

allowance for the imagination? You know little children have a very vivid imagination, and things are perfectly real to them which are only as play to us."

"Oh, yes," said Clara's mother, "but I am not referring to that kind of thing at all. For example, yesterday she told me she had come straight home from school, when I knew that she had been playing in Gertie's yard for more than half an hour. I do not suppose she realized how long she had been there, but she certainly knew that she had not come straight from school. When I told her that I had seen her there from the back window, she looked quite confused and made some excuse about having called for a pencil she had left there, which, after questioning, I found to be another untruth."

The teacher looked troubled, but she said she had always found the child quite truthful, and had every reason to trust her.

"Well," said the mother, "I hope she will grow out of it. I punished her yesterday by not allowing her to go with her brother to their grandma's for tea."

After a little more conversation the caller rose to leave. In the hall the mother said, "Oh, Miss —, I was sorry Clara was late the other morning. She is getting too 'cute for me to be able to fool her. You know I make her believe that it is later than it really is, so that she will hurry. When she finds after leaving the house that she has more time than she expected, she naturally thinks that she has just as much time the mornings she is really late. I shall have to think of some other way to get ahead of her."

In spite of intense inward indignation the teacher managed to quietly remark, "Do you not think that it would be best to tell her the exact truth?"

"Oh, I don't know; I fool all my children. I find it the easiest way to manage them."

Adieus were made, and the teacher departed wondering what she ought to have said. How far dare she go with one whom she knew so little? For the sake of the poor wronged children surely she must do some-

thing. How *could* any mother expect her children to be truthful in the face of such example? And then to punish them for what was so evidently her own fault!

The above incident actually occurred almost word for word as it is written.

How strangely blind we are! We condemn the boy who cried "Wolf, wolf," and then go and do the same thing ourselves. It is of no use to try to teach our children to do as we *say*, but not as we *do*. No, they learn far more by example than by precept.

If we would have our little ones know the beauty of truth, we must show it not only in spirit, but to the very letter. The mother who stood in the blazing sun because she had promised her child she would wait right there while he went back to the house for something he had forgotten, was laughed at by an adult friend, who thought she might just as well have gone into the shade of a tree a short distance away.

"No! Joe will expect to find me *here*," she said.

Joe was a wee chap who needed the "letter" first in order to understand the "spirit" later.

How different was that mother who taught her boy that there was a goblin in the pantry, in order to keep him from helping himself to cookies; and one day, when several cookies had disappeared, and the boy was accused of taking them, he sagely remarked that he supposed the goblin had eaten them. What more natural than that he should fight with the weapons he was accustomed to having used against himself?

If we only stopped to think, we should soon recognize of what paramount importance are some of the every-day occurrences upon which we are apt to look as of little or no concern.

Only to-day, in a street car, a baby of about two years was teasing its mother for "tandy." The mother said it would soil its gloves; but the baby persisted, possibly knowing by experience that whatever it wanted would be forthcoming, if it only persisted long enough. Then the mother said that they were all gone,—she had lost them,