

He says, "The corn has grown an inch—
I see without a measure."

He says, when drifts are piling high,
And fence post scarcely peeping,
"How warm beneath their blanket white
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if everyone
Could see things just as queerly.

THE RULER WITHIN

"Mother, I don't have to cry when I fall down," said a little fellow whose brown eyes sparkled with the light of a new discovery; "I can make myself stop. I just say, 'Stop that!' and then I make me mind me."

It was indeed a great discovery—the power of self-mastery; for all strength of character and usefulness begin in learning that the law which really controls us must come from within.

LITTLE PIPPA

A NEW YEAR'S STORY

"Oh, Day!"

It was a merry voice that spoke those two words. A little maiden with roses on her cheeks, and smiles on her lips, had just opened her two earnest black eyes, and jumped out of bed. She ran to the window, and drew up the curtain.

It was only Pippa, the small silk-winding girl who, every hour in the day and every day in the year but just this one, worked away at the silk, winding it up, coil on coil, and having in return her bread and milk.

But when Pippa threw up the curtain the sun flung out his first golden rays, and dropped them all over the tiny silk-winder. He covered her with soft light: he let the gray mist of dawn fall on her head: he deepened the red rose on her cheek: he gave new sparkle to her big earnest eyes.

And Pippa, when she saw the crimson glow in the East, called, "Oh, day! Happy day!"

She stood at the window and saw one

wavelet after another of golden light come out of the clouds and send its light up into the sky. Then the sun lifted its head, higher and higher, filled the whole world with a hue of deep red, which turned to gold, till it grew into morning.

Pippa clapped her plump hands, and her voice burst forth into song.

"Oh, day!" she called out again, "Precious day, I love every wavelet of thee! To me every minute of your twelve hours is a treasure, every second a gift. You are mine for twelve long, happy hours.

"No winding of coil after coil while you last. It is New Year's Day, my one holiday. Oh, day! I shall borrow of your joy on all the days that the New Year shall bring. To-day wherever I wish I can wander, whatever I choose I can sing, whatever I play will seem true."

Happy Pippa!

The lily that bloomed in her window smiled on her. She spoke to it, and it seemed to hear all she said.

"To-day I am your queen, little flowerlet. Yes, I am whatever I please! Smile on in your dress of pure white, call the bees, whisper to the warm showers to come, and in all of your glee, love Pippa, your queen. For to-morrow I must be only Pippa again, Pippa, who winds silk all the days except on the first day of the year."

So Pippa jumped into her clothes and ran from the old dreary attic, down the stairs into the street. Up the hillside she walked, toward the house of the man whose silk she wound. She saw the glass doors, the beautiful drapings, and as she passed the arbor, she heard voices talking.

But Pippa was too happy to stop. So she ran on, singing her song:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn.
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

On she ran up the hill, not even stopping to speak with the children who played by the way.

At noon, singing the same song she passed