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AN

AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS

TO

MOTHERS.

BY THE
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AN AFFECTIONATE

ADDRESS

TO MOTHERS.

I. MATERNAL INFLUENCE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

If there is a class of persons upon the face of the earth, for whom I have a peculiarly profound respect, it is for MOTHERS. I have often thought, that if Piety should take her departure from this world of ours, her last resting-place here below would be a mother's bosom. Heaven bless mothers, all the world over!

Maternal influence is immense, and by

many is not duly considered. When Madame De Staël was asked by the Emperor Napoleon what he should do to promote the happiness of France, "Sire," said she, "instruct mothers." This was an admirable reply, for mothers exert a powerful influence, not only in forming the character of children, but in stamping the character of men. It is well known that the Spartans were wont, on the field of battle, to fight like lions; and why? The Spartan mother was wont to hand to her son, on going to the wars, a shield, with this charge: "Bring back this shield, my son, or be brought back upon it." "I would have been a French infidel," said John Randolph, "if my mother had not taught me, when I was a little boy, to kneel down at her side, and say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'" And Richard Cecil remarks, that when he was an infidel, there was one argument which he could

never get over, and that was his mother's piety. Certainly, then, if angels are found upon earth, they must be found in the form of pious mothers. O that all mothers were *pious!*

In addressing mothers, I have two questions to propound: 1. *Are you aware of your responsibility?* 2. *Have you discharged a mother's duty?*

1. Are you aware of your responsibility? If you had a casket of jewels committed to your care, would you not deem *that* a precious deposit? Mother, look at that dear little child of yours, that put its little arms around your neck this morning, and kissed you, and said, "Mother, I love you!" Is not that a jewel? O yes, it is a jewel, a living jewel. Bearing the stamp of immortality, it shall outlive the splendors of the sun, and all the stars which decorate the broad arch of heaven. This child may become a useful member

of society, or it may not. It may become a seraph, or a fiend; an angel of light, or a spirit damned. And much will depend upon *you*! much upon the influence which *you* shall bring to bear upon it in early life. In the nursery, the child is in its mother's hands, like softened wax, prepared to receive any impression; and it is well known that early impressions are, of all others, the most enduring. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." The forming of the character begins sooner than many suppose; and the first book the child begins to read is not the Primer, but the mother's face. The smile and the frown—these are the child's first alphabet! To the mother, then, emphatically, this charge is given, upon the birth of every infant, by the God of heaven. "Take this child and bring it up for me, and I will give thee thy wages." And how admirably are matters arranged to give

the mother all due influence over her child! Mother, I will tell you a secret. Your little daughter, aye, and your little boy too, think that you are the best lady in all the land! In the estimation of your child, you can do no wrong. Every thing you do must be right—and why this? Certainly that the mother may have the most unbounded influence in moulding the character of the child; in training it up for glory and for God. And I have noticed that the mother is very apt to consider her child as something extraordinary. At any rate, a mother's love is proverbial; and why this strong and tender love, which "many waters cannot quench?" The reason is obvious—that the mother may have patience with her child, and may be unwearied in her appropriate work. Moreover, according to a wise providential arrangement, the mother is with the child by night and by day, and

whilst the other parent is necessarily absent, or otherwise employed, it peculiarly devolves upon the mother to carry on continuously a system of moral and religious training. Very beautiful is the scene presented in the house where dwells a pious mother. When the child first begins to lisp, who is it that teaches the little one to kneel down, and putting its hands together, say, "Our Father who art in heaven," or "Now I lay me down to sleep?" Is it not the mother? When the child is to be taught some pretty little hymn, who is it that repeats it, a hundred times, till the little creature has got it by heart? Is it not the mother? When the child is to be taught its letters, who is it that gets the book, shows the pictures first, and then says, "Come, my dear, it is time to say your lesson now?" Is it not the mother? When the child is, for the first time, to go to church, or to the sabbath-

school, who is it that takes it by the hand, helps it over the rough places, and gives it so many charges about behaving well? Is it not the mother? And when the child is sick, O then, whose bosom is filled with the tenderest anxiety? who watches over the child? who smooths its feverish pillow? who kisses its burning cheek? who sings its sweetest lullaby? and who refuses to sleep during the sad hours of the live-long night? Is it not the mother? So it has been in every age.

