

"Massa, does ye see de bright side, dis mornin'?"

"No, Nanny," said I, "it isn't so bright as I wish it was."

"Well massa, I allus sees de bright side."

"You do," said I, "maybe you haven't had much trouble?"

"Maybe not," she said; and then went on to tell me, in her simple, broken way, of her life in Virginia, of the selling of her children one by one, of the auction sale of her husband, and then of herself. She was alone now in the camp, without having heard from one of her kindred for years.

"Maybe I ain't seen no trouble, massa."

"But, Nanny," said I, "have you seen the bright side all the time?"

"Allus, massa, allus."

"Well how did you do it?"

"Dis is de way, massa. When I see de great black cloud comin' over"—and she waved her dark hand inside the tent, as though one might be settling down there; "an' 'pears like its comin' crushin' down on me, den I jist whips aroun' on de oder side, an' I find de Lord Jesus dar; an' den it's all bright an' cl'ar. De bright side's allus whar Jesus is, massa."

"Well Nanny," said I, "if you can do that, I think I ought to!"

"'Pears like you ought to, massa, an' you's a preacher of de Word of Jesus."

She went away. I turned myself on my blanket and said in my heart, "The Lord is my Shepherd." It is all right and well. Now, come fever or health, come death or life, come burial on the Yazzo Bluff or in the churchyard at home,—the Lord is my Shepherd."

With this sweet peace of rest, God's care and love became very precious to me. I fell asleep. When I awoke I was in a perspiration; my fever was broken. "Old Nanny's" faith had made me whole.—*Selected.*

AFFECTING AND TRUE STORY.

A little girl in a family of my acquaintance—a lovely and precious child—lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward.

The sweet, conscientious and prayer-loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of a friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and, winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, "Now tell me about mamma!" And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would say, softly—"take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused; and the affectionate sick child would lie for hours gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pains so meekly
That to them she still grew dearer
As the trial hour grew nearer."

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbours assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly, spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close in her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eye-lids