

mind. The withering hand of time and the stern calls of duty are rapidly sinking them in the deep shades of eternal oblivion. Do not suppose that I am becoming morose and losing my natural affections. No, my affections and sympathies are unchanged; but they lie concealed in the depths of my bosom. This life is not the place to develope and enjoy these emotions and feelings of our natural constitution. There is not time. Their indulgence is not compatible with the calls of duty, and every thing around us seems to point to another world as the proper time and situation for developing this characteristic of our nature. And when we call to mind how well adapted our future home will be to develope and gratify these elements of our being, surely we will not be so ungrateful as to complain because duty and the character of our present home will not allow us this indulgence *here*. No, let us give up all our feelings for time and look to eternity as the home in which they will all be gratified far beyond what we can conceive or think. It is to this period that I look with pleasure and fond anticipation; and until I reach that home, I *wish* no rest—no time for indulging natural feelings. Active employment in God's service is my great and I trust sincere desire. Apart from this life to me would be a most unpleasant and burdensome weight. Who would desire to live in this world, full of sin and suffering, unless he were employed in the service of his all-wise and merciful Creator? Surely nothing but this should induce us to live amidst such most unpleasant and soul-rending scenes. Nothing else should wed us to this world—a world wholly at enmity with every sentiment of the Christian's soul—a world whose constant aim is to afflict and oppress and injure the believer's soul in every possible manner. As our Saviour has expressed it, 'Ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you.'

The following extract of a letter written on his way to Kansas to a young sea captain will serve as a specimen of his faithfulness in attending to the spiritual interests of those whom he addressed:

"But, my dear friend, may I say a word to you, as I have taken up my pen to write you. Remember that we were not born into this world to sport and flutter about for a time, like so many butterflies, and then to sink into an eternal oblivion. No; we were sent into this world for one special purpose, and our Bible tells what that is. No matter what profession or mode of life we may live the object is the same. An account of the manner in which we have spent our lives will be demanded of us, and the life which we may have lived will not in the least justify our neglecting this duty. In your profession you have abundant opportunities to do good or to do wrong and exert an evil influence. Remember, whether you think it or not, you are constantly exerting an influence on those with whom you associate for good or evil. Remember the shortness of time and the length of eternity. Once more, forget not that there are only two conditions in which we can possibly spend eternity, and in one or other of these you must spend it. Receive these words as they are intended. They are written in sincere friendship."

The young man to whom the above was written is now in eternity. We can only find space for some extracts from another letter, one written while engaged in Home Mission to his brother, in which, though writing in haste and on business, he finds time for the following expressions of his affection and piety:

"My brother, we shall be together little more in this world. Our callings lead us to spheres of labour far apart. I trust that God in his Providence has pointed out to you the sphere in which he would have you serve him. It is truly a pleasant one, free from many of the trials, temptations and harrowing cares of many callings to which I might refer. It is a position in which, if you are faithful, you may do much good—may do much to extend God's cause in our world. What more noble object could we live for? What would it profit to gain great riches, to gratify our own feelings, or to live according to our own inclinations? How soon will all these be as though they had never been. But let us live for God's glory and our labours will bring forth lasting fruit, which will fill our souls with