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# The Primary Quarterly

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## My Kingdom

A little kingdom I possess,  
Where thoughts and feelings dwell ;  
And very hard I find the task  
Of governing it well ;

For passion tempts and troubles me,  
A wayward will misleads ;  
And selfishness its shadow casts  
On all my will and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself ?  
To be the child I should—  
Honest and brave ; nor ever tire  
Of trying to be good ?

Dear Father, help me with the love  
That casteth out all fear !  
Teach me to lean on thee and feel  
That thou art very near.



## The Little One and Others

By *Rae Furlands*

The housemaid was busy with the stairs one morning, when the child of the house, a girl of four, with her governess, was about to descend. The two were ready for their morning outing. The maid arose from her knees and stood to one side with her cleaning implements in her hands well out of the way.

Each was satisfied with this arrangement, and the two were passing when the mother of the child appeared. With indignant voice, she commanded the maid to leave the staircase and take her dusters, etc., with her. "The idea of her daughter being obliged to descend under such conditions." Then she scolded the governess for not having ordered the housemaid off before.

This happened not long ago in a Canadian-

city. Of course, the child heard it all. What chance had a sweet little girl of remaining sweet in such an atmosphere? If it continued, how could she help becoming self-conscious, domineering and arrogant, and therefore less lovable?

Contrast with this, another mother, quite as wealthy and better educated. Her child, a boy, also of four years, went running toward the house with a crab he had caught and was in a hurry to place in water that he might watch it. "Get a pail of water, Katie," he cried to the nurse. "Please Katie," suggested the mother. "Yes! please Katie, and oh, do be quick!"

When Jesus "set a little child in the midst," it was to teach the grown people to be gentle, trustful, meek and loving, not to make the child feel that he was the centre of the universe. Sometimes it almost seems as if some parents aimed to do this, so well but unwisely do we love our children. Each child has his part to fill in God's great whole, and he must be taught this in the home, if you would not have him get too many and too great knocks in the world.

A boy who refused to take his part in a game with other boys is either left alone or abused. In the great game of life it is the same. No parent desires such treatment for the child. Therefore, the wise mother in the little home plays and work endeavors to show him how we are one dependent on another and all upon God the great giver.

Is she baking? The child wants to bake, or help, as he or she puts it. Mother spares a piece of dough and a little corner of her bake board, and tells how the miller ground the wheat which the farmer planted and God caused to grow. Perhaps she sings: