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The Primary Quarterly

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The Heart of a Child

How should the heart of a little one be ?
As pure as the lily that blooms on the lea,
As clear as the dews from the heavens that
fall,
As true as the mirror that hangs on the wall,
As fresh as the fountain, as gay as the lark
That thrills out in song twixt the day and the
dark ;
As glad as the angels, when soaring they fly
On the bright wings of love to their home in
the sky.

When to Start Teaching

By Rae Furlands

It happened in a strictly orthodox home. Little Mary, a child of four years ran to the door one beautiful spring morning. The gladness and glory of it seemed to enter her very soul. She looked around and spontaneously, yet reverently, said, "Good morning, God." Her father and mother were shocked, pained. To think that their darling, the baby of the large family, should be guilty of sacrilege.

The event made a deep impression on Mary's eldest sister, and years afterwards when she was a wife and the mother of two small children, she told me of it. She said the more she thought of it the more it seemed to her to be true worship ; and that she hoped her own babies might early learn to feel God's presence in the beauty surrounding them.

As we chatted away together, her youngest baby, who was barely six months old, dropped a woollen ball, with which he had been playing. I mechanically picked it up, handed it to baby and went on with the

conversation. "Pardon me," said his mother, "but please wait a minute until he says 'Thank you.'" I looked at her in amazement, wondering what recognition a baby like that could make. "If you will look at him," she continued, "he will look up into your face and blink his eyes."

Sure enough, he did.

"Girlie does it also even though she is learning to speak, but I did not begin to teach her so early in life as I did babe. I want them to keep it up, for I do like to see children look straight at people when they thank them for anything."

Just think of it, mothers ! six months old, only six months and capable of acknowledging something done for it.

When do these babies begin to learn ?

If we only knew exactly when to start teaching obedience, reverence, gratefulness and all the other virtues, many more children might be kept to the right path. But then it so easy to think *our* children will never do this, that or the other wrong thing, until some day they surprise us by doing it.

There is only one safe way and that is to begin at the very beginning.

Toronto

The Good-Night Angel

The good-night angel comes at eve
Across the quiet hills,
And tucks the sleepy blossoms in
Beside the meadow rills.
On uplands wide each drowsy bird
He cradles in its nest,
And in the dewy valley far
Rocks the wild winds to rest.