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"Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places,
That was how in ancient ages
Children grew to kings and sages."

July, August and September are the hot months. Trying they are to mothers and teachers of the little ones. They are no less trying to the little ones themselves.

"Not too much at a time," is a good rule. The thoughts of the children are as restless and nimble as the little birds that go hopping from branch to branch, never still for an instant. We must catch them on the wing; a single text or verse, the light touch that makes a story memorable, the little word of counsel dropped, as you drop a seed into the ground, leaving it to the care of the God who alone can give the increase.

Much singing is in order. That is one thing of which children seldom tire. It is a hot day, indeed, that can quench the fountains of song. In the Order of Service (p.96) more hymns than usual are suggested, and on page 67 a "Finger Exercise" is given. It is so simple that anyone can show the little ones how to do it. They will learn it quickly, and it will be a constant delight to them to repeat. One dear little girl often drops knife and fork in the middle of dinner and says "I know it," and then repeats with the greatest enthusiasm—as if it were for the very first time—

"I am going to have my two little hands
Help me to remember my Saviour's commands—"

and so on, right through to the end.

And in September is CHILDREN'S DAY. Beautiful as your flower gardens are, there is no flower garden in all the land so charming as those sweet, glowing upturned faces—what a crowd of them, when the whole school is massed together, and they look eagerly into the face of the minister on that day. Perhaps he is a dear old man with silvery hair. The children think of how beautiful he looks. Some of them have learned the verse, "A hoary head is a crown of righteousness." They wonder whether the "crown of glory" will be any more beautiful. And the minister, for his part, thinks there is nothing on earth to compare for sweetness with the lambs of his flock. Like the Good Shepherd Himself, he says, "Forbid them not"—let them come to the Saviour with their hearts, and their songs, and their gifts. The children's gifts on CHILDREN'S DAY—many of them have been "laying up" for months past, in the Souvenir Century Fund Boxes—will be not the least memorable part of the service.

God's Diamonds

It is certain that children frequently take note of and are moved by the wonders of nature when they voice no hint of it, and we fancy them quite indifferent to the beauties before them. We do not appreciate how tender their emotions are, even when they try to express themselves in words. The starry heavens make a profound impression on many child natures.

"Oh, mama, see those beautiful diamonds!" exclaimed a five-year-old one August evening as he looked at the sky. He