

## Governing by "Moral Suasion."

My friend called to the offender. "Charley, dear," said he, in the blindest tones imaginable, "don't you remember father told you yesterday, you musn't play in that field any more till it is mowed?"

The boy seemed to have no such recollection; but whether he had or not, he went on with his play.

"Charley," said his father again, "will you please to stop rolling your hoop, and come away from the mowing lot?"

No answer.

"Come, my son, won't you please to do as father tells you?"

Still no effect was visible, unless perhaps the velocity of the hoop was accelerated a little.

"Charles, will you stop trampling down the grass, to oblige me? I am afraid your little calf won't have any hay to eat, if you tread down the grass so."

"Dickey don't eat grass," said the little hero; and he went on chasing his hoop.

"But may be he would like some next winter, Charley. I am sorry you do not mind your father. Are you not going to be a good boy, now, and do as I tell you?"

Still the system did not operate well. The machinery seemed to be rusty.

"Charley, my dear, do you remember the fifth commandment?"

I dare presume that all the children could have repeated the catechism from beginning to end; they were well instructed, for both parents were professedly pious; but master Charles was far too much engaged at the time to be catechised. He was doing a great work, so that he could not come down to the New England

Primer. He was training up his father in the way he should go.

The mother then appeared at the door. "Come, Charley, dear," said she, "come here, and see what mother has got for you. I wouldn't play there any more. Come and play in the house with sister. That's a good boy. So saying, she retreated, leaving the reins of *government* entirely in the hands of my friend, the *paterfamilias*, who then said, in a tone of voice a little more nearly approaching the point of sternness, but not quite reaching it,

"Charles, I am astonished. Do you mean to obey your father, or not?"

"I'll come in a minute."

"That's right, my son. I thought you would mind me, because you know it is naughty to trample down the grass, when your father asks you not to do it."

Master Charles did not happen to have any watch with him, so that his minute proved to be a very long one, which circumstance his father ventured, though with great difficulty and self-distrust, to hint to him.

Our promising young *master*, having somewhat laconically dissented from the opinion aforesaid, and doubtless wishing to give a *running* commentary on the theory of government by moral suasion, then went off in a tangent line, chasing his hoop at full speed quite across the field.

"Now," said my friend, turning to me, "I suppose your advice would be to punish that child severely; but I shall succeed without assault and battery—you may be sure of that."

I told him I was no friend of undue severity in parental government; that I hardly knew precisely how I should act in similar circumstances; but that I thought there was some excellent instruction conveyed in one