

Send us 10c. for a package of Colored Crayons to Color the Pictures

The Primary Quarterly

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

Vol. XV.

Toronto, July, August, September, 1910

No. 3

Baby's Laugh

Baby's face is like a flower,
Baby's smile's divine ;
Baby's hair is a golden shower,
His eyes are stars ashine.
Baby's charms all seem to be
Like to treasures rare ;
But unto what on land or sea
Can Baby's laugh compare?

Like roses set to rhyme,
Like bluebells all a-chime,
Like rippling rills, and tinkling trills, and
flowers of sunny clime,
Like bird-notes clear and free,
Like murmurs of the sea,
Like purling streams, and happy dreams is
Baby's laugh to me.

—Carolyn Wells

Some of Jesus' Friends

III. THREE COMRADES

The three comrades were fishermen, and when Jesus called them to be His friends and followers, Peter was casting a fishing-net into the sea. James and John, a little farther along the shore, were mending their nets. Just as soon as Jesus called them, they arose and left everything behind them and followed him. And they followed Him faithfully to the end of their days.

Peter and James and John were the nearest to Jesus of all His disciples and followers. It was they who were alone with Him in the chamber when He brought back to life again the little girl who had died. They were the only ones of His disciples who were with

Him on the mountain when He was transfigured, and His face and His garments shone with heavenly light ; and it was they whom He took with Him into the Garden that night when He was in such agony.

After Jesus had gone back to heaven, these three faithful friends preached boldly that He was the Son of God, and the Saviour. Multitudes became Christians through their preaching, but they had many enemies. James and Peter were slain with the sword, and John, who lived to be a very old man, was banished to a lonely island, and suffered many things for Jesus' sake.

Helen's Prayers

By Mrs. Marion Cruikshank

"I'm not going to say my prayers any more", announced Helen Ross at the breakfast table, "I never get a thing I ask for." She had made the remark before that morning, creating quite a sensation in the nursery, so she was rather taken aback when her mother didn't seem a bit shocked, and only asked quietly what she had prayed for that she didn't get.

"Well, I've prayed for a pony every night for ages, and I haven't got one."

"Suppose, Teddy", replied her mother, "asked me if he might carry Baby downstairs, would I let him?"

"Why no, he's too little, he'd let her drop."

"It wouldn't be very wise of me, or very kind, if I let him, no matter how often he asked, would it? Now God is much wiser, and much kinder than I can ever be, and