

schools. Our chapels were never so full, our pastors never had so many inquirers before. God seems to have opened the eyes of the people. Said a Japanese minister to me, yesterday, "People understand the truth better with one day's instruction than with a month's teaching heretofore." In country and city, alike, there is a great desire to hear the truth; and this, too, with high and low. Yesterday, the brother of one of the greatest nobles in Japar came to my Sunday-school class and seated himself on a bench with men from the lowest classes of society—a wonderful thing, as we remember Japanese traditions. The governing men of the Empire seriously discuss removing all the remaining restrictions on missionary labor, and giving their encouragement to the introduction of Christianity. A certain party, however, oppose this. In any case, a few more years will see all obstacles removed, I sincerely believe.

THE MOTHER OF WILLIAM E DODGE.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Most of the notices of the late William E. Dodge have spoken of his *father*, and of *his* influence in forming the character and shaping the life of his excellent son. And all that was said of that father was just and well-deserved, for he was known and honored not only as a man of integrity and standing, but as a faithful and consistent Christian. But I have nowhere seen allusion to Mr. Dodge's *mother* to whom he was probably more indebted than to any one else for his earthly training in the ways of truth and duty, and for the impressions that led him in his youth to the service of the Saviour, and prepared him for the eminent excellence and usefulness of his later life.

Mrs. Dodge was not only a woman of sound judgment and remarkably good common sense, but above all an eminently faithful Christian. Especially she was a praying woman, living very near to the throne of grace, and praying not only for, but with her children, and doing all in her power to lead them, in their earliest days, to devote themselves to the Saviour. A friend, who knew her well, once said to the writer, "If there ever was a praying woman on earth it was Mrs. Dodge; and her earnest and constant prayer was that her children might be faithful Christians." And another said

of her that "she was so deeply importunate in prayer that at times it seemed as if she would faint in the closet; and so earnest in pleading with God for her children that, with Jacob, she seemed to say, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me!'" And her life was fully consistent with her teachings and prayers, so that by precept and example, with prayer and restraint, she led her children to the service of Christ.

A gentleman once said to John Quincy Adams, "I have found out who made you." "What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams. The gentleman replied, "I have been reading the published letters of your mother, and they tell what I mean." And as the gentleman mentioned the incident he added, "If I had spoken that dear name to some loving little boy who had been weckt away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother." He stood up in his peculiar manner, and said earnestly and with emotion, "Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother."

The mother's heart and life are the child's school-room. A mother's prayers are never lost to her children. Samuel Budgett was, as he tells us, about nine years of age when, passing the door of his mother's chamber, he heard her praying earnestly for him by name, and the thought that his mother was so earnest for his salvation led him to seek the Saviour for himself. And a young soldier who, to the surprise of his comrades embraced religion, when asked what had led to the sudden change, took from his pocket a letter from his mother, which said, "We are all praying for you, my son, that you may be a Christian." "That," said he, "is the sentence. That is what did it." The thought that his mother was praying for him led him to pray for himself, and soon he became a faithful follower of the Saviour.

It is the mothers that, for the most part, "make the children," either for good or for evil. The mother of Byron was proud, ill-tempered, and violent. The mother of Nero was a murderer. Lord Bacon's mother was a woman of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of Washington was pious, pure and true. The mother of John Wesley was so remarkable for her intelligence, piety and executive ability, that she has been called "the mother of Methodism." "The kiss of my mother," says Benjamin