

"Now, dear, I wanted to say thus much to you, lest you might think that God could save Ralph in spite of himself, and grow to feeling, perhaps, if you were disappointed, after long waiting, that He was almost cruel. I have known people who did not understand God any better than that—but we will pray and PRAY; and never let go our hold while we live. That is our part; and we will be sure that He who so loved—that He gave His Son, will do His part."

Mr. Maxwell had been abroad for five weeks. There had come from him two letters, addressed to "Mrs. Margaret Edmonds," but inside they commenced "Dear Friends." Delightful letters they were; it was almost as good, Mrs. Edmonds said, as having a trip abroad one's self, with all the discomforts left out. The week following this talk with her daughter, the mother, who was his sole correspondent from that family, wrote this:

"My daughter wishes me to ask a favor of you. She has been studying lately with deepest interest the verse: 'Where two of you shall agree,' etc., and kindred passages, and has become impressed as never before with the power which lies in a union of prayer. She wishes me to ask you to join with her mother and herself in a covenant of prayer for the young man, Ralph Bramlett, and his betrothed wife, Estelle Douglass. We have occasion to fear that neither of these know what