

TRUST THE CHILDREN.

BY ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

Yes, do trust the children. There little hearts are brimful of love and confidence in you; have the same in them. We have known many and many a mother, who taught her children to lie; mothers who were professing Christians, who would scorn to lie themselves, who would punish a child for telling a lie, and yet would deliberately teach them to do it. How did they do it? Easily enough. Out of numberless ways we will cite but one.

A friend of mine whose little daughter's hands were badly chapped, asked her if she had been playing in the snow.

"Yes, a little bit," was the reply.

"Well, don't do it any more," said the mother, "for it makes your hands chap."

The child promised she wouldn't. A day or two afterward I happened to be there, when the little girl came in to dinner, her mother washed her hands, remarking as she did so.

"Allie, Mrs. M. said she saw you and Eddie with a whole bank of snowballs. You have broken your promise and I must punish you."

"Mamma, I didn't, I didn't," sobbed the child.

"But Mrs. M. saw you," and in spite of the child's sobbing assertions of innocence, she was led from the room and punished.

When Eddie came home from school he said to me, not knowing that Allie had been punished for playing in the snow:

"I had a whole bank of snow-balls yesterday—jolly ones!"

"Did you?" I said. "Allie is nice help to make them."

"I made 'em alone. Allie never touched 'em—yes, she did; she picked up one that fell off," he added.

I told the mother, and she went to see Mrs. M., and found that she had only seen Allie with one snowball in her hand, which she laid on the bank, so she supposed she was making them. My friend made a new dress for the child's doll, and took her to ride, saying to me, "That will make it all right."

I didn't think so. The mischief was done and could not be so easily repaired; the little heart had been cruelly wounded because its word had not been believed first, and before all others, until proven guilty; afterward to lie and deceive came easy.

The quickest and easiest way to make a child untruthful, and deceitful, is to accuse him of being such. The most of people, if a child has candy given him, will take it and put it out of his reach; thus showing by their actions that they do not trust him. Many people say children haven't judgment you can't trust them. You can trust them, and you must teach them by every means in your power to rely implicitly on your judgment. This they will do if you give them a reason for what you ask them to do, or not to do, instead of simply commanding them.

The little child who cries bitterly when it finds you have gone slyly away for an afternoon call, or walk, will stay cheerfully and pleasantly at home if you explain to him why he cannot accompany you, and treat him like a rational being which he is. But this subject is almost inexhaustible, and I leave it, with these few lines, to the careful consideration of all mothers.—*The Household*.

BIRDS' FEELINGS.

It is beyond question that there are feelings and emotions in birds and beasts akin to certain similar manifestations in man. Take pride of appearance, for example. The human creature in all its stages is subject to this feeling; indeed, it is our power of self-respect in its proper place and degree. But other creatures than man share it with him. I have seen it in the house-sparrow and in several other birds, or something very like it. I once called at a friend's house who had a fine peacock. I asked to see it, and was told it was moulting at the time; its fine tail was gone, and therefore was in hiding, and disliked to be seen; it felt ashamed of its poor dress. I once lodged at a gentleman's house who had a pair of canary birds in a large cage; they had had that year two batches of four young ones each time. They were all full grown, but one of the young ones had the misfortune to have a black feather in its wing. The whole family persecuted it because of that one black feather, each one taking hold of the offensive feather to pull it out whenever the poor bird came near. It had to sit by itself in consequence, lost heart, and had to be given away. When a boy, I was enjoying myself one fine May evening, on the sunny side of a dry-built stone wall near my father's house. A great many sparrows were busy in the wall nest-making. Seeing a cock-sparrow go into a hole within my reach, I made a rush and put my hand over the hole. The bird finding it suddenly dark, rushed out into my hand. I had him. I had no intention to harm him, but with a boy's curiosity, felt a wish to know him in future among the others, and to this

end cut a small bit off his tail and let him go. I did not see him again. A week or so after I caught another cock-sparrow at the same place, and marked him in the same way. The sparrows went on with their nest-making and family life, but neither of my cock-sparrows put in an appearance. In the month of July, while wandering among the hills, a long way from home, I saw an old ruin, and went to it to search for birds'-nests. While thus occupied, what starts out from the hole but my two forgotten cock-sparrows! Not another bird was there, and they ran from hole to hole as silent as if they had lost their voices, nor would they quit their solitary abode. Evidently the small bit off their tails had broken their hearts and driven them to each other as brothers in adversity. Why had they gone into banishment to spend a gloomy summer in each other's society? Had their mates discarded them because of their stubby tails? or had they magnanimously dissolved the marriage relation, leaving their hens to the joys of fine tailed sparrows and the pleasures of family life? I thought of David's men at Jericho, with their garments cut off, so ashamed that they could not return home. Well, the sparrows next spring would have got new tails, and then, I hope, they came back into society, but not with a good opinion of me. Certain it is that I never hurt another sparrow, and that I tried to make up the evil by kindness to all sparrows during winter.—*Leisure Hours*.

THE KARRIOLE IN SWEDEN.

