

A Voice from the Tomb

D.L. Moody:

The other day I read of a mother who died, leaving her child alone and very poor. She used to pray earnestly for her boy, and left an impression upon his mind that she cared more for his soul than she cared for anything else in the world. He grew up to be a successful man in business, and became very well off. One day, not long ago, after his mother had been dead for twenty years, he thought he would remove her remains, and put her into his own lot in the cemetery, and put up a little monument to her memory. As he came to remove them and to lay them away the thought came to him, that while his mother was alive she had prayed for him, and he wondered why her prayers were not answered. That very night the man was saved. After his mother had been buried so long a time, the act of removing her body to another resting-place brought up all recollections of his childhood, and he became a Christian. O you mothers!