

PRIMARY TEACHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Children's Day.

WHAT a day it is! A day of sunshine and song, of love and light, of grace and giving. The children delight in it because it is their day, and because it is packed full of brightness and cheer. The older people love it because—well, because they love the children, and a good deal of the reflected brilliance falls upon their older and more subdued spirits.

Never, never should Children's Day be allowed to decline in interest. Make it increasingly a joyous festival. Let the little ones sing their loveliest songs, and delight their friends with sweet recitals, *if thereby self-consciousness be not promoted*. Never suffer a child who loves applause, nor yet one who is timid and shrinking, to take part in "exercises," and never permit any child to do so who is not first carefully taught that the one thing to remember is that the little part assigned is to help somebody to know and love Jesus better. It is better, far better, to admit no exercise in which single individuals appear. Rather, bring the children forward in groups, if at all, and carefully, painstakingly, and over and over teach them that whatever is done in God's house and on his day must be done for the glory of King Jesus, and so there can be no room for thoughts of self.

Nature Study.

A BUNCH of flowers, wild from the valleys where the waters sparkle and sport, or a handful from the gardens in city nooks, and laid upon your desk by a loving scholar! This is your opportunity. Say something about the wonders of growth. Some Sunday you can illustrate it. Take a flower seed to school, and a stone looking like the seed. Call attention to both, and bid the children notice how alike they are. Plant the stone. It stays stone. Drop that which looks like it and seems as dead—drop the seed into the earth. And O, wonderful development! There is a mysterious stirring

within, an expansion, an expulsion, and lo, a shoot that becomes a banner, a green flag on a green stem! That issue from something that seemed dead as a stone was wonderful enough. But not closed is this marvelous chapter. In a little while there is a disturbance of the staff that carries the flag. Who would suppose that inside the staff there was any hidden beauty of color, and folded pattern of blossom? One day, though, the blossom lies on your desk, brought to you by an attached scholar, a blossom like a face pure, sweet, from the great flower world.

The blossom from country field or city garden teaches wisdom, power, love—God. Does it not instruct in something else? In the flower's growth there was obedience to laws followed closely. If the child follow God's laws, may it not expect that the same beneficence and wisdom will stoop down to it and encircle it? Why should the little one worry? Help it to find and recline upon the tender bosom of its heavenly Father.

Dorothy.

(Recitation for Children's Day.)

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

HER eyes were blue as flowers of flax
Beneath her ruffled bonnet;
Her face was like a fresh wild rose,
With morning sunshine on it.

One arm was round her "Bible-book,"
And one held fast her roses.
I said, "Where are you going, dear,
With all those pretty posies?"

"Why, don't you know it's Children's Day?"
She said, with look of wonder.
"And there's our church—that pretty one
Beyond the elm trees yonder."

"Your day is beautiful," I said;
"The Lord of children made it.
He sent the roses for this day,
And not a cloud to shade it.