The karriole is a Norwegian institution, but some provinces of Sweden have borrowed it. It resembles a cart, a drosky, a tilbury, a sulky, yet differs from all. It is composed of a circular wooden seat for one person, ornamented with a hard flat cushion like a pancake, of wood and perched on a pair of large wheels. Between the seat and the axle-tree two half hoops serve as springs and make a base pretence of modifying the violence of the jolting. Between the long shafts stands a rusty little horse with unkempt mane, quick eye, prominent ribs and a nervous and steely ankle. The harness is as strange as the vehicle, as wild as the horse. One of the reins is a rope, the other a leather strap rusty with age and weather. But even here the Scandinavian love of color comes in. The horse's collar is ornamented with carved wood painted in brilliant hues, and to it hang a half dozen or more sleigh-bells. You swing up into your rolling chair, your valise fixed between your feet; your young conductor hands you the reins and jumps up behind, and kneels on a narrow board there, his hands holding on to your back. When you are ready he utters a sibilant sound something like this *pr-pr-pr*; and to the horse this is a magic utterance. He shakes his mane, starts off at a gallop, plunges down hill with his belly to the ground, and takes the ascents by storm. The karriole follows him, jumping, bounding, dancing, describing unheard-of zigzags over the bosom of Mother Earth. Relays are made at certain stages. The traveller leaves not only horse, but karriole, and enters another, bag and baggage. The boy who accompanied the preceding relay receives the stipulated price of the conveyance, shakes hands cordially with the traveller, and returns home with his horse and karriole. One of his youthful compatriots succeeds him on the fresh karriole, and thus the traveller passes in review the coming generation of Scandinavia. Though the karrioles vary little in appearance, no one of your young companions resembles the other. One, timid and fearful, crouches behind on the board, hangs tightly by your shoulders and never utters a word; another, wide awake to an astonishing degree, carries on a ceaseless discourse in his own language, and seems quite indignant that you do not understand Swedish like a native. Often the boy jumps to the ground, trots beside the vehicle, springs up again with a bound on to the shafts, stands there astride like a circus-rider, jumps, dances and turns summersaults, without the pony relaxing his headlong pace for an instant. Sometimes your young postilion, anxious to show the superiority of Swedish horse-flesh over all other in the world, stimulates the courser of the karriole. You hold the reins, it is true, but the animal pays no attention to any one but his fellow-countryman. It is he who urges him on by a gesture or stops him by a word. For the most part, however, the best energies of the gamin are devoted to sparing the horse, which is perhaps the only treasure, and certainly the friend and companion, of the family. The whip is an instrument almost unknown in Sweden, and if you venture to caress the backbone of your horse with a switch, the poor boy behind will groan at every stroke as if he were being switched himself.

The diligence of France and the stage-coach of England are replaced in Scandinavia not by one but a whole procession of karrioles; the column headed by the post-carrier. It is great fun to meet a joyous, noisy caravan like

this; with bells ringing, laughter and chat resounding, in the stillness of these great solitudes. Conversation is carried on by the travellers jumping down and running alongside of one another's karriole. All karrioles upset once or twice a day—this is the expected average—in which case the horse, trained by long custom, stops; all the other karrioles in the procession do the same; the gamin in charge of the conveyance examines his harness and vehicle to see if anything is broken; the traveller picks himself up; and away goes the caravan again at a lively gallop.—*Olive Logan, in Lippincott's Magazine*.

ON A DEATH BED.

BY REV. J. B. TAYLOR.

Some years ago, on a dark and stormy night, as I was about to lie down to sleep, a messenger came with the request that I would hurry to a certain house whose location he described, and see a young man, L., who was supposed to be near his end. I soon made my way to the place, and was ushered into the chamber where the sick man lay. His friends stood around their apparently dying loved one. The physician had just taken his departure, having done all in his power to relieve the sufferer, and saying that the patient could not live till morning. I took my seat by the young man's bedside, and talked to him about his preparation for eternity. He was able to speak, and seemed to be in perfect possession of his mental faculties. He said in substance, that though not connected with any church, he was not afraid to die—that he had found peace in believing, and had been enabled to commit his soul to the keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ. My heart was made glad at this, and I congratulated him on the hopes which sustained him in the near prospect of death, and then urged upon those who were present the importance of preparation for a dying hour. Some of the sweet promises from God's word were then read, and prayer was made to our Heavenly Father, after which I took leave of L., expecting to see him no more in this world.

But, strange to say, in a few hours an unlooked-for change for the better took place, and by morning the sick man was not only living, but improving, and soon recovered. A few days after, I sought a quiet uninterrupted interview with L. Imagine my surprise when, on my having alluded to that eventful night and its solemn circumstances, he expressed himself as utterly ignorant of anything that occurred on that occasion. He said that he was unaware of my visit and the conversation referred to, that he had never knowingly professed conversion to God, and that, had he died, his soul would have been lost.

Reader, the explanation is that the sick man was delirious, though apparently in his right mind, and was utterly unconscious of all that occurred. And yet, had he died, I should have thought of his peaceful, almost triumphant death, and his surviving loved ones would have talked of him as safe in heaven.—*American Messenger*.

