

"Stop now, that is enough for the first time;" then aloud, "Miss Nestie must go now, have you enjoyed her singing?"

Nestie did not wait for the answer. Pushing her chair across the room she laid her hand upon Mrs. Miller's arm.

"Please let me come again; I am so sorry for you; may I?"

For one moment the sad, tearless eyes looked up into the sweet girl-face bending over them.

"Come to-morrow."

That was all but it was enough. The ice was breaking although it might not be melting as yet. Dr. Saunders was satisfied. He had gained all he expected because he had expected but little.

Nestie went the next day and the next, and continued going until her sweet singing and loving converse finally won the sad despairing soul from its depths of gloom, and Mrs. Miller's eyes were opened so that she could see the nail prints in the Hand which was guiding her tenderly through the darkness to Himself, and her ears were opened to hear the loving voice calling her to take up her life-work once more with His all-sufficient strength to sustain her. So grateful was the poor woman that she wished other afflicted ones to share her blessed experience. The Doctor encouraged her in this, and thus it was that Nestie's beautiful life-work began. She is still carrying it on, bringing comfort to sad hearts, peace to troubled souls, and quiet, happiness and content to her own dear little self.—*Phil. Pres.*

FOR THE OLDER CHILDREN.

Exert a careful good influence upon little children, especially upon any who live with you constantly.

To them you are old and wise: just old and wise enough. It is your setting of the time which they are willing admiringly to follow. Mother and father may preach and practise and persuade, but the big sister's style or the big brother's bigness may carry the day against them ten times out of a dozen.

So be careful. You are not thinking about the tots but they are thinking a great deal about you.

And why stop at merely setting them a good example? They are not formidable they will not laugh at you. Tell them what is right, coax them to do it. Go farther win them to your Saviour now while they would be so easy to win.—*E.r.*

ONE WOMAN'S PRAYER.

Some time in the last century, a poor woman in England, of whom the world knows but little, had a son, and she poured out her prayers and her tears for his conversion. But he grew up reckless and dissipated and profane. He engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa, and was perhaps as hopelessly abandoned as any pirate who ever trod the deck of a slave trader. But at last when all hope had nearly expired, his mother's ceaseless prayers were answered. He was converted, and finally became one of the most eminent ministers in London. That man was the celebrated John Newton.

John Newton, in turn, was the instrument in opening the eyes of that moralist and skeptic, Thomas Scott, afterwards the distinguished author of the commentary of the Bible.

Thomas Scott had in his parish a young man of the most delicate sensibilities, and whose soul was "touched with the finest issues," but he was dyspeptic, and sorrowful, and despairing. At times he believed there was no hope for him. After long and repeated efforts Dr. Scott persuaded him to change the course of his life. That young man was William Cowper, the household Christian poet, whose sweet, delightful hymns have allured hundreds of poor wanderers, and the most polluted, to the

"—fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Among others whom he influenced to turn from the "broad road" was Wm. Wilberforce, a distinguished member of the British Parliament, the great philanthropist who gave the death blow to the slave trade in Great Britain.

Wilberforce brought Legh Richmond to see the "better way," who wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been read with the devoutest gratitude through blinding tears in many languages all over the earth.

All this indescribable amount of good, which will be redoubled and reduplicated through all time, can be traced back to the fidelity of the prayers of John Newton's mother, that humble, unheralded woman, whose history is almost unknown.

Young people, you can pray just as well as that woman could and God is just as willing to hear and answer you as her.

