

should thus make, as I am at such as they make. They shall not be thus troubled. Hinder me not.

Fifth.—My pastor's hands will be strengthened by my fidelity to the prayer-meeting. He cannot but be sad when that prayer-meeting languishes. If there is not life and vigour there, he fears there is not much anywhere. The state of that meeting declares the state of Zion, and the pastor is encouraged or depressed as he looks upon the rise or fall of this thermometer. I am under every possible obligation to cheer and strengthen his heart. He has trials enough without finding one in a sickly, languishing, prayer-meeting. Each absentee increases its feebleness, and I am not going to be one of them. Where is my hat and coat? I must be off at once. I must not be late.—*New York Evangelist.*

"OH THAT MOTHER'S PRAYERS!"

In the spring of 18—, a convict was committed to the charge of friend W—, warden of one of the States in —, who baffled all his efforts to reclaim him. Friend W— learned something of his history from the officer who committed him, and he felt deeply interested to reclaim him from his vicious course, if possible; but the prisoner seemed resolved to maintain his proud and haughty bearing. He received every act of kindness with ingratitude and disdain. In vain did the warden attempt to gain his affection and confidence. He would sometimes enter his cell, and read to him from the Bible; but the prisoner would turn his back towards him, and stop his ears. He would sometimes try to talk with him in accents of kindness and affection; but he could rarely get any more than the monosyllables, "yes" and "no," uttered in a harsh, guttural tone, in reply. His three years of punishment passed away, and he left the prison the same hardened, ungrateful villain, that he was when he entered it. But a few months had elapsed, and he was again convicted of a crime and brought back, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Again did the pious and faithful Warden renew his efforts, and try to awaken in the prisoner some virtuous emotion. But he seemed dead to all moral influence. He maintained the same obstinate, surly, sullen mood, as when in prison before, and, if possible, more morose than ever. Still Friend W— was not quite discouraged, and he resolved to make one more effort. With his Bible in his hand, he entered the prisoner's cell one evening, just as he had been released from his toil. He began to read Psalm li. The prisoner turned his back as usual, and tried to seem indifferent to what he read. When the Warden had done reading, he said, "Friend K—, how old art thou?" After a sullen pause, he replied surlily—"Thirty-five." "Thy parents are dead; are they not?" "Yes." "They died when thou wast young?" "Yes." "Dost thou remember thy father?" "No." "Dost thou remember thy mother?" In a soft and tremulous voice he replied, "Yes, I remember my mother." The Warden saw that there was one chord of feeling still alive, that he had then touched that chord, and it vibrated, and he continued—"How old wast thou when thy mother died?" The prisoner raised his eyes, and looked the Warden in the face, and the teardrops started as he replied, "I was eight years and five months old when she died." The Warden resumed—"Was thy mother a pious woman?" Oh, yes—my mother was a golly, pious woman, and she is now in heaven." "Dost thou ever hear thy mother pray?" "Yes, she prayed every night and morning, and she taught me to kneel by her side and to pray also. Oh, that mother's prayers!"

Here the prisoner burst into tears,—the pious Quaker wept also; they mingled their tears and their prayers. The prisoner seemed melted into contrition; he asked the Warden's forgiveness, and the forgiveness of his God. From that time he manifested an entire change in conduct and feeling. He seemed humble, submissive, and

penitent. After some months, the Governor of the State was petitioned, and the prisoner was released. He had now become a new man; he removed to a distant part of the country, joined the church, and is now an honest man and a decided Christian.—*Influence of Religious Parents.*

THE MORAL WRECK AND THE SOUL LOST.

From the United Presbyterian Magazine.

We were startled one night, just as we were preparing to retire to rest, by a carriage stopping in front of the house, followed by loud ringing and knocking; and, on the door being opened, I heard a person say, "Is the Rev. Mr. — at home?" "Yes," "I must see him immediately." The young gentleman was introduced. "My brother, sir, is very dangerously ill; and my mamma will feel greatly obliged if you will come and see him. We fear he won't live till the morning. I have a carriage sir, in waiting, and will take you and bring you back if you will have the politeness to accompany me."

I knew not the gentleman who was supposed to be dying, nor did I know any of his family; but I ascertained from his brother as we were going along that gay and dissipated habits had brought on the tremendous crisis, which was expected to take place during the night, and it was a fearfully dark and stormy night.