II. THE SHUNAMITE.

YOU recollect the case of the Shunamite woman. She had a child, an only child, a darling boy; and it came to pass one day, when he was with his father in the field, among the reapers, he was taken suddenly ill, and said to his father, "My

head! my head!" And his father said, "Carry him to his mother." (How natural was that!) But when taken home to his mother, did *she* put him off upon some one else? O no! She took him into her own arms; she laid him upon her own lap! And when the little sufferer was dying, who, with tenderest love, watched his quivering lips, and caught his last breath? Was it not the mother? There was one who, when the child was shrouded, went to the prophet, the man of God, at Carmel, to see if he who had wrought many miracles, could not even raise the dead child to life again. Who was this? It was the mother! And when the prophet saw her coming, and sent Gehazi to meet her and say, "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" what said the mother? "*It is well!*" It seems she was a *pious* as well as a *tender* mother; and her lan-

guage, in substance, was the language of the man of Uz—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." But a miracle was wrought. In answer to the prayer of the prophet, the child was restored to life again. And to whom did the man of God present the child restored? Was it not to the mother? O yes! let her who caught its last breath receive its first smile! I repeat it, Heaven bless mothers, all the world over; and let the angels of God say, Amen!

But the influence of the mother over her children is not confined to the *nursery*, or to the period of early childhood. If happy in her management, her influence is felt in all subsequent life. It especially follows her *sons*, even when far away. When boys are at home, they may have a greater respect for the father than the mother, but when grown up, and far away,

then comes over the son, with special power, the remembrance of a mother's piety and a mother's love.

III. THE SWEARER CONVICTED.

SOME years since, travelling in the stage from Washington City to Baltimore, I met with two young men who engaged in conversation with each other. They became much excited, and were exceedingly profane. Either they did not know me, or knowing they had no regard for my presence. They cursed and swore dreadfully! I did not dare to rebuke them, for they were too much excited. Sitting still in the stage, I had for one full hour a stream of profane language pouring in upon my ear. After a while, however, their feelings were calmed down, and the conversation entirely ceased. Seizing the favourable opportunity, I put my hand into

my pocket, pulled out the tract called "The Swearer's Prayer," folded it up, and politely handing it to the one who was most profane, I requested him to put it into his pocket and read it at his leisure, observing, that it was a very remarkable production, and had done much good in the world. He accordingly accepted the tract, put it into his pocket, and promised to read it at an early period. The stage soon after stopping at Barnum's hotel, he went in there, and I to the house of a friend.

About ten o'clock that night we met each other in the street, when seizing my hand with much emotion, "Stranger," said he, "I thank you for that tract! I have a pious mother, sir, and if my mother had heard what I said in the stage, it would almost have broken her heart. I will swear no more!" This mother was at that moment, perhaps, a thousand miles

distant, yet see the power of a mother's influence, even when far away. The fact is, there is a kind of *witchery* in a mother's influence, which will hold the most rapid young man in check. Yes, the young man may be an infidel; he may be daring his Maker, and making a mock of every thing sacred, and this single question has been known to silence him in a moment, and make him as tame as a lamb: "Young man, have you not a pious mother?"

IV. AN INCIDENT.

As it is well that mothers should know the influence which they exert upon their sons, when far away, I will state yet another incident, which occurred in Kentucky some years ago. Having one Sabbath preached on the evidences of Christianity, the next day in the afternoon,

I was encountered by a group of young men in the street, who brought up the subject of my discourse, and seemed disposed to enter into an argument with me. Whilst earnestly engaged in the matter, up stepped a young man whom I had never seen before, tall, intellectual, and very prepossessing in his appearance. Coming up with another young man leaning upon his arm, with an air of confidence, he said to me, "Sir, I am an infidel." "Very well," said I. "I am ready to meet you, sir." In the midst of our argument, the shades of evening began to lengthen around us. "Sir," said I, "will you do me the kindness to come to my house and take tea with me? and after supper we will finish the argument." He bowed, and very politely accepted my invitation. As we were walking, side by side, "Sir," said he to me, "I have a pious mother!" "Have you, indeed?" said I. "O yes,"

replied he, with much emotion, "I have a very pious mother in the State of New York, and when I left her, she took me by the hand, and said, 'John, my son John, I will never cease to pray for you till I die, my child!' I noticed the softened tones of his voice. It seemed as if that very moment, he felt the warm pressure of his mother's hand; and as if at that very moment he heard his mother's voice, ringing upon his ear: "John, my son John, I will never cease to pray for you, my child." Thought I, have you a pious mother? I have got you, my young man, I have got you! And I was right; for although evidently very intellectual, he could not argue; he could not say one word against his mother's religion. His mother's influence had crippled him; he was subdued; and I hope to see him a star in his mother's crown of rejoicing, in the day of Jesus Christ!

