

The Primary Quarterly

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The days are growing shorter and the evenings longer. Those precious twilight hours! At what other time of the day do the little ones seem so dear or draw so close? It is the mother's golden opportunity.

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And on Sabbath evenings! There is no doubt as to the mother's duty, even as there is no other imaginable place where she can serve her Heavenly Master better than in the home and with her children gathered around her as the holy day of rest sinks into night. The stories from the Bible, the lesson for the next Sabbath, sweet psalms and hymns, some good, sweet, pure book—the little ears are open, and the little tongues are ready, and the little hearts are tender.

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The circle of readers and users of the PRIMARY QUARTERLY has widened very greatly during 1900. We print largely, but more than once the quarter's supply was exhausted before the quarter was half over. We expect still greater things for the New Year. The PRIMARY QUARTERLY is meant for the little ones and their mothers. It aims to give a good supply of solid food—the very Word of God—and to have it as beautifully served as possible.

A Day's Review

"Have you been happy this livelong day,
Dear little maiden at rest from play?"

Tell me the tale of the day just done;
Have you been happy from sun to sun?"

"It was 'most all lovely, mama," she said,
Hanging a little her golden head—

"Except when Tom was cross with me;
But I was cross with him first, you see—
But the rest of the time, I think, was good;
I tried to do just as you said I should.

I'm sorry the cross things happened so;
To-morrow I'll be as good as I know."

"Listen, my darling, with eyes so clear,
The days are just what you make them, dear.

Be willing, loving and sweet and kind,
Then the world's full of sunshine, as you
will find.

Now say your prayers and shut your eyes
Till another happy day shall rise."

—Christian Standard

The Mother's Equipment

Pliny tells us this story of ancient times, which may be used as an illustration of the thought before us. It is the story of the raising of one of the historic obelisks of the world. The great stone was to be lifted by the aid of twenty thousand workmen, and great risks were involved in its erection.

The king at whose instance it was raised was very anxious about it, and felt compelled to devise a method to secure the anxiety and best care of the engineer employed to superintend its raising. This was the expedient which he finally adopted. He commanded that the son of the engineer who had the task in hand should be bound to the apex of the obelisk. The safety of the obelisk meant the safety of the boy. That method worked as the king intended it should. The whole man was in the work.

The day of erection was an anxious day for the engineer. He looked into every detail