

of the greatest happiness, and, believe me, my admiration for my young master and my appreciation of his kindness is very keen indeed. I am ready at any moment to lay down my life for him, and if anything should happen to him it would surely break my heart, though, as has been twice remarked already, I am only a poor dog.—Roger Quidam in *Animal World*.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

I do not allude to thefts on an audacious and grand scale, but to something infinitely more vexing—borrowing, by your friends, your books and music for an unlimited number of years, or forever, as best suits them.

Have people entirely stilled their consciences on this subject? I am sure we are all taught in childhood that

"It is a sin
To steal a pin."

How much worse, then, to appropriate a book! I speak with feeling, having lost at least half of a valuable library of books and music, including some European publications that can not easily be replaced in this country.

I will not allude to such trifles as paper-covered novels; when I lend them, it is with my eyes opened to the fact that I shall never see them again, and seldom am I mistaken. I have now arrived at such a point of despair that I have my name printed upon any book I especially value, and propose for the future to embellish the fly-leaves with the time-honored rhyme:

"Take not this book
For fear of shame,
For here you see
The owner's name."

A friend of mine possesses a very extensive library, chiefly of fiction. I asked her once how many volumes she usually lost per annum. "Seldom one," she said, "for every book on my shelves is numbered, and when I lend one I write it down in my catalogue with the name and address of the party in possession of it. After a reasonable lapse of time, if the book is not returned, I send for it."

I have not yet had the time nor the patience to catalogue my library, and doubt much if I should have the moral courage of my friend to send boldly after the abstracted volumes. I presume, therefore, it will be my fate to suffer for the rest of my life.

I have or had certain books that I need constantly for reference, and such as I should never think of asking any one to lend to me; I should as soon think of requesting the loan of the family Bible. These volumes, however, possess peculiar fascination for some of my friends, and one was kept so long that, in despair, I decided that Miss — was writing an article on the same subject that I had in contemplation.

Horace Greeley once wrote in a presentation copy of some author: "I deem it quite as exceptionable in one to ask the loan of a book as of a man's hat, coat, or any other necessary article of clothing."

When a book is returned to me it is usually, if unbound, bereft of its paper cover; if the cover is too substantial for easy destruction, some of the leaves are missing or loosened. I well remember lending an elegantly bound and illustrated copy of the *Sketch Book* to a very intellectual German gentleman. Strange to say he returned the book, accompanied by warm praises of the beauty of style, &c., adding:

"You will excuse me that in the enthusiasm of the moment I ventured to mark a few passages that particularly impressed me."

What could I do but patiently smile at an act of vandalism that I would not have tolerated from a member of my own family? This man, who was almost a stranger to me, had literally destroyed (for me) a great portion of this choice volume. I possess some books so precious that I scarce can bear to have them touched by other hands, and so have entire pages covered with rough dashes of the pencil was really too much for my patience. It was quite as hard as to say cheerfully, "Never mind," when a clumsy foot destroys one's dress at a ball.

As for music, I should not care to estimate the amount I have spent in replacing the songs and pianoforte pieces that my dear friends have borrowed, they having chosen to retain them altogether, or to return them so mutilated that they were unfit for further use. I have owned, for instance, no less than five copies of the "Moonlight Sonata"—a piece that I can not imagine any one borrowing. I think, however, that all other injuries sink into insignificance before this one: when your most intimate friend borrows "this lovely piece," or "that sweet song," keeps it long enough to learn it thoroughly, then fetches it back embellished with her fingering or reaching places—of course, very different from yours—and calmly performs it to an admiring audience at your "kettle-drum" or *soirée chantante*. Words fail me to do justice to this circumstance.—*Harper's Bazar*.

ABOUT PUNISHING THE CHILDREN.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

In spite of "H. H." and many people who have plenty of leisure, I think busy mothers must whip their children at times.

I hope you have read of the little boy who would not say the letter G, and whose lovely, patient mamma spent two days alone with him helping him to conquer himself. I have no doubt every word of the tale is true; for I remember spending hours disciplining my first boy. What would that mother have done, however, if she had two or three younger children requiring her constant attention; if Bridget had suddenly taken a week's holiday, and still the boy's obstinate fit had to be met and conquered? Each mother must judge for herself what mode of punishment is best suited to her child. Some way or another it must be taught obedience. Would that I could distinctly sound this truth in every young mother's ears!

I entered a rail-car the other day with my baby, and took a seat behind a young mother, who was evidently proud of her baby boy. As I expected, the little men, though neither could speak a word, made friends at once; and we mothers compared notes as to the manner of bringing up.

"I don't know what I shall do with him in a few years, for even now he throws himself on the floor and screams for any thing he wants."

"Why do you not tell him he must not scream?"

"But he wouldn't mind me."