Happy is that young man who can say, "I too have a pious mother." We sometimes say in relation to certain ministers, "O how many stars will they have in eternity!" but, if I mistake not, many of these stars will shine in mothers' crowns, not in theirs!

V. THE WANDERER RESTORED.

DID I say that a mother's influence follows her son, her wandering son, even when far away? Aye, and even after the mother is laid in the dust, and her happy spirit is robed in heaven, even then her influence is still felt, and sometimes powerfully felt, for the recollection of a mother's piety, and prayers, and love, cannot easily be forgotten. "I knew a little boy once," said a minister of some note, when speaking on the subject of maternal influence,

“I knew this little boy well. His name was James. When very young he was sent to school, and almost every evening, on coming home, his mother would be on the look-out for him, and would meet him at a little gate in front of the house, and, taking him up in her arms, she would kiss him, and say, ‘God bless my little James, and make him a good man—a Christian man.’ In process of time this little boy grew up and went into a distant land, to see the world, and seek his fortune. He became a merchant, and made some property; but for the salvation of his soul he had, as yet, no concern. One day he received a letter from home, stating that his father and mother were both dead, and he was invited to return and receive his portion of the estate. Within a few days after he mounted his horse, and set out for the home of his childhood. On the way, the scenes of early life came up before

him. A thousand tender recollections rushed upon his mind! He particularly remembered his mother's piety, and his mother's prayers; that little gate, and the scenes which had there so frequently taken place in by-gone years. When he thought thereon, he wept! His heart was melted. *Then* his mother was wont to take him in her arms, and kiss him, and say, 'God bless my little James, and make him a good man, a Christian man.' And now he remembered another thing, that his mother was wont frequently to take him into a plum-orchard, and, causing him to kneel down upon the ground, to put her hand upon his head, and pray for her darling boy. That dear mother was now gone to heaven; and must he never meet his mother there?

One day, when on his journey, overcome with feelings of contrition and sorrow, he alighted from his horse, dropped down

upon his knees, and cried to his mother's God to have mercy on him. His impressions becoming still deeper as he drew nearer home—the last day but one! he said to himself. 'To-morrow' I will reach the home of my childhood! To-morrow I will see that little gate, that very spot where my mother used to meet me, and so tenderly express her love for me, and her care for the salvation of my soul. Again dismounting, he turned aside and prayed, and made a solemn vow, that if God spared his life to reach his parental home, he would pass through that very gate, and go to that plum-orchard, and find the spot where his mother was wont to pray for him; and, if God pleased, he would never leave that hallowed spot, until he had found his mother's Saviour, and his mother's God!

Accordingly, the next day he rode up and alighted, hitched his horse, passed

silently through the gate, and went into the orchard. There was the very spot! He sank down upon his knees. He prayed, and overcome by his feelings, he wept and prayed aloud! His brothers and sisters, hearing the voice of a man in the orchard, went out, and said, 'Who are you?' 'I am your brother James,' said he. 'O well, brother!' exclaimed they; 'we are glad to see you. Come in! come in!' 'No,' said he, 'I cannot come in now. This is the place where our mother used to pray for me, and I cannot leave this spot until I have found peace to my soul.' His brothers and sisters all united with him in prayer; and that night, about ten o'clock, James obtained, as he trusts, a good hope through grace." Having made this affecting statement, the speaker added: "I am that very James!" O how many mothers will have their sons and daughters, too, to rise up and call them blessed,

in the resurrection morn, in the great coronation day!

