

your people, show that you take an interest in their concerns, counsel them in their difficulties, pray with them in the midst of their household, soothe them in their sorrows, cheer them in their trials. And in the day of affliction and bereavement, fail not to pour balm into their wounded hearts, directing them to look forward to a better world, where sickness and sorrow shall be known no more, where all tears shall be wiped from all eyes. You will speak with *tenfold power* to your people from the pulpit, when you have prayed with them by the couch of sickness, and mingled your tears with theirs, by the bed of death.

There is one thing more regarding which I might say a word, though I believe it is hardly necessary—I mean the training up of the young in the knowledge of the truths of religion. The eminent success that has attended your labours in this most important department of ministerial work, is well known to all your brethren, and to many more besides. All that I need to say, then, is, “Persevere.” To have collected between two and three hundred children, many of whom were running neglected on the streets,—to have reclaimed them to habits of decency and order,—to have brought them under a course of Christian instruction every Lord’s Day; all this is a sufficient guarantee that the work so well begun will be prosecuted with vigor, and it is to be hoped that many young persons will grow up around you, to bless and pray for you as their spiritual father. It is with peculiar pleasure that I see you, this day, admitted to the full status of a minister of the Gospel, authorized to perform all the duties that belong to that office. That the richest blessings of Almighty God, the saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the sanctifying influence of the Divine Spirit, may ever sustain, direct, and comfort you, is my most earnest and heart-felt prayer.

### The Song that Awoke the Dead.

“How is it that my dear Lady Emily is not here to-night?” said Mrs. Annesley, a fair and elegant young bride, as she moved through her brilliant rooms, leaning on the arm of one of her most distinguished guests. “I hear she is quite well. How is it, my lord, that she did not accompany you?”

“Emily is sadly changed, I grieve to say,” replied Lord Elton, looking very grave. “A few weeks ago the prospect of this ball of yours would have enchanted her. It seems but yesterday that she was one of the gayest of the gay; but now, even the opera has lost its charm, and she has become a perfect recluse. It is an extraordinary caprice, is it not, for a girl of her age?”

“Strange, indeed. I had heard something of this, but I could scarcely credit it, till I heard it from your own lips. Had it, been

Lady Sarah, with her delicate health, who had tired of the whirl of our London life, I should have been less surprised; but Emily, the brilliant *belle*, it does, indeed, seem incredible. How do you account for such a change in her?”

“Well, she attributes it herself to a sermon which she heard at S—— chapel. Her friends, the Dudleys, persuaded her to go there with them, and she has been like a different creature ever since. The only thing she seems to enjoy is going there with them, two or three times a-week, and reading books which I suppose they lend her.”

“And you do not interfere?”

“I hardly know how to do so. Emily knows my wishes, and is quite aware that she is causing both her mother and myself great uneasiness and vexation. This, we think, she is really too amiable to persevere in. Neither could we directly overrule what we believe to be conscientious scruples, however foolish and mistaken they may be. My only hope is, that it is but a passing fancy, which will wear itself away; and you, dear Mrs. Annesley, must help us with your influence to make Emily herself again.”

“I shall be delighted to make the attempt,” said the lady, with a smile of acknowledgment; “but I begin to feel half afraid of Emily, she must be so changed. It really was unkind in her not to come to my first ball, such friends as we have always been. It is a sad disappointment; and you will easily believe there are some here to-night who feel it even more keenly than I do.”

“I know it,” Lord Elton replied, gloomily; and as other guests now crowded around the young hostess, he moved away from the glittering throng, and threw himself wearily down on one of the sofas. The long perspective of the rooms lay before him, dazzling with rank, and beauty, and fashion; and who shall say that such a scene is not stirring to the pride of man, and captivating to the eye of sense? It was a brilliant assemblage; the splendour of noble names linking it in the imagination with many a historic scene, or with knightly honours newly won, and added to their country’s glory. But in the arena of youth, and beauty, and grace, one form was wanting, which, among them all, might have shone the fairest of the fair; and it was with real mortification and disappointment that the father felt the absence of his favourite child.

“What infatuation,” he thought, “has possessed her to desert scenes like these, where she is so fitted to shine? She might be here to-night, gracing the name she bears, the loveliest by far in all this gay crowd, the noblest and most distinguished seeking her favour. And where is she? Gone to those canting Dudleys—people without the slightest pretension of fashion—and probably to some wretched meeting, or to listen to that ranting preacher! It is unaccount-