

earnestness, simplicity, a spirit of genuine prayer; but you have also uncouth expression, grammatical inaccuracy, and figures of speech unknown to poetry. Of these you have, in union with the G.'s, too often made a jest; and lately your attendance at the prayer-meeting has resulted in little more than what Clara G.— calls 'fun.' Now the G.'s have by no means your advantages, and may be more easily excused, but you—so recently become a part of the peculiar people of God—oh! Elinor and Grace—can you continue this?"

"No, no;" cried Elinor, always the Peter of the twain; "we are convinced, and we will try to convince the G.'s also, that we have been wrong, altogether wrong."

"I scarce need speak of our church-meetings now; and yet I know that you have been tempted there. Believe me that I did not intentionally overhear a portion of your conversation with Clara last Wednesday evening; believe at the same time that I make all possible excuse for you. I would but ask if it was right, or kind, to criticise poor Mr. Grey's long speech with so much severity; if it was quite consistent with your connection with 'the city of our solemnities' to be so much amused with the awkwardness of our kind-hearted pew-opener as to be (I use your own words, Elinor) so utterly unable to refrain from laughing at her?"

"No, it was wrong, very wrong," said Elinor, with her usual earnestness. And yet, Clara is such a merry girl, that when I am with her I scarcely know how to escape the infection of her laugh; especially as she is older even than Grace—and made a Christian profession long before we did."

"I know it, and although we may not judge her, I cannot commend her example to your imitation. She is a witty girl, of warm heart and quick temper, who, joining herself openly to Christ's people in the ardour of her first-love, understands little of the self-denial of the Christian life. Pray for her, both of you; and where you can do so, guide her; be cheerful always, and merry at the right time; but above all things follow her only so far as she is found to follow Christ; and, in your future, let Zion, I beseech you, be the city,—not of your sadnesses nor of your trifling—but of your solemnities."

He ceased, and on his words followed a time of thought and prayer; a time in which the hearts of those who had listened thanked God for that earnest counsel, and in the strength of the Most High resolved to trifle with the solemn things of life no more. Nor were the events which followed calculated to weaken the impression produced by that morning's conversation, for rapidly and surely the loved and honoured counsellor drew towards the close of his earthly pilgrimage. They watched him, hour by hour; treasured his words, loved him with all the love of daughterhood, cared for him night and day, and saw him die. Then, almost every word that he had spoken in that last conversation seemed to be written on their memories; and if temptation to a want of seriousness in connection with the duties of their holy religion ever came upon them, the voice of conscience failed not to recall his words that morning:—"Let Zion be the city of your solemnities!"—*Freeman*.

"MY SARVENT DORR."

Many years ago, when there was but one church in the old town of Lyme, Connecticut, the people were without a pastor. They had been for a long time destitute, and now were on the point of making a unanimous call for a very acceptable preacher, when a cross-grained man, by the name of Dorr, began a violent opposition to the candidate, rallied a party, and threatened to defeat the settlement. At a parish meeting, while the matter was under discussion, a half-witted fellow rose in the house and said he wanted to tell a dream he had last night. He thought he died and went away where the wicked people go, and as soon as Satan saw him he asked him where he came from. "From Lyme, Connecticut," I told him right out. "Ah! and what are they doing in Lyme?" he asked. "They are trying to settle a minister," I answered. "Settle a minister!" he cried out. "I must put a stop to that. Bring me my boots; I must go to Lyme this very night." I then told him as he was drawing on his boots that Mr. Dorr was opposing the settlement, and very likely he would prevent it altogether. "My sarvent Dorr," exclaimed his Majesty. "My sarvent Dorr! Here take my boots; if my sarvent Dorr is at work there is no need of my going at all." This speech did the business. Mr. Dorr made no further opposition. The minister was settled, but his opponent carried the title of "my sarvent Dorr," with him to the grave.—*Harper's Drawer*.