

hat conduces to the dignity and happiness of man may be indebted to this instrumentality, is not to be known now; but that great revealer of secrets, the *Last Day*, will do justice to this important subject, and will exhibit its astonishing connexion with the whole history of man.

I feel persuaded, Mr Editor that you will have no objection to record one instance more which has come under my knowledge, of the happy results of a mother's influence in drawing from the snares of vice, and in directing to the path of life, a son whose untoward nature afforded but little promise of success.—The youth to whom I allude inherited from nature a large portion of those passions which seek an early mastery over all those in whom they abide as inherent qualities; and which are not apt to yield to the feeble restraints of discipline. He was indeed at no time so far abandoned to obduracy as to lose all sense of respect for God and his parents. But a heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked hurried him into scenes and excesses, which were well designed effectually to obliterate from his mind every impression of that pious counsel in which he had been nurtured. When sufficiently advanced in life to enter into scenes of dissipation, his greatest pleasure lay in the company of those who paid no respect whatever to the institutions of religion. Among them he heard the name of God profaned, saw the sabbath turned into a season of unhallowed amusement and recreation, and became familiarized to various habits of ungodly life. On one occasion when he had prepared himself for the brainless enjoyment of a horse race, and was issuing forth flushed with the expectation of the pleasure that he was about to realize among his jocular companions, and their flowing bowls, he was met by the then unwelcome form of a grieved, anxious Mother. The tear which was beginning to roll down her pensive cheek told him plainly enough the meaning of that unexpected interview, and imparted an awe to her presence which damped his headlong ardour. She improved the moment to warn the impetuous youth the enticement of sinners were portrayed, the easy descent to the gulf smoking with the ruin of human wretches was pointed out, and the voice of parental authority faltering with grief, demanding the prompt relinquishment of his mad design. He remained for a time motionless and unconcerned. But after recovering a little from his embarrassment, in order to mitigate the affectionate solicitude which throbbed with rapid pulsations through a parent's aching heart, he promised her that this should be the last time that he would ever urge his way to such a scene. The promise, however, was forgotten almost as soon as made, and the tumult of pleasure speedily drowned the voice of maternal expostulation.

That mother, who thus saw herself in a manner deserted by a profligate child, who perceived that her kindest entreaties passed like the transient gale over the heart of the fickle youth, did not intermit her prudent efforts to arrestand restrain his infatuation. After he had violated a solemn promise, and had shown no symptoms of compunction or regret, she might have concluded it a hopeless experiment to use any further endeavours to controul or persuade him. But though often disappointed, she did not cease to interpose, betwixt all the intervals of his sober reflection, reproof mingled with tears and kindness.

After the lapso of a little time this young man was required, in the prosecution of business to take leave of the parental roof, and to make his abode among strangers. Even then he continued a course of thoughtless living, and seemed to harden himself in the wilful rejection of every serious thought. On one evening after a scene of mirthful levity, the thought of a distant mother stole upon his mind, and found a moment's indulgence. It rolled gently and softly upon his spirit, like a remote sound which the din of the day had drowned, but which the silence of the night permitted to reach his thoughtless sense.—With the idea of a grieved, neglected parent, was associated the remembrance of her tears, her importunate admonitions, her persevering diligence in casting obstacles in his way to destruction, and also his own repeated promises. The impression was deep and salutary. He was agitated during the night by awful apprehensions of an impending ruin, and the still more dreadful fear that he had now to deal with that God whom his crimes and ingratitude had rendered inexorable for ever. The resolution, however, was deeply fixed and imprinted on his mind, that he would break off his sins, and pursue a life of rectitude and sobriety. It pleased God at the same time to make his heart soft, and to incline him to the ways of righteousness. The pious counsels of his mother came fresh to his recollection. His soul was melted into deep contrition, and he soon conveyed to the delighted ear of that affectionate parent, who had been so long afflicted by his hostile levities and sin the pleasing intelligence of his repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus.

A. B.

WONDERS OF THE OCEAN.

There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed, and perhaps unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains are there, to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops? Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt, which so impregnate its waters that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek, the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been engulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this unaccounted wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

And O! yet more affecting to the heart, and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiem? what shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that secret tomb? Where are the hopes, the

relics of the brave and the fearful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother, and sister, and lover, which have been tossed, and scattered, and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain-cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which he strewed in that unwonted cemetery. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but He to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; he who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and there shall be "no more sea."—*Rev. Mr Greenwood.*

EVILS OF NEGLECTING THE THOUGHTS.

Of the many evils which spring from unregulated thoughts, I shall now notice those only which are particularly connected with the imagination. And first in reference to our worldly condition, there is that revelry of the imagination which passes under the general name of castle-building. This at first appears innocent, but it is unprofitable to itself, and injurious in its effects, and therefore to be avoided. By the habit of musing on imaginary felicity, we acquire a distaste for the sober realities, and an aversion to the common duties of life. It produces discontent and querulousness. It unnerves the soul, and unfits it for rational employment and vigorous exertion. Besides, action is the proper business of life, and it is not to be neglected with innocence; and while our minds are occupied in forming visions of unreal or unattainable joy, our joy is wasted, our opportunities of usefulness and improvement lost, and our powers themselves debilitated and abused.

On the other hand, there are many whose minds are continually looking on the darkest side of things, are dwelling on the inconveniences, difficulties, and evils of their situation, and magnifying them by adding those of the imagination; multiplying the possible chances of misfortune, and foreboding nothing but disappointment and suffering. This produces habitual anxiety, despondence, and melancholy. The cause of this is indeed sometimes constitutional, but it more frequently arises from the want of a proper government of the thoughts. We ought not to suffer our imaginations to be thus gloomily employed, for it is a serious duty to maintain a disposition of cheerfulness and hope.

We should by effort direct our minds to brighter views and gaye prospects. We should remember, that whatever may be our situation, it is that in which God has chosen to place us, that we never can be separated from his parental care, and that whatever sufferings may await us, they will be appointed in mercy, will be measured to us by our strength to bear them, and may be made the means of our greatest and final happiness.

There is a government of the thoughts more important, particularly to the young, than per-