VI. COUNSELS TO MOTHERS.

I HAVE asked: *Mothers, are you aware of your responsibility?* Let me request you to think upon the subject—to-day—to-morrow—the next week—the next year—aye, and never forget it, until you spread your wings for heaven! But I have another question, equally important, to propound. It is this:

2. *Have you discharged a mother's duty?* Look back over all your past life. Review the scenes of by-gone days. Look back to the nursery, and, as in the presence of God, answer the serious question: *Have you discharged a mother's duty?* If you were now called to close the eyes of a beloved son, or daughter; or if you were, at this moment, about to exchange

worlds, could you truly say, "I have done all that I could for the salvation of the children committed to my care? From their earliest infancy I have set before them a good and pious example. I have prayed with and for them. I have endeavoured to 'allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.' Yes, God who knows all things, knows that I have done what I could to bring my children, even in early life, into the arms of that Saviour who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God!'" I admit that the responsibility of the other parent is, perhaps, equally great, but this address is to *mothers*. I may address *fathers* at another time.

Permit me to suggest some things deemed important, and which, perhaps, may, in some respects, be peculiarly binding upon *you*.

1. You are to pray *with* your children. Yes, not only *for* them, but *with* them. "Pa," said a little girl to her father, "I never see you pray. When do you pray?" Her father was irreligious, and had no family worship. He never led her, or any of his children, in any form or fashion, to the throne of the heavenly grace. If the father neglect this duty, O let not the *mother* neglect it! Let her pray, not only *for*, but *with*, her children; and, sometimes, with each child, apart and alone. This is likely to make a good impression, and will not soon be forgotten. An eminent writer, as we are informed, once went out into the grove to commit suicide; and, just as he was looking out for the branch of a tree, by which he might hang himself, as he states himself, he thought he felt his mother's hand rising and falling upon his head; and he dared not commit the dreadful deed! It seems

that when he was a little boy, his mother was in the habit of occasionally taking him alone into a private place, and causing him to kneel, when she would put her hand upon his head, and pray for him. In the warmth of her feelings her hand would rise and fall upon the head of her dear boy, and this, remembered by him, in a dark hour, was the means of saving him from a horrid deed.

2. You are, of course, also to teach your children to *pray for themselves*; for example, the morning prayer—"Our Father who art in heaven." And, likewise, the evening prayer—"Now I lay me down to sleep." It is worthy of remark, that the late John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, kept up the practice to his dying day, of offering up the same prayers which his mother had taught him, when a little boy! But, in teaching your children to say their morn-

ing and evening prayers, be sure to remind them that God looks more at the *heart*, than the lips; and that all prayers must be offered up in the name, and for the sake of our blessed Redeemer.

3. You are to teach your children *to read the Bible*, and love the Bible; and to commit choice portions to memory, especially such passages as these: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" and, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me *early* shall find me." But why enlarge? Teach all the precepts of our holy religion,* reminding your children

* To aid parents in this work, we would recommend a little book published by the Presbyterian

that the eyes of God are ever upon them, and that after death comes the judgment.

4. See to it that all good precepts are enforced by a *corresponding example*. I recollect the remark of an old African preacher. "My brethren," said he, "a good example is the *tallest* kind of preaching." Mother! be sure you give your children the highest style of preaching. Some parents give their children very excellent precepts, but, alas! they are all spoiled, and made of no effect, not being followed up by a good example. Some mothers, for instance, will tell their children that they *must not fret*, but be sweet and amiable, and then every body will love them; and yet these same mothers will fret themselves! They permit every

Board, entitled "Scripture Passages for the Young," in which texts of Scripture, suitable for being committed to memory, are arranged under various heads, relating to the doctrines and duties of our holy religion.—[*Editor of the Board of Publication.*]

little matter to ruffle them. Little Mary notices this, and thinks within herself, "Mother can fret as well as I; and the only difference is, mother is a privileged fretter, and I am not." If at any time you are disposed to fret, call the nurse, and let your child be taken out of hearing, far away; and then you can fret just as much as it may become a pious mother, and daughter of Zion, to fret; but, O! for the sake of your child, don't lose your temper in the presence of your little son or daughter.

