

HOME & SCHOOL



Vol. I.] TORONTO, MAY 26, 1883. [No. 11.]

Come Along.
 THE little three-year old in our picture has hold of the string which is held in the mother's hand, while mother encouragingly says, "come along." And the little tot holds on and toddles along, much pleased because she is able to keep up with the loving mother's accommodated steps.
 There is a cord which binds every child to a loving mother's heart. And no child ought to do anything which would break even one strand in the price-less cord of a mother's affections. Dear little ones, hold on to this cord, and you will find that it will help you in difficulty, comfort you in trouble, and hold you back from temptation. How many boys and girls would be kept from wrong paths, if they would only stop and ask one question—What would mother think of me, if she saw me in this place, or doing this thing? The child who does not respect his mother enough to keep from doing wrong to save her pain, has let go of his end of the golden thread, which binds him to a mother's heart. He is in great danger, even though mother holds on to her end. Don't let go, boys,—girls, don't let go,—oh! say, don't let go of this precious cord of reverence for a mother's wish and feelings, for it will draw you along in the path of virtue, true bliss, and unsullied glory.



COME ALONG.

There is another side to this scene, which parents and teachers ought to seriously ponder. The cord is a very striking illustration of personal influence. Children are imitative, and as parents and educators of the young, we want to remember that our life at home and in our everyday associations, as well as when we stand before them in the class, is a most powerful factor in shaping their future destiny. Oh! what responsibility rests upon us! How important, how solemn is life when looked at from this standpoint! How precious the cargo that we have in tow at the other end of this vital cord of example!—young immortals. Are we by precept and life leading them in the right way?—*Ensign.*

—)o(—
Look Over It.

It is said that John Wesley was once walking along a road with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying, he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking.
 "Do you know," said Wesley, "why the cow looks over that wall?"
 "No," replied the one in trouble.
 "I will tell you," said Wesley, "because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your