

gleam of satisfaction and thankfulness overspread her pale intellectual features. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid down my Bible, and left the house without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired, of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed "W.C." The writer stated that he had been confined to his room by sickness for the previous two weeks. He declared his inability to express his gratitude to my mother, for the interest she had manifested in his spiritual welfare: he asked to be remembered in her prayers, and concluded by stating that he was an Englishman, and would return to his native land in about ten days.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest, I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18— the ship *St. George*, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay. Between us and Penguin Island, I observed a man-of-war which I had seen before and knew well; it was her Majesty's brig *Chanticleer*, of ten guns, Commander Forbes, on a surveying expedition. The surgeon of the brig, Dr. G——, had been my preceptor, and I resolved to pay him a visit. After dining with the gun-room officers, he proposed that on the following day, which was the Sabbath, we should attend meeting in Capetown. "It will remind us," he said, "of old times, when we used to go arm in arm to church in Union street."

Next day, in company with my friend, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman seated behind me asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I was mounting the steps in front of the hotel where I was to dine, when the same gentleman laid his hand on my

shoulder and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently laboring under intense emotion. He appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, was tall and slender, and neatly dressed, but apparently in bad health. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, and birthplace. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. Beatty's church. I was astonished—the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life, from the time he left Scotland to the day on which we met so unexpectedly in a foreign land.

He was born in the town of Leeds, in the east-riding of Yorkshire, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade, where he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. He confessed that, on leaving the church, on the first Sabbath, he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and her son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday-school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days