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# The Primary Quarterly

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## The Blind Child

I know what Mother's face is like,  
Although I cannot see :  
It's like the music of a bell,  
It's like the way the roses smell,  
It's like the secrets fairies tell—  
All these it's like to me.

I know what Father's face is like,  
I'm sure I know it all :  
It's like his step upon the stair,  
It's like his whistle in the air,  
It's like his arms that take such care,  
And never let me fall.

So I can tell what God is like,  
The God whom no one sees :  
He's everything my mother means,  
He's everything my father seems,  
He's like my very sweetest dreams,  
But greater than all these.

—Emily Sargent Lewis

## "All Together"

By Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M.A.

A small boy was coming to the time of life when some moral and religious instruction is necessary. He had been allowed to play with some ill-trained children and was learn- to tell a lie when it suited him. One day his mother caught him in an untruth, and with loving and wise treatment tried to get him to see that it is wrong to tell a lie. She said, "My little son cannot go to heaven if he tells lies. There are no liars in heaven. Promise me you will tell the truth always, Harold."

"Well, mama, tell me first if you and daddy always tell the truth", said Harold

in a perfectly respectful way. Somewhat surprised at this remark the mother said, "My darling we try to, and we pray to God to help us to be truthful ; but why do you ask such a question ?" "Well, mama, if you and daddy do not *always* tell the truth, you can't go to heaven, and I don't wish to go unless you and daddy go, so if you and he don't *always* tell the truth, I don't think I will."

This speech, revealing as it did a deep affection, startled the mother, and she saw in a flash that she was being appealed to by her boy in a most solemn fashion to live a truer life. At once she and he came to an agreement that they would always speak the truth and when the father came home, he gave his promise to do the same, and at worship every morning they prayed for strength to keep their word.

One evening, as Harold was being tucked into bed, he whispered,—“O, mama, we are going to heaven all together. Heaven would be no good without you and daddy.”

Toronto

## Teaching the Golden Text

By Miss E. M. Russell

The Golden Text is supposed to embody the truth of the lesson or to emphasize that truth. How to teach it depends to a great extent on the lesson,—on the truth itself ; on the class ; on the particular truth you wish to impress.

Before beginning the lesson, decide what particular truth you wish to teach, and make your lesson circle round that, remembering that *one* truth is quite enough for little ones.