

"Some account of the family of Mr. H——, where he resided as a boarder. Frank seems to have made up his own mind, on leaving home, that he would not be religious: he was careless, and thought little about his soul, and, had it not been otherwise arranged, would not, of his own consent, go into a pious family as a boarder, but his parents felt that the salvation of their son was precious, as had been often manifested by their earnest prayers at the throne of grace. We cannot follow Frank into this good man's house, nor trace the way by which the spirit of God led him; it affords, however, a striking illustration of the influence of religion in the family, and the happy issue shows the power of that truth which is able to make us wise unto salvation:—

Toward the close of the third day, Frank, who had spent much time in reading the Scriptures, particularly the Psalms, retired to his room, after family prayers, with the solemn conviction, that if he did not that night submit himself to the Lord, the Spirit would leave him forever.

Again his life passed in review before him. The scenes of his early childhood,—his mother's prayers by his bed-side,—her faithful instructions, the early death of his cherished companion,—his own sickness, and the death of many around him; these, all these had been instruments in the hand of God, which, had they been rightly improved, would long ere this have led him to his Saviour.

But no, he had struggled against them, he had even murmured at those events as trials, which were intended to prove his greatest blessings. "Oh! what a hardened sinner I have been," cried he aloud. "How utterly have I forfeited every claim to divine mercy." Then taking his Bible, he again commenced the Psalms, and read in course; sometimes thinking he could rest on the inspired words, "In the Lord put I my trust." Then again he was led to say in anguish of spirit, "How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?" He really thought he was willing to submit himself to his Maker, but thick darkness was round about the throne.

At length he came to the fifty-first Psalm. This, thought he, is the language of my heart, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin; for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

Something whispered, "Pray once more; perhaps God will hear you now." "Yes," thought he, "I will pray sitting as I am." "No, kneel down; you are a poor, unworthy sinner, and should bow low before Him, who is so holy." He knelt again; he besought God with strong crying and tears, to have mercy upon his guilty soul, when suddenly the dark, heavy cloud passed away, and God, a gracious God, revealed himself a God of love. He was lost in wonder, love, and praise. Heaven seemed to open before him. There sat the Saviour, his Saviour, while myriads of angels were bowing before him, but he turned from these to the multitude which no man could number, "who were redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; these were uniting with him in saying, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and blessing." Rev. 5: 9, 12.

How long he continued in the attitude of prayer and praise, he knew not. When he arose his light was burned out, and he saw that the moon was high in the heavens. He sat by the window, but oh! with what different emotions did he look out upon the starry firmament. How did his soul burn with divine love, as he said, "My faith made them all." Old things had passed away; all things had become new.

He started as the church clock struck three! How unconscious had he been of the flight of time! Without undressing, he threw himself upon the bed, and while his thoughts were fixed on Jesus, fell sweetly asleep.