

The Primary Quarterly

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The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work, the
Almighty will.

It is told of Sir Walter Scott that in his walks over the forests and fields of Abbotsford, his estate, he carried a variety of the nuts of trees in his coat pockets, and wherever there was a waste space where a tree could find room, he pressed one of the nuts into the ground with his heel. Many of these chance plantings are great trees now.

TWILIGHT

There are days when the children are restless,
And wilfully naughty and wild;
I get so discouraged and weary;
'Tis hard to be gentle and mild
When the spirit of mischief, unruly,
Possesses the heart of a child.

But, when twilight comes down, like a blessing,

So soft and so quiet, the play,
The babble of voices, and tumult
Seem hushed in a wonderful way;
And they come to my side in the gloaming,
And, "Sing for us, mama," they say.

So we sing "Like a Shepherd," and
"Jewels,"

"I wish I had been with them then";
And all the sweet hymns of the children
They call for again and again,
Till we've sung all the songs they remember,—
My dear little women and men.

As we sit thus and sing in the twilight,
And I look upon each little face,
They seem—all the wilfulness faded—
To be touched with the tenderest grace,
Just as if from the choir up in heaven
Some angels had strayed from their place.

And I pray for the spirit of Jesus,
Who loves though unworthy are we,
And deals with us ever in kindness,
Whatever our wilfulness be,
When we gather up there for our singing,
All His patience and love we shall see.

—The C. E. World

A LITTLE SUNBEAM

By Kate M. Duncan

Do some of you children think that you are too little to help and cheer big grown up people? Let me tell you something about a little girl, who was very poor, and sick too, and who yet brightened life for many lonely women.

While a change was being made in the Children's Ward of one of New York's large hospitals, the children were scattered through the other wards. Into a ward where there were twenty women, some in bed with broken bones, some able to be sitting up in easy chairs, were sent two little girls. Allie Thompson was to be kept in bed, but little Mary Curtis was well enough to be up.

Mary was four years old and small for her age, but not too small to love helping to nurse sick people. When the time came for giving the medicines, the nurse would let little Mary carry it to some of the women, which made her very happy and proud. How pleased the women were to have her little hands give them the medicine, and it

Mrs Duncan