

like this: "What a world of perplexity and contradiction! How can I ever learn anything helpful from father and mother? Last night they scolded me because I did not eat when I was not hungry; this forenoon they spanked me because I ate when I was hungry. They send me out to play when I am sleepy, and put me to bed when I want to go out. Father often tells me to do something that mother forbids. Neither of them sticks to the same thing for two successive days. I have to suffer in turn from their love, their ignorance and their digestion. What can I do?"

Thus to a child, with its eagerly active mind groping everywhere and grasping at everything in its effort to learn the ways of life, the parents are often a problem that fills his young heart with discouragement and despair—a problem that leads him to cultivate a "goodness" that is the result of fear, and a "badness" that is the product of example and environment.

If parents would honestly try once in a while to get the point of view of the child, how much more reasonably they would exercise their authority! And how it would simplify their own task to recognize that the child, too, faces a big problem!—Youth's Companion

### His Own Knew Him

One of the occupations in Australia is sheep-raising. There are large ranches upon which many sheep and lambs find food, and the shepherds guard their own.

One day a man was arrested for stealing a sheep. The man claimed that the sheep was his own, that he had been missing from the flock for some days, but, as soon as he saw the animal he knew him.

The other man claimed the sheep and said he had owned him since he was a lamb, and that he had never been away from the flock.

The judge was puzzled how to decide the matter. At last he sent for the sheep. He first took the man in whose possession the sheep was found to the courtyard, and told him to call the sheep.

The animal made no response, only to raise his head and look frightened as if in a strange place and among strangers.

Bidding the officers go back to the courtroom, he told them to bring down the defendant. The accused man did not wait until he entered the yard, but at the gate, and where the sheep could see him, he began a peculiar call. At once the sheep bounded toward the gate, and by his actions showed that a familiar voice was calling.

"His own knows him," said the judge.

### What Might Have Been

"I know who has a hole in her pocket," said Jack.

"How did you know it?" exclaimed Ethel, flushing.

"What's this?" and Jack held up a crumpled handkerchief. "I found it just inside the front door. Then I stepped on a slate-pencil in the hall, and I picked up a penny on the stairs, and—"

"Why, I thought I pinned up the hole tight," interrupted Ethel.

"Ethel Emerson! Pinned up a hole in your pocket!" said her mother. "I am ashamed of you! You had better go to your room at once and mend it. You'll have time before lunch."

"O mother, I'm in such an interesting place in this story! Can't I do it by and by?" and Ethel looked to see how many pages there were in the chapter.

As Mrs. Emerson made no reply, Ethel shut her book, but took it with her to her own room.

Her finger was in the place where she had been reading, and she said to herself, "I must read just a little further, and see if Mildred finds her tickets. It will be too bad if she can't go to the concert."

Then she shut the book with a snap.

"I'm careless enough, but I won't be disobedient, too. I wonder what's left in my pocket, anyway. Goodness me! how near I came to forgetting this," and she took out an envelope.

"Mother," she said, as Mrs. Emerson came into the room, "I saw Uncle John this morning, and he told me to be sure to give you this note at noon. It's lucky I was going to mend my pocket."