

mother, and I was directed to give this to you with my own hand. And here it is.'

The young man turned deadly pale. 'Oh!' said he, 'don't give it—I can't take it.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'you can, and you shall take it! I am not to have a year's work for nothing! Please take it and read it, and see if there is anything more I can do for you.' The young man read it, and seemed overwhelmed with deep and sudden distress.

"'Oh!' he groaned out, 'what can I do? What shall I do? I am a poor, undone wretch. What shall I do?'

"'Do?' said I. 'We must begin somewhere, and do as fast as we find anything to do. And in this very moment, and as the first thing to be done, I want you to kneel down and on your knees and sign this temperance pledge.' The signing was soon done, for I found him willing to do anything.

"'Now,' said I, 'are you willing to kneel right here and now pledge yourself to Jesus Christ that you will be His now and forever?'

"'Yes,' he answered, 'I am willing.'

"'Then kneel right down beside me, and I will pray first, asking God to lead your heart and mind in all you do in this solemn hour, for you must become a Christian in this very hour and on this very spot.'

"'O that I might find my dear mother's Saviour here and now!'

"We knelt together so close that my shoulder touched his. I prayed, and I cannot tell how I prayed. I never could. Suffice it to say that the Holy Spirit seemed to be poured upon us. We arose from our knees and threw our arms around each other. That man had become a new man in Christ Jesus, and on his knees he had become an heir of God and a joint heir of Jesus to a heavenly inheritance. The Holy Spirit seemed to do His special office work in his heart in answer to his mother's prayers, and perhaps the prayers of the Fulton-street Prayer-meetings. Subsequent days and weeks of acquaintance proved that this lost and ruined young man had really passed from death unto life."

Such prayer and faith as a mother knows how to exercise, God will never disappoint. In His own time and way God will reward her faith and answer her prayers. O mothers! mothers, never give up your children. Never leave off praying. Never—never.

It is related of Bishop Simpson, in his late visit to Oregon, in the performance of his episcopal duties, he had a river to cross. He employed two men to row him over and to let him down on the other side. In their passage over they made use of the most profane language. When they had made their landing, the bishop went up to them and asked if they had mothers. "O yes!" said one "I had a most godly, praying mother—a real Christian woman, if ever there was one." So said the other; saying which they both