

thing else, forms the future character. The history of a man of eminent piety, has often been mentioned as a proof of the deep and lasting impression, which a mother may produce upon the mind of her child. He had a pious mother. She often retired to her closet, and placing her hand upon his youthful head, implored God's blessing upon her boy. These prayers and instructions sunk deep into his heart. He could not but revere that mother. He could not but feel that there was a holiness in such a character, demanding reverence and love. He could not tear from his heart, in after life, the impressions then produced. Though he became a wicked wanderer, though he forsook friends and home, and every virtue, the remembrance of a mother's prayers, in all his wanderings, followed him wherever he went. He mingled in the most dissipated and disgraceful scenes; and while surrounded with guilty associates, in midnight revelry, he would fancy he felt the soft hand of his mother upon his head, pleading with God to forgive and bless her boy. The soft hand of his mother was still upon his head, and the fervent prayers of his mother still thrilled in his heart. He became afterwards a most successful preacher of the gospel, and every soul which he was instrumental in saving, will, through eternity, bless God that he had such a mother.

The influence thus exerted upon the mind, in early childhood, may for many years be apparently lost. When a son leaves home and enters upon the busy world, many are the temptations which crowd upon him. If he leave not his mother with established principles of virtue and self control, he will most assuredly fall before these temptations. He may, even after all a mother has done, or can do, fall for a time: he may become deeply involved in guilt; he may apparently forget every lesson he learnt at home, while the influence of a mother's instructions and a mother's prayers is yet working powerfully and effectually in his heart. He will think of a mother's tears when remorse keeps him awake at midnight, or when danger threatens him with a speedy arraignment at the bar of God. The thoughts of the holiness of home will often throw bitterness into his cup of guilty pleasure, and compel him to sigh for the virtue and the peace he has forsaken. Even though far away, and vicious, degraded, and abandoned, he must occasionally think of a broken hearted mother. Thus may he, after many years, perhaps long after she has gone down to the grave, be led by the remembrance of her virtues, to forsake his sins.

A short time since, a gentleman in one of our most populous cities was going to attend a seaman's meeting in the mariner's chapel. Directly opposite the chapel, there was a sailor's boarding house. In the door-way sat a hardy, weather beaten sailor, with arms folded and puffing a cigar, watching the people as they gradually assembled for the meeting. The gentleman walked up to him, and said, "Well my friend, won't you go with us to meeting?" "No!" said the sailor bluntly. The gentleman, who, from the appearance of the man, was prepared for a repulse, mildly replied, "You look, my friend, as though you had seen hard days—have you a mother?" The sailor raised his head, looked earnestly in the gentleman's face, and made no reply.