

*Etrangers* at Paris, and singing "*In convertendo*, (Ps. cxvii) the young priests who are to be sent out to foreign lands, take their stand on the altar steps of the college chapel, and their fellow-students and relatives come forward and kiss their feet. Then follow the words of the Anthipon—"How beautiful are the feet."

The service takes place on the morning before the missionaries leave the college.

### CAST IRON SYSTEMS.

It is a tyranny to impose upon every man a record of the precise time and way of their conversion to God. Few that have been restrained by a religious education can give such a one.—*Cotton Mather*.

### INCIDENT OF A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

At this time Mr. Avery, who had always kept a watchful eye upon us, had a special conversation with Harry and myself, the object of which was to place us right in our great foundations. Mr. Avery stood upon the basis that most good New England men, since Jonathan Edwards have adopted and regarded all young pupils, as a matter of course, out of the fold of the Church, and devoid of anything acceptable to God, until they had passed through a mental process, designated in well-known language, as conviction and conversion.

He began to address Harry therefore, upon this supposition. I well remember the conversation.

"My son," he said, "is it not time for you to think seriously of giving your heart to God?"

"I have given my heart to God," replied Harry calmly.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Avery, with surprise, "when did that take place?"

"I have always done it."

Mr. Avery looked at him with a gentle surprise.

"Do you mean to say, my son, that you have always loved God?"

"Yes sir," said Harry, quietly.

Mr. Avery felt entirely incredulous, and supposed that this must be one of those specious forms of natural piety spoken of depreciatingly by Jonathan Edwards, who relates in his own memoirs similar exercises of early devotion as the mere fruits of the ungrafted natural heart. Mr. Avery, therefore, proceeded to put many theological questions to Harry on the nature of sin and holiness, on the difference between manly, natural affections and emotions, and those excited by the supernatural movement of a divine power on the soul—the good man begging him to remember the danger of self-deception, saying that nothing was commoner than for young folks to mistake the transient movements of mere natural emotions for real religion.

I observed that Harry, after a few moments became violently agitated. Two large veins upon his forehead swelled out, his eyes had that peculiar flash and fire that they had at rare intervals, when some thought penetrated through the usual gentle quietude of his surface-life to its deepest internal recesses. He rose and walked up and down the room, and finally spoke in a thick, husky voice, as one pants with emotion. He was one of the most reserved human beings I have ever known. There was a region of emotion deep within him which it was almost like death to him to express, There is something piteous and even fearful