

THE DEFEATS OF THE NAGGER.

Much should be conceded to the husband who has a nagging wife. Truly he hath been grievously tried. Equal compassion and consideration should be shown to the wife who has had the grievous misfortune of having a nagging husband to her portion. If in her desperation, and goaded by more than she can any longer endure, she does and says things she should neither do nor say, she, too, deserves forbearance and kindness of judgment. The children of nagging parents do what it is natural that they should do when they flee the parental roof and go forth to seek the peace and happiness that is denied them at home. Home can never be home for the spirit when the evil of nagging runs rampant in it. There are homes in which every member of the family seems to be bent on nagging some other member. The tongues of the whole family seem to be tipped with criticism or caustic sarcasm. There is a sneer in everything that is said, and the spirit of peace and harmony is unknown.

Of all home-destroyers the nagging spirit is productive of the greatest amount of mischief when it fairly runs riot in the home. It is easy to allow nagging to become a habit. Some mothers are unwise enough to be controlled by this habit in dealing with their children. The word "don't" enters into all that they say to their children, and the evil of it all is lessened but little when the "don't" is uttered in a tone of affection. Not long ago the writer was in a home in which there was a high-strung boy of about a dozen years. When he was introduced to me he said in a boyish way:

"Hello! How are you?"

To this his mother said, in a grieved but gentle way:

"Oh, Harold dear, how often has mother told you not to say 'Hello' when you meet strangers? Don't forget to be polite, dear."

A minute later she was saying to the boy, who was whistling softly as he looked over a book:

"Don't whistle in the house, dearie. You know that mother has often told you that it is not polite to do that, and whistling may be disagreeable to this gentleman."

A moment later it was:

"Harold, dear, don't keep drumming on the floor with your foot like that. Stop it, like a good boy."

In less than two minutes she was saying to the boy, who had gone into an adjoining room and was drumming softly on the piano:

"Harold, dear, don't drum on the piano like that. It is not pleasant to hear it when we are talking. Be a good boy and stop it."

The entirely inoffensive sound of the lightly touched piano ceased, and within a minute the mother was saying to the boy, who had begun playfully to cuff the ears of a dog in the next room:

"Oh, Harold, Harold! Don't tease Gyp! How would you like it to be teased if you were a little doggie? Don't do it any more, dearie."

When there came about the tenth "don't" within fifteen minutes the boy's sorely tried temper broke loose and he

said acidly:

"Good heavens and earth! Is there anything I can do without hearing you say 'don't, dearie?'"

The way in which he mimicked his mother's "don't, dearie," would have been comical had there not been a certain pathos, amounting almost to tragedy, in it, for this mother was so surely estranging her boy from her and making his home a place in which it was impossible for him to be happy. When the boy had stalked out of the room, banging the door behind him, the mother said sadly and apologetically:

"Do excuse him. He has, I am sorry to say, a quick temper that will break forth now and then, although I do all that I can to help him control it, and I never speak harshly to him."

There is an old saying to the effect that nothing tries a quick temper more than serene calmness, and the perfectly calm way in which this mother steadily nagged that boy was fully as trying as sharp reproof would have been. No nagging is more infuriating than the nagging which finds expression in honeyed words, and my sympathy was with that sorely-tried boy who was being nagged beyond that which he was able to bear. The father of this boy, had he been present, might well have said, as I once heard another father say to his wife when she had gently reprovved two children a dozen times in as many minutes:

"Do let the children alone a few minutes!"

There is great merit in letting children alone when the offences they are committing are always of the minor sort, and nothing is gained by steady nagging when the offences are serious. When this nagging becomes what I once heard an old woman call "stiddy jawing," the dove of peace will never hover over that home—never. I feel quite sure that "stiddy jawing" on the part of wives has helped to make many recruits for the saloon, and that the same evil on the part of husbands has caused many a wife to look regretfully back to the happy days before she acquired a husband to her portion. The "stiddy jawer" lowers the moral temperature of the home, and every member of the family must welcome any method of escape from her evil tongue. Nagging parents should write these o'er-true words on the tablets of their hearts:

"There are many parents who seem to suppose that their chief work in the training of a child is to be incessantly commanding or prohibiting; telling the child to do this or do that, and not to do this, that, or the other. But this nagging a child is not training a child; on the contrary, it is destructive of all training on the part of him who is addicted to it. It is not the driver who is training a horse, but one who neither is trained nor can train, who is all the time 'yanking' at the reins, or 'thrapping' them up and down. Neither parent nor driver, in such a case, can do as much in the direction of training by doing incessantly, as by letting alone judiciously."

Many are the triumphs won by those who know how to "let alone judiciously." Many are the defeats of the nagger. Deserved defeats they are, but the cost of

them falls heavily on the family, and homes may be wrecked by them. If ever the tongue is both unwise and unruly it is when it leads its owner into the folly and the vulgarity of nagging.—Paul Creighton, in "Zion's Harold."

THE NEW NAMES.

"When the Japanese embraces Christianity, he does it as thoughtfully and as thoroughly as he does everything else; he brings to it an imaginative penetration which is not always found in other nations.

"When Bishop Brent was visiting in Japan he was asked to officiate at a baptism of Japanese converts. There were three people who desired to be baptized. The first to come forward was an old, old man.

"What is your name?" asked the Bishop.

"And the old man answered, 'Simeon,' and then he smiled and added, 'For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

"The second man was young and strong.

"The name?" asked the Bishop.

"Cornelius," the young man answered.

"And the Bishop looking on him in his youth and enthusiasm, understood why he had chosen the name of the centurion, that 'just man,' whom Peter baptized in Caesarea so long ago. 'Of a truth . . . God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.

"The third to come to the front was a child; a little lad ten years old, clinging to his father's hand.

"The name of the child?" asked the Bishop.

"And the father answered, 'His name is Isaac. I give him to the Lord.'"—Tarbell.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF YOUNG PEOPLE ESSENTIAL TO NATION'S FUTURE.

(By Marion Lawrence.)

The present conditions in our continent, and in the world, are such as to constitute Sunday-school work a war measure. We all gladly contribute to the war relief agencies for the comfort and efficiency of our brave boys in khaki. They deserve it all, and more than we can do. We must not forget, however, that ten boys between eighteen and twenty-five remain at home for every one who goes to the front, to say nothing of the millions of younger boys and girls and children. The future of the nation depends on the moral and religious training of these young lives. We can not afford to neglect them at this time.

Sunday-school work is a war measure, because crime has increased to an alarming extent, especially among our young people. This is due, in many cases, to the removal of parental authority, and to the spirit of adventure that fills the minds of young people during such times as these. Juvenile crime, we are told, has greatly increased since the beginning of the war.

The stimulating, uplifting, and encouraging influences of the Sunday-school were never needed in our country as they are at this moment.—Sunday-school Monthly.