"Then whip him." How horrified she looked! "Yes, I whip my little children, who cannot understand reasoning about things, and I have not a burning sense of shame about it; but after a child is five years old, if properly trained, he will very seldom need a whipping, and indeed should never get one, without having it clearly explained to him why it is administered. I promise you, if you do not punish that stout little fellow within six months, that when he is six or eight years old, you or his father will whip him in anger, and only harden him."

We talked on a while; and then both sat thinking, when suddenly her baby seized her veil and tore it.

"Naughty baby," said she.

Now, he was not naughty; he was just "baby;" and we mothers, for our own sakes, to keep us from a bad habit, if for nothing else, should never say "naughty" to a child unless he is naughty. A little child of two to three or four years old will often have wilful fits, just when we are busiest; we must make two rules about this. First, let what will go to the wall, I must take a few moments with my child alone when I punish him; and second, I shall, God helping me, never punish him in anger; better let them go unpunished.

Now see how this works. Biddy has de-camped. You have settled the sitting-room and left the three boys to play together. Willie, as oldest, is reminded to be gentle to Robbie, and watch over baby. Your dishes are washed and you are in the midst of bread-mixing when you hear a scuffle, screams, and Willie rushes out.

"Mamma, Robbie hit me."

"Willie caught cold and spitted at me!"

"I only sneezed, mamma, and you said Robbie mustn't hit me."

Your hands are in the dough, safe from dealing sudden punishment, even if you felt vexed, which one can hardly be as the little rogue, watching your face, steals in; but because Robbie has happened to make you smile, at his description of a sneeze, you must not forget he has disobeyed. He is told to sit alone while Willie rolls a little dough to bake for himself, but at a hint from you he promises it to Robbie. That young man, however, pouts and mutters some little rebellious words to himself.

"Robbie, if you strike Willie or throw anything at him to-day, I shall whip you, and put you to bed—remember."

The day wears on, and you have forgotten the threatened punishment; every moment is busy, when, just as you are about to prepare some dainty for tea, Willie comes again—"Robbie is throwing sticks, mamma."

You are provoked. Why cannot your children play an hour or two in peace? Why does Willie tell tales? Take a moment to yourself; then give up the nice dish for tea, and take Robbie upstairs, alone. The little fellow is pretty sober, and ready to cry, if he thinks it a wise move.

"Robbie sit on mamma's lap—so. What did mamma tell you she would do, if you threw sticks?"

"Whip me."

"Anything else? What did I say you must do?"

"Go to bed."

"Yes, now darling, mother loves you very much, and she wants to help you grow up a good man. Do you want to be a good, brave, strong, man?" (Better say more than good, for little boys often rebel at being merely good.)

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going to help you to be good, by whipping you for what you did wrong, so that you will not forget so soon again; and then you must lie still in bed till supper time."

You whip him, not very hard to be sure; but it is the fact that mamma does it, that is the punishment, and then you give him a good petting.

Some people seem to think that when they have punished a child, they have got to keep it up, and hide their love till the child has had his cry out. I think we should try to copy our heavenly Father's treatment of us, in our dealings with our children. When he punishes us we do not creep close to him for comfort to bear the wound? So you pet the little one a moment; talk a little about how David, perhaps, threw sticks at his brother (Robbie wishes he had a giant to throw at!) and was punished; how Jesse forgave him, and God forgave him, too. "Now Robbie, if you want God to forgive you, you can ask him; and then you can show him you are really sorry and mean to be a good boy, by lying still, because that will help you remember." He is ready to ask forgiveness, and you say a word or two of simple prayer with him, and put him to bed. It has taken altogether twenty minutes to punish him this way; and you have made an impression on Robbie's mind. He lies still, only asking for a book to hold, singing his songs and hymns, and "telling Satan he won't throw any more sticks for him."

If Willie were the offender, he would be sent to sit alone up stairs; and, busy as you are, let your mind be with your boy. Think of the days when you were "locked up." How clearly the children's voices came in at the open window; how fresh everything looked out doors; and, oh, how dreary that cozy little room—which, when you were good was your delight—looked that summer afternoon!

Do you remember as your mother locked the door, your anger at not being trusted? Your rebellious heart made you cry hot angry tears; but, as the quiet of the room made itself felt, you hushed your sobs, and began to think; soon gentler tears came, and with a blind seeking for relief, you knelt and said "Our Father," and resolved to be very quiet and good till mother came. But she was busy, and the time stretched on; and as at length her step sounded along the hall, your face grew sullen, partly from sheer weariness, and partly from foolish shame at your punishment.

"Are you sorry, Miss?" is asked through the closed door, and your heart hardens. "If you are sorry, you may go down stairs."

Well, you were very tired and so you muttered, "I'm sorry," and rushed down, away from all of them, perhaps, with your doll or cat, to tell your grief to. Your mother called you "hard," and you cried a little as you repeated "Our Father" at night, and wondered if you could ever be a real Christian child, like the little girl in your last Sunday-school book. Oh, if you were only the minister's little girl!

Yes, think of those days now, as Willie sits alone up stairs, and calculate your time nicely; remember that half an hour alone is a very long time to a child, and with a prayer to your Father go to your little son.

