

The little arms gave an answering pressure as the child said, "Can't I fetch or do anything, mamma?"

"Darling, I wish you could," was the answer.

Nellie remained silent for a moment, and then she said, with a beautiful bright smile, "Mamma, I can ask God to take away the trouble from papa and you. He can do everything."

The child's hopeful words thrilled through the mother's ears like a message of mercy. She was a profound believer in the power of prayer. She had taught her children to pray as soon as they could lisp, and not one of them could say, "I remember the time when mother first prayed with me." She had knelt with her babe in her arms; she had breathed prayers over the little sleepers as they lay in their cots; and as soon as they were old enough mother and children had bowed the knee, and in simple words sent up their petitions at the throne of grace together.

And this youngest of them was bringing her lessons to mind, and strengthening the faith of her mother by her childlike confidence in the love and power of God, and in His willingness to answer prayer.

Mrs. Matthews saw Nellie go to the window and behind the shelter of the curtain. She remained silent for some minutes while the little bowed figure, with clasped hands, was asking God to "take away the trouble which made her mother weep." She was sure He knew all about it, though she did not, and could not tell Him.

The prayer ended, Nellie came back to her mother, and sat quietly for a little while, until Mrs. Matthews was called out of the room; but before she went to bed that night she whispered, "Is the trouble gone yet, mamma?"

"Not yet, Nellie. We have to wait God's time for removing trouble."

"Well! He will take it away," replied the child, without one shade of doubt as to the result of her prayer.

The morning came, and again Nellie whispered her inquiry, "Mamma, I have asked God again. Is the trouble gone yet?"

Mrs. Matthews was half afraid to say "No," there was something so touching in the child's confidence. She replied, "Not yet, Nellie."

"But it will, mamma?" half inquiringly.

"Yes dear," replied Mrs. Matthews, firmly, "it will, Nellie. But we cannot be sure *when* or *how*. God knows what is best. Never forget that, dear. Sometimes he makes us wait awhile, to see if we can be patient and trust him; and sometimes, though He does not take away the trouble, He makes us strong and willing to bear it."

This was something new for the child. She thought; the little face brightened. "I understand, mamma, I know," she cried eagerly. "You love me, but you don't give me everything I want, and sometimes you make me wait. I will ask God to make you strong."

Day after day the child waited, prayed, and expected an answer, believing it would certainly come. One morning Mr. Matthews received a letter as they were all at breakfast. As he read it his face grew bright; he handed it to his wife, and Nellie heard her mother say, while tears of a new kind ran down her cheeks, "Thank God!"

"Mamma, mamma! is the trouble gone?" cried Nellie, eagerly.

"My darling, it is," was the answer as she kissed the face of her little comforter with a thankful heart.

Mr. Matthews wondered what Nellie meant, especially when he heard her glad shout, "I knew it would go! I was sure it would go." But when her mother told him how the child's prayer, and her daily expressions of confidence, had cheered and comforted her during those days of trial, he understood it all, and rejoiced that the good seed sown in the young heart had already brought forth fruit.

The words of Jesus are—"Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

May this true story of a little child's prayers, faith, and patient waiting, be the means of carrying comfort to some weary and heavy-laden soul, longing, but fearing to take God at His word, and to lay hold on those precious promises which are all "Yea and amen in Christ Jesus."—*Canadian Band of Hope.*

KIND ACTS.

Not long ago Mr. Horace B. Claflin, the great dry goods merchant of this city, was sitting alone in his private office, late one afternoon, when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered.

"Mr. Claflin," said he, "I am in need of assistance. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me; and I would like to have ten thousand dollars. I came to you because you were a friend to my father and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Mr. Claflin. "Come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man. "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you; but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room. "I thought perhaps, you might. Good-day, sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Claflin. "You don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No, sir. I am superintendent of the—Sunday school."

"Well," said Mr. Claflin, with tears in his eyes, too, "you shall have it; and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have five thousand once and asked me the same questions. He trusted me and I will trust you. No thanks. I owe it to you for your father's trust."

We happen to know another incident in the life of Mr. Claflin which we will give to the public and which we are sure has never yet appeared in print. During the late rebellion, a merchant of the city, connected with a well-known firm, which had suspended payment, called on Mr. Claflin one afternoon, about half past two o'clock. Mr. Claflin knew him intimately and very kindly greeted him. After taking a glance at the clock, he said to the merchant, who appeared sad and downcast: "Well, friend—, what can I do for you?"

"I have come to ask your help, and I want you to know my position."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Claflin, with a most tender and friendly expression of countenance, never to be forgotten by the merchant.

"I am in this fix," said he. "We have got along so far that we can now see, we think, through all our troubles, if we can make a settlement with Mr. ——. This man has put me off time after time, when I have called; and now, after, perhaps, a dozen interviews, he says, if I will pay him \$10,000 in cash to-day, he will take it, and not one single cent less, and give me a receipt in full of all demands. Now, Mr. Claflin," added the distressed merchant, "I have no security to offer but my honor, and I solemnly promise you, if you will loan me this money, I will return it to you if I live," the time being fixed by the merchant. Mr. Claflin quickly turned to his cashier and said: "Draw a cheque for Mr. — for \$10,000." Then addressing the merchant, he said, with a smile: "If you live, friend—, I know you will return the money, as you have promised; but, if you die, I tell you now, I am able to lose the money, and I promise you that your family shall never be troubled about it."

That generous act, at just the right moment which lifted a mountain's weight from these men, will never be forgotten by those it so much benefitted. Some of the members of the firm yet live, and from the mouth of the "merchant" himself who called for the money we have obtained the facts now given.—*New York Independent.*

PREVENTION OF INTemperance.—All the multitudes of victims of the bottle who have gone down to darkness and their doom might have been saved by the very simple process of prevention. If one-twentieth of the effort which is put forth in attempted reformation of the dissipated had been spent in persuading them never to drink at all, how different would have been the result! The right time to put up the parapet of total abstinence is in childhood or early youth. The right place to plant the parapet is at home and in the Sabbath school. Then is the time to instruct boys and girls as to the deadly peril which lies concealed in the glass of intoxicant.—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."