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The Primary Quarterly

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Cradle Song

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Thy father's watching the sheep,
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The Saviour loves his sheep ;
He is the Lamb of God on high
Who, for our sakes, came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

—Elizabeth Prentiss



The Little Ones at Prayer Time

By *Rae Furlands*

"Come now, Tommy, say your prayers,
and jump into bed. We have played long
enough."

"I'll jump into bed, but I'm not going to
say prayers any more, it's no good."

"Why, Tommy ! what do you mean ?"
said the horrified mother.

"Oh ! nothing ; only I've been praying for
a pony for years and years and years and I
just made up my mind yesterday if it was not
here by to-day, I would not pray any more."

Tommy was seven years old and had been
taught to ask God for what he wanted in a
little private prayer at the end of his usual
"Now, I lay me down to sleep."

In Tommy's case this, you see, had proved
dangerous, and it was necessary to begin his
prayer education all over again,—a rather
difficult proceeding at his age.

Another child much younger than Tommy
had been taught to pray : "God take care of
mama. God take care of papa. God take
care of baby." After saying this a few times,
the child regularly looked up and said ques-
tioningly : "Anybody 'doing to det me ?
Anybody 'doing to det mama ? Anybody
'doing to det papa ?" The parents, instead
of changing the form of the prayer, thought
this regular repetition innocent and funny
and let it go on until a friend, who happened
to be visiting, heard it and pointed out the
danger.

Another mother, right from the very first,
therefore long before the child could under-
stand, laid her hand gently over its eyes, after
its morning bath, and daily repeated :

"Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light ;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair."

And just as regularly after undressing it at
night :

"Little lambs so white and fair
Are the shepherd's constant care
Now he leads their little feet
Into pastures green and sweet.
Now they listen and obey,
Following where he leads the way.
Heavenly Father, may we be
Thus obedient unto thee."

It was not so very long before the baby
began to look for it ; and sometimes would
be soothed by it when restless.