

HOME RULE OF PARENTS.

PARENTS SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO MISCONSTRUE THE ACTIONS OF THEIR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN—LOOK BACK AT YOUR OWN CHILDHOOD—AN EPISODE IN POINT.

So much has been said about the management of children that mothers begin to weary of it all, and yet of children I wish to speak. Would that my voice could reach every woman's heart, whether mother, sister or teacher. First, I wish to lead you back to your own childhood. Did you ever begin to do some odd job that you had not been told to do, but that you supposed yourself fully capable of performing, expecting to be thanked for kindly helping, only to find that you had done the worst piece of mischief that you possibly could, and, more than all, were told that you had done it out of pure mischievousness?

If you never had such an experience it must have been because servants were so plentiful that nothing was left to do, or that you were too indolent to exert yourself. A friend that I was visiting had a bright boy of six years, with a loving disposition, always willing to help every one, but apparently the most mischievous of children. His mother was in despair. She confided her trouble to me, and I resolved to watch him, and see if I could not find out the reason he had won such a name as "Little Mischief."

The next morning at the table, my friend remarked that the weather was so beautiful that she would remove her plants from the sunny window they occupied to the verandah: but, she added, "I do dread to do it; it is so tedious, and it tires me so."

WANTED TO HELP MOTHER.

I noticed how the little eyes sparkled, and knew as well as if he had told me that the little fellow had heard what she said, and would try to do the much dreaded job for her. Not long

after she ran over to Mrs. A's, and no sooner did the gate shut than Harry was active. The flower stand was already in its accustomed place, waiting for the plants. One by one, carefully, he lifted the heavy pots, and, without breaking a leaf, transferred them to their summer quarters. Sometimes he paused a moment to rest, then went bravely to work again. His face was the picture of happiness. He was helping his mamma.

I watched and wondered if this would also be laid to his mischievous propensities. My friend was gone rather longer than she expected, for, as she told me afterward, Mrs. A. had a love of a bonnet that she must see, as well as several costly additions to her parlor furniture. Ah! there lay the secret of her discontented looks, for she had told me that owing to several losses she would not be able to expend much money on her summer outfit. As she came in the gate her face passed through all the phases of surprise, dismay, and finally anger.

"Harry come here this instant. What have you been doing? How dare you touch my plants?"

Stinging blows fell on the hands that had toiled so thanklessly.

"You are always into some mischief!" she exclaimed.

I watched the child; he was heart-broken. His bosom heaved, and his sobs were pitiful.

"Go to your room and stay the rest of the morning." He obeyed.

"There! What did I tell you? How can I manage such a boy?"

"By simply understanding him," I replied.

"What do you mean?"

"This. Your little boy wanted to help you; I read it in his face. His motives were the best. You said it tired you so, and he generously did the disagreeable task for you."

"But if he had dropped one?"

"He did not, and if he had a broken plant is better than a broken heart. I tell you candidly, if you do