

# The Primary Quarterly

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Says Rev. Dr. Rainsford, the well-known minister of St. George's Church, New York City: "I shall never forget the home training I got on the Bible. My mother made me repeat to her five or six verses every day. However hard my school work might be, I always learned those verses for mother. It was an invaluable thing for me. So, by the time I left home, I knew a vast part of the Scripture by heart; that is one thing I never have forgotten—those verses learned every day."

## NOTICING

"I was so afraid you weren't going to notice," said a shy little girl, on being commended for greater proficiency in the management of that baffling instrument, the fork, and her sigh of relief and pleasure went straight to her mother's heart.

The art of "justly mingling praise and blame" is a difficult one to learn and delicate to practice, and this is a busy world for mothers. The children's little faults of habit and manner attract attention easily enough, and they are reprimanded with the sharpness that comes of exasperated nerves. But by the time patient, childish effort has overcome them they are forgotten by the rest of the household, and the expected praise is not given. These things ought not so to be.

## AT THE DOOR

I thought myself indeed secure,  
So fast the door, so firm the lock;  
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure  
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand  
The sweetness of my baby's plea—  
That timorous, baby knocking, and  
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,  
Regardless of its tempting charms,  
And, opening wide the door, I took  
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity,  
I, like a truant child, shall wait  
The glories of a life to be,  
Beyond the heavenly Father's gate?

And will that heavenly Father heed  
The truant's supplicating cry,  
As at the outer door I plead,  
" 'Tis I, O Father! only I"?

—Eugene Field

## LIMITED LIGHT

By Rae Furlands

Have you ever tried to look straight at the sun on a bright day? What was the result? Was it not that, for a few minutes, you were scarcely able to see at all? We cannot stand a sudden flood of physical light without at least partial blindness.

Many a little child is mentally blinded for a time by a sudden flood of mental light. Is it not possible also to stagger and blind the young soul by pouring in too much moral light?

A six-year-old girl had been told that it was Jesus who made her good, and the devil who made her naughty. She was one of the most difficult of the many hundreds of children I have had to deal with. One might almost think from appearances that her

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