

The Primary Quarterly

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Who does not love a story? And all this bright New Year which has just come, we shall be studying the most wonderful story that was ever told—how God's own Son came down to earth from His glorious heavenly home, to live here among men; what He was like as a Babe and Boy and Man; what He said and did; how He was put to death; and how He rose again from the dead and returned to His Father in heaven. The PRIMARY QUARTERLY wants to help all its readers little and big to understand the story better, and more dearly to love the blessed Saviour of whom the story tells.

The Hymn in the Parlor

By Rev. R. Douglas Fraser

It is sure to be opened up on Sunday, even if only now and then through the week; and a delightful place the little ones count it: for in summer, is not the "parlor" ever so cool and sweet, and in winter, the cosiest spot in all the house? And all the more delightful if father or mother, or o'der brother or sister, or all together, join the little ones in *their* songs.

Has wee Phil or Marjory been telling about the Supplemental Hymn: the words are almost too long nebbled for their unpractised tongues? Of course every one is anxious to know about it, and to help the bairnies learn it. There are two hymns a year, one each six months. They are part of the Supplemental Lesson, which includes also Scripture Memory Verses and other items. They are hymns which the children are set to learn when they are very young, because they are great hymns, which it is good to know and

which will go singing themselves in their hearts all their days: for what we learn when little we never forget.

Why not make the parlor ring with the children's Supplemental Hymn? The piano or organ was never put in happier or holier use. Before they are aware of it, even the wee ones who cannot read, know the hymn by repeating it with the others. They are happy ten times over if they can go to the Sunday School and say the hymn and sing it.

And such a hymn, for example, as the first for this year (Hymn 538, Book of Praise), how the singing of it hallows the place and the hour and the loving family circle, as step by step it leads from the wondering, trembling question—

"Who is He in yonder stall,

At whose feet the shepherds fall?"

all along the pathway of the Son of God on earth to the triumphant cry—

"Who is He that on yon throne

Rules the world of light alone?"

How all hearts go out into the swelling chorus—

"Tis the Lord: O wondrous story!

'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!

At His feet we humbly fall;

Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all."

The Bedtime Hour

By M. E. B. Thomson

The mother's great work is the building of character in her children. In every building, spiritual and material, details count enormously. Among the most important of the details in the mother's task I count her presence with the children at bedtime. Not that I found it a time with the little ones