



WHICHEVER WAY.

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so,
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas,
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me,—trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Thro' storm and calm, and will not fall,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To and me—every peril past—
Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then whatsoever wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so,
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
—Woman's Record.

A HAPPY SABBATH.

HOW SUNDAY MAY BE MADE THE PLEASANTEST DAY OF THE WEEK.

That is profound philosophy which counsels parents to make Sunday the happiest day of the week. And the chief requisite to this is that they give themselves to their children—at church as well as at home. The Sunday-school must not be allowed to usurp the place of the church service. The child nestled in the family pew at his mother's side, holding his father's hand, enters naturally from the shelter of warm human love, and the house of God very early becomes to him the gate of heaven.

For little children it is a pretty plan to set aside for Sabbath use the most attractive toys, the favorite pictures and stories, the sweetest child songs and hymns, and to join with them more than ever in their plays and their quiet moods, until, when they wake Sunday morning, they shall exclaim, with a four-year-old of our acquaintance, "Oh, I'm so glad it's Sunday!"

Music is the heritage of the family Sabbath. Not church hymns and Sunday-school songs only, but the music of the masters as well, those great compositions that tell without words the story of human life, and tell it religiously because truly and profoundly; that speak to the children as plainly as to the elders; that open the heart, and intensify in each his own living and longing.

Books belong to the family Sabbath. Not sickly or precocious story papers, nor sordid secular papers, nor scrappy religious ones, but real books, and all the real books, poetry as well as books of devotion, essays, and biographies, and every other kind of book that sets the heart throbbing with a wish to be something greater and better than we have ever been before. And often some will read aloud, while the chairs draw together, the reader pausing all the way along for the children's questions, and the commentary of the parents, and for reminiscences and hopes ahead.

Then, as the family walk abroad, the father assumes his most ancient, most sacred office of high-priest of his household. Then all become psalmists, all prophets. The harvest waves the promise of better things than loaves for the table. The solemn mountains, the deep skies, are more than backgrounds for landscapes, show places for rainbows; for underneath the voices of winds and waters they hear the earth spirit in her most secret utterance:

"Tis thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by."

They who walk the earth together shall not be separated in heavenly places.—Harpers Bazar.

