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Attention is once more called to the fact that where the Scripture Passage exceeds a dozen verses, only that number are printed, whilst the Lesson Retold covers the whole passage. This is according to the desire of the International Committee.

The Children

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone so short way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!
Be kind; things are so new and life but stands
A step beyond the door-way. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon; and so
The hands are tempted oft, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn! They are so often held
To sun or showers, showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts!
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky;
They may not be here by-and-by.
Give them not love, but more, above
And harder, patience with the love.

—Exchange

“Put Out Your Hand”

It is night, and our little one has been sleeping in his bed near his mother's. By-and-by he wakens and calls out:

“Mama, may I come over into your bed? I'm lonely here.”

What comfort there is in mother's bed!

“Yes, darling,” mother answers; “you may come.”

“But it is dark, mama. I cannot see.”

“Just come toward mama's voice, and you will be all right.”

Still the child lingers, with the fear of the dark which clings to the mind of most of us in a greater or lesser degree.

“Put out your hand, mama, and then I can come.”

The mother's hand is reached out into the darkness, and the little boy runs toward it, happy when at last he is snug in the dearly-loved bed with mama.

“Put out your hand!”

How often we want comfort which none of our earthly friends can give. We think of our heavenly Father, and wish we might have the joy of His presence. But He seems far away. The shadow lies between us and Him. Then we must cry:

“Father, reach hither Thy hand.”

And quickly all fear and doubt flee away, and we are at rest by His side.

Example or Precept?

By Rae Furlands

One afternoon a lady remarked to her caller, “I cannot think what is the matter with Clara. I can scarcely believe a word she says. She used to be such a truthful child, but now she will look me straight in the face and tell a deliberate falsehood.”

The caller, who was Clara's teacher, was immediately interested and concerned. She glanced backwards in her mind wondering if she had done all she might to impress the importance of truthfulness upon her young charges. Then she asked, “Do you make