

his meals he naturally thought more of his supper than the reading, therefore my wishes did not harmonize with his. Thus it came about we did not get on well. So I sat him in a chair by my side, patiently but firmly waiting the yielding of his desire to mine. At last, lovingly, it came, and the lesson was over in due time. But when his uncle entered the door, Willie ran to meet him, saying: "Oh, uncle John, I have been *such* a naughty boy! I would not read, and I *would* not read for auntie, till finally my face broke out all over with smiles, (which was true), and I was a good boy right away!" At last the child prayer said, (and I thought a little more earnestly, and the good night kiss a little more sweetly given), and he was tucked away for the night, I supposing that in a few moments he would forget all in sweetest sleep. But no; an hour later came a call from his room for auntie. He had not slept and his young and tender mind had been puzzling over the earnest question he asked: "Auntie, who puts the naughty in little boy's hearts? I know God puts the good there, but who puts the naughty there?" It was easy to explain to him, but with surprised emotions in my own mind, I told him he put it there himself when he did the wrong thing, as he knew so well the right, but did not do it, and that was the reason he was so unhappy. But when he gave up the thing he knew to be wrong, then it was that sunshine came into his heart and smiles to his face. This is a simple occurrence to put before your readers, and very imperfectly told. But with me it made a deep impression.

Though many years have gone by since, yet in the sanctuary of the soul, with other precious memories, it remains still fresh with no dimness by time. It stirred thoughts, too, in my own mind that are with me still. I felt if the Divine spark was thus early made manifest in the child mind, what growth and expansion should come with the maturing years! What striking evi-

dence, too, of the voice within, speaking to the child mind while yet so young and tender. This little one (child of my affection and pride) has grown to noble manhood. And two little boys at his knee are now asking their puzzling questions in turn. They, too, are wanting guidance and right training from the parental hand. And the prayer of my heart is that they may not look in vain. Oh, what a mission is this, that of directing rightly the footsteps of the children, freighted as it is with the highest and most wonderful that is given! And the thought oft comes with *force*, but for the back-slidings and short comings we older ones would be abundantly qualified for whatever work the Heavenly Parent requires at our hand. And *something* is required from the least of His children.

Again, children with their plastic minds are almost, if not quite, intuitive with their impressions, and are quick to catch and hold to the examples set before them, particularly from those they love and respect. Therefore how important it is to keep this naughtiness that troubled the child mind from getting the upper hand with ourselves, that our influence for good, not only with the little ones, but upon all with whom we mingle may strike home and bear fruit that is sound to the core, and with no bitterness to the taste.

SARAH W. HART.

Chicago, Ill., 1st mo 18th, 1895.

## MEDIA FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

About six months ago the Friends of Providence Meeting became interested in the subject of a Young Friends' Association. This resulted in the formation of the Media Friends' Association, where many of the Friends attending the Meeting reside. Three Meetings have been held, and the first Sixth day evening of each month (except the seventh, eighth and ninth months) has been decided upon as the time of meeting. The Meeting is held at the Friends school building in Media,