

Abide With Us.

Abide with us; the day is spent,
The dark, still night draws near;
The radiant setting sun has lent
A transient brightness here;
It fades, it dies, the skies grow gray;
Good Master, hasten not away.

If we have tried thy love to-day,
Or striven 'gainst thy will,
Remember not our sins, we pray,
Be patient with us still.
Forsake us not, O Lord, when we
Turn, with repentant hearts, to thee.

Our lives are weary at the best,
And full of care, our strivings fail;
We labor and we have no rest;
Though joys be many, fears prevail.
Abide thou in our hearts, that we
May bear our ills more patiently.
—F. L. Hildreth.

Teaches the Truth.

(By May Myrtle French, in the 'Homestead'.)

One of the hardest tasks for the mother is that of teaching her wee ones to know and speak the truth. Even if she herself never threatens to call a policeman or give away a naughty little son or daughter to the bad man, there are sure to be friends and relatives who are less careful. Who has not seen the bachelor uncle or friend, or the foolish woman who delights to tease the child, and how many of the teasing things they say have the stamp of truth?

I know of a case where a mother who was obliged to help her husband in a photo gallery and have her two little ones there also most of the daytime, used to plead with a friend not to tease her little four-year-old by threatening to cut off his ears. He soon had the child really afraid of him, but in spite of this and the mother's pleadings the man persisted in his fun. One day as the tormenter came toward the boy with his usual threat, the child turned like a flash to an open closet in which were kept strips of picture molding, and seizing a piece as large as his childish strength could manage, he struck blindly at the face of the funny (?) man.

The blow was severe enough to cure one man of his desire to tease small boys in just that fashion. The mother who told me of the incident said: 'Of course I had to punish little son, but secretly I thought the man got just what he deserved.'

What regard for truth can be maintained if grown people persistently misuse the truth. I have seen children when their mother said she would whip them for any misdeed, go calmly on as if nothing had been said. When asked if they did not fear a whipping, they with a scorn utterly unchildish made reply: 'Aw, she don't mean it, she's just trying to scare us.'

Men think it is very funny to send a small boy trotting all over town to get a 'left-handed wrench,' or a 'three-cornered square rat-tail file,' making a laughing stock of the would-be helpful child. Only a 'kid' is he? Yes, but you know that a 'cat may look at a king' to use an old saying in a rather unfair sense, and who knows all the cat thinks of His Majesty? The boy soon gets sharp, and says and does some very clever things—but is it good for him?

I know one such little fellow who had been teased until he had grown wise, and one day his mother sent him to a nearby store to get change for a bill. After the man had obliged him, he said to the small man: 'That silver I gave you was all counterfeit,' and the boy retorted smartly: 'So was the bill I gave you, so we're even.'

Another way in which many people teach their small ones to disregard the truth is to allow lying in such fun as April-fooling. My mother used to have the rule that we could fool each other in any innocent way on that day, but when meanness or lying had to enter into our fun, there was to be no more fooling for the year. And as my mother always meant what she said we soon learned to be very careful. And really we found there were so many ways to have jolly good 'fools' that we, I think, lost our desire to falsify for the sake of 'catching' another.

'But,' says a careful mother, almost in tears, 'I do try to keep them from teasing or threatening my child, but unless I really make them angry, there are some of my friends who will never understand that I am really in earnest.'

Then my dear mother, make them angry,

and let the job be thorough. I say, and I solemnly mean it, that I would rather lose the regard of my best friend, or any relative I have on earth, including my own mother, and this is a startling thing to say, than run the risk of ruining my child's moral nature. You have the supreme right in training of the little ones intrusted to your care, and surely their well-being is paramount to any other interest.

'I didn't think' has more to do with this matter of meaningless untruth teaching than has anything else. Let's all put on our thinking-caps from here forth, mothers and fathers.

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