

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

DEAR Grandma, I am so discouraged," said sixteen-year-old Nettie Harris. "This morning my Bible text for this day was: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God;' and as I read it my heart filled with gladness. I meant to remember the verse all day, and live very close to the Saviour. But there seemed no end to my difficulties. The kitchen fire would not burn: I built it again and again before I finally mastered it. When father came down to breakfast his coffee tasted of smoke and his steak was not done. I was about to offer an apology, but he looked such strong disapproval that the words died upon my lips and an angry feeling filled my heart. 'What about Christ's presence in you now?' whispered conscience; but I was too much troubled to heed the words. By-and-bye breakfast was out of the way and the children ready for school, all but Willie, who could not find his books. 'You must have put them, somewhere, Nettie,' he said, not remembering his own careless habits. 'I wish you would leave my things where I put them,' bursting into tears. I was tried before, grandma, but this seemed the last straw. I took Willie by the shoulder and shook him. He was very angry; started to school at once without his books; and there they are lying on the hall table now, just where he left them. And O, grandma, such a wretched day as I have spent. It almost seems that the precious Bible promises are not for me; I so easily go astray."

"My dear child, you must learn to live above the cares of this world; that is the secret of a happy life."

"Alas! how can I do it?"

"I once asked myself the same question; for I also possessed a hasty temper, and was easily overcome by trifles. But with God all things are possible. He can take our weak, erring hearts and make them fit temples for his presence."

"I wonder why my Christian life is so full of mistakes, grandma?"

"Dear Nettie, I think you place too much confidence in your own strength to resist. Then, when things do not work well, and we are tempted to give in to weakness, let us remember the enduring patience of Christ. Why could you not have said: 'I am so sorry, father, that your breakfast is not right; I could not help it?' And, as for Willie, you really owe the dear child an apology, Nettie; the little ones have rights to be respected."

"Tears coursed down Nettie's cheeks. 'I am so easily overcome by evil,' she said."

"It need not be so. Take the dear Lord at his word, and accept Him fully. And while you may sometimes be overcome by weakness, yet remember His strength is promised and can make perfect that which you deplore. There is a secret in happy living, Nettie, and those only truly find it whose lives are hid in Christ. When evil and bitter thoughts strive to gain entrance into your heart, shut the door tight against them, and by-and-by they will trouble you no more. When Christ is foremost, and our chief aim is to do His will, we are happy wherever our lot is cast."—*Sel.*

BRAVO!

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools in town, went in the country last summer to spend his holidays at a farm-house—a visit he had long looked forward to with great pleasure. He went out to help the men to gather in the harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer.

The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man, "Well, I have made up my mind to go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taking a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all the rest of the summer."

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will leave."

The man felt rebuked, and said, "If you will stay I won't swear;" and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed, the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and the next.