

of manner, he said, "The prayers—the *earnest* prayers of *this whole congregation*, are desired by two young seamen about to embark on a perilous voyage."

There was again a solemn and impressive pause, as if the good prelate was himself engaged in silent but earnest prayer, and as if he desired that all present should have time to offer up one heartfelt petition for those two brothers;—who shall say that such supplication would be unheard. A feeling of sudden interest was awakened in my mind, and my eye glanced over that gaily dressed congregation, (for it was one of the fashionable churches,) and many of the fair, and proud, and noble, were before me, but vain was my search—there were none to realise the two young seamen.

Some accidental cause made our party almost the last to quit the church, and I was not sorry for the delay, for near the altar rails, as the dense mass of waving feathers and flowers moved off, my eye fell upon a group that I felt were those whose simple act of devotion had so moved my heart that day. They were a pale-faced widow in mean and faded black garments, a sickly child of some seven or eight years old, and two fine manly youths, attired in new blue jackets, and coarse white trowsers; they were evidently twins from the striking likeness between them. The face of the mother was composed though sad,—the boys—hopeful, eager, almost joyous. The contrast was painfully striking,—I would have given much to have known something of the history of those boys and their widowed mother, and the meek child; but they mingled in the throng, and I saw them no more, though I did indeed pray earnestly that the God in whose never failing arm they put their trust, would restore them to their pious widowed parent, to be a comfort to her in old age.

I noticed to my friend, the Bishop's impressive manner. It had passed almost unheeded by her,—she regarded the matter as a piece of harmless superstition,—it was in vain to argue with her, or to awaken feelings that had no corresponding warmth in her heart.

"Perhaps you do not know," she said, "that it was a constant practice of Lord Nelson, to have prayers offered up in the Foundling church, when he was about to embark, especial-