

ordinary change visible in his master's features. The gloomy horror which had so long added to the natural ferocity of his weather-beaten countenance, was fled, and while his affections had softened and more fully exhibited the various parts of his countenance, the circumstance of the past night had settled the whole arrangement of his features into a holy, pleasant, calm, and resigned state, that would seem to say, an heir of grace can find, "glory begun below."

"O, Bob, my dear lad," said the captain, with great humility, "I have had such a night! After you left me I fell into a sort of a doze; my mind was full of the many blessed things you had been reading to me from the precious Bible. All on a sudden I thought I saw, in that corner of my bed-place, Jesus Christ hanging on his cross. Struck with the thought, I thought I arose and crawled to the place, and casting myself at his feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out for a long time, like the blind man you read of, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!' At length I thought he looked on me. Yes, my dear lad, he looked at your poor wicked captain; and O, Bob, what a look it was! I shall never forget it. My blood rushed to my heart—my pulse beat high—my soul thrilled with agitation, and waiting for him to speak, with fear not unmingled with hope, I saw him smile. O; my child, I saw him smile—yes, and he smiled on me—on me, Bob. O, my dear boy, he smiled on wretched, guilty me. Ah, what did I feel at that moment! my heart was too full to speak, but I waited, and ventured to look up, when I heard Him say, hanging as he did on the cross, the blood streaming from his hands and feet and side—O, Bob, what sounds were these! shall I ever hear His beloved voice again? I heard him say, in sounds that angels cannot reach, 'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, which be many, are all forgiven thee!' My heart burst with joy; I fell prostrate at his feet; could not utter a word but glory, glory, glory. The vision vanished: I fell back upon my pillow; I opened my eyes; I was covered with perspiration. I said, O this cannot be a dream! No, Bob, I know that Jesus Christ bled and died for me; I can believe the promises, the many precious promises you have read me out of

the Bible, and feel that the blood of the cross can cleanse even me. I am not now afraid to die; no, Bob, my sins are pardoned through Jesus. I want no more; I am now ready to die; I have no wish to live. I cannot, I feel I cannot be many days longer on this side of eternity. The extreme agitation of my mind, of late, has increased the fever of my body, and I shall soon breathe my last." The boy, who had silently shed many tears, now burst into a flood of sorrow, and involuntarily cried, "No, my dear master, don't leave me." "Bob," said he, calmly, "comfort your mind: I am happy, I am going to be happy for ever. I feel for you; my bowels yearn over you as if you were my own child. I am sorry to leave you in such a wicked world, and with such wicked men as sailors generally are. O, may you ever be kept from those crimes into which I have fallen. Your kindness to me, my dear lad, has been great; God will reward you for it. To you I owe everything as an instrument in the Lord's hands. Surely he sent you to me! God bless you my dear boy; tell the crew to forgive me, as I forgive and pray for them." Thus the day passed in the most pleasing and profitable manner, when Bob, after reading the Bible as usual retired to his hammock. Eager the next morning to meet again, Bob rose at daylight, and opening the state-room door, saw his master had risen from his pillow and crawled to the corner of his bed-place, where, in his dream, he beheld the Cross. There he appeared kneeling down in the attitude of prayer, his hands clasped and raised, his body leaning against the ship-side. The boy paused and waited a few moments, in fear of disturbing his master. At length he called in a sort of whisper, "Master." No answer. "Master." No reply. He ventured to creep forward and then said, "Master." All was silent! Again he cried, "Captain." Silence resigned! He stretched out his hand and touched his leg; it was cold, and stiff, and clammy. He called again, "Captain." He raised his hand to his shoulder; he tenderly shook it. The position of the body was altered; it declined gently until it rested on the bed; but the spirit had fled some hours before; we hope to be with Christ which is far better.