

mothers, whose piety and maternal government have made them benefactors of the world. Few days of his life ever passed in which he did not allude to her; and when he was crossing death's dark river, his eye shone with unwonted lustre, as he spoke of soon seeing his dear mother. It has been said that "Trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character." Mr. Marks ascribed to the decision and firmness of his mother on one occasion, an influence which decided his future course. When he was about ten years of age, he was very anxious to visit a certain place, and for several days before he ventured to ask permission, exerted himself in every possible way to please his mother, hoping thereby to secure her assent. But his request was denied. He was greatly disappointed, and could not see the reasonableness of her refusal. Though always trained to habits of implicit obedience, yet in this instance, he was so intent on the gratification of his wishes, that he persuaded himself to think that she was wrong, and he resolved to make the desired visit. He knew his mother would punish him, yet he thought she was so tender-hearted that she would not be severe, and he would rather endure some chastening than not enjoy his anticipated pleasure. He began to make preparation. His mother inquired with surprise, "Where are you going?" He told her. "But," she replied, "I said to you that you could not go." "I know you did," he calmly answered, "but I think it is my duty to go." "Indeed," said she, "it is then my duty to punish you till you change your views." He persisted in his course. Without any further reasoning, she used the rod. For a time he bore it without complaint, thinking the tenderness of her heart would unnerve her, but the stripes becoming more and more severe, he was obliged to cry out for pain. He then thought he would frighten her, and falling on the ground, groaned out, "Mother, you will kill me." She replied, "Such a rebellious child ought to die. It is written in the law of Moses, that a stubborn and rebellious son that will not obey the voice of his mother should be stoned to death." [Deut. 21:18—21.] He now began to fear he should die, when the thought of meeting God in the very act of disobeying the command to honor his parents, filled him with unutterable horror, and he sobbed out, "O mother, can you forgive your wicked son? I will submit." Her strength failed, and bursting into tears, she said, "O my son! my son! never did I expect such a trial as this from you. You don't know what suffering you have caused me: but I knew that you were ruined if I did not subdue you." Her words increased his distress a hundred fold. His broken heart was filled with anguish, and a sense of his sinfulness never left him till he gave himself to God. In after years, and indeed, until the