

To the sensitively considerate heart of an adult—parent or teacher—there can be no memory more full of poignant regret than the memory of a child's face on which we put a dark shadow, or a tear that ran from a tender heart wounded by lack of sympathy and considerate response on our part.

To keep our lives in tune with our children it will help to remember the remorse of the father who wrote:

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—  
For, "Was it a moment like this,"  
I said, "when she knew I was busy,  
To come romping in for a kiss?  
Come rowdying up from her mother  
And clamoring there at my knee  
For 'one 'ittle kiss for my dolly,  
And one 'ittle uzzar for me'?"  
God pity the heart that repelled her  
And the cold hand that turned her away!  
And take from the lips that denied her  
This answerless prayer of today!  
Take, Lord, from my memory forever  
That pitiful sob of despair,