

of the earth, and hath long patience for it." James v. 7.

Did Peter know what was passing in the mind of Cornelius while he was praying on the roof so far way? No, but the Lord did, and sent him in due time with a message of forgiveness of sins to him. And when Paul and Silas sang praises at midnight, did they guess that before morning God would bring so many around them to Himself?

Christians must often go on singing and praying and preaching in ignorance of what is in the minds and hearts of people very near them, and sometimes they have to wait for heaven to see the answer to their prayers.

A Christian mother sat in her room towards evening. She had a large grown-up family and many cares, chief among them being the health of a son which was increasingly bad. She had that day been much moved at hearing of great blessing through the preaching of a young man. Oh! if my dear boy were only like him, she thought; nay, if he could even hear him, how happy I should be. But she was very faithless. R. was almost too ill to go out at night. Still, "is anything too hard for the Lord?" and inwardly she resolved that, at all events, she would go to the preaching herself, for she felt that her own faith needed strengthening.

As she sat there that afternoon she listened and she prayed. She heard R. come home from the city, wearily climb the stairs, and go into his own room; then she heard him throw himself upon his bed, and—could her ears be mistaken? she heard a groan and her own name. In a few moments she is beside him, and, with her arms about him, she hears, "O mother, I'm so ill, and so miserable!" These were welcome words to her; even if his outward man was perishing, his soul was not, and she cared for it more than for his body now.

Gently she told him what she had been thinking of, and asked him to escort her to the service, without saying that it was for his soul that she yearned.

They went; they found the place so full that they were obliged to stand, and the mother lost sight of her son in the crowd, and again her faith failed. She thought he had left in disgust, would she follow him? no—she would listen for herself. At the close of the meeting she found him awaiting her in the porch with a changed face, and she learned that a gentleman seeing his weak condition had given him a seat, and that the preacher's words had come home to him. The tears had come to his eyes, and as he brushed them away, he noticed a lady sitting beside him with an earnest face, who he thought was praying for him, and before leaving she turned and grasped his hand lovingly.

He was rescued from Satan and from death that night, and brought to God and life. There was joy in the hearts of mother and son as they walked home; joy too in the presence of the angels of God, for Father, Son, and Holy Ghost had sought and found the lost. The son which had been dead was alive. He could say, "The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day. . . . The Lord was ready to save me." Isa. 38; 19, 20.

As long as he could he attended the services where he had received so much blessing; and when he could no longer walk, his friend came to see him, and together they had sweet converse of Jesus and His love. R.'s inward man was renewed in measure as his outward man was perishing.—H. L. H.—Echoes of Mercy.

Andrew Young, the author of the hymn, "There is a happy land, far, far away," died a short time ago in Edinburgh, upwards of eighty years old.—