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The Primary Quarterly

Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, D.D., Editor
Rev. J. M. Duncan, B.D., Associate Editor

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Sleepy Time

Good night, little baby ;
I've counted your toes,
I've kissed all your fingers,
And rumbled your nose.

Good night, little baby ;
The day's gone away ;
The big, tired darkness
Doesn't know how to play.

Good night, little baby ;
My arms are the bed,
My heart is the pillow,
My love is the spread.
—Anita Fitch, in *Century Magazine*

God Wants the Children

By Rev. J. M. Duncan, B.D.

Long, long ago, in the north of England there was a monastery, in which all the monks died of plague, leaving only the abbot Ceolfrid and a little choir boy. These two, however, the old man and the little boy, still bravely carried on the daily services, though they had to drop out some parts, and though their voices were often broken with sobs, as they thought of the brethren they had lost.

The name of the little choir boy was Bæda. All through his life he faithfully attended these services. When he became an old man, and was sometimes urged to stay away because he was so weak, he would answer, "What will the angels think, if they do not see me in our chapel? Will they not ask, 'Where is Bæda? Why does he not come to service with his brethren?'"

John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, had a young pupil named Polycarp. When Poly-

carp was a very old man, he said, "Eighty and six years have I served Christ, and he has done me nothing but good"; and this brave old man died in the flames, rather than curse the name of Jesus, as some wicked people asked him to do.

The best time to begin serving God is in the morning of life. God wants the children, and no one was ever sorry for giving himself to Him young. It always makes our days happier and brighter to feel that we belong to God and are doing what He would have us to do.

And when we come to be very old, like the good Polycarp, nothing will give us so much joy as thinking of all the good things our great and loving Master has done for us all through our lives.

In Their Own Country

By Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, D.D.

They had been slaves for hundreds of years in a far away land. They had been forty years more on their journey to the land which God had promised them for their own. Now, at last, they have reached its borders. Who is to lead them across? For their old leader, whom they had followed all the forty years, and who had never once failed to lead them aright, is dead.

God makes this very plain. He had long before chosen Joshua (the name means the same as Jesus) as the leader to succeed Moses. He now tells him to go forward bravely, and promises to be with him.

The Lessons go on to tell how God made good His promise to Joshua, by causing the great rushing floods of the river Jordan to