

young child's soul receive, and in them the beginnings of many scars, bad habits, faults and vices."

With the best of intentions the parent errs in the treatment of his children, through ignorance—ignorance of the child-nature and its needs—ignorance of the principles of government and education, and a mistaken idea of his true relations as a parent.

"Train up a child in the way he should go," with its assuring sequence, is quoted as Divine authority for whatever measures he may think best to adopt, or, more likely, what he feels most in the mood of adopting.

He arrogates to himself the wisdom of knowing "the way," though he has never given as much attention to the study of his child, or to the principles of government, as to the propagation of vegetables in his garden, or the animals upon his farm.

He fails to recognize in the child's self-will elements of strength, which, if judiciously trained, will develop resolution, assertion of his own personality and opinion, and all that makes human beings morally responsible men and women. He mistakes dictation and forcing for direction and training, and tries to "break the will," thus securing a servile obedience through slavish fear. Bernard says: "In the training of children the child's will is too often cowed, instead of being guided and directed towards right, and this is the reason why so few human beings attain that true moral independence without which the highest kind of freedom, that of self-government, is impossible."

"Let children," says Froebel, "learn through love to give up their own will to others; this is the only right sort of obedience, and that which arouses energy for good." "The obedience of love begets reverence, and from it there will spring later a holy fear and reverence of God." "A child will hang his head with shame at an astonished expression of countenance, especially from one he loves, who would perhaps resist opposition to the last extremity." "If the way can only be found to remand him to the monitor within, and lead him to condemn himself, even silently, the work is well begun, if not done."

Froebel's object in founding the kindergarten was not alone the training of the children, but the education of the mothers, and those who have the care of children in the home, both directly by teaching, and indirectly through the children.

"My mother does not slap half as much as she used to before Harry went to the kindergarten," said a young girl, the eldest of nine children. "She thinks your way is best."

Give children something to do, and there will be less slapping and scolding. The busy child is generally the happy child, and the happy child is generally the least troublesome.

Children were meant to be active; God made them so for a wise purpose: it is Froebel's plan to direct these activities into pleasant and profitable channels. The child trained for one year on Froebel's gifts and occupations will acquire a skillful use of his hands and a habit of accurate measurement of the eye, which will be his possession for life.

His own childish troubles made so deep an impression, that when he became a man he did not, like so many of us, forget he had ever been a child, but remembering his own cheerless childhood, he devoted his whole life to devising amusement and occupations for children. The games he played in his father's garden were the foundation of the ideas and principles which are applied in his kindergarten. These principles are especially adapted to meet the conditions necessary to a development of the child's nature, physical and mental.—*The School Children.*

SECRET OF DISCIPLINE.

The secret of discipline lies in the adaptation of forces to the nature of the child. Consideration of peculiarities must be made even in very young children. Seldom two children can be governed in the same way; and it is a duty of parents to study their individualities, otherwise there is no discipline, but the care given aggravates evil tendencies in them. There can be no doubt that much of the naughtiness in children is unintentionally taught or developed in them. When grown people are so far from perfect, it seems unfair that every apparent-fault of the child should be made so much of; and many times what seems wrong in a child is only a natural act under exciting conditions, and if we take time to examine the matter we shall be more just. Injustice and weakness in parents make sad havoc with children's characters. There is a strong latent force in children which we must strive to control; we cannot change its nature, but by faith and patience and thoughtfulness we may guide it.

Over discipline is as bad as the lack of discipline. It may be worse, for if a child is let alone, there is a chance for a natural development of good; but if a child is continually prodded with rules and directions, it may grow rebellious, its obstinacy is aroused and its finer feelings are blunted. Many a time by forbidding we create a desire; as we invite falsehood by prohibiting something that the child will do thoughtlessly, and can only refrain from doing by constant self-control; and often the thing forbidden is of little consequence compared with the train of evils its prohibition introduces. When the child has disobeyed it is punished; the next time it disobeys its naturally tells a falsehood to avoid punishment. Children are morally and physically cowards, and the greatest care is necessary to prevent this weakness from becoming a large element in their character.

