

"Why, no, not particularly. He was playing, I believe."

"He was very busy," said the friend. "He had a grocery store in one corner of the room, a telephone in another, and a magnificent train of cars with a coal-scuttle engine. He was taking orders from the telephone, doing up packages in the grocery store, and delivering them by train. He had just very courteously assured Mrs. Brown that she should surely have a pound of rice pudding and a bushel of baked potatoes, and had done up a pumpkin pie for Mrs. Smith, when he was rudely disturbed in his business by Sarah and carried ignominiously off to bed. He resented, and probably if he could have put his thoughts into words, would have said just what you did a short time ago, that if he could have been let down easy it wouldn't have been so hard, but to be stopped suddenly, right in the midst of business, was unbearable. Now he knows that to-morrow the grocery store will have been demolished, the telephone will have disappeared, the train will have been wrecked; and if he goes into business again, he will have to begin at the foundation. You think your experience is hard enough, but you know there are others at your place of business who are looking after things as well as they can. How would you feel if you knew that your store was demolished and had to be built up again from the foundation?"

"O, well," said the father, "but that is business. The boy was only playing."

"The boy's occupation to him was business just as much as yours is to you. His mental activities were just as intense; the sudden checking of his currents of thought was just as hard to bear; and his kicks and screams were no more censurable in him than have been your exclamations and frettings during the time that you have been ignominiously sent to bed. You have been worrying over plans that were suddenly confused because of your accident; he goes to bed feeling that Mrs. Brown will be disappointed because she did not get her rice pudding, and it is just as hard for him to bear this as for you to bear your experience."

"Well, what would you have me do?" said the father. "Would you let the child sit up all night because he is interested in his play?"

"No, but you might have 'let him down easy.' Suppose you had given him fifteen minutes in which to rearrange his thoughts. Suppose you had called him to you and said, 'Well, Mr. Grocer, I would like to give you some orders, but I see that it is about time for your store to close. I shall have to wait until to-morrow.' No doubt the little grocer would have been willing to have filled your orders at once, but you could have said, 'O, no; stores must close on time so that the clerks can go home. There will be plenty of time to-

tomorrow. I see you still have some goods to deliver, and your engineer is getting very anxious to reach the end of his run. In about fifteen minutes the engine must go into the round-house and the engineer must go home and go to bed so as to be ready for work to-morrow.' Do you not see that this would have turned the thoughts of the child into just the line that you wanted him to go? He would have been glad to close up his store, because that is the way men do; and as a little engineer at the end of a 'run,' he would have been very glad to go to bed and rest. Instead of a rebellious child, sobbing himself sulkily to sleep, with an indefinable feeling of injustice rankling in his heart, as a happy little engineer he would have gone willingly to bed, to think with loving-kindness of the father who had sympathized with him and helped him to close his day's labors satisfactorily."

"I see," said the father, "and I am ashamed of myself. If I could walk, I'd go to him and ask him to forgive me. Sarah, bring Robbie here."

"He's asleep," was the reply.

"Never mind, bring him anyhow."

The girl lifted the sleeping boy and carried him to his father's arms. The child's face was flushed and tear-stained, his little fists were clinched, and the long drawn, shuddering breath showed with what a perturbed spirit he had entered into sleep.

"Poor little chap!" said the father, penitently. He kissed the moist forehead and whispered, "Can you forgive your father, my boy?"

The child did not awaken, but his hands gently unclosed, his whole body relaxed, and nestling his head more closely against his father's breast, he raised one chubby hand and patted the father's cheek. It was as if the loving voice had penetrated through the incasing flesh to the child's spirit, and he had answered love with love.—*Mary Wood Allen, M. D., in New Crusade.*

The public school board of Toronto has abolished home study, except in cases where the parents of pupils desire its continuance. It has been found that for a large portion of the children of school age the hours of study in school are as long a time as can be profitably devoted to their tasks in the day without danger of injury to their health or growth. There is in this province a considerable division of opinion as to the necessity of school children being required to commit long tasks to memory at home. Those who do so are sometimes overtasked and in other cases devote the school hours to resting instead of study. The notion of the Toronto board is that the resting shall be done at home and the school hours assiduously devoted to study.

ELMER E. BROWN: I wish to propose an educational principle which I conceive to be fitting to this new order of things: Every man's education should carry him as far up the course of general culture as he can go consistently with his other duties in life; but every man's education should be rounded out with technical training for some definite occupation in life.