

"Oh! mamma," she said, "everybody loves God, don't they, for making such a lovely world, and all so wonderful, too? Nobody but God could do it, and nobody here can find out how He did it either; can they, mamma?"

"No, Gladys," I replied, as I looked into that spiritual, upturned face. "We may study all our life to try to find out something of the way in which the trees and the plants and the flowers grow and continue to live year after year. But after we have spent our life in that interesting study we can only exclaim, 'His ways are past finding out.' As we stand in silent admiration and wonder, and view His works, we cannot but worship Him who has done all this."

She gathered up the flowers in her tiny hands, while she looked at them lovingly.

"Dear, sweet flowers! God made you, and I love you, every one of you. You are God's own flowers," she said.