

THE CHILD'S NEED OF SYMPATHY.

The child demands sympathy, companionship, love. Here also the instinct of the higher quadrupeds shows in a touching way the same demand. The dog's desire, even more pressing than the desire for food, and often displacing it, is to be with his master. If his master is within-doors, the dog wishes to lie at his feet; if he goes to another room, the dog must go also, and establish himself there; if he goes forth to walk or ride, the four-footed friend bounds along in bliss over-joyed to traverse miles of country which he would never visit alone. An occasional friendly word contents him; but without companionship he can do nothing. Strange that we recognize this instinct in the animal, and often ignore it in the child! Every child needs companionship; to have some one to whom every little joy may be imparted. Some of the most conscientious and devoted parents who have ever lived have been those who never kissed their children, and the same habit of repression still shows itself in some households in regard to all communications with the young.

A woman of genius, not now living, once told me that she did not know how to tell time by the clock until she was eighteen, because her father had undertaken to explain it to her when she was twelve, and she was afraid to let him know that she had failed to comprehend him. Yet she said that he had never in his life spoken to her one harsh word. It was simply the attitude of cold repression that froze her. After his death she wrote to me, "His heart

was pure—and terrible; I think that there was not another like it on earth." On this point I fear that she was mistaken, and that the race of such parents survives.—*T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.*

THE SURPRISED MOHAM-MEDAN.

On one occasion, travelling in the Barbary States with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine, we had arrived at a door near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the "rebellers against God." My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said:

"Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves."

He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed:

"May God curse me if ever I curse again those who hold such belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold."—*Hay's Western Barbary.*

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—*Charles Kingsley.*