

erent bowing of the heads in prayer, the big book, the minister, as he reads or prays or preaches, the gathering of the offerings, all these are most impressive. The habit of reverence is insensibly formed, and if the minister loves little children, there's many a tender bit will go to them while he is feeding the flock from the Word.

It is ideal, where the Sabbath-school and public worship follow one another and old and young alike can attend both. But where they are held at different times of the day, the question is worth thinking out, as to whether the wee ones of the house shall be robbed of their privilege of attending church for the sake of the Sabbath-school. The Sabbath-school certainly has nothing to gain by it. When the children grow old enough for both, they will be all the readier to benefit by the school because they have already learned so much in the church.

Truth Telling

Mrs. S. M. J. Henry

To assume that a child has told a lie is to take the first step toward making him a liar; and, to make him afraid of the consequences of having the truth known, is to finish the work. Sometimes a mother who would be horrified at the thought of what she is doing, will lead the children in an effort to conceal facts which would bring upon them the displeasure of the father if he knew them, and then unhesitatingly punish the same children for some other act of deception, with which she happens to have no part; and, by and by, will break her heart over the fact that she cannot depend upon their word.

To educate the child in truthfulness, he must be considered and taught, as an imaginative being, as well as one with the power of knowing ordinary facts. The world of his imagination is just as real to him as the world of material things; and the lights which play upon it may color everything he sees, hears and handles. Paul recognized this reality of the inner sight when he said, "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen."

2 Cor. 4:18. This ability to behold the unseen is very quick in childhood; for "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

"What have you been doing all the morning? Where have you been to get so muddy?" asked a mother of a boy of seven who had just run in for something. "And what are you getting out of the closet? And where are you going now?"

"I've been hunting an elephant in a frog pond, and I've got him, too; and I've got to have a strong rope to chain him up with, for he's awful big and strong." And the boy was off, wrapping a piece of cord which he had found, hastily about his hand.

"I declare," said the mother, "I don't know what to do with that child. I am worried to death. Of course I know that this is all play; but sometimes I don't know his play from the real. I am afraid he don't know what truth is."

"You mean you are afraid that he does not know what you mean by truth?"

"I suppose that is it, but truth is truth, you know."

"Yes; truth is truth, but it is very unfortunate that her name has been dragged down to the level of this world of opinions which change as often as the colors and shapes of the kaleidoscope, and, that because a statement does not happen to seem correct to you it is at once branded as untrue, and the one who made it as a liar. Now that child has just as good a right to call that creature of his imagination—maybe a stick, or some other boy—an elephant as the one who first invented the name had to apply it as he did. He was to succeed Adam in dominion, you know."

"Oh, I understand that; of course everybody would know that he is at play now; but just listen to this: he came in yesterday and told me, just as honestly as anyone could have done, that Mrs. Grey was going to have company, and wanted me to let her have a cake, for she was sick and could not bake one. I suspected him at once. I think I always do these days; and yet it did seem that he must be telling the truth from the way he looked, and I said: 'Are you sure,