

loving fellow who did not often wilfully disobey, but who was betrayed not unfrequently by his impulses into serious troubles. He drew quite largely upon the patience of his parents, and particularly of his father. The latter was careful, however, to study his boy's disposition and not to force him unnecessarily into a corner where circumstances would bring sore pressure to bear upon his virtue.

Returning one day from a visit to his patients, the father found a favorite walking cane of delicate fibre lying near the door where the boy had incontinently abandoned it in terror at the sight of the mishap and the consequences. He had often been warned not to ride this hobby, but enchanted by its beauty and perhaps inheriting a fancy for blooded stock, he had stolen it off for a little race around the front circle, with disastrous result. And now the conscience-stricken jockey sat demurely turning the pages of one of his story-books in the library, nervously awaiting the hour of parental judgement.

The father was pained at the loss of his favorite stick and still more grieved at the want of self-control in his son. His first impulse was to confront the little criminal with his disobedience and hold him to strict accountability. But he paused to reason that this was yet but a child, and that love of truth was only existent as a seed, and not as a strong plant, in that little soul. He reflected that the boy's nature was stubbornly fortifying itself to find escape from the impending catastrophe of his misdeed, that conscience was laboriously at work, and that shame and fear of the blow to the father's love, if not dread of punishment, were agonizing the young spirit. He fully realized the moral perils that were besetting the moral temper of his boy and the fierce conflict raging within his breast. And he resolved not to provoke his child to sin, but rather to lead him not into temptation. He knew that should he sternly summon him to account, all the natural desire to escape from the dilemma, with all the surrounding difficulties, under the excitement of the occasion, would press so heavily as possibly to strain the boy's love of the truth and drive him into equivocation, if not into the actual denial of the deed. It were evidently better to find a way of escape for his beloved child out of the mental perplexities that oppressed him and that might lead him into sin.

Hence the wise father's plan of action was speedily formed. Leaving the brok-

en stick upon the ground, he quietly passed through the house, until, without seeming to seek him, he came upon the little recreant in his place of refuge. Then approaching him with a cheerful face, he took the agitated child upon his knee and kissed him, folding him in his arms. After a moment of silence to soothe the troubled spirit, he quickly said, "Papa loves his darling boy, and he does not want him to say a single word just now. Papa knows that his little boy has broken the pretty one and that he is sorry for having disobeyed his papa, who has often told him not to play with it. But papa is very glad that his son would not tell a story about it, and next time, when he has done anything wrong he must run to meet papa and tell him all about it."

In a moment the little arms were closely twined about his father's neck and the tender heart was throbbing with sudden relief as he poured his confession of sorrow and pleas for forgiveness into the paternal ear. There was no need of further punishment, for the awakened conscience had been administering enough of that. And a lesson in love of the truth had been given that was most effective, while it saved the weak young spirit from the heavy urgency upon it to utter an untruth in the denial of the sin under fierce excitement.

It is right for us to strengthen and help the little ones. But some parents seem to think it necessary to test the veracity of their children upon every trying occasion. There is too little of the parent and too much of the judge. Is it not, however, wiser to first build up and fortify the spirit rather than force it to a trial where childhood is morally feeble and virtue is only struggling for its foothold? Even the father of Washington was not infallible; nor is every lad as morally strong, nor even as old as the virtuous George. May not fathers provoke their children to falsehood under circumstance naturally unfavorable to a healthful issue of the trial? It is far better to save the juvenile conscience the scar of a lie by patient, gentle treatment and encouragement to speaking the truth, while it is yet young and frail, than to put it to a fiery test; and the lesson of truth-telling is quite as impressive and enduring, while the self-respect of the child is maintained and his courage for the future vastly invigorated.—*Titus, Chris. Weekly.*