

informed him every day of his wickedness? No wonder she confessed that it didn't "seem to do him any good!" But the trouble was, the mother did not know that her remarks were doing her child incalculable harm. Boys and girls are almost sure to live up to what is expected of them. Johnnie's mother looked for naughtiness, and she got it. How much wiser she would have been, had she kept her opinion a secret!

Lily is a pretty little sprite, with long curls. Mother knows her girlie is a beauty, but oh! what a mistake she makes, if she allows Lily to find that out. Bobby is such a clever little man at school, that his teacher says he is a wonder, and his father and mother are so proud of him they cannot conceal from the child the knowledge that he is clever, and he grows up so conceited that he does not put forth his best efforts, and falls far behind his inferiors.

"We mothers are too prone to tell our children what we think of them, good or bad", said a wise mother one day. "Sometimes stress of circumstances, a little impatience, or too much admiration, brings out an expression that does harm to the child. I remember my own mother giving me some good advice when our first baby came. 'Don't let him see you think he's the most wonderful boy in the world, Jennie,' she said, 'for of course you will think so. If he knows you love him more than anyone else, that is enough for him.'"

The child's faults and virtues must be noted, and corrected or commended, as the case may require; but the mother has many thoughts regarding him she would do well to keep to herself alone.

Orillia, Ont.

### Father's Kneeling Place

*By Eleanor Spencer*

The children were playing, "Hide the Handkerchief." They played awhile happily; then John, whose turn it was to hide the handkerchief, tried to secrete it under the cushion of a big chair. Percy immediately walked over to him, and said in a low, gentle voice, "Please John, don't hide it there, that is father's kneeling place."

The father's daily habit of communion with God at family worship had made the spot sacred to the children, and instilled into their minds a sense of reverence for things holy, which probably hours of talk would not have produced.

The abstract is very hard for the little folk to understand. They lean almost wholly on father, mother, or grown-up brothers and sisters. If these, by daily example, quietly and sincerely show that they are depending for all mercies on a higher Power, it will bring God before the children in a very concrete way, as One to trust and reverence.

Toronto

### Learning From the Little Ones

*By Mrs. Marion Cruikshank*

Child study has become a science; our modern poets make "children's ways and wiles" the theme of much of their writings, and long years ago the greatest Teacher called a little child to Him, and set him in the midst of His disciples, and said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Perhaps there is no one who may learn from the little ones so much that is beautiful and helpful, as the mother.

A woman, old of years, but young of heart, once said, "To bring up children conscientiously, is in itself a liberal education. Nothing," she added, "has developed me more than the struggle to live up to my boys' ideal of me."

It is intensely interesting to listen to the child's quaint fancies, to follow where possible his paths of thought, "unknown," as Kipling says, "to those who have left childhood behind". And often we come on a faith so beautiful, a conception of goodness so far beyond our own, that we are constrained to sigh, with Hood:

"'Tis little joy

To know I'm further off from heaven

Than when I was a boy."

The beautiful philosophy of a child who finds his happiness in himself, not in his surroundings, who can look beyond the squalor and dreariness of his home, and glory in the patch of blue sky above, who can idealize