

While she was on her knees telling him all about the present trouble, something prompted her father to follow her up stairs. As he reached the upper story, he heard these words: "Dear Jesus, save my poor father." There was no sleep for John Brady that night. The strong man was bowed in agony and remorse, and he found no rest until Mary's Christ spoke peace to his soul.

Fifteen years have passed since the Sabbath morning when he counted over his night's gain. He still continues a devoted soldier of Jesus, and though not a scholar, has unusual power in winning souls. The maiden of ten has become a noble Christian matron, blessing and blessed,

This is no fancy sketch, as they reside not far from my own home.—*Christian at Work.*

#### SCRAPS FROM A MOTHER'S PORT-FOLIO.

The little boy who was eager to say "thank you," to God, has a little sister who lately gave a striking instance of the same feeling. She was listening to the touching account given of the late Dr. Spring's last hours, and was told that he repeated the prayer that John Quincy Adams used through his busy life :

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take,  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

She burst out :

"Well, I hope they said more than that !"

"Why Lily ?"

"Because— I don't think it's very nice to keep on asking God to take care of us : and then not thank him for it"

This omission of thanksgiving in this favourite little prayer has never occurred to me definitely before; and it was beautiful to see how the spirit of the injunction: "In everything *with thanksgiving*, let your requests be made known unto God," had become interwoven with this tender young life.

BEAVERWICK.

#### SPANISH MOSS.

To a stranger entering Louisiana from Texas in the month of April or May, when the land is in the fullness of all its delights, and travelling from Brasher to New Orleans, the journey is as delicious as novel. He would wonder at the presence of the bearded moss on all the trees, and his commercial eye would, perhaps, suggest that it be made available for upholstery ; but he would be told that the quaint parasite is the scavenger of the air ; that, as an air-plant extending over a vast surface, presenting an immense area for the absorption of carbonic acid gas, and evolving oxygen in corresponding quantities, it operates as a complete regulator of atmospheric conditions. What would the Louisianian do without it in such a tropic climate ? It absorbs the sea moisture, and does a beneficent work throughout all the alluvial region. But some day the commercial will predominate over the hygienic view, and the graceful moss-beards will be macerated, strained, dyed, and prepared for stuffing for cushions, pillows, mattresses and car-seats.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

#### HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

God, make my life a little light,  
Within the world to glow ;  
A little flame that burneth bright,  
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all,  
Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song,  
That comforteth the sad :  
That helpeth others to be strong,  
And makes the singer glad.

God, make my life a little staff  
Whereon the weak may rest,  
That so what health and strength I have  
May serve my neighbours best.

God, make my life a little hymn  
Of tenderness and praise ;  
Of faith that never waxeth dim,  
In all his wondrous ways.

*Good Words.*