

to myself. Trembling, I again stood in the doorway.

"Johnny," said my father, "I have a word of advice to give you. You will find the berries growing on the bushes, standing in clumps, all over the lot. The children will pick a few minutes at one place and then go off to another, in hopes of finding better picking, and thus they will spend half the afternoon in roaming from one place to another. Now, my advice to you is this: When you find pretty fair picking, stick to that spot and keep picking there. Your basket at night will show whether my advice is good or not."

Well, I followed my father's advice, and though the children would wander about and cry out, "Oh, Johnny, here is a world of them, and here you can fill your basket in less than no time," yet I stuck to my fair picking place. When we got through at night, to the astonishment of every one, and my own no less, it was found that I had nearly twice as many berries as any other one. They all wondered how it was, but I knew; and that was the lesson that made me a rich man. Whenever I have found "pretty fair picking," I have stuck to it.

#### "THINKING OURSELVES OVER."

"Please tell me, mother, what is self-examination?" said a child; our superintendent said something about it, and he told us to spend a little while every Sunday practicing it—practicing what, mother?"

"Self-examination is thinking ourselves over," said the mother. "You know how apt we are to forget ourselves—what we did and thought yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. Now it is by calling to mind our past conduct that we can

truly see it as it is, and improve upon it."

Self-forgetfulness is a virtue in the common acceptance of the meaning of the word, but it is not safe for one to forget one's self. A bad man never likes to "think himself over." It is only those who aim at self-improvement who are willing to review the past, and to profit by his lessons. If we would become truly good, and wise, and successful, we must "think ourselves over." Our past mistakes must be corrected, and our lost opportunities redeemed.

#### FLOWERS.

The other day, Eddie was walking with me in the garden.

"I love the flowers," said he. "Do not you think, mamma, God was real good to make so many kinds?"

"Yes, indeed, my son, and all to please us."

"Why, no, mamma, not all to please us; for don't you think God loves to see the flowers himself?"

I felt ashamed that I hadn't thought of that.

When I have a house all my own," Eddie said, "I mean to have flowers, plenty of flowers plenty of flowers, all around it everywhere; just as God has made his world full of them. world is God's house, isn't it, mamma?"

And we ought to fix up our houses and our yards with pretty flowers, I think, so as to make us think of God all the time, and so as to be like God as much as ever we can."

I like Eddie's thought. "Yes," said I, "everybody that loves God, if he is ever so poor and little, can have a flower to remember the Father by, either in his house, or round the door; and its beauty or sweet perfume will always speak of His love and care."