

The Primary Quarterly

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Baby's Hand

That little hand, that little hand !
So full of small contriving ;
From morn to night unwearied still,
Into new mischief diving.
Now mother's workbox is its quest,
Purloining thread and thimble ;
But when you'd catch the cunning thief
How sly it is and nimble !
Beneath an apron it will hide,
In hope that you may miss it ;
And when you spy the tricky sprite
You cannot choose but kiss it.
For O that little elfin hand,
No matter what its sinning,
Can boast a magic all its own,
Our constant pardon winning.
With baby might it turns the key
That locks our truest part ;
For, doubt it as we may, it holds
The key unto our heart.

A Visit to a Primary Class

By Esther Miller

Would you like a peep at a real Primary class?—not an ideal one by any means, but one whose trials and difficulties you may find interesting.

Come with me, then, this bright Sabbath afternoon. School opens at two-thirty, but we must be there at two sharp, unless we want to find disorder and defeat awaiting us.

You see, we are not a moment too early, for here they come—ninety noisy scamps, from baby Dorothy, who sits on the front row when she is not tumbling on to the floor, to ten-year-old Dick, who perches on the last of the elevated seats. Each one drops his

contribution into the box as he passes, for pennies are apt to be noisy during prayers.

The opening exercises are over at two-forty and the big doors swing to, and shut us off from the main room.

Scripture drill comes first. Our work comprises the books of the Bible, the Commandments, Psalm twenty-three, Isaiah fifty-three and fifty-five, the Beatitudes, and First Corinthians, thirteenth chapter.

Nearly fifteen minutes hard, steady work, and here comes the Superintendent to help us sing. The assistant teacher, who has been silently marking the roll, folding papers and counting pennies, takes her place at the baby organ, and we have a grand time. Yes, we use the Church's Book of Praise exclusively, and, "God sees the little sparrows fall," seems the favorite.

Three-ten and we are alone again; and now for colored chalk, blackboard and picture roll, for this is the all-important time—the lesson. And woe betide us, if we are not well prepared, for the ninety are restless and terribly critical.

Just done, when Maudie holds up her hand, Maudie attained the ripe age of five last week. She comes down the steps proudly, with five damp coppers held tightly in a chubby fist. We count them in unison, tuck them safely into a purse, for our little famine orphan away in India, and then repeat together :

"God in heaven, our loving Father,
Five long years, by night and day,
Has watched over our friend Maudie,
When asleep, at work, at play.
May her life be long and happy,
May God have her heart's best love.
And when life on earth is ended
May we meet in heaven above."