THE CHILDREN'S ALLOWANCE.

A correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer* writes:—

"In the article on training of children I notice one omission that I think very important. That is the evil of parents making weekly allowance to children, and not enquiring into the expenditure of it. I have friends who seem so indifferent in this matter that when the allowance is gone, and they are asked for more, they give without questioning for fear the children might feel they had not confidence in them.

"Now this has been a subject I have thought over very carefully, and would like to give my experience for the benefit of anxious mothers. When my boys were old enough to assume this responsibility they had a book given them to keep their accounts in—printed at first, of course, as they could not write—and a promise that all they had in hand at the end of the month would be doubled for them to put in the bank.

"Now this brought each book under my inspection every month, to them apparently of their own accord. There was never any fault-finding with the contents, but if necessary advice for future use. For charitable gifts they are always ready, and at Christmas also, as they have full liberty to take up their bank account and give as they please, I knowing well that not one step would be taken without my advice. In this way, while yet school-boys, they have become somewhat familiar with business, and the older ones now in business show the benefit to them of this course by jutting down all their daily expenses so systematically as to be of very little trouble at the time, but making it very easy to keep within the limits assigned them. Girls do not have the same temptations as boys, and yet it is equally necessary they should be

taught system and prudence in money matters, so I am trying the same plan with my little girl, and so far find it takes charmingly. I am sure that if mothers were more faithful we should hear less of fraud and corruption."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- Who was the first Jew to marry a Gentile?
- What is the first mountain mentioned in the Bible?
- What were the first words spoken to man?
- Who was the first negro convert to christianity mentioned in the Bible?
- Who was the first that was called "the Hebrew" or Jew?
- What is the first Bible record of the use of a navy?
- When was the ferry-boat first used, and by whom?
- Where and by whom was the first missionary meeting held?
- Where is mention first made of the purchase of land?
- Where is the first mention of printing in the Bible?
- What is the first recorded use of current money?
- What was the text of our Saviour's first sermon?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- The witness stone that kinsman raised On Gilead's mount on solemn day.
- Whence came the spoilers whom the sword Of God and Gideon swept away?
- A hill where outlaws spared a king, And foes were quickly turned to friends.
- A warrior, whom, with change of name, His chieftain an employment sends.
- Once nigh to perish; of twelve sons The father, and of a mighty race.
- A city whence invaders driven, In mourning seek Jehovah's grace.
- Where o'er the plain the idol reared Its height, and martyrs God revered.
- Unrighteous judge, degenerate child; Brief was the rule his sin defiled.

The initials and the initials show
A loyal friend, a traitorous foe;
Over a loyal head they strive,
And one departeth not alive;
The latter justly death o'ertakes,
The former gratitude forsakes.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS OF APRIL 1ST.

- Light. Gen. i., 3.
- The coming of Christ. Gen. iii., 15.
- Cain. Gen. iv., 17.
- Moses. Ex. xiii., 13.
- Abram. Gen. xii., 1, 6.
- Cain. Gen. iv., 9.
- Aaron. Ex. xxviii., 1.
- The woman Eve. Gen. iii., 1.
- Adam. Gen. ii., 15.
- Tubal Cain. Gen. iv. 22.
- Adam. Gen. iii., 24.
- The words, "Holiness to the Lord," upon Aaron's mitre. Ex. xxviii., 36.

Answer to Enigma, SINAI.

The following are the names of those who have, up to date, sent answers to the questions of April 1st, and the number of correct answers given by each:—Seward Estabrooks, Sackville, N. B., 7; Mitchell Fulton, Wallace, N. S., 9; Phebe C. Cheaney, Kenmore, 7; Lillie Jackson, Saugeen, Ont., 9; Lina Sutherland, Ingersoll, Ont., 10; Walter E. Seelye, East Cornwall, Conn., sends answer to Enigma only.

—Out of a careless and unarmored way spring up mischievous habits which at first are not very striking nor very disastrous. Prominent among them is the habit of carelessness respecting the truth—carelessness in respect to giving one's word in the form of a promise. It were wise for a man to think twice before ever he promises once, because when you have promised, let the heavens fall, but keep your word. Keeping one's word is a good old-fashioned virtue. A man who is true to his word has a good habit. There is too much laxity in our time on this subject. There is too much charity for men who promise easily and forget yet more easily. They do not mean to break their word, but their memory fails them. They make an appointment, and fail to keep it; and their excuse is, "Really, I forgot it." They enter into an agreement, and they do not fulfill it, and all the reason they give for not fulfilling it is, "I didn't think." Why, that is the devil's garment that men put on. It does cover "a multitude of sins," but it covers them in order to keep them and nourish them. And it is wise for every young man who is beginning life to put down in a book, as a maxim, among others, for himself, this: Never make a promise without a distinct and deliberate thought as to whether you can fulfill it or not; and having made a promise, keep it at all hazards, even though it be to your damage. Do not break your word.—*Becher*.