

a virtue. The little girl who planted her garden so full of flowers, "there wouldn't be any room for weeds to grow", suggested an effective method for child-training, if a doubtful one for horticulture.

How much better it is to teach truth by showing its necessity and beauty, than by dilating on the vileness of falsehood! It was a mistake, that first little lapse from truth, caused perhaps by fear of reproof, or by the vivid imagination. Explain it as such, not as sin.

Good is as easily suggested as evil. Inculcate generosity, not by blaming selfishness, but by allowing the child to prove for himself the joys of giving: even the baby loves to share his crust, if taught to offer it.

And so, although as the child grows older and plays with other children, so much of what seems unnecessary evil enters his life that the mother longs for a home in the wilderness, yet this very meeting and resisting evil but adds to the beauty and strength of the little character which is building.

St. John, N. B.

God Everywhere

Davy, aged six, asked one day at table, "Mama, what's above the clouds?"

"Air."

After a moment of thought, "What's above the air?"

"Ether."

Another moment of thought, then, "What's above the ether?"

"More ether. Ether is everywhere."

Throughout this colloquy Davy's brother Donald, two years younger, seemed no more attentive than usual, which means that he was quite inattentive. A few weeks later Davy had occasion to tell some one the story of the Tower of Babel, and added his usual formula, "I think they were foolish to try to get up to God, for God is everywhere." Donald's mind seemed busily engaged about some other matter. A few months passed, and Donald, now turned five, Donald the inattentive, suddenly thrust at his mother this question:

"Is God ether?"

"No", said his mother, with a little hesitating inflection; she was trying to prepare

herself for the unknown but inevitable sequence. It came promptly:

"Is God the universe?"

Not willing to commit herself to pantheism, she answered again, "No"; and this time her inflection was more hesitant and inquiring than before.

"How can God be everywhere?"

For all those months that wonder had been nestling in that small mind until it grew brave enough to become vocal. Ether everywhere; God everywhere: God is ether. Why not? And if not, how can both be true?

"Grandfather is in the library; perhaps he can tell you."

A sound on the stairway like the roll of a drum, and Donald was down in the library.

"Grandfather, how can God be everywhere?"

Grandfather touches Donald's hand, "Is Donald here, or", touching his shoulder, "is he here, or", touching his chest, "is he here, or", touching his knee, "is he here?"

Donald did not hesitate; touching each spot in turn, he answered, "Donald is here, and here, and here, and here".

"So it is with God", said his grandfather; "He is in England and China and the sun and the moon and the stars."

With a smile that broke like the dawn, and that meant both understanding and gratitude, Donald stood thoughtfully still a moment, and then skipped off to his blocks.
—The Outlook

How Archie Was Cured

By Esther Miller

Archie and Phil were quarreling, and their mother sat on the veranda listening with a troubled heart. Archie was very selfish, and determined always to have the best for himself; and this was making the generous little Phil irritable.

"It seems no use trying any more", sighed the discouraged mother, "I can't be always talking to him, and, anyway, it seems to do him no good."

Just then a neighbor came along, with her baby in a carriage, "Why, Daisy is growing quite rosy again, Mrs. Samson", called out the mother on the veranda.