

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

IT has been sometimes said that the Fulton-street Prayer-meeting is a business man's prayer-meeting. Now, whatever it may have been ten years or fifteen years ago, it is so no longer, and to call it so is a misnomer. It is more a mothers' prayer-meeting than anything else, if we judge of it by the character and number of requests which come from mothers, requesting and urging prayer for their unconverted children. I firmly believe that a large majority of those requests come moistened with mothers' tears. It is remarkable and instructive to read these letters coming from mothers who themselves have prayed over them with strong crying and tears.

Let me here recall an affecting incident. A gentleman came into one of the meetings when it was about half through, and laid a letter, sealed up, 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 1858.

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 to you. It is a letter from your