VII. THE FEEVISH GRANDFATHER.

A CERTAIN grandfather, as the story goes, was rather unamiable in his manners. On a certain occasion, finding some of his grandchildren playing in his study, he was displeased, and, in a rough way, said, "Be

off with you! Be off with you!" Now it is quite possible that the little ones, in their sport, might have displaced a book, or even have upset an inkstand, and he might very properly have said: "My children, go and play under the shade of yonder tree, and don't make grandpa's study your romping ground." But no, in unkind tones, he said, "*Be off with you! Be off with you!*" One of his little granddaughters did not like it at all; and, going to her mother, said: "Ma, when grandpa dies, where will he go?" "To heaven, my daughter," replied the mother. "To heaven? mamma." "Why certainly, my child; your grandpa is a Christian, and will go to heaven when he dies." "Then, mamma," said she, "*I don't want to go to heaven.*" "Don't want to go to heaven! Why, what do you mean, child?" "Why, mamma," replied the little creature, "if I go to heaven, and grandpa is

there, he will be sure to say, "*Be off with you! Be off with you!*"

Here I am reminded of the case of a certain mother who was remarkably happy in the management of her children. "Madam," said I, "I do not wish to flatter you, but I must say, I never saw children that seemed to be so well governed as yours. What is your great secret?" "I know of none," said she, "unless it be this. *I have learned to govern myself.*" This is a great matter. With mildness and firmness, be sure to exercise SELF-CONTROL, and you may hope to secure the respect and obedience of your children; but, if you cannot command yourself, how can you expect to command your children?

VIII. REVENGE TAUGHT BY PARENTS.

AGAIN, the mother will teach her child *not to indulge in anger*, but to be kind and forgiving, yet she will spoil it all in this

way. The little one, in its heedlessness, has struck its head against a chair or table, and begins to cry vociferously. To soothe and quiet the child, the mother, affecting passion, will, perhaps, strike the offending object, and say, "Naughty thing! Hurt baby! Mother won't let it hurt her darling!" This little boy grows up, and grasps the bowie knife, or the pistol, and becomes a murderer! His mother taught him a lesson of revenge in the nursery! O mother! how careful you should be what impressions you make upon the little one, who thinks that you are the best lady in all the land, and can do no wrong. Instead of striking the chair, or table, in the case mentioned, how much better would it be to remind the child of this passage in the Bible: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city!"

I heard of a parent who, on sending a child to school, said: "If any boy strikes you, and you do not return the blow, I will correct you." O how much better to use this language: "My son, you are going to school. Don't be quarrelsome. Never use harsh words. Be kind to your schoolmates, and they will be kind to you. Love them, and they will love you."

IX. THE THEATRE AND DANCING-SCHOOL.

But again. The mother sometimes counteracts her own good precepts in this way: She has taught her children, perhaps, that it is wrong to go to the theatre, or the ball-room; but, on a certain occasion, she has some of her young nieces or nephews from the country staying with her, and *they* go; and, the next morning, she makes a great many inquiries about the scenes of

the theatre, or the ball-room, her eyes sparkle; and she listens, with evident pleasure, to the recital given. Her little daughter notices this, and thinks, "Well, I do believe mother would like to go to the theatre or the ball-room herself, if she was not afraid of being put out of the church." And here I would remark, that the question is frequently asked, "Is it right for parents, who are professors of religion, to send their children to dancing-school?" Certainly send them, if you wish them to go on dancing through the whole journey of life; for the Bible says: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

X. ERRORS IN TRAINING.

It is sometimes the case, that the children, even of *pious* parents, turn out badly. After much thought upon the subject, I

have come to the conclusion that, perhaps, in every case, it may be ascribed to something defective in their training. They were not properly governed. Eli is not the only one who was a good man, but a too indulgent parent. Some are positively weak. Instead of ruling their children, they permit their children to rule them! And, then, some mothers are *not uniform*. At one time too harsh; another time too easy. Or, it may be, that sufficient attention is not paid to the peculiar disposition of the child; or, perhaps, both parents do not agree in their mode of managing their children. One is too stern, the other too indulgent. I myself once overheard a most indiscreet mother using language to this effect: "Did pa whip mother's darling? Naughty pa! mother won't let pa whip mother's darling any more!" Of course, a child under such tuition must, without a miracle, come to some bad end.

And here permit me to remark, that there are cases in which parents do not respect and love each other as they should; and sometimes this want of respect and love is made manifest *in presence of the child*. Of course the influence is most disastrous.

