

The Inglenook

Two Ways of Punishing.

By George H. Archibald.

He who frees a child from the punishment he deserves robs him of his rights, but the question is, Which is the better way to punish?

It happened thus. It was in the morning, and Janet was amusing herself with a book. It was a large book. It had pictures in it. It was a book that Janet loved, and it was a book that mother reserved specially for the Sabbath day.

Janet was not a bad little girl; indeed, she was a pretty good one, except sometimes.

Father and mother were sitting in the library, and the child had tired of the pictures, and turned to something else. "Janet," said mother, "put the book away."

But Janet did not heed. Again was the request made. But Janet shook her head. Now, firmly and decidedly, for the third time, the child was bidden to put the book away. Her reply was a decided "No, I won't."

Janet is older now, and cannot understand why she said it, except that she was becoming conscious of her individuality, and she seemed to like to occasionally assert herself. But let that pass.

Father heard the refusal, and it aroused him. With little thought, he in a very stern way ordered Janet to put the book in its place. But the little rebel would not obey. Command after command was given, but they seemed to have no effect upon Janet. "Spare the rod, spoil the child," "Withhold no correction from the child," and such familiar proverbs, came to the father's mind, and he resolved that the child must be punished. Obedience is imperative, and must be insisted upon. Images of corporal punishment had already formed themselves in his mind and the impulsive motor-minded temperament was such that to think was to act. Already the rod was beside him, already the book was in his hand, and on the way to its place on the shelf, and the words were almost spoken, "If you won't put that book away, you will have to suffer for it!"

The mother, sensor rather than motor-minded, was accustomed to think twice before acting. She too knew that the child must be punished, but the question was, Which was the better way?

Gently but firmly she suggested that the punishment be left to her. As she put the book back on the floor, she was

charged with spoiling the child, and that sort of thing. But insight is better than impulse, and gives confidence to action, and she insisted.

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Now it is evening. The sun, like a great ball of red and gold, is going to sleep in the west. The shadows are lengthening and darkening. Quiet and peace are all around. Father and mother and Janet are watching the last rays of light as they disappear beyond the hills. The incident of the morning has not been forgotten. There lay the book on the floor just where it had been replaced from father's hand. Nothing more had been said at the time, and perhaps the child thought that nothing more would be said. Occasionally the father looked at the book, but said nothing.

It is nearing bedtime, and Janet says: "The dustman is coming." Two or three times she attempts to climb up on mother's knee, but somehow she is gently pushed away.

She had asked for her usual evening story, but it was not told. To be thus, though gently, repulsed, seemed but to make her the more anxious to get her arms around mother's neck and her head down on her shoulder.

When, in the mother's judgment, the proper time came, the child was allowed to climb up to her knee and give expression to her pent-up affection. "I love you, mother," she began to say, and mother looked at her without giving her the usual kiss, but asked, in a lovingly surprised sort of a manner, "So you love me, Janet?" and then, after a pause, "So you would like me to tell you a story—would you?"

And now the mother cast into story form that conversation which took place between Jesus and His disciples. She pictured the scene on the plane of the child's experience as graphically as she could. She made much of the fact that some of the disciples were continually telling their Master that they loved Him. Once again, with only a mother's gentleness, she said: "And do you love me, Janet? Jesus said to His disciples: 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'" And then, pointing to the book on the floor, with almost divine gentleness, said: "Janet, if you love me, you would keep my commandments—wouldn't you, dear?"

There seemed to be a parting of a great cloud away in yonder western sky, and a last unusually bright ray of light seemed to brighten the child's face as if it came straight from heaven, and she

slipped down from mother's knee, and in a moment the book was back on the library shelf, and the child was back in her mother's heart.

The question is, which was the better way, the father's or the mother's?

I think that father knows, for as, unobserved in the deepening darkness, he watched and listened, with touched heart and glistening eye, he said to himself, "God bless the mother; she knows the better way."—Sunday-school Times.

"Time was—is past; thou can'st not it recall;

Time is—thou hast; employ the portion small;

Time future—is not; and may never be;

Time present—is the only time for thee."

Dorothy Knew Her Bible.

Little Dorothy Drew was the subject of an exceedingly interesting article in a late issue of the *Young Woman*. The following anecdote was told: Dorothy refused to get up one morning, and when all other means had failed to coax her out of bed, Mr. Gladstone was called. "Why won't you get up, my child?" he asked. "Why, grandfather, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" asked Dorothy. "Yes, certainly." "Well, it disapproves of early rising; says it's a waste of time." Mr. Gladstone knew his Bible better than most men, but he was not equal to Dorothy. For once in his life he was nonplussed. "You listen, then," went on Dorothy, in reply to his exclamation of astonishment; and, turning up her Bible, she read the second verse of the 127th Psalm, laying great emphasis on the first words. "It is vain for you to rise up early."

The Quiet Girl.

The quiet girl never wears high colors in the streets; you do not see her flaunting brilliant checks, when they happen to be in style; when high hats are "in" she does not pile hers so high that it sweeps the cobwebs from the sky; she does not wear the longest train to her tea-gown, nor the greatest number of bangles when bangles reign.

But because she does not chatter and giggle, and make herself conspicuous at matinees, does not announce her convictions on all occasions and all subjects, and profess her admiration at every hand's turn, it must not be supposed that she has no ideas nor convictions nor enthusiasms. She is quiet because she has no power to make herself heard, to change her condition, or because she is maturing that power.

In the meantime, it is the quiet girl who marries earliest, who makes the best match, who fills the niches which her more brilliant sisters leave vacant; who manages the servants, runs the sewing-machine, remembers the birthdays, listens to the reminiscences of the old, and often keeps the wolf from the door.