

Around the Table.

TRAINING A CHILD.

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit;
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward must it flow forever;
Better teach it where to go.

WILLIE AND EVA.

WILLIE was as pretty a boy as one would wish to see; as bright a blue-eyed, dimpled little fellow as ever trotted at a mother's side. But Willie had a dreadful temper. Many a scowl settled on his bonny brow, and many a harsh word fell from his pouting lips. Full often did his sister Eva receive a blow from his hand, which brought the tears into her gentle eyes.

One day Willie and she were playing in the garden, and Willie, having caught a butterfly, was impaling it on a sharp pin, when his sister remonstrated, and told him it was very cruel; but Willie only laughed. Then Eva tried to rescue the poor insect, and Willie, in a passion, struck her with his little clenched fist and cut her lips; Then she left him, and, crying bitterly, went into a summer house, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Then old Father Dromio came, and told her a story. He told her that once, in a far away land, there lived a very fierce and cruel giant, who would torture those he caught, and sometimes even kill them, and that the people of that land became very much afraid of him, and the king offered a reward to any knight who should kill the giant and rid the country of him.

Very many brave and noble men tried, but all were driven back either with hard words or hard blows; or, after being tortured, were thrown back on the road and left to die.

Mighty engines were made to destroy the giant, but they had no power over him; wounds and blows he seemed to laugh at.

At last a very young knight offered to try and rid them of the monster. He was laughed at by the people as a silly boy, and none cared to help him.

In the night he set off alone to the giant's castle. As he was going, he met a fairy, who asked him his mission.

"To slay the giant," was the reply.

"Nay, thou canst not do that," said the fairy; "but if thou wilt do as I tell thee, thou mayest, perchance, put him to flight, and eventually drive him away altogether."

"Oh, tell me how, kind fairy," exclaimed the young knight.

"Throw aside thy sword and armour, and take in thy hand these sweet-scented lilies of the valley, whose petals might vie with the snow in purity; and, when he shall come

forth in fury to crush thee, throw one of the flowers in his face, or at his breast, or in his path, and he will fall back; and thus continue, making a throw for every thrust of his, and thou shalt surely conquer."

The fairy then placed the flowers in his hand, and vanished.

The young knight did as she commanded, and when the giant came upon him with rage, he gently threw a blossom in his path.

The giant stumbled, and then flushed and drew back.

The knight followed him up, strewing the ground around him with the fragrant flowers, until at last the giant flung down his arms and fled.

Eva awoke, and thinking about her dream, asked her nurse what it meant.

The nurse thought over the dream, and explained as follows:

"The giant's name is Bad Temper, which makes itself a terror and a sorrow to all who are near. It is not to be conquered by hard words nor blows, but by kindness and gentle answerings, which blunt its sharp sword and break down its mighty strength. Little acts of kindness will soon put it to flight, as the sweet scented flowers did the giant in your dream. And now, Eva, go and play with Willie."

Eva ran away to her brother, and a little bird tells me that now Willie and Eva are never apart, and that they never quarrel.

So much for a dream, little ones. Always remember, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."—*Western Catholic*.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

JOHN BROWN and Jemmy Atkins were great friends. At school, at play, everywhere, they were together, and when one learned anything new it was not long before the other knew it also. Now they were watching the masons, who were building a fine storey on Main street.

"Did you know that we are builders, John," said Jemmy, as he watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall.

"No, we ain't, we're only boys," said John.

"But we are; we are building a house which is to last forever and ever," said Jemmy, earnestly.

"Pooh! now you are fooling," said John. "Nothing in the world lasts forever and ever. That old Morgan house is a hundred years old, and it won't last a hundred more."

"I can't help that," said Jemmy. "Mother told me our souls would live forever, and we were building houses for them to live in."

"How is that?" said John soberly.

"Well, she said that we build our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing. And if we build well, we shall be glad for ever and ever; and if we build bad, if we use shaky bricks, or rotten wood, or stubble, we shall be sorry for ever and ever."

"That is queer. We ought to be pretty

careful then," said John. "But your mother is such a good woman, she knows."

"I think it is nice to be builders, don't you?" said Jemmy.

"Yes, if we build right. But let's see; what kind of bricks had we better use?"

"Always tell the truth; that's a big sill. Be honest, that's another," said Jemmy.

"Good!" cried John. "Mind your mother; there is another."

"Yes, and father, and teachers, too," said Jemmy. "There's a big beam of temperance in my building. Mother says that's a gospel beam, and keeps the frame steady."

"Be courteous, there's a brick," said John. "And don't swear; there's another."

"And don't speak against anybody, and don't say any bad words," interrupted Jemmy.

"And we shall go on building as long as we live, mother says; every single day we add something to our house." The gentleman who owned the new building stood close beside the boys, hidden from their sight by a high wall. He listened to their talk intently, and then he stepped around beside them and said: "Pretty good work, my boys; only build on the sure foundation."

"The boys looked a little frightened, but he smiled so pleasantly upon them that they soon felt at ease, and listened while he said:

"Give your young hearts to God, my boys, He is the great Master Builder. He will teach you to build so that He will say, 'Well done.' 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things else will be added unto you.'" Then he added, "I wish everybody would build as you plan, dear boys. May God help you to keep His commandments."—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

"BE YE ANGRY AND SIN NOT."

THE life of our Saviour, as well as the precepts of the apostles, clearly teach us that there may be occasions on which we may have feelings of displeasure, and even of anger, without sin. Sin, does not necessarily attach to anger, considered in its nature, but in its degree. Nevertheless anger seldom exists in fact, without becoming in its measurement inordinate and excessive. Hence it is important to watch against it, lest we be led into transgression. Make it a rule, therefore, never to give any outward expression to angry feelings until you have made them the subject of reflection and prayer.

NOTHING is more lovely in boys and girls than quiet, sweet tempers. Some days ago two young friends of ours went into the parlour to practise a duet on the piano. They were brother and sister. For a time the music came in jerks, then stopped altogether. Opening the door, another duet was heard. "You didn't." "I did." "I say you were too fast." "But I know I wasn't." This is what we heard—a very sad duet, in which there was no music. An unhappy temper often spoils our sweetest enjoyments.