

had put into these gifts, they seemed so mean. Father and mother deserved so much more.

Then a happy thought came to her, and she smiled through her tears.

When next day, Pauline's parents received the only gifts their daughter had ever made, for them with her own hands, each found attached, a little note. Father's read:

"I'd like to have got you, if I could, A splendid present of glass and wood. On a little card in the box you'll see A picture of what my gift would be. But since I couldn't buy that this year, I've worked lots of love into this, daddy dear."

And mother's read: "This isn't the desk of mahogany fine Which I meant to give you, dear mother mine!

In Palmer's window, that's waiting still; You may look for yourself whenever you will.

This gift is a small one, but each stitch made for you Brings love and best wishes from a heart that is true."

Other Christmases, father and mother had smiled and said, "Thank you, dear," when they had received Pauline's gifts but this year they said nothing at all for as much as a minute. Meanwhile, father coughed and blew his nose very hard and mother put her handkerchief to her eyes. It wasn't the Christmas handkerchief, though. That was too precious to be used even for tears of joy.

FREDDIE'S LAST LESSON

By Mrs. Charles A. Shull

"No! No! Fred mustn't touch the cake," said his mother, as the fine, sturdy three-year-old pushed up against the table on which she had placed three layers of fine light cake just from the pans. "Your cake certainly looks lovely," I remarked to my friend whom I was visiting.

"I rarely have had luck with cakes," she answered, then smiling quickly corrected herself. "I should say I rarely fail to have had luck with them." I looked surprised.

"Oh no! you do not understand," she laughed, and her laugh rang out as clear and musical as any girl's, in spite of the fact that she was the mother of three fine children. "I will explain later."

Freddie hadn't said a word, and finally moved away from the table and went into the other room. Mrs. Ross and I stepped out on the porch to admire the fine early hyacinths which were just in their glory.

"It is just this way," she said, returning to the subject and speaking in a low voice, "I am trying to teach the rewards of obedience. Sometimes Fred forgets. The 'bad luck' I referred to is that he forgets to obey mamma when she says he mustn't help himself to cake before mealtime.

The last four cakes I have made were all nice ones; but every one was such a temptation to my little boy that he has broken out a large piece and eaten it. I purposely leave them within his reach. He must learn to overcome temptations by meeting them squarely, not by avoiding them. When he is older and goes out into the big wide world the only safeguard he will have will be his self-control.

I want so much to teach him to do right because it never pays to do wrong. Of course I could choose for him now, but sometime he must learn to make his own choice without any aid. To me it seems wiser to try to teach him to make a right decision for himself. I think the earlier a child begins to do his own thinking the better mind he will develop. If we carefully train our children from their babyhood, we ought to reap the reward in strong character."

"But he is so little. Many older ones might yield to such temptations."

"Yes, but I must be firm; my children must obey me. I never whip, for I do not believe in it; but I do let them reap the natural results of what they do. When they are good, they earn a reward; if they disobey, they deserve and must take the penalty."

I thought I heard a noise in the kitchen and what a sight met our eyes as we entered. Fred was eating cake as fast as he could cram it into his mouth, and two of the nice layers were badly mutilated by baby hands. He had clutched hands full from the edge and center of the cake.

I watched Mrs. Ross's face. She did not look surprised or angry, only sorry

for the little child because he had disobeyed. Fred did not run or appear to be at all alarmed when caught in his old sins; he didn't even stop eating the warm cake he still held in his fat little fist.

"Mamma is so sorry you did not obey what she told you," said she kneeling as she put her arms around the little body. "Does Freddie remember what little boys must do when they disobey mamma, and eat the cake when mamma said they must not?"

"Yes," said the child thoughtfully, "I can't have any cake for supper!"

"And is that all?" asked his mamma.

"And I can't have any cake tomorrow for dinner!" replied the boy.

"And then what?" insisted his mother.

"Well,"—he said very deliberately, "I can't have any more cake at all!"

"Very well. Mamma is so sorry for

her little boy," she said tenderly; "he can't have any more cake at all, and it's such good cake, too. It's too bad! Poor little Fred! Can't have any cake because he ate all of his share now. When mamma puts nice sweet frosting on the cake, and cuts the slices, then Mary may have a slice, and Albert may have a nice piece—and what about Fred?"

"Fred can't have any 'teensty-weensty' piece at all!" he said bravely, "'cause I had all my share now."

Mrs. Ross iced the cake and put it together as best she could. No one noticed it at supper and when it was cut she said firmly, "Mary may have a piece of mamma's nice cake; Albert may have a piece of mamma's cake, and papa and mamma and our guest may each have a piece also. Fred—has—already—eaten—his—cake—so—there—is—no—more—for—

him! He—has—already—had—his—share!"

Mr. Ross glanced at his wife pleading for forgiveness, but she ignored the request and remained firm. He knew also that there was a principle at stake, and trusted to the mother's wisdom. My heart ached for the little boy, but I was beginning to see and understand why my friend's children were so obedient. I have never seen children anywhere that obeyed so well. I learned afterwards that this lesson had never needed to be repeated. At last Fred had learned that disobedience surely has its penalty—and doesn't pay.

"Crown Prince in Friendly Home," a headline announces. Yet the owner of the household in question has not so far made public protest against the insult of the qualifying word!



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