

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

A writer in the New York Weekly Witness talks sensibly on this subject, as follows:

Some writers are objecting to the whipping of children. Their dispositions should be studied, and when a child is found to be an annoyance in the family, and a trouble to the neighbors, if he is not to be moved by reason, the rod is what he needs. Solomon says, "the rod is for the fool's back."

Some parents are thoroughly selfish, and train their children to be the same. They are never taught to think of the comfort of those around them; they are allowed to live only for self.

Not long ago I heard a father give his little boy a lesson in meanness. He sent him into a store to ask the merchant to do him a favor. This was granted, and the child went out of the door. His father was standing there, and the merchant overheard him say, "Here is a nickel. Do not spend it in this shop, but try the others, as you may get more candy for it there than you would here." The merchant cared nothing for the small amount the child had to spend, but felt inclined to say to them, As you act so selfishly, you had better pay for or return what I have just obliged you with.

One family of my acquaintance are allowed by their parents to steal fruit from their neighbor's gardens, and the mother gives abuse to those who complain of their depredations. She is called a respectable woman, yet she leaves her children utterly untaught in regard to their duty toward their fellow creatures.

Such children will grow up unprincipled and bad members of society. If they were trained in youth to live honestly, and pay for fruit instead of stealing it, and to show kindness, instead of roughness, towards others, the good dispositions resulting would prove a blessing to the parents as well as to the neighbors.

If families were trained by Solomon's proverbs, as used to be the custom in past years in Scotland, there would be formed thereby characters of more strict integrity than we at present find in most places, for the Book of Proverbs will give wisdom for both words.

A PICTURE THAT PREACHED.

In the Dusseldorf Gallery in Prussia are two paintings which have touched many hearts—one of a wild gypsy girl, and another of the Saviour.

The gypsy girl lived in the wild life of her tribe, and had been called in by Sternberg, a German painter, that he might paint her pretty face. She had never been in an artist's studio before, and did not fail to notice on the other side of the room an unfinished painting of the crucifixion of our Lord. One day she asked, "Mister, who is that?" "That is Jesus Christ, Son of Mary," replied the painter, carelessly.

"But was he a bad man, that they treated him so cruelly?" "Oh, no! He was the best man that ever lived."

"Tell me more about him," and so he did, though unwilling to do so.

Day after day as this gypsy girl came into the studio to have her picture painted, her face was fixed upon this painting of Christ. As the last sitting was over, and she was about to leave the room, she whispered: "Master, how can you help loving him, who, you say, has died for you? If anybody had loved me like that, oh, I'd like to die for him!" And then, with a sad heart, she went back to her people.

And the painter! He was struck as with an arrow. God's Spirit sent the words home to his heart. He fell on his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, confessed before God's blessed Son how for twenty-seven years he had neglected him and sinned against him, and, looking for pardon to that cross of Jesus, gave his life to him. His heart was filled with a new joy, and he then became a worker for Christ. He put aside the half-finished picture in which he had thought only of depicting the suffering of Christ, and began a fresh one, with his heart full of love toward that Saviour who had died for him. He felt that the Lord helped him as never before.

ONLY A CRACK.

Only a crack; only a crack in the wall.

On one side of it was a soldier's eye, on the other side a besieged town.

The town had been holding out against an army to which that curious eye belonged.

That night the soldier, moving along the way, saw suddenly—what was it?

He went eagerly to it, and there his searching eye began to investigate.

The white moonlight was falling on the streets—empty. Where was the garrison? Warily, with his hands, the soldier made the opening larger, pulling away here and his body went in. There in the shadow of the buildings he made an investigation unmolested.

He went back to his army, communicated all his new knowledge gained that night, and soon an attacking force moved out into the moonlight.

The town was entered and captured. Only a crack in the wall.

Only a careless thought or an idle tale. Only a wrong deed known only to yourself. A crack in the wall. But the enemy of our souls, the enemy of truth and purity, is already trying to make it larger. Will you let him?—Puck.

"THE BLACK MARK."

After days of toil and the most painstaking effort the piece of embroidery was finished. It was a centre piece of carnations, beautifully wrought in most exquisite colorings. It was truly a work of art and much admired by all who saw it. But when it was laundried there appeared in the centre what looked like a pencil mark; no amount of washing could remove it. It was very small, could have been concealed by placing a pin upon it, yet with but few exceptions every one to whom the embroidery was shown would speak of the black mark before expressing themselves about the flowers. The one stain seemed to mar the otherwise perfect work. In this little incident is there not a lesson for each of us? "Keep thyself pure." One error, one mistake, one sin, will sometimes mar the otherwise perfect life. The rich young man with his seemingly blameless life, lacked one thing. And no matter how much you may seek to rectify your error, correct the mistake, or have the sin washed away, the world will still point to the one black mark.—W. S. Elliott.

"My brethren," said a Brahmin lawyer, "it were madness to shut our eyes to the fact that Christianity has come to India. It is not a passing episode; it is a mighty, conquering and spiritual power, come to stay and repeat its victories."

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DENOUNCING THE CULPRIT.

A clergyman in the Highlands often felt it necessary to admonish from the pulpit a certain number of his flock whom he met on several occasions much the worse for liquor. On one occasion he took for his text the words, "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man." Descanting for some time on the terrible sin of drunkenness, as he grew warmer in his application of the text, he expected to see some signs of penitence in the delinquent; but that worthy only sat up stiff and defiant.

At last the preacher could bear it no longer, and roared out:

"Hamish M'Tavish! Mamish M'Tavish! You know I mean you. Why don't you hang down your head?"

This suggests the story of the colored preacher who deplored that he could not say a word to his people about stealing because "it would throw such a coldness ober de meeting."

It is a fact that tens of thousands of poor people can be found in India today who are willing to embrace the Christian religion if teachers can be found who, in the language of the inquirers themselves, can "show them how to be Christians."

You May Have Kidney Trouble.

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