

The Primary Quarterly

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Vol. X.

October, November, December, 1905

No. 4

The Sleep Mother

copy
White—as the lillies are white—
The fleece of the cygnet's breast
Not softer is, nor so light,
As the feather-froth of the nest
Where she lays the baby to rest;
While the world rolls on in the night,
And the stars drop down the West.

Sweet—as the roses are sweet—
The little white roses that blow
Brave in the red sun's heat,
Fresh as a fall of snow,
In a place that the wind-sprites know
As they tumble over the wheat;
Such is her spell, I trow.

Still—as the silence is still—
As the silver drip of the dew,
A noiseless, crystalline rill
Searching the green glens through
For the violet's cup of blue.
Sleep, little one, your fill,
Till the robins waken you !

How One Mother Managed

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There were six in all—so you see she had full opportunity to work out her plan; and there were two boys and four girls of them: so that the adaptability of the plan to the different sorts of children was clearly shown.

It was a very simple plan; and a very old one—one very likely thought out, or more likely still *felt* out, by our first mother. It was to take the bed-time hour and the still quiet of the Sabbath, and especially of the long Sabbath evenings, to tell the children stories.

For week days sometimes fairy tales, sometimes stories of the brave things men did on the battlefield, when they fought for country and for loved ones. But on the Sabbaths, only "the old, old story." Some-

times it was Joseph, or David, or Daniel, or Timothy, or, as more often, the babe of Bethlehem and the boy of Nazareth, and the great Preacher and Healer who spread such joy where'er He went, and who suffered such cruel agonies, and rose so triumphantly from the grave. Sometimes she began at the beginning, and went over it all in order from the making of the heaven and the earth, all through the sad things and the glad things, till the appearing of the new heaven and the new earth and the Holy City which is above.

Did they weary? Sometimes they wearied the sweet mother, for more,—and more still; but the tale never grew old. Three times the "Story of the Bible"—it was the book from which the mother read when she began at the beginning and went through—was worn to shreds before the last of the babes had grown old enough to read it for herself.

It meant many an hour of self-denial—for twenty years every Sabbath evening at home and with the little ones. But the best things are always bought dear; and the price was not too great. The mother is older now; but her "children walking in the truth" is her rich reward, and one of them beginning in the same good way with children of her own.

There were two breaks in the circle; one darling boy taken to the loving Saviour's arms in infancy—to learn the story yonder, though not here; the other, a sweet girlie of four, who was the quickest and brightest of them all, and would meet her dear Lord as a known Friend. Those who remained are scattered now, fighting life's battles, and gathering in some of the sweets; but there