

and her agonized and subdued spirit bowed before her God, and she audibly entreated of the Lord for his safety. In the morning the door of her home opened, and her son, her loved son, stood before her! The vessel had been driven into one of the harbours on the coast, and he was saved as by a miracle.—“Mother,” said he, as the tears of joy chased each other down his sunburnt face, “mother, I knew you’d pray me home.” He felt the value of his mother’s prayers. He was, as he touchingly related, fully aware that the vessel was wrecked, and that he was all but lost; but the thought which rested on his mind was this: “My mother prays for me, the prayers of Christians are answered, and I may be saved yet.” New strength seemed to be imparted to him, and again and again, when almost exhausted with fatigue and buffeting with the angry waves, did this sweet cordial of the remembrance of his mother’s prayers give him fresh courage, and increased effort, until he gained the desired shore, and was safe.

Go forth, praying mothers, strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might: and be not faithless, but believing.

GREAT TRUTHS IN LITTLE WORDS.

Some great truths have come down to us in wee, wee words. Let us look at a few of them: “We must sit loose to this world’s joys:” as the bird is now and then seen to “stand on the edge of her nest and plume her wings for a flight.”

This earth is not our home. We must look with the eye of faith on that bright world which will one day be ours. For this is not our rest. There must be “rain, and hail, and storm, in the saints’ cloud.” “The tent will one day be struck—pin by pin must move.”—Think it not strange if your cup is not at all times full of joy. God knows you too well. He loves you too well to keep your eyes, now, free from tears; but his own hand will yet wipe them dry. But this will not be till the long night of life is past. Then you will be in heaven, where all will be light, and life, and love. The sun shall then no more be the light by day, nor the moon by night.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” Yes, they shall see him now, on earth, for he will be with his saints here. He will be with them to dwell in their hearts, and walk with them, and be their God.

But in yon bright world they shall see him face to face, and God will be all in all.

Those who have the love of Christ in their hearts are said to be like sun-flowers. They seek the light of the sun when the first blush of the morn lights up the sky, and they shrink not from his bright beams when he goes through the heavens, like a strong man to run a race. And when they can no more bathe in his bright tints of gold, they fold their leaves, droop and fade.—Christ is the sun to whose bright rays the eye of faith can turn when all on earth is dark. Like the sun-flower, when the sun is sunk in the West, the soul must droop and die, if Christ does not give it light. May our souls, at all times, bathe in his bright beams, and then we, too, may shed some light in this dark world. Christ has said to those who love him: “Ye are the light of the world. Let your light shine before men.”

THE MISER’S DAUGHTER.

One cold winter, when the ground was so covered with snow that the little birds could not find any thing to eat, the little daughter of a miserly rich man gathered up all the crumbs she could find, and was going to carry them out and scatter them on the snow. Her father saw her, and asked her what she was going to do. She told him, and he said, “What good will it do? the crumbs will not be enough to feed one in a hundred of the birds.” “I know it, dear father,” said she, “but I shall be glad to save even one in a hundred of them, if I cannot save them all.” The father thought a moment; he knew that many poor persons were suffering in his village, and he had refused to help any, because he could not help them all. His conscience struck him, and he told his little daughter to break a loaf of bread into crumbs for the birds, while he went to scatter a purse of money among the poor villagers.