

certainly confessed my selfishness, because I had a class of young men of twenty, and several of them were in that congregation, and I saw one of them, just such a young man as Bishop Vincent described to-night, with a mother whose heart had been throbbing with solicitude ever since the time he was born, and now he was nineteen years of age. I went behind him in the pew where he sat, and I said "Joe, I believe the Spirit of God is working powerfully upon you to-night; will you go into the inquiry meeting and let me talk with you now?" and he said, "No, sir, I would rather not." And I said, "Joe, I am not going to rest to-night, I won't go home, until you come to a decision one way or the other; if you won't go into the class, would you like to go home and find the Saviour, just kneeling down at your mother's side?" "Yes," he said, "I wouldn't mind doing that." And I said, "Get your coat." We entered the house, and I said to the mother, "Joe would like to seek the Saviour, just kneeling down at his mother's side;" and if you had seen that mother. "Oh, Joe," she said, "I have been looking for this, for nineteen years, and I knew it would come." I thought I had heard prayer, but I never heard prayer before that night, when I heard the eloquence of that mother's voice as she entreated God for her boy; and when we had pleaded awhile, I said, "Perhaps we had better leave it now and I will come to-morrow night and speak to him and meanwhile pray for him." She got up without a word, and turned the key in the lock, and put the key in her pocket, and said, "Not a step do you go over the threshold until that boy has found the Saviour; I am his mother, and you are his Sunday School teacher, and we have a vested interest in him. We will have a cup of coffee." And we had a cup of coffee and got down on our knees again, and after struggling awhile she said, "My boy, did you ever know your mother to promise anything that she did not perform?" He looked half indignant, and said, "Why?" She said, "Is the Lord Jesus Christ less worthy of trust?" And he said, "I can trust Jesus if it is like that; my mother was always true to me." And he found the Saviour that night. I believe we not only need to key ourselves up to this standard, but to listen and look and expect results. Just one more thought, and it is this, if we do that work, it must be by personal consecration. If the admonition, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate" belong to anybody—and I don't even except the ministers of the Gospel—it pre-eminently belongs to the Sunday School teacher. Scientists say that an electrician will put you on a chair and insulate the feet of that chair with glass insulators, and after charging you with electricity, he may touch your face, and it will flash an electric spark, he may touch your hand, and it will flash an electric spark. But just remove those insulators and let the feet touch mother earth and it will all go out of you. So theatres, and balls, and the world's enjoyments will take every atom of religion out of us. Let us be consecrated to our Saviour. (Applause.)

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