

for a moment, chases Charles around the room, and returns to her mischief.

"Charles, put up the poker." Charles pays no heed to the direction.

The mother, soon seeing how he is wearing the carpet, and bruising the furniture, gets up, gives Charles a shake, and places the poker in its proper situation; but by the time she is fairly seated, and at her work again, Charles is astride the shovel, and riding at full speed.

I need not continue this description; but every one knows that it is not exaggerated; such scenes do often occur. Thousands of immortal spirits are trained up in this turbulence and anarchy and noise, for time and for eternity. Now this mother will tell you she *has not time* to bring her children into subjection; whereas, had she been faithful with each individual child, she would have saved herself a vast amount of time and toil.

We will suppose the case of another mother, who has the same work to perform. She has taught her children prompt and implicit obedience. She gives three of them, perhaps, some blocks, in one corner of the room, and tells them that they may play at "build houses," but that they must not make much noise, and must not interrupt her, for she wishes to finish some work. The other three sit at places in another corner of the room, with their slates, and tells them they may play at "make pictures." The children, accustomed to such orderly arrangements, employ themselves, very quietly and happily, for perhaps three quarters of an hour. The mother goes on uninterrupted in her work. Occasionally she raises her eyes, and says an encouraging word to her children, now noticing the little architects in the corner, and now glancing her eye at the drawings upon the slates; thus showing the children that she sympathises with them, and takes an interest in their enjoyments. The children are pleased and happy; the mother is undisturbed.

She does not let them continue their amusements till they are weary of them. But after they have played perhaps three-quarters of an hour, she says,

"Come, children, you have played long enough, you may take up all your little blocks, and put them away in the drawer."

"Oh, mother," says Maria, "do let me play a little while longer, for I have got my house almost done?"

"Well, you may finish it," says the judiciously kind mother, "but tell me as soon as it is done?"

In a few minutes Maria says, "There ma', see what a large house I have built!" The mother looks at it and adds a pleasant word of encouragement, and then tells them to put all their blocks in the proper place. She tells the children with the slates to hang up their slates, and put away their pencils; so that the next day, when slates and blocks are wanted, no time may be lost in searching for them.

Now which mother has the most time? and which mother has the happiest time? and which mother will find the most comfort in the subsequent character and affection of her children?