

## THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

At the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting in New York many thrilling incidents are related. A gentleman came into one of the meetings, and laid a sealed letter on the desk of the leader, and turning to the audience, he said:

"I am a Methodist minister; and I have been appointed to a special service which will require me to be travelling most of the year in California. Hearing of this, a devoted Christian mother came to me, and putting this letter into my hand, requested me to carry it to California, and inquire everywhere for her son; and if I should find him, put this letter in his hand, and tell him it was from *his mother*. I lay this letter here before you, and ask you to pray that I may find this son; and that God will make this letter the means of his salvation. Till now that mother has been an entire stranger to me; but I feel that there is a solemn and special providence in this matter."

I can give no idea of the effect upon the meeting which this request produced. It was tender and overwhelming. Men wept like children during prayer—prayer which was exceedingly earnest, and went up from the meeting as from the heart of one man. This was in 1853.

I happened to be at a prayer meeting in Philadelphia the next year, when this same minister arose and told the story of the finding of this praying mother's son. He said he carried that letter in his pocket for nearly a year, everywhere inquiring for the young man to whom it was addressed. "At last," said the preacher, "I found him. He was at a gambling saloon in Sacramento. I had him pointed out to me; and walking up to him, and putting my hand upon his shoulder, I told him I wished to have a few minutes' conversation with him outside.

"Wait," said he, "till I have played out this game, and I will go with you." He was with me in a few minutes; and when by ourselves he said, "What is it?"

"Here is a letter," said I, "from your mother which I have carried almost a year to give you. It is a letter from your mother; and I was directed to give this to you with my own hands. 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 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 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, and pledge yourself to Jesus Christ, that you will be his, now and for ever?"

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

"Then kneel right down beside me; and I will ask 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."

"Oh 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. The man had become a new man in Christ Jesus; and on his knees he had become an heir of God and a joint-heir with 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 Meeting. 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. Oh mothers! mothers! never give up your children! Never leave off praying. Never—never!—Sel.

Dr. Oswald Dykes has accepted the invitation to the Moderator's chair of the next Synod of the English Presbyterian Church.