

He does not, like the unskilful physician, heal slightly the surface, crying, "Peace! peace! when there is no peace;" leaving the poison of sin to rankle and fester underneath; he probes the wound but to render the cure more effectual, and when every part is thoroughly purged, he pours in the balm of consolation. How earnestly he pleads the cause of his Master, sweetly telling them of all the Lord has done for him, and urging them with inspired tongue to repent ere it is too late, and not neglect so great salvation.

The sermon over, the crowd dispersed, and the minister was alone in the vestry, when a gentleman enters.

"You do not know me, Mr. Vincent?" the stranger asks.

"I cannot call you by name," the minister replies, as he takes the proffered hand in his.

"Have you forgotten the father of Bertha Eswald?"