

The Primary Quarterly

Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, M.A., Editor
Rev. J. M. Duncan, B.D., Associate Editor

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The Glad Easter Message

List to the message the lilies bring,
Gently, gently swaying;
Jesus, the Saviour, is risen to-day—
Risen to live and to reign away.
This is the message the lilies bring,
Gently, gently swaying.

High in the branches the bluebird tells,
Sweetly, sweetly singing,
How the dear Saviour is risen to-day.
Hark! how he joyfully sings his lay,
Joining the chorus of lily bells,
Sweetly, sweetly singing.

Sing, little children, your voices raise,
Gladly, gladly telling,
"Jesus is risen;" the angels said,
"Seek not the living among the dead."
Let the whole world join in Easter praise,
Gladly, gladly telling.
—Songs of the Seasons

Brushing Off the Bloom

By Mrs. Marion Cruikshank

There is nothing so precious to a mother as the sympathy between her child and herself. To the child, it is an instinct which leads it to seek its mother in joy or trouble, knowing that she will understand. To the mother, it is the fruit of that love which is her most Christ-like attribute.

So delicate a thing is this sympathy, that we must study it, guard it, develop it, lest with careless, clumsy fingers, we brush off the bloom from the little lives, which, like the bloom of the ungathered grapes, when once destroyed, can never be replaced. Coldness or harshness will in time remove it,

and the ever-busy mother, to whom the hasty, cross words come so readily, must set a guard over her lips, lest she offend one of these little ones.

Now and again, we hear the remark, "There are no children now!" Who has brushed off the bloom, and made the child a man or woman before its time?

Some mothers, for example, make the mistake of praising their children foolishly. Commendation for achievements, moral, mental, or physical, is stimulating and helpful; but the praise which fosters conceit or undue ambition cannot be anything but hurtful. A blunder we are more apt to make, is to laugh at a child's mistakes. Unless he can laugh, too, he has little courage for another attempt.

To keep a child's confidence and respect is no small task. To be a good mother is probably the best and most difficult education we can have. We have so many more theories than had the past generation as to the bringing up of children, and so much less time to put them in practice, that we too often fail our little ones, when they most need our help.

Two conversations overheard recently may point a lesson. Two little girls, coming home from school, were discussing a punishment they had received for breaking a school rule. Said one, "I wonder what mother will say." "Indeed," said the other, "I won't tell mine, and get another scolding!" That mother's lack of justice is beginning to destroy the confidence of her little daughter. A wise woman it was, who said, "Yes, I dare say I could take Freddy without a ticket, as he's small for his age, but I can't