

had gone up from affectionate hearts for him, and that good might it be with him if there should be a God to hear it.

Home, how salutary are its memories when sanctified by virtue! How do its dear images—the faces of sisters and brothers, fathers and mothers, though long since in the grave—follow the wanderer over the world, like the presence of blessed angels, ever and anon revealing themselves to his view as they hover over him with looks of sweet complacency or tender rebuke.—Melancholy is the privation of those who have no such ministering memories, the record of whose homes, written on the heart, is only of estrangement and sorrow.

Mrs. L. believed not only in the moral influence of domestic religion, but in the direct answer, sooner or later, of her prayers in behalf of her husband and children. Years passed away without the realization of her hopes; but she persevered, humbly and hopefully, at her altar, till God answered her, though in a way she could not have anticipated. He blessed her by misfortune. She had occasion to correct her son one day by confining him to his chamber. The boy escaped by a window, and could not be found. Days passed away, weeks and months elapsed, and no intimation of the missing child was heard. The mother, wrung with anguish, still clung to the domestic altar. Misgivings, painful misgivings, met her there, during these anxious months. Had she not had reason to expect a different effect on her children from her efforts in their religious education? Had God disregarded her supplications? Was it

in vain that she planned and prayed, and wept before him for them? Ah! who has not had such assaults of the adversary in dark hours? But “trust in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.” Know ye not that adverse providences are God’s most common means of blessing? that he has led the church through the world, and his individual saints up to heaven in triumph, by them? Her boy was wandering, she knew not where; but God’s providence was following him and leading him to his salvation.

He had embarked in a vessel, and after a long voyage arrived in Charleston, South Carolina. Here he remained, destitute and dependent, several weeks; but at the moment of his extremity his father arrived unexpectedly in the harbor, from Havre, France.—The boy, subdued by reflection and sorrow, flew to the arms of his parent, confessing his misconduct with tears. The juvenile romance of adventure had died in his bosom, but the tender remembrance of his home still lived, melting his young heart, and disposing him to return to its deserted altar and mingle there his tears with those of a mother’s anxiety and love.

The vessel sailed for Havana. It arrived at a time when the yellow fever raged in the city. In a few days the poor boy, predisposed perhaps by his anxieties and grief, was attacked by the dreadful malady. And now revived, in overpowering force, the recollections of his early religious instructions. The confused reveries of a fevered brain could not dispel them. The atonement, the duty of repentance and faith, the terrors of death, judgement, and hell,