

successful. It requires no ingenuity, no skill, no contrivance, no thought—nothing but steady persistence in a simple routine. —From *"Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young."*

HOLDING CHILDREN AT ARM'S LENGTH.

I have often wondered how it was that so many mothers, good and true, desiring nothing so much as the happiness and well-being of their children, should so lose, or fail to gain their confidence.

A young girl, fresh from school, and just now entering society, lives in a kind of fairy land; on all sides are green fields and pleasant paths and she sees not the temptations that will surely beset her, and from which nothing can so well protect her as her mother's loving counsel. What better safeguard can she have than the habit of "telling mother everything?" But if she meets with coldness and lack of sympathy; If the mother cannot enter into the child's feeling, but gives her reason to say, as many a girl does say, "I wonder if mother ever was a young girl," she will soon learn to withhold her confidence; and the counsel that she once would have gladly received, if kindly and lovingly given, is unheeded when it comes at last in a cold, unsympathetic way, because it is duty to give it.

Setting aside the matter of marriage, the relations of young people often cause perplexity and need of sympathy and advice. If then, the young girl has found in her mother a friend ready at all times to listen, and to enter into all her feelings, she will not fear to go to her with everything that either pleases or pains her. In such a case, what a shelter she has. If she is happy, mother's loving smile is necessary to complete her happiness; if sad, mother's arms furnish such a "good place to cry." Would a daughter that felt thus be willing to accept the addresses of one she knew her mother could not gladly receive? Oh mothers! do not forget that you once were young, and keep yourselves young by entering fully into all the little affairs of your children, the boys as well as the girls. Encourage their confidence by every means in your power. And the time to begin is at the first, from babyhood. You cannot expect to hold a child "at arm's length," as it were, until it is in its teens and think to have it turn about and feel that you are the very friend it needs.

If you have thus far cared only for the body, or have only filled the office of mentor, reproving when wrong but never praising when right, your child may fear and obey you, may even have a kind of love for you as its mother, but the full overflowing confidence of its heart, that you should

have, can never be yours, and you may have cause to weep bitter tears, when the child you so love, turns blindly from the counsels and prayers of her parents and gives herself to the keeping of one all unworthy of her. —*Advance.*

FASHIONABLE FIBS.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

"You cannot well say, 'Not at home,' can you?" we said to a friend who opened her hall door for us the other day.

"No," she answered, smiling and reddening a little, "I did not intend to; I did not know it was you who called, or the servant should not have said 'not at home' to you last week; I was not well, and afterward was so sorry when I found you had been sent away."

And so she told upon herself; for we should have been none the wiser, supposing her really out. But the matter forced itself upon our attention as we saw our friend's self-convicted face. Why had she said "Not at home" at all? Why not the truth at once? "Not very well." Why oblige her servant to tell a falsehood? Why lower her own character for integrity?

We argued the matter over with a Christian friend once, who said:

"I had some scruples about it at one time, but I got over it. I look upon it as a mere conventionalism—not at home to visitors."

"Well," we replied, "allowing that, as a Christian, you can satisfy conscience with conventionalisms, how can you manage the matter with your servants? They do not understand such things, and to say, 'No, ma'm, my mistress is not at home,' when she knows very well she is at home, stumbles many a poor girl, and she thinks thus: 'If my mistress, who is a pious lady, and attends her church, &c., can be easy about telling a story, why, she knows better than I do, and it can't be any great sin.' Then the effect upon children is bad. How can lessons of truth be taught them when practical illustrations of expediency set them aside?"

"Where you get dat baby?" asked a small three-year-old of its mother, as it looked upon a feeble, tiny, new-born infant:

"Oh, we found it," was the reply.

"Where?" persisted the child.

"Out in the snow," came the ready answer.

The child thought a moment, opened his eyes wide, and looked reproachfully, and said.

"Dat not true. Too cold out in snow."

How much better to have satisfied the