

thing." We do not hear the wordling complain of this burden; but the Christian who desires to attend upon the Lord without distraction, mourns over this hindrance to his spiritual communion with God. The one resembles a man who is overtaken and hurried on, before he is aware, by an unruly crowd; the other is as one passing on with them unresistingly—as among his chosen companions or familiar friends. Therefore, let none to whom this restless working of the imagination is a grief and a burden too hastily conclude that they have neither part nor lot with the children of God.—*Tract Magazine*.

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#### THE PRAYER MEETING OF ONE.

In the old town of Eastville, New Hampshire, there was once a flourishing church. Years as they sped on kept adding to its numbers, and Christians who worshipped there were widely known for their good fellowship and religious integrity. Old Nathan White was the pastor. His hairs were grey, but age had not diminished the fire of his eye nor the thunder of his tones. Fearless, energetic, resolute and old-fashioned in all his Gospel ideas, he dealt out the words with a force and pungency which few could resist. There was no telling how often the plain cushion of the front of the pulpit had been renewed. Father White always made his hands heard as well as his voice; and not unfrequently hands, feet and tongue all went together. But there came at last a dark day that spread a mourning veil over the whole parish. Old Nathan White lay dead. Every body grieved in some manner—men, women, and children. The little quaint parsonage house was besieged by those eager to look upon that sweet and venerable face once more. It was affecting to see how his memory was beloved by the very aged. One man, who could scarcely stand up, who, besides being a cripple, was blind, insisted to be taken to the old minister, that he might only lay his half-palsied hand upon the cold features he had often watched before his infirmities grew so great.

His death was also much commented upon, or the manner in which it took place. He had walked erect in the midst of his congregation on the very day which it pleased the Master to call him. To every one who saw him he looked surprisingly well. It was observed that his hand often trembled of late, but on this day the nerves were firm. His voice, too, was clear, though subdued, as he announced his text, "For I am now ready to be offered up," and his face shone like that of an angel. These things, it may be would have been less noted and talked about but for what followed. He had nearly finished his discourse, and was in the act of lifting his hands, when, with the holy name of Jehovah upon his lips, he suddenly fell forward, leaned over the cushion that was to bear his vigorous stroke no more, and peacefully breathed his last.

"He died, as I've often heard him say he'd like to die, with his armour on," exclaimed the palsied man and blind old brother, as his thin hand moved caressingly down the sharpened features of the minister's face. "Well, well, God knows best; but I did hope," he added, with a faltering voice, "I did hope I should be there to welcome him." The funeral was over, the people settled down in silent sorrow. A new minister was sent—a young unmarried man, who did well for a time: but the old people were broken-spirited; things did not seem to them to go as well as formerly; and paying more heed to their infirmities, they did not attend the courts of the Lord as had been their wont. Others moved away, because at that time the Western fever broke out, and raged epidemic-like, to the ruin of many and the building up of some. Fashion crept into the church, discipline became more lax, the youth were less restrained, the minister preached politics, and finally the church appeared to come to a stand; there were no conversions, and the whole body became inactive, losing all spirituality.

Quite near the church, in an old sort of a cottage, lived old Aunty Baker. Imagine the woman, over seventy, who combines in herself many Christian graces, and you will have known what sort of a person Aunty Baker was. Aged as she seemed, they were still dimples in her cheeks, and sweet smiles playing over her lips. Her complexion had survived the decay of some other beauties, and even now rivaled the rose; her attire was neat, rather prim, and her piety, like a pure stream constantly and freshly springing up in glistening purity. Who was there that ever said Aunty Baker, who did not instantly love her? The young were magically attracted, and seldom was she seen walking along the country road without two or three little ones following and listening to her sweet voice. The sick watched for her coming, young maidens sat at her feet to learn wisdom from her teachings, the church looked up to and revered her while