But, in drawing to a close, mother, suffer me to put to you my two questions once more:—1. "Are you aware of your responsibility?" 2. "Have you discharged a mother's duty?" Perhaps you can answer the first in the affirmative; but with regard to the second you fear you cannot. Well, it is true, you cannot call back the years that have rolled away, but, by the grace of God, you can "*turn over a new leaf*;" and remember there is a Gracious One, who, for the sake of his dear Son, our blessed Redeemer, is ready to grant forgiveness for the past, and aid for the future. But, perhaps, some mother who reads these lines drops a tear, and

says: "I have a son who has gone far astray. God pity me! I fear my wandering boy will break my heart." Mother! *never give up your child!* Remember the case of the mother, who, on parting with her infidel son, said, "John, my son John, I will never cease to pray for you till I die!" And, for your encouragement, I will state another case.

XI. MONICA AND AUGUSTINE.

MONICA, now with God and his angels, was a Roman lady, who lived some fourteen hundred years ago. She was a Christian; her husband was a pagan. They had one son, Augustine by name. From his earliest infancy his pious mother gave him up to God. As Augustine grew up, it was manifest that, as to *talent*, he was a prodigy, but the mother could

discern in him nothing like *piety*. On the contrary, he became profligate, and even an avowed Manichean or infidel. His mother wept; but ceased not to pray for him. When Augustine had reached the years of manhood, he wandered into foreign lands, and had the cruelty to go off without taking leave of his mother, or permitting her to know where he intended to go. His mother, now a widow, was overwhelmed with grief. She could not rest. She embarked on board of a vessel, and went out in pursuit of her son. She knew not where to go, but she must go somewhere, in search of her profligate and wandering son. At length she found him; but he was still a confirmed infidel. Going to her pastor, Ambrose, she unbesomed to him her sorrows, and said, "My son is an infidel. Please, my dear pastor, to *argue* the matter with him." For some reason or other Ambrose de-

clined. The mother then, almost frantic with grief, threw herself down at the feet of her pastor, and, with tears, most earnestly besought him to *pray* for her wicked son. "Go," said her pastor, raising her up, "go, good woman! It is impossible that a child of such prayers and tears can perish!" Perhaps not long after this, Monica had a dream, in substance this: She dreamed that whilst she was weeping and praying for her son, an angel appeared to her, and, sweetly smiling, said, "Cheer up, Monica! Your son shall be given to you!" Well, dreams are nothing but sleeping thoughts; but if a dream can comfort a mother, who has been praying thirty years for her son, let her be comforted, if it is only by a dream!

At last the time came when Monica's prayers were answered. Augustine had retired into his garden one day, and was reading his Bible; (for his mother had

taught him to do this, as Eunice and Lois, the mother and grandmother of Timothy, had taught *him*, in ages long passed.) Whilst reading the Bible light broke in upon his mind. The evidences of Christianity became clear. He saw that the Bible was true; and, moreover, he saw that he was a vile sinner. In short, he was soundly converted. O mothers, judge of the feelings of Monica, when her son, embracing her, said, "Mother! your prayers are answered! I am a Christian! I love my Saviour; I will go with you now!" Surely in one moment she feels richly rewarded for her weeping and praying thirty years! But this is not all. Augustine became a *herald of the cross*, and such a one as is rarely ever seen on earth. History informs us that Augustine, under God, was the means of a revival of religion, which spread over the largest part of the Roman Empire, and lasted for

a hundred years! And even this was not all. The *writings* of Augustine were made much use of by Martin Luther and the other reformers, and thus had a powerful instrumentality in bringing on the great and glorious Reformation, for which we, and millions throughout Protestant Christendom, are now blessing and praising God! And the waves are still widening and spreading, and will yet sweep the farthest shore! Mothers! you and I are now sitting under the shade of that tree which was planted and watered by Monica, some fourteen hundred years ago! Dear pious mother, think of this and be encouraged. Think of this, and be not weary in well doing, for in due season you may hope to reap, if you faint not.

