

were ever present to his mind. Ah! even in this extremity the prayers of the desolate mother were prevailing in heaven.

One day, when all hope of his recovery had gone, the father, a man of strong feelings, entered, with a broken spirit, the chamber where he lay. The dying boy, with his tears dropping upon the pillow, was sobbing the name of his mother: "My mother! my dear mother! O, that she were here to pray for me as she used to!"

The father bent over him, unable, for a time, to speak, but mingling his tears with those of his son. Claspings his trembling hands, and casting a look of appalling earnestness at his parent, the boy exclaimed, "Father, I am dying with my sins upon me! I shall be lost in my present state! Send, O send for some one to pray for me!"

"My child," replied the father, trembling with emotion, "there are none but Catholic clergymen on the island, and they cannot help you."

"O, what shall I do, then, father?" exclaimed the son.

"Pray for yourself, my dear child," replied the father, unwilling to repose the destiny of his son on his own infidel views of the future.

"I do," replied the boy; "but I need the help of others; O, can you not, will you not pray yourself for your perishing son, father?"

The captain felt as if the earth shook beneath him. He had never prayed in his life: but his heart melted over his child; he felt, as by consciousness, the necessity and truth of religion. He felt that none but a God could meet this

terrible emergency of man. As if smitten down, he fell on his knees by the bedside of his son. His spirit was broken; his tears flowed like rain, and, with agony, he called upon God to save himself and his child. The family and servants of the house were amazed; but he prayed on, and before he rose, his child's prayers were heard, if not his own. The suffering boy had found the peace which passeth understanding.

He died trusting in his Saviour and, full of tranquil hope.

Oppressed with sorrow, the father did not cease to pray for himself; he was deeply convicted of sin, and before long found peace in believing.

He returned to B——; his child a corpse, but himself a new man—the one in heaven, and the other on the way.—He brought to his wife the first news she had received of her missing son.—She wept; but with tears of gratitude as well as sorrow, acknowledging that in affliction, God had blessed her. Her prayers had not failed. Providence had overruled the misconduct of her child for his own and his father's salvation.

Captain L. lived several years after this incident, a devoted Christian, and died praising God aloud for his mercy to him at Cuba.

The impressions of childhood, how ineffaceable are they! How, amid the confusion and dissipation of later life, do they still abide, though concealed—like burning coals, smothered, but not extinguished, amid the rubbish that afterward they consume! Search the records of Christian biography, especially of the Christian ministry, and you will find that a striking proportion were the