

ed that even the dull skies and chilling winds of November had a beneficent purpose. God was always his Father, no matter what came, and was dealing just as kindly and lovingly with His child, when the winter blasts howled around the house, as when the oriole sang in the garden.

And so the bond between the child and nature, and consequently, between him and nature's God, was preserved and strengthened. That child has a priceless heritage, whose mother leads him by this path to his eternal Father.

Orillia

### "To Grow To"

*By Mrs. Marion Cruikshank*

I was watching my friend working in her garden, training the vine that was creeping up over the veranda. When all the shoots had been secured, she put in a few extra tacks several inches higher than the vines had reached. "To have when you need them?" I asked. "No", she replied, "for the vines to grow to." Then she explained, that some curious sort of instinct in a vine would make it grow toward a support arranged for it.

Watching my friend's home life, it seemed to me she carries this same principle into the training of her children. She keeps such high ideals before them, that instinctively they try to live up to them. Faults are not often corrected, the contrasting virtues are commended and opportunities are made to let them have play. So the baby of the flock, who bade fair to be spoiled and selfish, has been taught the joys of giving. It was taken for granted that she should love to give, and a selfish act was treated more as a mistake. Call it hypnotism, the stronger mind controlling the weaker, or what you will; but the result is, a child who will not only share her treasures, but who herself quietly goes without rather than that any one else should be left out.

When the small son went to school and, for the first time, mixed with other boys, he found that very often their opinion of honor and his did not coincide, and, for a little time, his suffered; but the instinct of honor which

had been developed before he met the temptation to dishonesty, was too strong finally to succumb, and he very soon became again the open, straightforward boy his mother loved. As far as I could see, he was never preached at, nor were his obviously crooked ways noted, the very reverse. Perhaps a little more carefully than ever was it impressed on him, how he was trusted.

It is hard to say whether such a plan would always work. In this case, with children of very varied temperaments, it has been most successful. The children feel the restraint of their mother's ideal for them. I have heard the oldest daughter, remark, in a tone of mock complaint, "I wish you didn't expect us *always* to do right!" But instinctively they are reaching up to their mother's high expectations.

St. John, N. B.

### The Secret

"How do you manage to give all your family house room?" said a wren to a titmouse. "With half your number, mine are always tumbling out of the nest."

"Perhaps you didn't make it large enough", said the titmouse. "That can't be the reason; it's as large as yours."

"Ah", said the titmouse, "perhaps your children don't agree. If my twelve didn't accommodate each other, we couldn't get on at all; but I'm thankful they all agree, for that makes a peaceful home."

The secret of a peaceful human family is for all the members to agree.

### The Two Snowflakes

A big and a little snowflake met one stormy day high up in the sky. They were both very beautiful, fluffy and white.

"I'm going to take a trip down to the earth", said the big snowflake.

"And so am I", the little one replied.

"Pray, where are you going to drop yourself?" asked the big snowflake.

"O, I'd like to fall where I can do the most good", answered the little snowflake, softly.

"Well, I'm not thinking about that. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I expect to