

vation of her children lay near her heart; it was the thing for which she lived. On this point her desires were absorbing and intense. Before she knew her, two of the elder branches were brought to God, and for some years had been useful in the church. Most of the others had now grown to maturity of stature, and were beheld by the pious, affectionate mother *all living without God, and standing on the brink of eternal destruction!* The awful peril of their position was never lost sight of. Day and night it seemed vividly before her eyes. Her "sore longing" for the salvation of their souls was a love that "passeth knowledge." She was not only willing to die for them, but, if possible, to endure *greater sufferings* to save their souls. The astonishing language of another strange lover of perishing souls was literally adopted by her. His words, "without name or comment," gave utterance to her feelings and sentiments: "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my [family,] my [children] according to the flesh." Addressing the writer she said, "*It seems to me I could sacrifice my own heaven to save my children from hell.*" Blame not the woman, say not, "This is too strong." It was a mother's heart, "borne away" under the constraining, resistless influence of the love of Christ. There is no rule, no law, no standard, by which to measure *this* "holy thing." We can only say, "*The mother's loved her children.*"

But this depth of love was calm and unobtrusive. Few words were uttered about it, except before God. She poured out her soul to him. Her spirit was tender, and often rivers of water ran down her eyes, because her children kept not God's law. When I used to pray with her in her consecrated cottage, and asked for the salvation of her children, the wooden chair at which she knelt was "washed with her tears." Every petition for them was breathed to the throne by her melting "Amen." O, it was a sight interesting to angels, to see this praying, holy woman on her knees with her children round her! Twenty years distance has no power to efface the scene. The moments spent in this lowly, favored cottage, have since been a thousand times joyfully lived over again. That "Bethel" cannot be forgotten.

There was a delay of years. God seemed to "tarry." But such prayers and such tears could not be in vain. No; they "availed much." Finally at length God abundantly poured his Spirit on her seed, and his blessing on her offspring. Within a comparatively short period, seven of the eight unconverted children were awakened, brought to Jesus, and made happy in the pardoning love of God. The mother rejoiced, rejoiced with great joy. But still her joy was not full. There was *one*, the youngest born, yet unsaved. Shall Mary be lost? The "nine" were "left." This one was sought. "Save Mary!" was the absorbing cry of the mother's heart. She was joined by all the rest in her earnest intercessions. At the end of two years Mary was led to attend a love-feast. There God met with her. Her soul was humbled, and she sought and found mercy. O happy woman! The mother of ten children, all rejoicing with her in the God of her salvation! Still, this wise-hearted woman, aware of the peril of the wilderness, rejoiced with trembling. The thing she feared came upon her. One of her beloved sons departed from God, and fell