

got too many such notions, why he is so head-strong, and the first we should know he would be off like others we know of. No; the only way to get along with children is to be *strict*; no arguing with them, and no giving way to their foolish wants."

"Do you think it was indulgence that made George White go to New York? I don't know but what it might be, his mother was dreadful careful of him."

"I should like to know what 'tis makes boys leave their fathers' home and farms and go off to the city, and barely get their board, if it is 'nt letting them have their will and way."

"I have no doubt that over indulgence begets self-will, and overcomes a child's sense of duty, so that restraint is thrown off, and parental obligation di-regarded; but, husband, I do believe one thing, and that is, if we wish Willie to love his home, we must make it happy; if we wish his warmest affections to cluster around this place, we must make it attractive. You think the Norton boys are indulged too much, but this indulgence is nothing more than a desire on the parents' part, judiciously carried out, to make them useful and happy. And I believe they take the right course. No children love their home better than they do. Mrs. N. tells me that it is with the greatest reluctance that they leave home in the vacation, to visit their country consins."

"Well, well, don't say any more, for I have a much as I can do to get through the day's work and I for one want to sleep in the night! Mrs. Norton is welcome to her notions and I will have mine!"

While Mr. G. is wrapped in the "sweet sleep of the laboring man," and Mrs. G. is revolving in her own mind the many different plans which suggest themselves to a mother's ever watchful heart, for the good of her boy, let us take a peep at the character of both parents and child.

Had a stranger inquired of almost any one in N., "what sort of a man is Mr. Gove?" the answer would probably be to this effect:—"Fine man, sir, upright, honest, and firm; *trifles* don't move him, sir." Granted—but let us see if there can be, with these good qualities, nothing wanting.

Mr. G. was stern; in this view, the "*smooth-ing over*" of an affair was never advisable.—Willie, as a child, had much to contend with in the way of passion, pride, and self-will; like almost all children occasional acts of thoughtlessness and hasty impulse led him into error and its painful consequences. Had his father been careful to "do justice to his better qualities, while at the same time he blamed and convinced him of his faults," all might have been well; but Mr. G. never met his errors in "love and conquered them by forgiveness." Unjust harshness actually confirmed him in error. Mr. G. was spoken of as a generous man, but to use the beautiful language of one departed, "There are those who are lavish in attention and presents to friends, but who never imagine that their own home circle has the first and strongest claim to kindness, whether of word or deed. Affections

and thoughts lavished on comparative strangers, never radiate on home; but when given to home first, they shed light and kindness far and near." Mr. G. never won the heart of his child. How was it with the mother? She possessed the rare combination of "gentleness with firmness, submissiveness with dignity." Her anxious desire was to do justice to his better feelings, and while she wished to educate his mind, she was more anxious that his heart should be won and taught.

But little change, outwardly, was visible in the Gove family when William had reached his eighteenth year. The homestead remained the same—save some marks which "Time's effacing fingers" had not failed to make. The "ash tree," by the spring, was gone, and the maple "for the horse to stand under" had never been "set out."

One fine morning in May, William asked his father if he might have the sorrel horse to go to the village adjoining. Permission was given on condition that he would return before dinner.—Dinner came, and with it came William.

"What has our William been doing?" exclaimed Mr. Gove, as he gave a hasty glance at the window. "Cutting a waggon load of wethes!"

"I don't know, but I can't see very well without my glasses."

'Twas easy to see, however, that that hasty glance had ruffled the smooth current of his thoughts, for he at once knew that wethes needed no roots. William took out the horse, wheeled the wagon into the shed, and entering the long kitchen seated himself at the table. The mother with her quick perception failed not to understand why that shadow rested upon the father's brow. Hardly a word was spoken—Mr. G., upon leaving the table, took up a newspaper, a thing which he rarely had time to do; it was evident to Willie, however, that he was not reading very intently for the paper was upside down. When William left the house he went directly for the spade and hoe, and walking deliberately down the hill side, south of the house, commenced making holes twelve feet apart, where he had helped his father plow the day before. He had thus been engaged half an hour, when rising to wipe the heavy drops of moisture from his forehead, he saw his father looking earnestly at him.

"What are you doing, William?"

"I am fixing places to set out trees."

"What kind of trees?"

"Peach and pear trees, sir."

"Where did you get them?"

"I bought them at a tree auction, to-day."

"You did! Well you can't set them here, sir."

"I can't—what's the reason?"

"There are reasons enough, though I'm under no obligations to tell children; yet I won't be particular this time. In the first place, I wish you to understand once for all, that you take one step too far when you buy trees without leave or license, and more than that, proceed deliberately to put them on my best corn land. And now you can do what you please with the trees. You have taken far too much liberty. You shall never set them on my land."