

had been made so great a blessing, was his own brother. His grief in finding him in that situation, was, I need not say, *alleviated*, by finding he had become a subject of divine grace: it was far outweighed, almost forgotten, in the joy of discovering him, though on the borders of the grave, waiting his admission at the gate of the heavenly city. The first meeting of the brothers in this strange land, so wholly unexpected, and under such new and strange circumstances, is too much for description—let the reader pause and imagine it. To the sick brother it was like the visit of an angel from heaven—to the elder it was like an opportunity of repairing some of the evil he had done to his father's house, and of healing some of the wounds which he had inflicted on his mother's heart. But all this I shall not attempt to describe, fearing that already the narrative is beginning to wear the air of romance or fiction, and being anxious to avoid every semblance of artifice, and studied effect.

It will be readily conceived that these two brothers, now united by the strongest ties of Christian affection, as well as by those of nature, would feel an indescribable satisfaction, the one in administering, the other in receiving, the attentions and services which such circumstances dictated. The eldest continued to the last administering to his younger brother all the comfort both for body and soul which was in his power; and the younger continued to receive, with unutterable delight, the brotherly attentions, and the spiritual assistance, which had been so mercifully provided him in a strange and heathen land. At length he died, and the surviving brother, who had written some time before, to his mother, the detailed account formerly mentioned concerning himself, and who had also written during his brother's illness, an account of the circumstances in which he had found him—of their meeting, and of his brother's change of heart; now despatched a third letter, to announce to the bereaved mother the peaceful end of her son, and to console her for the loss, by the description of the happy days they had been permitted, so unexpectedly, and almost miraculously, to spend together.

This last letter was committed to the care of a person about to sail for England, and who undertook to deliver it himself.—The former communication, which the elder son had written many weeks before, respecting himself, met with delay on its passage. The last written letter, announcing the death of Henry, arrived the very day after that first mentioned. The person who had undertaken the delivery of the packets, took it to the good woman, and said, "I have brought letters from your son in India." She replied, with astonishment, "I received one but yesterday." "Then," said the stranger, "you have heard of the *death* of Henry." She had not even heard of the meeting of the brothers. She had only just heard of the conversion of the one who first went abroad—the sudden announcement, therefore, of Henry, quite overcome her. Though the day before she had heard the delightful intelligence that her eldest son had become a Christian, and a Christian Missionary; yet now this beclouded all. She thought, "my child is dead—dead in sin against God—dead in a foreign land among strangers—heathens—not one to speak a word of di-

vine truth—to tell him of mercy—of a Saviour's dying love—of hope for the chief of sinners—no kind Christian friend to pour out prayer for his forgiveness, or to direct his departing spirit to that throne of grace, where none ever plead in vain."

A torrent of such thoughts rushed into her mind, and filled her heart with an anguish not to be described. She retired to her room overwhelmed with sorrow, and sat for many hours. Describing her feelings at this juncture, she says:—"I could not weep—I could not pray—I seemed to be stupified with horror and agony. At last I opened the letters, and when I saw the hand writing of my eldest son, whose letter the day before had given me so much comfort, I was confounded. As I read on, and found that the brothers had met—that the eldest had witnessed the last moments of the younger, and that this my second son had been met with by the Missionaries, and by them turned from the error of his ways—that there was no doubt of the safety of his state, and that he had died in his brother's arms—O," she said, "it was indeed a cordial to my soul. How marvellous are the ways of heaven, that both my sons, after turning aside from the ways of God, and from every means of instruction at home, should be converted to God in a heathen land! O, the twenty pounds," she thought; "and the last declaration of my dear dying mother. O, what blessings to me were hidden in that *twenty pounds*—what do I owe her for that saying—"You will never have cause to repent of giving it to the Missionary Society." Could I have foreseen all this, what would I not have given."

The influence of these occurrences in confirming the faith and hope of this good woman may well be imagined. She could not look back without astonishment at the dealings of God with herself and her children, and she could not recount these remarkable particulars, without connecting them with the last solemn request of her pious mother. The honour of having two sons rescued in so remarkable a manner from the profligate and destructive courses which they had entered, the distinguished honour of having one of them employed in the Missionary work among the heathen, and the remarkable fact of having had them both rescued from vice and destruction, by the friendly and pious labours of English Missionaries, as well as the happiness of knowing, that the one who was torn from her, had experienced in his last hours, every attention and solace that the affectionate hand of a brother could supply—all these were so intimately connected with the legacy of her mother, and the almost prophetic words with which it was delivered, that she could not refrain from considering the whole, a singular fulfilment of prayers, long since recorded on high, and as singular an illustration of the special providence of God towards his people.

FLIES.—In a paper, by Mr. Spence, read to the Entomological Society, the mode adopted in Italy for excluding the common house-fly from apartments was stated. It consists in fixing a netting across the open window-frames; and even when the meshes were more than an inch in diameter, the flies instinctively were prevented from entering the rooms.—*Philosophical Magazine.*