

THE  
MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

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Written for the Mother's Assistant.

“GETTING RID” OF CHILDREN.

BY DR. WM. A. ALCOTT.

The good master, or parent, is represented in scripture as yielding to importunity ; but not where the request is an improper one. It is only when the children of our Father who is in heaven ask for that which is best for them, that they are met, however importunate, by a gracious reply.

Children — even small children — often know more than we think they do. They know how to worry us out by their repeated requests, and sometimes by their cries or murmurs. Especially is this true in the case of those parents who have not learned to say, *No* ; or whose over-kindness, or over-indulgence, prevents them from saying it.

“Let me have it !” said a small child, scarcely two years old, whose name is Charles, to his busy mother. The mother, at first, paid no attention to the request. “Let me have it, mother !” he said again, in a tone of voice indicating that what was at first no more than a rough request, has now become a demand. But the mother is still occupied with her own concerns, and heeds not the demand. “Let me have it, mother !” says the child, in a voice still louder and in a tone still more commanding.

The mother's attention is now arrested, and the *command* is complied with. All is quiet ; the child is good ; and the mother knows not and suspects not that any thing is wrong. She has yielded thus a great many times ; and though her children are not so submissive as she would like to have them, still, she never thought of any connection between their insubordination and her own habit of suffering them to overcome her by their importunity.

Hardly a day elapsed, however, after Charles' victory over his

## CHARITY.

BY THOMAS N. TALFOURD.

The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter,  
 Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing  
 To give a cup of water ; yet its draught  
 Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
 More exquisite, than when nectarian juice  
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
 It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
 Of common comfort, which, by daily use  
 Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear  
 Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall  
 Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye  
 With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand  
 To know the bonds of fellowship again ;  
 And shed on the departing soul a sense  
 More precious, than the benison of friends  
 About the honored death-bed of the rich,  
 To him who else were lonely, that another  
 Of the great family is near and feels.

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**FEMALE EDUCATION.** — Since, then, there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young and the beautiful to excite admiration, to learn to grow old, gracefully, is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable arts which can be taught to woman. And, it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life, that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded hitherto they may have been, they will be wanted now. When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home, it will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to mature age we ought to advert ? Do we not educate them for a crowd, forgetting they are to live at home ? For a crowd, and not for themselves ? For show, and not for use ? For time, and not for eternity ? — *Hannah More.*

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**DO NOT MARRY A FOP.** — There is in such a character nothing of true dignity ; nothing which commands respect, or insures even a decent standing in the community. There is a mark upon him, an affected elegance of manner, a studied particularity of dress, and usually a singular inanity of mind, by which he is known in every circle in which he moves. His very attitude and gait tell the stranger who he is, though he only passes him silently in the street. To unite your destiny with such a man, I hardly need say, would be to impress the seal of disgrace upon your character, and the seal of wretchedness upon your doom. — *Rev. Wm. B. Sprague.*