XII. AN ORPHAN'S DREAM.

I, too, am the child of pious parents; but my father died when I was very young;

my mother, when I was an infant. I never knew a mother's smile, and yet I have thought no child ever loved a mother as I loved mine. And why? I thought nobody cared for me, a poor little orphan. When a little boy, I would look around, and see that other children had tender mothers to love them, and dress them, and give them good things, but, alas for me! I had no mother on earth to love me. My mother was in heaven. Well, I thought I would meet her there! I know where my mother's grave is! I have been there frequently; and whilst standing by that hallowed spot, my thoughts and feelings were known to none but God. I once had a dream, and I must say I think it was a very pretty dream, for such a poor little orphan boy as I was. I suppose I had cried myself asleep, thinking about my dear mother, when suddenly I thought the room was

filled with the angels of God, and in the midst of them was my mother—my own dear mother! I thought I knew her at first sight. My little heart leaped for joy; and, pushing away the angels, I thought I ran up to embrace my mother; but just at this moment, I thought the angels began to spread their white silver wings, and mount up. I would not have cared if every angel had gone back to heaven, if they had only left my mother behind! But no! she was an angel too, and she also began to spread her wings, and they all arose, and, as they ascended, they began to sing, and most sweetly did they sing, until their voices were lost in the skies! I awoke, you may well suppose, drowned in tears! The dreamy visit of my mother was pleasant; was joyful! but Oh, it was *so short!* Well, thought I, I will meet my mother in heaven! Yes, when I was a little boy, I resolved, God

helping me, I would meet my mother in heaven! and God be thanked, it was when I was yet a little boy, I found my mother's Saviour—my mother's God!

XIII. ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

IN a certain town in Georgia, lived Mrs. M., a pious widow lady. She had two sons in a distant State, whom she had not seen for many years. They were thoughtless young men, and avowedly infidel in their sentiments. She received a letter from her sons promising an early visit. About this period an arrangement was made with myself, to hold a protracted meeting in the place of Mrs. M.'s residence, so soon as it would suit my convenience. The pious mother, exceedingly anxious for the conversion of her long absent and beloved sons, made it a matter of special

prayer, that the Providence of God would so order matters that the visit of her sons, and the contemplated meeting, might take place at the same time. The young men came; remained several days, and then said they must return. They fixed on Friday night, when they must go without fail, in the stage. Poor mother! the meeting to which she looked forward with so much anxiety, had not commenced. The minister had not arrived. It seemed as if her prayers had availed nothing. On the morning of the day fixed for their departure she was told that the minister was come, and the first sermon would be preached that very night. How tantalizing! But mark the ingenuity of a pious mother! Having ascertained that the stage would not go that evening until 9 or 10 o'clock, she entreated her sons to go to church, and there remain until the sounding of the stage-horn should summon

them away. I believe that most mothers would have said, I have not seen my sons for a long time; I may never see them any more. I believe I will not go to church myself this evening. I will enjoy their company as long as I can. But no! Had she not offered special prayer that they might be present and receive a blessing at that meeting? "Come, my sons, go with me to church this evening, and hear what you can." They yielded. They went; and that night God answered the mother's prayers. Both were brought under powerful conviction. Near the closing of the services of the sanctuary, the sounding of the stage-horn was heard, sure enough. According to arrangement they hurried away to the office—but, behold! the stage was full! They were obliged to remain until Monday following. On the Sabbath we had a most solemn time. When the anxious were invited to

come forward, or kneel at their seat, if they desired the prayers of God's people, (according to the custom of that place,) several immediately knelt at their seats. Two young men came forward and kneeled near the desk—and only two. I saw an elderly lady at some distance, rise, and leaning forward, she fastened her tearful eyes upon them. It was the mother, and these young men were her sons! That day both of these young men obtained a joyful hope. Verily, it would have touched a heart of stone to see the sons throwing their arms around the neck of their beloved mother—now a thousand times dearer than ever—and telling her that the Lord had heard her prayers, and blessed them, as they hoped, with his forgiving love! Verily, the name of Jesus, in that moment uttered by them, came over her with all the sweetness and the power of a charm.

I saw the happy mother. She grasped my hand. She wept. The tears which rolled down her cheeks were tears of religious joy. For a few moments she was silent. When she spoke she blessed God, and said, in the very words of Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden." Verily, there is a God in the heavens who heareth prayer! One of these sons, I am told, is now a preacher.

Dear mothers, farewell! May you reach heaven yourselves, and finally have all your children with you there! Amen!

THE END.