

## Looking down from Heaven

### D.L. Moody:

I remember in the exposition building in Dublin, while I was speaking about heaven, I said something to the effect that, "perhaps at this moment a mother is looking down from heaven upon her daughter here to-night," and I pointed down to a young lady in the audience. Next morning I received this letter:

"On Wednesday, when you were speaking of heaven, you said, 'It may be this moment there is a mother looking down from heaven expecting the salvation of her child who is here.' You were apparently looking at the very spot where my child was sitting. My heart said, 'That is my child. That is her mother.' Tears sprang to my eyes. I bowed my head and prayed, 'Lord, direct that word to my darling child's heart; Lord, save my child.' I was then anxious till the close of the meeting, when I went to her. She was bathed in tears. She rose, put her arms round me, and kissed me. When walking down to you she told me it was that same remark (about the mother looking down from heaven) that found the way home to her, and asked me, 'Papa, what can I do for Jesus?' "