

on the floor," said Magie, "and so I struck her."

"Come, no quarreling," said the mother, "be quiet in the parlor, or I will send you to the nursery;" and she left the room.

"Is that all the mother will say to her children," thought I, "when she hears from them such a sentiment, and sees in them a spirit so contrary to His, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again?" "She struck me first, and so I struck her!" And will they grow up, and consider this as *right*, as the true principle of action! I could not let it rest so.

I looked at the little girls. Bessie's soft, hazel eye and delicate skin were excited, and flushed; and a dark frown sat upon the usually laughing face and merry blue eye of Magie. The doll lay on the floor between them, with her face downwards, quite unconscious of the trouble of which she was the innocent cause.

"What is the matter, Magie?" said I. "Bessie struck me so hard," she replied.

"Magie struck me first," said Bessie. "That is the very reason you should not have struck her," said I.

"I shall treat her just as she treats me," said Bessie, sullenly.

"But that is not right dear Bessie; if she is unkind to you, that is the very reason you should be kind to her; that is what our blessed Saviour taught us. He did not say, do unto others as they do unto you; but as ye would, that is, would wish to have them do unto you."

Both little girls had drawn near me. I spoke, and the cloud was just passing away from their sweet, young faces. I put an arm around each, and said, "Have you not read that beautiful command of the Saviour? It is as much your duty to obey that, as to keep the commandments, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' or, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Yes I have read it often, cousin Sarah," said Magie; "but I never thought much about it. If the children

at school strike me, cannot I strike them again?"

"Do you like to have them strike you, Magie," I asked.

"Oh, no, she replied.

"Then if you strike them, you break the command of the Saviour. Instead of striking them in return, if you should say, 'I am sorry you have struck me; you have done wrong; but I cannot strike you, for the Saviour says we must return good for evil; depend upon it, dear Magie, they would soon learn to do the same, or at least, always to treat you with kindness.'"

"I do not want to be kind to any one, unless they are kind to me," said Bessie, still sulkily.

I arose and went to the window, and said, "come here a moment, dear Bessie and Magie." They obeyed. We all three stood there a few moments in silence, surveying the lovely scene before us. A large garden in all the luxuriance of summer beauty, filled with sweet flowers, lifting their bright faces to the heavens, fruit trees in rich foliage, and butterflies on gorgeous wing; while merry insects and birds filled the air with rich melody. Beyond the garden on one side, were wide-spread meadows, skirted with dark woods, and on the other, the broad stream of the noble Hudson, on whose opposite shore were distinctly seen the houses and spires of a large town; and over all this fair scene, arched God's blue and beautiful sky, and shone his glorious sun, in unclouded brightness.

"And who created this lovely scene, dear children," said I.

"God," they both replied in a softened voice.

"And for whom?" I again asked.

"For us, and for every body, did he not, cousin Sarah?" they replied.

"And does every one treat God, as he treats them?" I asked. "Does every one repay him by love and gratitude, for creating for them such beautiful things to enjoy?"

They hung their heads in silence,