

The Primary Quarterly

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A little rain and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about—
And that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,
And lessons learned and things in place—
Ah, that's the way the children grow
Don't you know?

Sadly And the grave and reverend men who choose the lessons for the little ones have not forgotten that their lessons must be short and simple and bright. Some of the lessons we are using now are perhaps just a "weeny bit" too long and hard for the youngest children; so new ones have been chosen for little ones of six years old and under. They are called the Beginners' Course, and commence in September. We hope, when the time comes, to be ready with beautifully illustrated helps for the Beginners' Course, which may be brought home from Sabbath School, that fathers and mothers may help with the lessons.

"Hearing a Bible story and learning a text should form part of the children's employment every Sunday afternoon," says a writer in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "However busy the mother may be in the week, she should take time on this day to gather her children about her and teach them herself. She cannot delegate this duty to the Sunday-school without serious loss to

them and to herself. It is said that children nowadays do not know the Bible. They are so unfamiliar with it that Biblical allusions in conversation or in other books are not understood, and its language is strange to their ears. Only the mothers can remedy this, as the Bible is so little read in the schools. The rising generation will never know their own sacred Book unless the mothers bestir themselves and teach it."

BEAUTIFUL MOTHERS

"I remember," wrote the great Dr. John Hall, "the first conscious impression I had of beauty.

"It was a summer afternoon . . . my brother and myself were playing in front of the house, when my mother raised the window, and, calling us, handed each some bread and honey, with some kindly word—I forget what. I think our pleasure pleased her, for her face beamed as it had never beamed to me before, and for the first time I was distinctly conscious that my mother was beautiful!

"It had a great effect upon me. My mother was always good to me, and I revered her, but now I had a new feeling towards her. She was like an angel to me now."

Is there not here deep instruction for parents? It is not easy to keep the beautiful side of character always unclouded. Yet the effort must be made. That wonderful camera, the child's mind, may at any moment have the shutter lifted, and an indestructible image of ourselves may become printed upon its sensitive plate.

Nothing would shock us more than, in the day of revealing, to discover that, what had