

4. With good conscience, though very humbly, you may feel yourself justified in saying that you belong to those last mentioned—those who call Him, Lord, Lord, and who do the things which He says. You cannot say that you do them perfectly; you wish you could, but you try so to do them, and you daily seek His help that you may.

If this be so, we give you joy. The Lord looks down upon you with approving love; you can scarcely fail to be a blessing to all with whom you have to do, you are on your way to the kingdom, and the Lord Himself will give you there a bright and unfading crown.

"The holy to the honest leads,  
From thence our spirits rise;  
And he that in Thy statutes treads  
Shall meet Thee in the skies." *S. G.*

### MAMMA'S BLESSED ONE!

A MOTHER was busy with her morning duties when her youngest child came running towards her with a toy. Tripping along, with a merry smile on his dimpled face, he was the very picture of grace and sweetness that would have won any heart. The mother's soul was transported with delight. She opened her arms, she caught the little prattler to her bosom, and lavished upon it endearing caresses.

"You little darling! Mamma's blessed one!" she exclaimed.

"Blessed—what is blessed, mamma? What do you mean?" artlessly asked the little one.

"You are mamma's dearest treasure, the delight of her eyes and her heart," replied the fond mother, as again and again she kissed the upturned face.

The happy child ran off to its play, and the mother went on with her duties. These led her to her bedroom, where she paused for a moment to take up her "Daily Food."

"I'll stop to read the verse for the day," she said to herself. "I shall have something to think about as I

clear up my room." The verse read, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." The mother's heart fairly stood still. Her own words to her child, and her child's question and her reply, flashed through her mind, and following in quick succession (brought to her remembrance, no doubt, by the Holy Spirit) came the many sweet words of Scripture, "A peculiar treasure unto me"; "The Lord delighteth in thee"; "My love, my fair one"; "My jewels."

She was well taught in the Bible, but the inner meaning of such words had never come to her before. "Am I my Father's 'blessed'?" she said; "His

'delight,' His 'treasure,' 'the apple of His eye,' just what my precious child is to me? Oh, I never have thought of it; it seems as if I could not believe it."

The broom and duster dropped from her hands, and she fell on her knees, and all she could do was to weep tears of penitence and gratitude before the Father whose words of ondearment had never come to her until that moment, but which she now ventured to accept. How could she do otherwise? It was not her own worthiness, she well knew, that made her so dear to the Father's heart, but she was "in Christ," "accepted in the Beloved." She seemed to hear her Saviour saying, "He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father"; "I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father Himself loveth you because ye have loved Me."

From that hour there was a new meaning in

life, a new motive for work, a new power in the soul of this Christian woman. Her tender affection for her little one, the darling of her heart, had interpreted to her the love that encircled her, so pure, so true, so deep, so high. She understood now what the apostle meant when he prayed that his friends might "comprehend" the love "which passeth knowledge." Henceforward she walked in the love of God, and it was like a light all about her—above, below, around, within. She walked "in the light," and had perpetual "fellowship" with the Unseen.



The happy child ran off to its play.