

faction of seeing them become more truthful, honest, trustworthy and manly in their intercourse with me, with their friends, and with each other.

Once, however, I was sadly puzzled by an application of the principle, by one of my scholars, George Jones—a large boy—who partly through a false feeling of honor, and partly through a feeling of stubbornness, refused to give me some information. The circumstances were these.

A scholar had played some trick which had interrupted the exercises. As was my custom, I called on the one who had done the mischief to come forward. As no one started, I repeated the request, but with no success. Finding that the culprit would not confess his guilt, I asked George if he knew who committed the offence?

"I did not do it," was the reply.

"But do you know who did?"

"Yes sir."

"Who was it?"

"I do not wish to tell."

"But you must; it is my duty to ask, and yours to answer me."

"I cannot do it sir," said George firmly.

"Then you must stop with me after school."

He stopped as requested, but nothing which I could urge would induce him to reveal anything. At last, out of patience with what I believed to be the obstinacy of the boy, I said—

"Well George, I have borne with you as long as I can, and you must either tell me or be punished."

With a triumphant look, as though conscious that he had cornered me by an application of my favorite rule, he replied, "I can't tell you, because it would not be right; the boy would not like to have me tell of him, and I'll do as I'd be done by."

A few years earlier I should have deemed a reply thus given an insult, and should have resented it accordingly; but experience and reflection had taught me the folly of this, and that one of the most important applications of my oft quoted rule was—to judge of the motives of others as I would have them judge of mine. Yet, for a moment, I was staggered. His plea was plausible; he might be honest in making it; I did not see in what respect it was fallacious. I felt that it would not do to retreat from my posi-

tion, and suffer the offender to escape; and yet that I should do a great injustice by compelling a boy to do a thing if he really believed it to be wrong.

After a little pause, I said, "Well, George, I do not wish you to do any thing which is wrong, or which conflicts with our Golden Rule. We will leave this for to-night, and perhaps you will alter your mind before to-morrow."

I saw him privately before school, and found him more firm in the refusal than ever. After the devotional exercises of the morning, I began to question the scholars on various points of duty, and led the conversation to the Golden Rule.

"Who," I asked, "are the persons to whom, as members of this school, you ought to do as you would be done by? Your parents, who support you and send you here? Your schoolmates, who are engaged in the same work with yourselves? The citizens of the town, who, by taxing themselves, raise money to pay the expenses of this school? The school committee, who take so great an interest in your welfare? Your teacher? Or the scholar, who carelessly or wilfully commits some offence against good order?"

A hearty "Yes" was responded to every question.

Then, addressing George, I said, "Yesterday, I asked you who had committed a certain offence. You refused to tell me, because you thought it would not be doing as you would be done by. I now ask you to reconsider the subject. On one side, are your parents, your schoolmates, the citizens of the town, the school committee, and your teacher—all deeply interested in everything affecting the prosperity of this school. On the other side, is the boy who by his act has shown himself ready to injure these. To which party will you do as you would be done by?"

After a moment's pause, he said, "to the first. It was William Brown who did it."

My triumph, or rather the triumph of the principle, was complete and the lesson was as deeply felt by the other members of the school as by him for whom it was specially designed.

R. I. Schoolmaster.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN."

Wordsworth's saying was never more aptly illustrated than by the fol-