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# The Primary Quarterly

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## The Angel's Choosing

A babe one day in his cradle lay,  
While the mother softly sung,  
"God grant my child rest undefiled  
Till the last low bell be rung !"

An angel flew from the vaulted blue,  
And whispered in voice of love,  
"Your boy must share the world's dread care,  
Or return with me above !"

The mother knew not what she must do :  
"Blessed angel, choose for me—  
I would leave the choice with thee !"

The angel smiled as he kissed the child :  
"The Master would have him stay,  
To fight the fight against sin and night  
Till the dawn of eternal day !"  
—Theodora Wilson Wilson

## The Restless Age

By Mrs. C. M. Hincks

"I wish Jackie would sit still for five minutes," you say, ignoring the "why" of his activity. Do you remember, when he was a baby in his crib, how you delighted to see him lie on his back and kick? How strong this exercise made his little limbs, so that he walked before the neighbor's boy of the same age! And yet now you want him to be quiet. Do you forget that he must still keep on the go to develop the little muscles and become a big, strong laddie? Do you forget that his creator made him thus active with a purpose?

"But," you say, "I shouldn't mind his being so active, if he were not always getting

into mischief." Ah! there's the trouble, and there's the opportunity! If Jackie is blessed with energy and imagination, let us not repress, but guide, those qualities.

Some children's days are made up of "don'ts":—"Don't make such a noise, Billy!"—"Don't slide on the polished floors!"—"Don't breathe on the window panes!"—until poor Billy is liable to develop into a disobedient, rebellious, sullen child, alienated from mother and others in authority, or into a passive boy without initiative or spirit of independence. Thus, not only is his physical growth hampered, but his moral being is warped by repression.

Let us give positive requests, not negative commands. While we must not let Billy continue to scratch the floor and soil the window panes and become a selfish, heedless fellow, yet we can avoid the "don'ts" by suggesting something right for him to do, so that the *wrong* thing may never present itself to him. Utilize his love to help and let him sweep and polish; notice that he tires of ordinary toys and abuses or discards them, and substitute something he can make—pictures to cut out with pointless scissors, empty spools, boxes and string, to make into carts, plastecine on the oilcloth-covered table where he can develop his imagination, and his finger muscles to his heart's content. Perhaps mother has a headache and wants quiet. Let him pretend to be the nurse or doctor and tip-toe softly about.

Again, let us remember how difficult it is for the child to get our point of view, and, therefore, try to get his. One day he romps and mother smiles and shares in the fun. An hour later he makes the same noise, and she