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The Primary Quarterly

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Vol. XIII.

July, August, September, 1908

No. 3

A Little Child's Hymn

Thou that once on mother's knee
Wast a little Child like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay Thy hands upon my head ;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light
Close by me through all the night ;
Make me gentle, kind and true,
Do what I am bid to do ;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away ;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once on mother's knee,
Wast a little One like me.

—Frances Turner Palgrave

About Two Kings

A charming story it is, how Saul was chosen king, first, by Samuel, at the Lord's command, when he was far away from his home, searching for his father's asses ; and then, by all the people, when Samuel called them together at Mizpeh. A splendid Saul he was, young, and tall—head and shoulders above all the people—and as modest and brave as he was strong.

A still more beautiful story, the choosing of David, the shepherd lad, who little thought when he was slaying the bear and the lion which had attacked his flock, that he was

training himself to kill giants and to rule God's people well.

These stories, the Lessons of the Quarter tell. There is scarcely a boy or girl who does not already know them by heart. But they are always fresh and new and heartening. There are other tales to be told, which are dark and dreadful—of how Saul, who was so modest and winning at the first, grew boastful and jealous and cruel, how again and again he even tried to take the life of David, and saddest of all, how in the end, he took his own life.

These two truths ring out clear and strong in all the Lessons : that, to keep close to God, to trust and obey Him, is to be in the way of happiness and success ; and, that to take one's own way, instead of God's, is to enter upon a path of shame and of disaster.

The Making of Happy Memories

By Mrs. Marion Cruikshank

Mother was mounting photos in a big book, while Small Daughter and her little friend Greta watched. "It's called, 'Margaret's Book'; see, its printed on the cover", explained Small Daughter. "They're all pictures of me. Mother's making the book, so when I'm an old lady, I'll be able to see what kind of little girl I was, and show my grandchildren." Greta was very much interested, as Mother turned over its pages and showed Margaret with Teddy, Margaret with Dolly, smiling Margarets, and solemn Margarets.

"Who took them all?" she asked. "Father took most of them", said Small Daughter. "The photo man took those in my party