

burst into tears. We know not what else he said, but suffice it to say he left his address with them, and some time since he has received notice of their conversion.

Twenty years ago a man, with his son, sailed from Scotland to this country. They wandered over the country and became lost to themselves and lost to their friends, and both were going down to drunkards' graves. But the boy was picked up, and carried into a prayer-meeting. He became converted, and there he prayed that he might find his mother. The name of a man came up before him, and he wrote to that man. It proved that this same man had in his possession a letter from the boy's mother. As quick as winds and waves could carry him, that boy was on his way to Scotland, to embrace his dear mother, and tell her the good news of his salvation. She had been praying for him all these years, and now God had heard her prayers. Who shall say that a praying Christian mother shall ever pray in vain for the salvation of her children?

I stood by the bed of a dying mother who had two unconverted sons. "What about these sons?" said I.

"O! that is all settled—all settled. They will meet me in heaven."

"BY THEIR FRUITS."

IN the City of Manchester there lived a skilled operative, whom evil company had reduced into such habits of drinking and swearing that he was the terror of his family and of the whole neighborhood. Somehow his wife was induced to allow a cottage lecture to be held in their miserable dwelling, by the pious and eloquent Hugh Stowell. By and by the husband might be seen during the service quietly listening in a Nicodemus corner, until at last he came one night to open his anguish, and ere long he found peace at the feet of the Saviour. Not more striking was the spectacle of the exorcised demoniac that day in Decapolis, than was the transfiguration of the drunken Manchester dyer. The Gadarene devil was cast out, and the man was clothed in his right mind. The desolate dwelling was gradually replenished, and the whole family filled a pew in the church as regularly as there was service.

And this was not all. If, when the man of Gadara began to publish what God had done for him, "all men did marvel," not less did all the neighbours, and especially his godless shopmates, wonder at the change which had come over John. Some admired, others mocked, and many persecuted him. The mechanics around him in