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The Primary Quarterly

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Children

THE GIRL CHILD

Give her a flower to keep and hold,
A waxen doll in a silken gown,
A chain of coral with clasp of gold,
A tiny kitten as soft as down ;
And sing, with your lips against her cheek,
Love's dear lullaby whispering,
Till sleep comes over her eyelids meek,
Sing for the girl-child—mother, sing !

THE BOY CHILD

Show him the bird in its daring flight
To the cloud's brown edge. Teach him to
know
The flag that spreads to winds' wild night—
Sweep of the rain, and whirl of snow—
Laugh with him, run with him, romp and
leap,
Give him his will of the noisy day—
But, when you pause at the gate of sleep,
Oh, pray for the boy-child—mother,
pray ! —Madeline Bridge

Some Bible Sabbaths

By Mary Isobel Houston

Once, after a five days' journey by sea, Paul and some of his friends reached a place named Troas. Here they stayed about a week, and when Sunday came, Paul preached to his disciples and a number of other people in an upper room. He was going to leave the city next day, so it was the last chance his friends would have of hearing him preach.

The upper room was so crowded that one young man, named Eutyclus, found a seat for himself on the ledge of the window, where he could both see and hear Paul. As the night wore on, Eutyclus grew tired,

and at last fell asleep. Then, when no one was watching, he slipped from the window and fell to the street below.

When the people reached the street and picked the young man up, they found that he was dead. Of course they were greatly troubled, but when Paul came down, he looked at Eutyclus and said : "Trouble not yourselves ; for his life is in him."

At first the people could not believe Paul's words, not understanding how one could have power to put life into one who was dead. But they had such faith in the great preacher, that they knew that he must speak the truth.

It was daylight again before Paul finished his preaching and went away. When the people discovered that Eutyclus was really alive and well again, they were greatly pleased and more ready than ever to believe all that Paul had told them.

Toronto

Training the Children in Service

By Rae Furlands

An invalid of my acquaintance has one unending source of interest and amusement. It is watching from her window the children of the neighborhood at play on the street. She says she never before realized how much time the children put in imitating the life they see around them. It does not matter whether it is the postman, the street cleaner, the builder, the vegetable hawker, the peanut man or any of the others,—whichever interests them for the time, is imitated in such a way that there is no possibility of an onlooker making a mistake as to what is intended. People often say, "Children are