

BE HONEST, CHILDREN.

I SUPPOSE some of the little boys who read this will say, when they look at the title of this piece, "That's easy enough; I am honest; I never took anything that did not belong to me in my life." Well, that is right; but there is more in being *truly honest*, perhaps, than you think. I will tell you a story, and then you will understand me.

In a country school—the school of which I am the teacher—a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very "hard word," as the boys say. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it; I passed it to the next, and the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class—and he spelled it right; at least I understood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the black-board, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it, than the little boy at the head cried out, "Oh! I didn't say it so, Miss W—; I said *e* instead of *i*!"; and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Was not he an honest boy? I should always have thought he spelled it right, if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

Let me tell you another story with a like lesson:—

One summer day, a school was out at play. There were a great many children, and the boys, some of them, had balls to play with. The boys had not much playground around the school-house; there was only a very small yard, and all around were high brick houses. One of the little boys threw his ball, and it went straight through a window, breaking the glass, and the pieces came rattling down on the bricks. There were so many children playing, that nobody knew who broke the window, except the boy who did it. He did not tell anyone, but he was very sorry. Directly the bell rang, and all went in. The children had not much more than taken their seats, and all was still, when the door opened and a lady came in, with Eddie's ball in her hand. She lived in the house where the window was broken. She was very angry, and scolded so loud and fast, that the teacher could not say anything. When at last she stopped, and the teacher told her she would inquire about it, just then Eddie raised his hand; the teacher gave him leave to speak, and he rose from his seat, and said distinctly, "I broke the window accidentally, and I am very sorry; but this afternoon I will bring the money to pay for it." Was not that an honest boy?

A LITTLE CHILD'S MISTAKE.

BY GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE.

ONE day my friend Miss — and her two sisters were talking about something, in regard to which they were very earnest, to an old deaf lady who used to visit their mother. Of course they had to talk in exceeding loud tones, and with great emphasis, and they made many gesticulations as they endeavoured to make themselves understood. This earnest talk was inwardly commented upon in a most unfortunate manner by a little child in the room. She thought they were all scolding the poor old lady, so she advanced, and stamping her foot on the floor, she said: "You be still, you old thing! You hold your tongue!" and added other things of the same character.

This child imitated the angry tones, as they seemed to her; and not knowing what her aunts were saying, she took it for granted that they were scolding, as, perhaps at some former time, she had heard them. She became excited by their manner, and supposed that she was only joining in what they were doing. I am sure the suggestions of this story are needed in many households; for in addition to the real evil of our examples before the little people, we are frequently producing upon their simple natures wrong impressions. Also, we may, indeed we must, suppose that this child had somewhere heard the language which she addressed to the astounded old lady. It was a revelation of the records on the tablet of that little girl's memory. What are our children treasuring unconsciously of our daily words and acts? We

are constantly "on exhibition" before them; with an astonishing keenness they get at our real natures. Sometimes, as in the story I have related, they make mistakes, but generally they find out what we are, and few of them stop to question the safety and propriety of their imitating us.

WHEN THERE IS SICKNESS.

DON'T whisper in the sick room. When the doctor comes to see you, remember how many pairs of stairs he has to climb every day, and go down to him if you are well enough. When you are sitting up at night with a patient, be sure to have something to eat, if you wish to save yourself unnecessary exhaustion. Remember that sick people are not necessarily idiotic or imbecile, and that it is not always wise to try to persuade them their sufferings are imaginary. They may even at times know best what they need. Never deceive a dying person unless by the doctor's express orders. It is not only wrong to allow any soul to go into eternity without preparation, but how can you tell but that he has something he ought to tell or do before he goes away?

If you have a sick friend to whom you wish to be of use, do not content yourself with sending her flowers and jelly, but lend her one of your pictures to hang up in place of hers, or a bronze to replace the one at which she is so tired of staring. Don't have any needless conversations with the doctor outside the sick room. Nothing will excite and irritate a nervous patient sooner. If you do have such conversations, don't tell the patient that the doctor said "nothing." He won't believe you, and he will imagine the worst possible.

In lifting the sick, do not take them by the shoulders and drag them up on to the pillows, but get some one to help you. Let one stand on one side of the patient, the other opposite, then join hands under the shoulders and hips, and lift steadily and promptly together. This method is easy for those who lift, and does not disturb the one who is lifted. Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and he is about the house, or perhaps going out again. Strength does not come back in a moment, and the days when the little things worry and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and to execute, are the most trying to the sick one, and then comes the need for your tenderest care, your most unobtrusive watchfulness.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

A CLEAN TONGUE.

AT the close of an evangelistic meeting in a country town I was requested to speak with a young man who remained behind under spiritual anxiety. He was a working man, well dressed, with a very grave and yet sweet expression. He was not well informed, but eager to get instruction. He told me that he had been brought under conviction at an evangelistic meeting about a week before. His terror had been great on the first discovery of his sin, but as glimpses of the gospel gradually opened to his mind the fear was diminishing and hope beginning to dawn in his heart. His words were few, and his intelligence defective. To a question regarding the effects of his new-born spiritual earnestness upon his life, he replied, with much simplicity, "My tongue is cleaner now, sir." Explanations followed, from which I learned that he had been given to the use of vile and profane language. This seemed to have been the besetting sin that bulked largest in his view when the spiritual eye began to open. He saw the abomination, and with the instinct of the new birth, although yet only a babe, he began to throw it off.

The expression arrested me. How close the likeness here between soul and body, both in disease and in health. Next after the condition of the pulse it is the state of the tongue that the physician desires to know, as an index of the patient's health. Foulness on the tongue is not the disease, but it is an effect which the disease produces, and so becomes a symptom of the disease. When the ailment is cured the coating of uncleanness disappears from the tongue, and the organ resumes its pure natural colour. The moral foulness of tongue that indicates spiritual disease in the heart is very loathsome