

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to let the Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's
[power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, that is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.

This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves the
best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Blessing of the Lord.

By Lucie Dayton Phillips.

'Mamma, dear!' called little Rose Vincent from her airy perch in the red and gold maple tree, just outside the porch where her mother sat sewing; 'I know all my Golden Rule text now. Hear me say it. 'The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.''

'Yes, that is right, Rose, and the truest words ever spoken.'

'Who said it, mamma?'

'Solomon, the king of Israel, known as the wisest man of his day, and who wrote a great many wise sayings called "proverbs," which make one of the books in the Bible.'

'Solomon who built the fine temple?'

'Yes, dear. It was when he had finished the grand palace for his own house and the grander temple for the Lord, that God came to him in a vision and promised His blessing if he and his children would follow Him, keep His commandments and worship no other gods. With His blessing, you see, they would need nothing else. They would be rich and happy always.'

'Why can't we have His blessing, mamma?'

'We can—we have! A long time

ago, when Jesus was here, He stood one day in the market-place at Capernaum with crowds of sick and sinful people around him. Some were blind, deaf and lame; some had palsy, fever, or madness, while others were those pitiful lepers that cried, "Unclean, unclean," in the streets. There were mothers who had brought their sick babies; boys and girls wasted from disease, and sinful men and women hungry for love and peace. And seeing what they needed, He made them whole every one, saying at last, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Oh, there is no blessing like our Saviour's, Rose!'

'But Jesus has gone away long, long ago, mamma. He is not here to bless us.'

'Christ is just as ready and able to bless you to-day, my child, as He was those who believed on Him at Capernaum and Galilee. None of us can receive His blessing unless we do believe.'

'What do you mean by believing, mamma?'

'To believe in Christ is to believe that all He says is true; to trust in Him because of His life, His death and His love; and so as to have our fears taken away, and a new hope given us, and then to obey His commands and be saved by Him. These people who were healed by Him did not know Him well. He was a stranger to them, yet they believed in Him because they saw that He was good and just and kind and true. If we want His blessing, we must believe in Him as our Saviour, my little Rose.'

'Well, I think it's very easy to believe in Jesus, mamma,' said the child, with a happy look. 'He is so good and so great, and loves us so, we can't help believing in Him.' —'Little Folks' Paper.'

If I Only Had Wings.

Minnie had been picking a few flowers in the garden. She is very fond of the pretty flowers. She is a very thoughtful little girl sometimes..

Her papa calls her his 'little dreamer,' because she often seems to be dreaming when she is awake as well as when she is asleep.

As she was sitting on the garden seat, two pretty butterflies flew about in the sunshine from flower to

flower, and then right away over the fields. And Minnie dreamt she was a butterfly.

'Oh! if I only had wings?' she thought, 'would it not be nice; I would fly about to all my aunts and uncles and cousins; I would fly to papa's office and kiss him, and then back again to mamma and sissy.'

'Oh, it would be nice if I had wings!'

And then Minnie thought of what her papa had told her, that if she had her sins taken away for Jesus' sake, and God's Holy Spirit to help her to be a good girl, she would one day go and be an angel in heaven.

'Then,' she thought, 'I shall be able to fly even better than birds and butterflies.' As she went back to the house she sang merrily.

'I would be like an angel, and with the angels stand.'

'Our Little Dots.'

Sings=As=He=Walks.

In 'The Sunday-School Advocate' we read of a cheery Christian with a red skin and a sunny, happy heart. Suppose you were named, as Indians are, for some special characteristic, what would your name be? 'Girl-who-helps-her-mother?' or 'Boy-not-afraid-to-do-right?'

At the last meeting of the Lake Mohonk Indian Conference, a brother told of a certain little Indian child who used to go toddling about on the grassy prairie of the Dakotas, and as he went he sang. In the morning and all day-long his childish voice would be heard caroling forth the wierd melodies which seem so dismal to us, but which mean so much to the children of the plains. His mother watched and heard him with delight, and with the poetic instinct which sleeps in every mother's heart, no matter how wild she may be, called the boy 'Sings-as-he-walks.' That boy is now a minister of the gospel. He travels abroad on the Dakota prairies, preaching and singing the gospel to his own people. Did not the mother wisely name him? And would it not be a blessed thing if we could apply the name to more Christians? What a splendid description of a cheerful, hopeful, trustful ambassador of Christ: 'Sings-as-he-walks!'

—'Sunday Hour.'