

was able, by listening attentively, to hear the words sang by the voice that he loved so much to hear—

“ May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor
Rest upon us from above !

“ Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.”

“ Well, now, that's just it,” said John. “ I've been trying to ‘ abide in union, with Sam all along by my own strength ; I'll try that way no longer. I had quite forgotten to think of the first part of the verse in the matter ;” and in a few minutes, for he was prompt in action, he had determined to carry out his newly-arranged plan with Sam that very night. The melody had done its work with little John, though he could not understand a word of the hynn—for he ceased crying as his mother sang, and soon fell asleep—and the beautiful words had quite a contrary effect upon big John, for his wife found him gazing into the fire with his eyes brim full of manly tears.

Before she could inquire the cause, he told her in a few sentences all that had passed through his mind, and reaching down his hat and overcoat, he boldly stepped out into the storm, against his wife's entreaties, and hastened to Sam's cottage. Very much surprised were Edmond and his wife to see a visitor so late at night, but John soon unburdened his mind to them, and at once, by mutual consent, they all fell on their knees and implored that, “ By the grace of Christ our Saviour,” all anger and ill-will might be put away from them, and that *thus* they might abide in lasting union with each other. They were men strong in body, and by no means weak in mind, and seldom showed that their tenderer feelings were much wrought upon ; but when, rising from prayer, they grasped each other by the hand, and promised by *His grace* to live in peace together, and bade each other a hearty “ good night,” seldom or never had their voices trembled as on that memorable Sabbath evening. Need it be added, that the two men became from this time firm and faithful friends.

To all who have John Leighton's failing, very earnestly we would say, “ Go thou and do likewise.”—*British Workman*.

A M O T H E R ' S W A G E S .

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

It was an uncouth bird's nest of rushes in which Jochebed moored her birdling “ among the flags by the river's brink.” Little did she know what precious freight she was entrusting to that basket-cradle. And little did Pharaoh's daughter know—when she took the little foundling out of the floating basket—what manner of child he yet would be. As she gives back the handsome boy into the very bosom that first gave him life, she says to Jochebed, “ Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.”

I will give thee thy wages, says the Egyptian princess to the Hebrew nurse. She got her wages in better coin than silver or gold. She got them in the joy a mother feels when she yields up a part of herself to sustain her darling child ; she got them in the love of the babe she nursed ; she got them in the glorious service which her child wrought for Israel in after years. She was paid in the heavenly coin with which God pays good mothers. For all her anxieties and all her efforts to preserve the life of her “ goodly child ” was she abundantly rewarded.

When God lays a new-born babe in the arms of a wedded pair, He says to them, “ Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give you your wages.” And the answer of Christian gratitude and faith should be “ Oh ! God, Thou hast put Thy