what has the lapse of a few short months taught me? Alas! alas! the melancholy truth that those vows are forgotten, that faith forsworn. But though one to whom I was sincerely and tenderly attached has forsaken me, yet, blessed be God, there is One who will never leave nor forsake His people. May I find Him to be 'that Friend that loveth at all times,' that 'Brother born for adversity.' Sweet is the thought that, though the tenderest ties of an