

The situation he was placed in as a soldier soon became distressing to him. His occupation was irksome enough; but the scenes of wickedness which he could not avoid, filled his soul with disgust, and most eagerly did he long to escape from companions in whom he could no longer take delight, and in whose ways he could find nothing but shame and grief.

After a prudent trial of his steadfastness, the missionaries, influenced by a truly liberal and Christian like affection for the young man, procured his discharge from the army, and took him under their own immediate care. At length, so satisfied were they of the devoted piety, the zeal, and the talents of this young convert, that they encouraged him in the design of dedicating his talents to the missionary work. How delightful are the fruits of that grace which subdues the heart to the obedience of faith! Even irreligious and worldly men must admire so illustrious a work—so lovely a change as that we are now describing, when, from being a vicious, abandoned profligate, a young man becomes orderly, virtuous, and religious. But how will the Christian reader triumph to find the grace of God changing this youthful warrior into a soldier of the cross, and turning him from the kingdom of darkness into that of God's dear Son!

But to return to the narrative: As soon as an opportunity occurred, he wrote to his afflicted and bereaved mother, stating the great change that had taken place, and detailing as well the merciful dealings of the Lord with his soul, as the singular alteration which had taken place in his employment. All this was accompanied with the most humiliating expressions respecting himself, and with entreaties for the forgiveness of that kind and pious mother, whose affections he had neither appreciated nor improved. Let a parent conceive the mingled emotions of joy and surprise, of rapture and astonishment, which filled the mother's heart when she received this letter, when she read her profligate son's repentance, and his prayer for her forgiveness.—“Forgive you, my son!” she cried out; “oh, how easy it is for me to forgive you!”—What a moment was that!—what a gust of feeling overcame the good woman, when she thought of her dying mother, and the *Twenty Pounds!* It was like Joseph's being sent into Egypt to prepare corn for the famished house of his father and brethren. Here was an answer to many prayers—here was a return indeed, more than a hundred fold, poured into her own bosom. It was the Lord's doing, and it was marvellous in her eyes.

But we have not yet done. This good woman had a younger son, who, in his early life, had been a child of great promise. He seemed likely to be the stay of his father's house, and the prop of his mother's age. His talents were superior, and all who knew him, and witnessed his boyish years, augured well for the future, and blessed the woman that had such a son. But the fairest flowers are often nipt in the bud, or blighted as they begin to open and show their beauty and their fragrance. Henry, for that was his name, fell by that snare which ruins so many promising youth—evil company. He became ensnared—fell into profligate habits, and resolved to proceed to India.

All this transpired before any information reached

the family of the fate of the first son. Of course, the loss of a second, and the youth of the fairest promise and brightest gifts, was enough to break the heart of such a mother. The announcement of his resolution to go to India, was like tearing away the tenderest strings that were entwined around the heart. One already lost to her, and a second treading in his steps! O, it was almost too much for nature to bear, even though it was supported and succoured by grace. All that a mother could do, she did. She wept—she prayed—she entreated—but all in vain. The youth was resolved, and it was hopeless to attempt to bring him to a better mind. When things were arrived at this point, she gave him up indeed as lost to herself and his family, but as still in the hands of a merciful and gracious God.

Like a mother, however, whose bowels yearned over the son of her womb, dear, though fallen, she sent him a small sum of money, with as much needful articles as she could procure, to render him comfortable, and left him to wander far from his native home, and far from the peace and simplicity of his native vale. He sailed—he arrived in India, without any knowledge of what had befallen his brother, or even of what part of the world he might be in.

This youth had not been long in India, before he too was brought into contact with some of the Missionaries. After a short time, the sight and conversation of these good men, reminded him of scenes at home. He recollected his father's house—the Gospel—the good instruction of his mother—her prayers, and tears, and love. The seeds sprung up, though in a foreign clime, and though a long and threatening winter had passed over them. The result was a decided change of heart and conduct, upon which I need not expatiate. Soon after this change, it became evident that the climate disagreed with his constitution. His health and strength rapidly declined, and it became manifest that he would never return to tell his afflicted mother what the Lord had wrought for his soul. In this situation he was affectionately attended by the Missionaries, who did all in their power to carry forward that work of grace which was so auspiciously begun. They earnestly sought the peace of his mind, and the good of his soul, and they had the unspeakable happiness of reaping a rich reward of their labours.

While this younger brother lay ill, the elder, who knew nothing of what had transpired, and who resided several hundred miles in the interior of the country, had occasion to come to the very place where his younger brother was. He did not even know he was in India, much less that he was ill, and least of all that he had become a converted character. But a mysterious and most gracious providence directed his steps to the very place where his brother was now dying. Having himself become a missionary, and being, of course, on terms of the strictest intimacy with the brethren at this station, it will easily be imagined that he would soon become acquainted with the case of the youth, who was the daily object of attention and solicitude, and whose growing piety was to them a source of so much exalted gratification.

I need not detail his surprise at the discovery that this person, to whom their intercourse and instruction