

Mayfield says these are God's thoughts, though he has far greater ones, for sometimes he thinks stars and suns, and everything that is beautiful and grand. And just think if His thoughts are so great, how very wonderful *He* must be ?!

"I think Mr. Mayfield takes good care of the 'lambs of the flock,' you are really becoming very wise. But now pet" pursued brother Tom, "I don't think that old brown hill off there is very pretty."

"*I* do" said the child persistently.

"Well, I'm sure I can think of a better tree than that crooked old stump at the end of the pasture."

"I won't talk with you any more," said "Morning Glory," turning away with a grieved face.

"Wait just one moment," cried Tom, with a comical look. "If *all* the thoughts are beautiful, Gracey, I suppose *I* must be very lovely too."

Gracey looked doubtfully at the sunburnt face, and *slightly* reddish hair, and gravely rejoined, "Well, Tom, mother says you *used* to be a dear little baby; and I suppose you must have been handsome when God first thought of you."

A shout from all the adjoining windows, and the sudden appearance of sundry heads belonging to the merry brothers and sisters, announced that the conversation had been overheard, and the unanimous decision was, that the victory remained with little "Morning Glory," and big brother Tom was completely vanquished.

Gracey went off to finish her morning walk, but her mind was not quite at ease. "Could brother Tom, or any one else, think of trees, or hills, or flowers more beautiful than those that God made?"

She threw herself down on the arbour seat, and thought gravely, with her round chin resting in her dimpled hand.

Suddenly everything became confused, and although she rubbed her eyes over and over again, all around her looked strange and unnatural. "Where am I" cried "Morning Glory," and what is the matter?"

"We have been making a new earth," said a voice at her side, "and you will find it a great deal better than the old one."

"Dear me" thought "Morning Glory," "I'm sure I shan't like it half as well," and she looked round with great anxiety.

Before her stretched a vast expanse of strange bright flowers, but although they were very curious, she did not feel quite satisfied, and when the wind passed by, and tossed her curls over her cheek, she noticed that not a leaf in the flower-beds stirred.

"Why don't they nod their heads when the wind passes by?" cried "Morning Glory."

"Oh!" replied the voice, "so many flowers are snapped off by the wind, and we have made the stems very strong and stiff—they wouldn't break in a hurricane. It's a great improvement."

"Morning Glory" shook her head doubtfully.

"And what is the matter with the grass? why doesn't it turn pale, and look so pretty and frightened when the wind brushes past?"