

# The Primary Quarterly

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And so, you are to be promoted when the New Year comes, and to have the HOME STUDY QUARTERLY, and THE KING'S OWN, instead of the PRIMARY QUARTERLY and JEWELS. You are glad. So are we; because we like to see the little ones stretching up, and growing taller and wiser, and, we trust, better as well. But we are glad, too, that all the little ones are not big, and that there is a larger army than ever, who will read JEWELS week by week this coming year, and have the PRIMARY QUARTERLY to help them to prepare their lessons.

## AS THE CHILD SEES IT

*By Mary Adair*

"Father!" said the wee girlie, who was dragging along a few paces behind, "if you would go nice and slow, like Mr. Jones (the policeman on the block) I could always keep up with you."

It was a good suggestion, and might give us a hint for the spiritual walk, as well as the physical. The little one would dearly love to keep step with father, but the feet are small and weak.

"My child, I don't want you to sit on the window sill looking at those people: it's very naughty; come and we'll have a good time cutting pictures out of this old picture book." So the mother and child spent a delightful afternoon.

The next day mother had to go down town; so she left, saying, as mothers do, "Now be a good little girl until mother comes back."

On her return, she asked, "Well! has my little girl been good?"

"Yes," said the child, "I was good for a while, and then I was very naughty."

"What did you do when you were bad?" said her mother.

"I sat on the window sill and looked at the people."

"And what did you do when you were good?"

"O mother, you will be so glad, see all the nice pictures I cut;" and to her mother's horror and dismay, she found a book of valuable prints mutilated and worthless, from the ragged cutting of unskilled little fingers.

"O you dreadful child, how could you be so naughty?" said the distracted mother.

It was very dreadful, of course; but just think, too, of the shock and surprise to the child; what a confusion to find the thing that was so good to do yesterday all wrong to-day, and the thing that was called naughty yesterday bringing no rebuke at all to-day.

Hawthorne says, that "people without imagination are like horses with blinders on." Nowhere is imagination more valuable than in dealing with little children. If we could get such a perspective upon our own childhood, that we could see how many, many experiences we had to live over and over, before we could generalize at all, or form any standard of moral action, it would surely help us at least to be patient. How slowly reason develops. A child has tried, in his own way, many hundred times to get the relation between cause and effect, before he is able even to articulate, for the first time, that simple word "because."

Off with the blinders! See childhood