

infancy. My feelings towards it are those of a child to a foster parent. I have received spiritual food from it, though I regret to say, my reception of that food was not as I could have wished. Some years before I left, I thought, if God spare me, I will become a teacher. I know that the responsibilities are great, and that thought has deterred me from taking a class sooner, but I know God will not despise a young instrument. I come, depending on promised grace alone. I hope, my dear Mrs. B., that the precious seed you have been the instrument of sowing, may not have been sown in vain. I have often felt the delightful influences of your Sabbath exercises, and I sincerely hope, that these influences may not die away when I cease to become a member of that class—many, many happy hours I have spent there, I trust, profitably. I shall not do anything towards taking a class, until I receive your advice, and hoping that your valuable instructions may not be lost upon me, and that you may have many crowns to lay at the Redeemer's feet, I would desire still to remain,

Yours affectionately,

M. A. G.

P. S.—I will have no objections to take a Tract district, as I understand there is a want of distributors.

Accordingly, her name was now put upon the roll of both associations. With regard to the Tract distribution, she writes:—

"I have, this day, undertaken to distribute tracts among the poor in this city; and whilst I have promised to take a district, may it not be from a desire of praise from man, but with a single eye, to God's glory. Lord, shew me more and more my own inability to do any thing of myself, and enable me more and more to rely on Thy precious promises. Oh! bless all my humble efforts for the advancement of the Gospel of Christ. Grant me specially Thy grace, when about to engage as a teacher of the young in the Sabbath School. Impress me with a right sense of my high responsibility, and my extreme weakness. O send Thy Holy Spirit to guide, teach, and fit me for this important task. O Shepherd of Israel, shine forth into my heart, that I may know the power of the truth myself, and so be enabled to impart it to others! Bless and guide me, O God—keep me from self-deceit."

To her was entrusted a very young Class, where the little ones had to be taught to read, as well as receive Bible instruction. Adelaide was selected for this charge just on account of her peculiar qualifications. She was gentle, humble, and pains-taking, and loved tenderly the little lambs, (as she called them.) They were much on her heart during her short illness. "Tell them," said she to me, "tell them to seek Christ early, while their little hearts are tender; tell them to meet me at the right hand. I early gave myself to Christ—what would I do without Him now? I told them last Sabbath we might never meet again upon earth, but to meet me at the right hand."

We have a pleasing proof of her anxiety about others, in a letter or two addressed to a young companion, whose mind was at the time occupied with the duty of making a public dedication of herself to God. It is refreshing to meet with such communications as these, between two young disciples, both, we trust, on their way to Canaan—to such, Jesus will indeed draw near, and walk with them till their hearts begin to burn:—

DEAR FRIEND,—

I see by your letter you have not yet overcome the fear of speaking to the Dr. Oh, dear A., let me entreat you to banish this foolish fear. I would rather say, seek for Divine strength to overcome this snare of the Tempter—it is one of his fiery darts—he cannot bear seeing any one of his subjects (which we all are by nature) declaring themselves willing subjects of Christ our King. I would advise you not to put off this solemn duty or lose this precious privilege, on account of your

Mamma's absence. I know it would grieve her if you did, but while I cheerfully give you any advice or encouragement that I can, Oh, leave yourself entirely in your Saviour's hands—"cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." You will feel your need of the Christian armour—and put it on, that you may be able to withstand the Devil. Perhaps at no time will you feel his temptations more than when approaching the Lord's table. Yes, he will even then try to bring you back again, but we have an High Priest who is touched with a feeling of our infirmity—who, being tempted, is able to succour them who are tempted.

I cannot close without assuring you that you are not forgotten in my prayers. I would, in return, solicit an interest in yours. I have much need of them. God grant that we may both receive tokens from the Master of the Feast—each receive the wedding garment—and that the arms of the Chief Shepherd may encircle us—then no devouring lion can harm us. Should we never be permitted to meet at the Table on earth, may we meet at that Table above, where we shall see the King unveiled in all his glory. I could wish a great deal more, but must close, with assuring you that I remain your affectionate friend,

M. A. G.

DEAR A.

After you left me this morning, I felt that I did not give you enough of encouragement in regard to that all-important step you are about to take; but upon this, as well as other subjects, I can write better than I can speak. Let me ask you not to allow any trifling circumstance to keep you back; for if you have devoted yourself to God privately, (as I have no doubt you have done,) you will not feel easy until you make a public profession of your love to that Saviour who has done so much for you. Let me entreat of you to be much in prayer for Divine guidance and strength. Oh! feel your own unworthiness and utter inability to do anything of yourself—depend on your Saviour for all, and you need not fear even a repulse from man. You remember the Saviour promised to his disciples, that when they should come before kings and rulers, the words would be put into their mouths—plead this, and other promises suitable to your case, and I can tell you, from sweet experience, that you will receive abundant supplies from that Fountain that never fails. I write these few lines hurriedly—if it would be agreeable to you I would resume our old plan of corresponding. I should like it very much—it might be for mutual benefit.

