

letter ;' and the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he added, 'I wish I had a praying mother; I wish my mother was alive, Dick. Her last words to me when she was dying were, "My son, will you meet me in heaven?" And by God's help I will meet her in heaven; give me thy mother's letter.' And he there and then bade me good-night, and left me. I never saw him again; but, after I was brought to Christ, I received a letter from his brother-in-law, enclosing my mother's letter, stating that it was the turning-point in his life, and that he had died in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, triumphant through the blood. Thus God honoured the tried and faithful mother."

In the year 1852 Richard went to live with his brother George, the underground manager of a colliery, who had been brought to the Lord, and was a preacher among the Primitive Methodists. Here his mother's prayers were answered. He says:—

"I was engaged to fight a man on Saturday, May 21st. On the Wednesday night before the battle I lay in bed planning and scheming how I could beat my opponent. My brother had been to a cottage-meeting that night, and, as I lay there thinking, he came home, and went into the kitchen. His wife asked, 'What was the text, George?' He made answer, 'What then shall I do?'

"Now, as I lay listening to their talk I thought to myself, 'What a funny text! there must be something more than that.' Then I thought, 'Yes, what then shall I do when God rises up in judgment against me?' I turned over in bed, and heaved a deep sigh. 'Ah,' I thought, 'I shall be damned.' The Spirit of God carried that text into my heart, and nailed it in a sure place. I could neither sleep nor pray. A conflict was raging between the powers of Satan and the power of God, and my soul was the battle-ground. The devil held up to view the coming fight, and said, 'If you get converted now they will think you are afraid of fighting.' There he had me.

"That night passed away, and morning came. When it was time to get up and go to work my brother called me, but I said I was not well, and was not going. I was afraid to go to the pit lest I should be killed and go right to hell. All that day I could do nothing, and again on the Thursday night lay groaning and tossing. On Friday morning I went out, spent seven shillings in drink, and had a sparring 'do' with a well-known pugilist. I had a four-mile walk home, and every step I took the earth seemed opening to swallow me up. I fell on my knees, and asked God to spare me till morning, promising then to go and pray in the field I was to fight in. Next morning early I went to the field, and there, in a sand-hole, fell on my knees. I did