



Conducted by "ISOBEL"

New Models

The Training of a Boy

The boy should be held to the same state of virtue as the girl is held. To admit for a moment that the boy must have a season of sowing wild oats is to unfit any parent to bring up boys. There is no reason in the world why the life of a boy should not be just as free from taint or irregularity as that of the girl. Rude language or vulgar behavior of any sort is just as inexcusable in a boy as in the girl. He should not be allowed for one moment to think that things are decent for the boy to do that are indecent for the girl.

Of course, it is very easy to fall into the habit of establishing a double standard of morals for the boys and girls. We have become so accustomed in this generation to see boys do things every day, and hear boys say things which no self-respecting girl would do or say, that we have unconsciously become reconciled to the idea that purity in the case of a girl should be higher than in boys.

But there is no real foundation for such an idea. There is every reason why the boy should be as neat, as polite, as modest as the girl. Boys should never be allowed to think that they are excusable in doing things or saying things that would be unfit for their sisters to participate in. Boys reared with this idea in their minds are much more apt to make good men, successful business men, than the boys that are allowed to indulge in coarse conversation or questionable recreations.

The boy should be on good terms with his mother. He should be a chum with his mother, if possible. Her sensitiveness, and feelings concerning questions of morality should be imparted to him as much as possible. Then when the boy comes in contact with rude boys, who have not been so reared, he will be able to see for himself the folly and degradation of immorality.

We are aware that this is ideal, but this is the standard that should constantly be kept before the parent. Make the boys as clean, and modest, and respectable, and obedient as the girls are. There is no reason in the world why they should not be. There is every reason in the world why they should be.

But it is upon the father mainly that the rearing of the boy depends. If the father be a good man, a gentleman, a man who likes life and makes the best use of life, a man who has not forgotten how to be a boy, and how to play with boys, a man that likes fun, but takes a serious view of life in general, the boy will scarcely need any other instruction than association with his father. The masculine qualities of the boy begin to develop early, and even during infancy he sees the masculine portion of the family traits that attract him more than feminine traits.

There are some things the boy can tell his mother easier than he can tell his father. There are other things that the boy can tell his father better than he can tell his mother. Blessed is the boy who has both father and mother who are approachable, who are sympathetic with his phases of growth, who are ready to forgive, and patient to begin over again. If the boy has not found these things in his father and mother, it will be very doubtful indeed if the Sabbath-school or church, the day-school or teacher, will be able to supply his loss.—Ex.

THE BOY WHO THREW A STONE A True Story

Once upon a time, when the buds on the trees were beginning to open out into leaves, when the hawthorn hedges by the

side of the road were green, and the birds were twittering and singing among the branches, about a dozen boys and girls were walking along a country road to school. They were capering as boys and girls do in the mornings, when the sun is bright and young hearts are glad. Sometimes they would run races, sometimes they were playing "tag," a game familiar to every generation of children under one name or another, and consisting of one boy or girl who is "hit," and whose duty it is to chase all the others until he has succeeded in touching one of them with his hand, when that one becomes the chaser. By the by, when they were about half a mile from the school, the hedges were left behind, and a "dry stane dyke" took their place. I wonder how many of the boys and girls of today, who will read this, know what a "dry stane dyke" is? Being a country road, there were plenty of loose stones lying about, and the boys began trying who could hit some far-away object first. It usually ended by none of them being able to hit it. Just a little further along the road, one of the boys saw a

the soba, poured out his sorrowful tale. The master listened gravely the while the story was being whispered from desk to desk, and the children wondered what fearful punishment was to follow the telling of the story. But the master was a wise man. He saw that the little fellow before him was suffering the tortures of remorse, and, with a few kindly words of advice about the dangers of throwing stones even for fun, he sent him to his seat. That was thirty years ago. The boys and girls who saw that little bird killed on that April morning so long ago, are scattered all over the world; some of them are gone to a land where there is no more stone-throwing, but the boy who threw the stone had learned his lesson. Never in all these thirty years has he again thrown a stone at a bird, and as he sits writing this little true story, the tears well again into his eyes at the thought of the innocent life sacrificed to his carelessness. Boys, don't throw stones.

W.S.

THE WAIT-A-MINUTE BUSINESS

"Marguerite, will you be kind enough to bring papa's slippers downstairs?"

"Wait a minute, papa; I'm just putting my dolly to sleep."

"Marguerite, will you put your playthings in their place; they are in my way," as kindly asked mamma from the dining-room a few minutes later.

"Wait a minute, mamma, I must run upstairs for papa's slippers."

"Marguerite, will you help hunt my ball among these weeds?" called brother Thomas from the back yard.

"Wait a minute, Thomas, I must put

"But, mamma, I can't wait; if I do, the organ-grinder and the monkey will be gone."

When the mending was finished, mamma folded it quietly and carefully, and then as deliberately and carefully mended the "barn door" in the red cashmere dress of the impatient Marguerite.

In a few minutes the little maid returned with tears of disappointment streaming from her eyes. "I was too late; the little monkey with the crimson cap, the organ-grinder and the children had gone when I got out, and all because I had to wait until my dress was mended."

