

the spiritual light, and there he obtained a full view of that "boundless love of God, whose height, whose depth unsearchable, no man knows."

What else was wanting to subdue the sinner's soul, to conquer the obdurate impenitent heart, than to be convinced that he was the object of that love which was manifested on Calvary where Jesus died? So it was with Fitzmorris; his irritated feelings were softened, his pride subdued, his hopes revived. All things had become new. The current of his thoughts ran in another channel; the affections of his heart found an undying object; his oft-disappointed hopes a sure resting-place. As a Christian, too, he found he dare not allow to any one earthly object, however cherished, the monopoly of his affections; mankind, to whom he had generally seemed an unfriendly cynic, claimed his pitying regard. And instead of cold and sullen scorn, or unbending apathy, he was called on to evince some small portion of the forbearance, the love, the pity, that had been shown to him.

By his father's case, Charles Fitzmorris was saved from the open danger that lay around him. Early given up to his God, this engaging youth seemed like some holy being that had been nurtured in a purer sphere, and sent among us to show us the loveliness of true religion and virtue, of purity and goodness. To believe that such a boy, so amiable and pious, so innocent, so tender and warm in his feelings, so pure in his affections—had been reared in camps, and lived only among soldiers, was almost impossible.

Fitzmorris left to his son the choice of a profession, and Charles chose to remain with him and follow his. Like the young Moabitess to her mother-in-law, this affectionate boy's language to his father was, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Nor was the latter declaration the mere language of enthusiasm; for Charles had indeed chosen his father's God for his; and was united with him in the bonds of a living faith. He knew no other life than a military one; and to tread in the steps his father had trod, was his greatest earthly ambition. Nor was Fitzmorris dissatisfied with his decision; for, though it exposed him to danger, he delighted to keep him under his own eye, and still to enjoy his beloved society. "Is there not," he would say to himself, when he reasoned with his fears, "is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? My God will leave him to me as long as it seemeth to Him good." But then he would inwardly murmur, "O! that it may be His pleasure to take me first! neverthe-

less,"—and a deep heart-rending sigh would follow—"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

I remember having heard my own poor father say, that it was one of the most interesting moments of his life, when he saw my eldest brother ascend the steps of his own pulpit to preach his first sermon in the place he had himself been preaching in so long. I am sure it was to the pious minister a moment of soul-engrossing interest: but was it a far less interesting one to the soldier who had served so long and so well, to see his stripling boy, over whose fair head sixteen years had barely passed, buckling, for the first time, his sword to his side, and preparing to follow in the course which, it might be, he himself had nearly ended, to encounter the same difficulties, and face the same dangers which might, perhaps, meet a speedier termination?

In Louisa's apartments the evening circle was generally a domestic one; and it was curious, in the small group that usually assembled there, to witness the variety of character and feeling developed in their several remarks on the interesting topics of the day. At such times Charles would express the glowing anticipations of the sanguine boy; Courtenay, the conjectures of the reflecting, brave and sensible man; Fitzmorris, the deliberate opinion of the old, experienced soldier. Here, or sauntering along some of the fine uplands that bordered our encampment, I enjoyed more peaceful hours than I could have anticipated on first embarking for the theatre of war. We sometimes spoke as politicians, sometimes as soldiers, sometimes—let not the politician nor the soldier smile—sometimes as Christians. How well does memory picture afresh this place to my view, as if it were only yesterday that I had seen it! The sloping bank on which I have reclined, the vine-clad cottage beneath; the camp with its array, it sounds and its throng spreading out beyond it; the smoke curling up above the tents; and far off the fine-spread view, bounded by the lofty mountains, whose tops were encircled by clouds. Here, with Courtenay, I could talk of the past; with the ardent Charles, of the future.

(To be continued.)

## News of the Churches.

KINGSTON FIRST.—This church and hall was destroyed by fire on Sunday, Feb. 15th, as the congregation was assembling for worship. For three months divine service was conducted in St. George's Hall, generously offered by the rector and wardens of the Cathedral. Steps were at once taken to rebuild, and this work has now been accomplished.

The Congregational Hall was first restored,