

The Primary Quarterly

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A Child's First Prayer

I was in Heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
Unto a palace where he

Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them so that in that palace bright
The presence chamber might be duly dight ;
For they were like to flowers of various bloom,
And a divinest fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedging rose,
And from the tangled press
Of that irregular loveliness

Set it apart, and—"This," I heard him say,
"Is for the Master"; so upon his way
He would have passed; then I to him—
"Whence is this rose, O thou of cherubim
The chiefest?" "Knowest thou not?" he
said and smiled,

"This is the first prayer of a little child."

A Summer Plan

By Rae Furlands

"You will think I am full of troubles to-day,
for I have not told you them all yet," said
a young mother to her sympathetic elderly
caller, "and the biggest one is yet to come.

"You know my husband has had business
reverses, and therefore we cannot go to our
summer home as usual. I dread telling the
children, especially Helen. She will be so
much disappointed, for being somewhat older,
she remembers more of what they will miss;
besides, her temper does not improve, and
I do so dread arousing it."

"With your sunny back yard, and the
outlay of a dollar or two, I am sure the chil-
dren can be made quite happy and content-
ed," was the answer; "but Helen's temper is

another matter, and, if you will forgive my
saying so, a very serious one. Would you
mind telling me what measures you have
taken to correct it?"

"I will be free with you, if you will be so
with me and help me if you can," said the
mother. "To tell the truth, I have done
very little. With the exception of a scolding
when results were very disastrous, things
have gone pretty much their own way."

"Scolding, I fear, will do no good, but
rather make matters worse. If I were you,
I should take, or send her, away to be alone
for a few minutes when the fit of ill-temper
manifests itself, thus showing by deeds, not
words, that she must not allow her personal
feeling to make things unpleasant for others.
Then, when she is her quiet self again, talk
seriously, but very gently, about her fault.
Get her to suggest ways of overcoming, herself.
Where you can, consult her beforehand
about the things which are likely to arouse
the temper: for example, in the present
problem, say to her that you have two things
to tell her, one pleasant, the other unpleasant,
and that you would like her to help you make
the unpleasant one as easy as possible for
the younger children, and that she shall have
the pleasure of telling them the pleasant one."

"I believe that would work," said the
mother, "if only I had a pleasant thing to
tell her, that would be important enough
in Helen's eyes."

"Oh yes! the pleasant thing is the fun
they are going to have in the yard."

"But that is such an ordinary affair, I am
afraid it would make no appeal."

"But you know we are going to make it
out of the ordinary. Get a load of clean sand
for them to play in. Have a little good

Joe Jackson
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