A thoughtless, wrong act is not so bad as wilful disobedience. We may give the child many opportunities to do wrong in the thoughtless way. It does not follow that because a mother slips over many of the small misdemeanors in a child's life that she is without law or order. The strength of her influence is needed for the more important occasions. Let a child revolve in its own orbit; when it is out of order replace it with as little disturbance as possible. It will live its own life in spite of everything, and it is the duty of parents to see that the conditions surrounding it are conducive to a healthy and pure growth, and that the family traits it has undoubtedly inherited be eradicated by every means possible.—*Rose Dalton in Good House-keeping.*

HOW A BEAUTIFUL HYMN WAS WRITTEN.

There is an interesting incident mentioned in the life of Charles Wesley, which led to the writing of one of his sweet hymns:

One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the beautiful fields in summer time. Just then a hawk came sweeping down towards a little bird. The poor thing very much frightened, was darting here and there trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields, there was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But, seeing the open window, and the man sitting by it, the bird flew in terror toward it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and shielded it from a cruel death. Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering severe trials, and was feeling a need of refuge in his own time of trouble as the trembling little bird did, that nestled in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote the hymn:

"Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

SIN BRINGS SORROW.

After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped to me and said in a bantering voice,

"Bishop, do you believe in a hell?"

I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?"

"Yes," said he.

"Well," said I, "the best answer I ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this wilful charge in the right way the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room and said,

"Aunty, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more. Ef dar is a hell, I jest's wants to know where dey gets all de brimstone for dat place; dat's 'zactly what I would like to know."

"The old woman fixed her eye on her, and with a tear on her cheek, said,

"Ah, honey, darlin', you look out you don't go dere, for you find day takes der own brimstone wid 'em."

I then said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?"

"No," said he.

And he went home, I hope, with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone with them," even in the world.—*Bishop Whipple.*

ALL SHOULD WORK.—All Christians are called to preach the gospel. The minister differs from a layman only in giving himself wholly to the work. Scores of revivals are languishing at this hour because churches expect their pastors to do all the labor. The pastor simply leads; all else should follow. Brother, are you at work?—*N. W. Adv.*

MARRIAGES.

STEVENS-BRISON.—At the residence of the bride's father, West Gore, August 12th, 1886, by J. B. Wallace, assisted by T. H. Blenus, Mr. William A. Stevens of Northport, N. S., to Miss Georgia M. Brison, of West Gore, N. S.

DEATHS.

STEWART.—After a severe and lingering illness, Bro. John Stewart died at his home, at Red Point, Lot 46, August 1, 1886, aged 65 years. In the year 1835, Bro. S. came from his home in Perthshire, Scotland, making P. E. Island the home of his adoption, where he steadily rose in favor with the people. In 1855 he was appointed a justice of the peace, and the large number of people attending his funeral was a sign that he had never abused power entrusted to him, nor had he in any way forfeited good will of the people whatever might be their creed or party. Brother Stewart was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Peter Stewart, Esq., of East Point. Their union was blessed with five sons and two daughters, two of whom, a son and a daughter, preceded their father to the spirit land. In 1846 he publicly confessed Christ, being baptized by the Rev. Dr. John Knox, to whom he had a strong attachment while life lasted. He became a member of the church at East Point, in the welfare of which he was deeply interested until bidding its beloved members a short farewell, he passed over to the greater number on the other shore. The last years of his life were years of much suffering, but he always spoke of his sufferings as of short continuance. He had no fears in reference to the future. "He knew whom he believed." He had full confidence in the rest remaining for the people of God, and the writer tried to emphasize those blessed words while standing beside the bier. The sorrowing widow, with four sons and one daughter, yet remain. The bitterness of parting is felt—what will the meeting be?

O. B. EMERY.

Montague, Aug. 20, 1886.

STEWART.—At Lot 48, P. E. I., on the 23rd August, 1886, M. C. Stewart, 2 years and 10 days, son of Alexander M., and Mary Ann Stewart. May the Lord comfort our brother and sister in this their first, but sad loss. Little Milton though beautiful on earth, is more beautiful in heaven; and is now beyond the reach of pain, trials and temptation.