"I felt over some playthings last evening, too, my dear, because someone was not ready to put them away when I requested it."

"Thomas! Thomas!" called Marguerite half an hour later from the wood-pile, "come and help lift this board over the fence, so we can make a see-saw."

"Just wait a minute, sister, I'm mending my football," called Thomas, as he quietly pasted the patches on the weak places in his football. Ten minutes later, Thomas gallantly obeying the summons from the wood-pile, dragged the heavy board over the fence, and was as gallantly teetering on the short end of the see-saw when mother called, "Supper, children." Thomas promptly alighting, obeyed the summons from within, but Marguerite followed afar, reluctant to go at the first call.

"There, Thomas Holt, you spoiled the whole thing just because you fixed that old football before you made the see-saw."

"And I," replied Thomas, "had to leave my best baseball out in the rain last night because you were not ready to help hunt it when I asked you."

"Papa, will you hear me read my lesson for tomorrow, now?" asked Marguerite after supper.

"Wait a minute, daughter, until I finish my paper." When at last the paper was finished, the little head rested quietly on the snowy pillow of her cot, and the little mind was free from the cares of the day.

Next evening, Marguerite came home in a flood of tears. "I was kept in, and all because papa would not hear me read when I asked him."

"And papa was compelled to walk upstairs last evening for his slippers after his long walk home, because his little daughter was not ready to go for them when he asked her," replied mamma.

Marguerite threw herself for a minute on the couch, and then, brushing away the tears, walked sturdily to the sitting-room, to her mother.

"Say, mamma, let's give up this 'wait-a-minute business.' I don't like it, do you?"

"No, indeed, I do not, dear; and I am glad to give it up; when shall we begin?"

"Now," said Marguerite.

Papa and Thomas also were willing to abandon the "wait-a-minute business," and from that day to this, "wait-a-minute" has never been said by the members of the Holt household; and were the humblest stranger to request a glass of water at the wayside home, the little golden-haired daughter would be the first and most gracious in serving it.—Selected.

THE TRULY GREAT

There are hearts that never falter

In the battle for the right;

There are ranks that never alter,

Watching through the darkest night

And the agony of sharing

In the fiercest of the strife

Only gives a noble daring,

Only makes a grander life.

There are those whose loving mission
Is to bind the bleeding heart,
And to teach us calm submission
'Neath the pain of sorrow's smart:
They are angels to us bearing
Love's rich ministry of peace,
When the night of death is nearing
And life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who beat down slander,
Envy, hatred, and all wrong,
Who would rather die than pander
To the passions of the strong;
And no earthly prayer can crush them,
They are conquerors of fate;
Neither fear nor favor hush them—
These alone are truly great.

It's a poor love letter that can't create
a sensation when read in court.



Picnic Party on Broken Pipe Lake, Manitoba

little bird sitting on the top of the wall, and immediately proposed that from where they were, some forty yards distant they should try who could throw a stone nearest the bird. It was so far away that no one among them ever expected to be able to hit it. Two or three of them had a try, but not one of them managed to put his stone near enough the bird to make it fly away. "Come on, Willie, you have a try," said they to a little chap who was standing looking on, and who, because he happened to be left-handed and there was a current belief that left-handed folks could throw straight, had rather a reputation for accuracy in throwing. Willie picked up a good sized stone and threw it carelessly at the bird, scarcely looking where he was throwing; but, alas! not carelessly enough. The stone struck the poor little bird right on the back; it fell off the wall, and by the time the school children had run to the spot, it was dead. Willie stood and looked at it for a moment; then, with the tears running down his cheeks, he stooped and picked it up. The boys and girls crowded round. What was to be done? Willie had killed the bird. At last, someone suggested that Willie take it to the schoolmaster and tell him all about it. This was agreed to, and the procession mournfully took its way up the hill to the school, Willie carrying the poor little crushed yellowhammer. On reaching the school, with slow faltering steps, downcast head and streaming eyes, Willie found his way to the master's desk, and there, between

my playthings out of the way; mamma said so.

"Supper, children!" called papa.

"Wait a minute," called Marguerite, "until we find the ball."

Marguerite was the sweetest, daintiest little lady imaginable. An erect, well-poised, supple, active little body surmounted by a haughty little head, with a dimpled kindly face framed in a mass of golden fluffy curls were her physical charms.

Her mental charms, too, were equal to those of her little body. Her cards came home from school each month with good marks, and were signed by both devoted parents with as much pride as they took in keeping the little body in good health.

During the last two months a little fault had begun to grow upon the happy little lady which threatened to interfere with the good marks on the cards, as well as the happiness of the family and of Marguerite herself, if not interfered with. A triumvirate was formed that evening in the home, composed of father, mother and Thomas. Their object was to make the beloved little daughter and sister see the evil of this constant putting off of disagreeable tasks.

"Mamma, I tore a snag in my dress while on my way from school; will you please darn it, at once, so that I can go to follow the organ-grinder with the girls?"

"Wait a minute, dear," calmly responded mamma, as she quietly stitched away at her mending.