On entering his bedroom, which was very large, the feeble taper light merely served to render the darkness visible; and his mother a lady of the highest polish of manners and address, offered an apology by saying, "Our son, sir, cannot bear a strong light. Walk this way, he is lying here sir," drawing aside the bed-curtain. The gloom and death-like stillness of the room depressed my spirits; no one stirred; all seemed terror-struck, as though some tragical catastrophe was about to happen; when we were suddenly startled into fearful commotion of feeling by one of the most piercing groans I ever heard uttered by a human being. "Are you in great pain, sir?" This question coming from the lips of a stranger, whose entrance into the room he had not heard, startled him; he changed his position, and looking towards me, an extra light being supplied for the occasion of the interview, he said abruptly, "I am going to take a leap in the dark;" which was followed by another groan, expressive of the convulsive agonies and tumultuous agitations of his soul, now on the brink of the tremendous precipice of eternal destruction. "I hope not, sir." "No power can save me." "Christ Jesus is able, and is willing, to save the chief of sinners, even in the uttermost extremity of their guilt and their danger."

"Yes sir, but outraged justice sometimes demands a victim to vindicate its own honour. I am doomed to death and damnation. I am as sure of going to hell as there is a hell to go to." "My dear Charles," said his agonised mother, who gave a wild shriek, and in an hysterical fit of loud and terrific laughter was carried out of the room. My spirit trembled. I had never before witnessed such a horrifying scene. His brother, who had accompanied me, and his younger sisters, withdrew, but one remained, stood close by my side, calm, yet evidently in great mental torture. She feared her brother was speaking the truth, and this gave to her spirit the power to listen, and the power to endure the terror of what she heard; yet hoping some voice of mercy would control and allay the storm which seemed to threaten the fearful wreck of his soul. "Shall I pray with you, sir?"

"You may, sir; but I am beyond the reach of mercy."

After prayer he became more composed, and listened with fixed attention while I spoke of Christ, and the great salvation; and urged him to call on him to save him. I left him tranquil;

but whether his tranquillity proceeded from the effect of truth in his soul, or was the physical consequence of the near approach of death, was a question I could not decide.

"Have you," said his mother, who was pacing the parlour below, wringing her hands in the severest anguish of grief, her hair hanging in loose disorder over her shoulders, "have you, sir, been able to say anything to my dear Charles, which has given him a ray of hope?"

"He is tranquil, madam; but he has not told me the cause of his tranquillity."

"Will he die to-night, sir—this wild, stormy night, sir? and if he die to-night, sir, will he leap in the dark into?"—I could not endure the wild scene which I now witnessed. Mother and daughter raised one shouting scream of woe; and in that state I left them to the care of the servants.

In the morning I received the following note:—

"Rev. and dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that our dear brother lay quite tranquil for upwards of an hour after you left him. He then asked for a glass of water. 'I will now,' he said, 'try to sleep.' Towards late in the morning, we think he did sleep a little. The doctor has just been here. He reports rather more favourably. When you can make it convenient to renew your visit, we shall be most happy to see you. Mamma, sisters, and brother, unite in respectful remembrance. Yours sincerely, SARAH."

I went to see him in the early part of the following evening, when I found him more composed; his fever had abated considerably, and hopes began to be entertained by all, except himself, that he would recover. They are sanguine, sir, but I am not. I think the sentence of death is at last recorded against me; and, sir, if it were not for that fearful sentence, which is called the second death—that is, the eternal banishment of the soul from all fellowship with God, the fountain of life and happiness—I should not tremble in prospect of the issue. It is that, sir, that fills my soul with horror.

"But I hope, sir, you are not in such a state of deep despair as you were last evening."

"There is, sir, a lull in the storm; but the horizon of my vision is yet surcharged with the elements of his coming wrath. I have less positive agony of soul; but I have no hope. I feel it would be an act of presumption to indulge hope."

"But the Bible tells us, that the Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy."

"Yes sir, where reverential fear of his majesty is bleended with humble hope in his mercy, the penitent may repose in his security, in his compassion and his love. But I am not a penitent. I am a rebel struck prostrate before him. I dread his vengeance, but I cannot hope in his mercy."

I again called his attention to the character of Christ, uniting the divine and human nature in his person—to his wondrous condescension in assuming the form of man, his death, the design of it, and its efficacy,—to the character he still sustains as a Saviour able and willing to save the chief of sinners, and argued in support of the following propositions, that it was an insult to his benevolence to mistrust it, and an aggravation of guilt to cherish despair, rather than an confidence in the fidelity of his promises. This seemed to take effect. He remained silent some minutes, evidently absorbed in thought. At length he said, "If, sir, you will pray with me I shall feel obliged, and then I wish to be left quite alone—not disturbed till I ring—as I should like to follow out that train of thought to which you have now given me the clue."

I did so, and left him with some faint hope that the divine Spirit would preside over his thinking faculty at this eventful crisis of his history, and