

told that he only had been rescued, he exclaimed, with irrepressible emotion, "Where are my mother's prayers?"

Where are thy mother's prayers? O sailor, they have been heard in heaven, they are registered above! Where are they? They have prevailed with God for thy rescue from destruction, when all thy companions were drowned. Where are they? They have entered the ears of the Lord Most High; and angels have so often heard the great Intercessor present them to God, that they have become familiar with thy name, and wait with deep anxiety to see when they shall be able to say of thee, "Behold, he prayeth!" Where are thy mother's prayers? Are they not about to be most blessedly answered? Shall not the long-suffering of God lead thee to repentance?

Often has the Saviour knocked at the door of thy heart. He is knocking now more loudly than ever: wilt thou admit him?

The Holy Ghost, the convincing, the sin-subduing Spirit, began now to strive most powerfully with this rescued seaman. He saw his guilt in all its enormity, and his danger in all its gloom. He had often resisted the Holy Ghost, but now he forbore to quench the Spirit. Rising from his bed, he began with anxious solicitude to groan the sinner's only plea,—“God be merciful to me.”

“Maternal prayer, through Jesus' blood,
Had pleaded long for him with God.”

And now he began most earnestly to pray for himself: it scarcely seemed as though he were a stranger at the throne of grace. He often had his mother mentioned him there. He awoke from the sleep of sin; he arose from the dead, and Christ gave him life. Acknowledging his transgressions, and urging nothing in excuse for them he pleaded the atonement of Christ; and with an humbly, lowly, penitent, yet believing heart, appropriated to himself the purchased and the offered salvation,—

“He fell upon th' atoning Lamb,
And he was saved by grace.”

As speedily as he could, he journeyed to his mother's house. She was a pious Methodist residing near London. He arrived on the Saturday. How did that mother rejoice to behold her rescued and converted son! God had given him to her prayers. They wept together and magnified the name of the Lord. “My son,” said she, “there is a love-feast in our chapel to-morrow: you must go, and tell the people what God has done for you. They went to the love-feast. The happy mother could not wait for her son to tell his own story: she was the first speaker; and he arose next, to declare the love-feast.”