Dear A., with great anxiety for your spiritual welfare, I remain your more than ever attached friend,

M. A. G.

The next letter was written some time afterwards, to the same friend, about the beginning of the present year:—

DEAR FRIEND,

I took your class yesterday as you requested; there were seven present as you will see by your roll. The subject was one of very much importance, and I tremble to think of the coldness and apparent listlessness, with which that delightful, but solemn subject, was listened to by the children, and spoken of by the teacher—the recital of the sufferings of a fellow creature will, in almost every instance, bring tears of compassion for the sufferer; but, alas! we can view, review, and review again, the sufferings of Immanuel, with the utmost disregard, blaming the malice and envy of the Jews, rather than our individual sins, which are daily crucifying Him afresh. But I trust that the dew of Hermon will descend upon the seed sown, and that fruit may spring up an hundred-fold many days hence.

I feel every Sabbath, more and more, my great responsibility as a teacher of these immortal souls, especially when I look towards eternity, and that solemn event, which must come upon all. Oh, how much does the everlasting salvation of these children depend upon the faithfulness of their

teachers. I will not be discouraged by these thoughts, but press forward in the path of Christian duty, depending on promised grace. There is nothing I am more in danger from, than trusting to human efforts, in this delightful work. I must say, I have already seen some very encouraging fruits, but Oh, I dread taking to myself that which is due to God. We cannot be too much impressed with that passage of Scripture, "We are not our own." We have devoted ourselves as living sacrifices to God, professing that His glory alone shall be our aim. We had a small, but pleasant meeting, on Friday evening. (Meeting of Sabbath School Teachers.) I trust we had the presence of Him, whose presence fills the heart with delight. I am very fond of these meetings, and I think it my duty to attend these when I am well, but I have been in poor health all winter. I desire to remain, &c. &c.

The only other letter which we insert, is one on a different subject, but equally creditable to her Christian feelings. It is addressed to a young friend, in whose eternal welfare she manifests deep concern. If the admonitions therein contained, may have been slighted at the time, the affecting circumstance of their having been since sealed by the death of the writer, may realise the impression they were designed to produce—thus, "though dead, she may yet be speaking." The letter is without date:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

It gives me much pain to be necessitated to write to you in the manner I intend; but I think it my duty, as a friend, to remonstrate with you on the impropriety of your present course. You are, my young friend, on that road, the end of which is certain destruction. Oh! ere it be too late, turn from it, into that path where glory and immortality are the sure reward of the faithful traveller. Oh! leave the company of the wicked—be not partaker with them in their great wickedness—shun the hands of intemperance and vice—and look for pardon for your former great sins and transgressions, to that Saviour who is able and willing to forgive. What pleasure can you take in the society of vicious companions? After engaging with them in their wicked pursuits, can you lay your head upon your pillow, expecting peaceful slumber? Ah! you cannot—and, dear friend, let me ask you, if the Lord were to say to you this night, "thy soul will be required of you," could you say, with a clear heart, "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit?" I think not; but perhaps you are saying, it is time enough yet to think of that dull and monotonous thing—religion. Oh! tell me if your life is insured to you one minute—sudden deaths are occurring frequently, and will you dare to stand in defiance of the Almighty?—Oh! then, consider your ways, and prepare to meet thy God. Forsake the service of the wicked one, and enlist yourself in the service of Him who is now offering Himself as your Saviour, but who, ere long, will be your Judge. His service is an easy, a pleasing, and a profitable one. We all desire comfort in this world, which lasts but for a moment, when compared with that eternity to which we are all hastening. Your worldly employment will not prosper the worse, by having the special blessing of Him, who rules all things, and gives us all that we enjoy. Then, let me entreat you once more, to forsake the paths of unrighteousness—take, for encouragement, the words of the Apostle Paul, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." Depend upon promised grace, and you will overcome the wicked one. That God may accompany this short epistle (dictated, I trust, by Christian friendship,) with the convincing power of His Spirit, is the desire of your friend,

M. A. G.

When Mary Adelaide was first taken ill, she had a good deal of conversation with her uncle (Rev. Mr. Harris) whom she loved much, and whom she had heard preach one Sabbath lately, from the words "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor." She had enjoyed the