

# The Primary Quarterly

Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, M.A., Editor  
Rev. J. M. Duncan, B.D., Associate Editor

Vol. IX.

April, May, June, 1904

No. 2

## MISTRESS RAIN

"Good morning, pretty flowers,"  
Said lively Mistress Rain;

"I come with soft spring showers  
To make you bloom again."

"Good morning, little maiden,"  
Said blitheful Mistress Rain;

"A friend with blessings laden  
You surely won't disdain."

"How are you, buds and trees?"  
Said busy Mistress Rain;

"I will wash you if you please:  
Much beauty you will gain."

"Nice wet morning, oats and wheat,"  
Said pattering Mistress Rain;

"Though your seeds may now lie deep,  
Life and strength you will attain."

"Now my given work is done—  
No dark cloud is in the sky;  
I yield my place unto the sun,  
My work to glorify."

## RESULTS OF BIBLE STORY TELLING

*By Nannie Lee Frayser*

We all long to see the results of our labors; but some of us have long to wait, perhaps till eternity. But how much better it is to wait that long, than to have no results to anticipate over there!

Bible stories are so helpful, when they have become a part of the daily life of a child, that often we come upon sweet unexpected results. A teacher had been teaching a class of children and had told the story of Samuel, dwelling much on the happiness there was

in the little boy's heart when he realized God's presence in the room with him alone in the night; and in connection with it she taught this song:

"I am in my Father's keeping,  
I am in His tender care—  
Whether waking, whether sleeping,  
I am in His care."

The year after, she overheard a conversation between two little girls, one of whom had been in that class. The one who had not been there said:

"My! but I'm scared in the dark! Ever since the burglar got in our house, I'm always thinking I hear noises!"

The other said:

"Well, why didn't you sing 'I am in my Father's keeping'? I sang it the first night we went into our new house, for it was the first time I ever had a room by myself and slept alone, and I wasn't a bit afraid."

To find them leaning on God and trusting in His loving, watchful care when they are alone, is a result to make us very happy.

But it does not always turn out so. Children are such literalists. One day this week a mother heard two of her little boys talking together. One was three and the other five, and they were cutting paper soldiers out of some scraps of paper. The little one said:

"Say, brother, we're like God, aren't we?"

"Why?" said the other.

"'Cause we're making men, aren't we?"

The mother was almost petrified at this result of her teaching of the creation of man, but she need not have been, need she? There was not the slightest irreverence intended. But the little ones take what we