

shadows are deepening, and I must go. How soon will I have to say that of my life, and God grant that it may *not be a wasted one!*"

SEPT. 21.—"Feel very sad, and don't know how I'll live until New Year's. I must take *more anxiety* and care over my scholars. It is a fearful thing to live a long life, and still worse to die unprepared. What was my only comfort I have broken up through my foolishness. The autumn winds are whistling loudly, and at home perhaps some of my young companions are cold in death. God of mercy, lead me back to Thee." * * *

OCT. 13.—"Nearly three weeks have elapsed and I am not mentally or morally improved. * * * Every one seems happy but myself. Why is it, I ask. There must be some reason that I do not enjoy myself as others do. I am miserable. * * * I am afraid I am not doing my duty to my scholars. I am getting careless and do not ask divine aid. Why cannot people be friendly to a stranger? But it is my own fault. They are kind and I do not accept their kindness. I feel bitter towards the whole world. I almost wish I had never been born. But I have to use my talents or give an account of them. If I had only one friend in the world with whom I could communicate or to know some one really loved me." * * *

15th.—"Another Sabbath past, spent uselessly as usual. Heard a splendid sermon, but alas! it fell upon stony ground. Do not feel so dull, but only ashamed and diffident. I know I am on my way to ruin, and I can't stop. O that I were a Christian! To me death is a fearful thought. I feel a void in my heart which I know can never be filled until I am a believer. Lord of mercy, look down on me in pity." * * * (27th)
"Why is it that I am different from other people and doomed to disappointment? My favorite scholar has disappointed me. My feelings are entirely changed."

Nov. 16.—"Three long weeks since I last wrote here. Some of my scholars are doing well, and some are not. Feeling downhearted and envious. Why is it that I am doomed to be lonely, and having nobody to care whither I go or what I do? Only five weeks more here! How very long and how very short! The scholars seem cold and careless. Oh! if I only had one friend to