"Willie, darling, I know you feel very sorry for what you did. You forgot for a little while, didn't you? Mother forgets too, sometimes; but we both can tell God how sorry we are."

"But you are not put in a room, all alone."

"The only difference is, I have to punish myself about little things. You see big people can't have mothers to remind them and punish them. You are like that little peach tree papa was propping up with a strong post. Now is the time to make you, like a little tree, grow straight, but we can't change big trees."

"You prune them."

"Yes, and I think mamma has learnt a lesson as well as Willie."

I never ask a child if he is sorry. What is the use? If they are they will show you, but always show them how sorry you are. My boy always says when I am forced to punish him, "Aren't you sorry, mamma?" And often we cry together over the hasty temper that mamma can trace so clearly back to herself.

As a last word, let me say, that when you have forgiven a child, let that be the end of it. We give our children such mistaken notions of God by wishing them to keep on being sorry for a fault.

HOW SHOULD YOU DISPOSE OF YOUR PROPERTY.

In all ordinary cases it is very desirable for every man to be his own executor, rather than to defer his beneficence till after his death. Still, if men have estates that cannot be disposed of during their life, or if for any good reason they prefer to distribute their substance by will, they should be careful to do so with the strictest Christian integrity.

In discharging your testamentary duties, you naturally remember those persons and objects which hold the dearest place in your affec-

tions. Your supreme Friend, Christ, will therefore undoubtedly occupy the first place in this most important and solemn moment of apportioning the wealth which he has bestowed upon you.

Whatever disposal you make of your wealth is the expression of your will; not a mere passing thought, not a precipitate, unconsidered act; but an act which you formally preface with saying that you perform it "being in sound mind." In a word, it is the deliberate act of the sovereign part of your nature, your will. You have during life enjoyed the wealth God has placed in your hands, and all the comforts and advantages it has brought; and now, at your death, the Christian principle which prompts you to provide generously for your loved ones also requires you so to divide the remainder as to accomplish the most good to the greatest number of God's own children, and to the advancement of his cause in the earth. You actually give this to Christ, with the full consent of all the powers of your mind, and impress it with the sovereign seal of your will!

Your will is a part of your preparation for death. You make it avowedly, that the subject of your property may not disturb you in that solemn hour, that you may then be able to think of your business affairs with peace. You take it as a part of your preparation for that awful moment when it shall be said to you, "Give an account of thy stewardship," and on the way to that judgment-seat where one of the first enquiries will relate to the use which you have made of your various talents. Make it then with Christ in it from beginning to end, for Christ's cause, for Christ's poor, for Christ's sake.

What your death-bed would be had your attention never been called to this subject, it is not for a man to surmise; but if your will is made with an enlightened conscience and a consecrated spirit, it will plant no thorns in your dying pillow. Think then, Christian professor, we beseech you, to whom you, and all you call your own, belong, and make large bequests to the cause of mercy; or, better still, become your own executor, and enjoy at once the luxury of doing good; or, last of all, do both; if the nature of your property admit, do both.—*Christian Weekly*.

CLOSET PRAYER.—When the tide is out, you may find among the dry and naked rocks, beneath the burning summer sun, marine creatures in a state of vigorous life, so that when you touch them they manifest a wonderful activity; but they live only because, when the waves come foaming over them, they open their "shelly mouths" and drink in water enough to last them all through the hours of ebb. Even so, we can preserve our spiritual strength, during the business day, only by seeking at stated seasons to replenish our souls from the ocean of mercy that flows in upon us through Jesus Christ. Or, to take an illustration from business itself. During the busy forenoon, we may have occasion to send frequent telegrams to our partner in a distant city, but these can only continue so long as they are supplemented by the fuller correspondence of the evening mail, whereby a cordial understanding is kept up between him and us; and in a similar way, it is the duty, as it is the privilege, of the believer all through the day to send to his Father brief telegram-like despatches, such as that which Nehemiah transmitted to him when the king's cup was in his hand; but we shall be sustained in this ejaculatory habit, only by maintaining unbroken the fuller and more confidential correspondence of the closet. Hence, if the men on our exchanges, and in our stores, would only bring their business sagacity to bear upon the subject of prayer, they would form Daniel's habit of having set times for devotion.—*W. Taylor, D. D.*

HOW TO GET ALONG.—The *Interior* relates the following concerning a Western Presbyterian church, which, being too heavily in debt to support a pastor, procured a volume of Talmage's sermons; and this is what was done with it: A young gentleman who was a fine reader was asked to read a sermon each Sabbath to the congregation and consented, though his views were somewhat rationalistic, and he was not a professing Christian; but he was a valuable member of society. The result was that the young man himself was converted, the church strengthened in numbers and zeal, the debt paid off, and now they want a pastor, and are able to pay him a support of \$1,200. It then adds: "More commonly such a church would hire a cheap preacher, and at the end of the year be in a worse state than at the beginning."

