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# The Primary Quarterly

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No. 2

Oh, little child, lie still and sleep!  
Jesus is near,  
Thou need'st not fear!  
No one need fear whom God doth keep,  
By day or night ;  
So lay thee down in slumber deep  
Till morning light.

Oh, little child, lie still and rest !  
He sweetly sleeps  
Whom Jesus keeps ; .  
And in the morning wake so blest  
His child to be.  
Love every one, but love Him best ;  
He first loved thee.

## Some of Jesus' Friends

### II. HIS COUSIN.

His name was John. He was called John the Baptist, when he became a minister, at thirty years of age, because he baptized so many people. He told the people that Jesus, the great Saviour and King, was coming, and that they must turn from their sins to be ready for His coming. Those that turned from their sins, John baptized as a sign that they were now to live a holy life.

John's mother, Elizabeth, and Jesus' mother, Mary, were cousins, and John was only six months old when Jesus was born. The painters long ago loved to paint the baby John, with his mother, worshiping the baby Jesus. This, of course, was only a fancy. But when the children both grew up and both began to preach, John knew that Jesus was indeed far greater than he, and that He had come from God to take away the sin of the whole world. When Jesus came to him to be baptized by him, God spoke from heaven, and said of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son, in

whom I am well pleased."

It was through John that Jesus' first two disciples were led to come to Him, and he remained faithful to His wonderful Kinsman all his life.

Nothing could turn away this brave and noble preacher from doing what was right and from telling evil people of their sins. It was for this that the wicked King Herod put him to death ; and when that dreadful thing happened, Jesus felt that He had indeed lost one of His very best friends.

## The S. K. M. U.

By Mrs. Marion Cruikshank

Every one loved dear old Aunt Kate. A reproof from her was never resented, it was so wise and so kindly ; and when she said, "Did you ever hear, my dear, 'Unselfish mothers make selfish children' ; for my part, I don't think the mother is really unselfish, do you?" , it set Mrs. Burnham thinking. Looking back over the afternoon she and Aunt Kate had spent together, she understood the inference. She had asked her daughter Nellie to leave a pattern at the dressmaker's, and the reply had been, "Can't Tom do it ? Maud wants me to help fix her new doll's house."

Tom had called her to the top flat to find his stamp album : "he had hunted everywhere", he said, but Mrs. Burnham soon found it in its usual place, covered with a litter of school books.

Her eldest daughter had come in with the braid ripped off her skirt, which her mother had offered to replace, so she might not miss