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The Primary Quarterly

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My Little Boy

The other children grow so tall !
I would not wish it otherwise,
And yet—we mothers lose them all,
They grow to men before our eyes—
My little, little boys !

But he who slipped away in spring,
Six summers on his shining head,
His baby eyes still wondering,
He only, the long years have sped,
Is still my little boy.

Living the Inside Out

A sweet little six-year-old girl the other day looked up suddenly at her mother and said ; "Mother, I think that Jesus was the only one who ever dared to live His inside out !"

The mother was fairly dazed by the little one's thought. Well she might be. It carried one of the profoundest thoughts suggested by lifelong study of that divine Character. But here it was out of the mouth of almost a babe. She had heard His story. She had seen that He was so pure in all His soul that there was nothing there that He needed to conceal from anybody. Was not He the only one in all the history of mankind of whom that could be truly said ?

Who gave to this child that conception of Christ's perfect purity ? What more charming tribute did ever childhood pay to His beautiful divinity ? He dared to live out all that was in Him. No thought or wish or imagination needed to be concealed. No act or word of all that blessed life had to be hidden away from all the world's inspection !

Frankly, freely might He act it out. No prudent circumspection needed !

The child put it well. "He dared to live His inside out." He, and no soul beside, in all the world's history ! How divine—how close to absolute deity is that ! Ah, childhood, how thou canst creep close to the great Inbreather of all deepest truth ! "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" often comes confusion to the wise ones of this world.

May that little girl ever cherish her thought of Him who could live so openly, and learn to love and grow to be like Him ! She had made a great discovery. She had found a new type of man and was astonished and delighted. Her discovery was of that which has amazed, confounded, and is to save, the world. It is yet hidden from many of the wise and prudent of this world, but is revealed to all simple-hearted, reverent souls. "A little child shall lead them." "Except ye become as a little child." "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Asa S. Fiske

First Lessons in Religion

By Rae Furlands

A carefully taught child should never know a time when he did not love God and have a general desire to please Him. Trust in, obedience to, and worship of, God are the right of every child. These cannot be forced. They must be the natural outcome of voluntary feeling. Show the stars in the heavens, the flowers in the garden, the birds in the nest, the cat with her kittens and any of the multitude of other things surrounding us, and teach from these God's care of all—God