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The Primary Quarterly

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In Twilight Land

In twilight land there are beautiful things,
The soft, low songs that a mother sings,
Good-night kisses so fond and sweet,
Patters and twinkles of dimpled feet,
And the brightest of dreams that come sliding down
On a starry stairway from Slumbertown.

In twilight land where the shadows creep,
Dear little eyes fall fast asleep,
Birds and blossoms have gone to rest,
And babies are cuddled to mother's breast,
And always are tenderly whispered there
The sacred words of the children's prayer.
—Lutheran Boys and Girls



The Little Missionary Helpers

By Rev. A. H. Barker, B.A.

The little missionary helpers gathered around their Aunt Rebecca, who had just returned from far-away Korea. For some years, at their little Sunday School, which met in Aunt Katharine's home, they had taken up a collection and sent it to Korea to be used there to help in the work, and so they were much interested in that land.

"Aunt Rebecca," said Donald, "what do you see around a Korean house outside?"

"Well," she answered, "you will usually see a six-foot fence made of straw or willow withes. Inside this fence is the yard, and in the yard a dog which makes a great barking, but which goes back about as fast as you go forward. In the fall of the year grain is stacked up around the edge of the yard and threshed with flails, the threshing floor being the ground of the yard.

"The house usually faces the south, so as to get the warmth of the sun. All the doors are generally on that side. Outside the doors you will see the twine straw shoes of any one who is within. You see, they sit and sleep right on the floor and they do not like to wear their shoes on what to them is their chair and bed.

"Around the yard, too, you will see lots of ugly looking pigs with long snouts, and also plenty of small hens which lay eggs about two-thirds the size of Canadian eggs and which we can buy for six or ten cents a dozen. There are piles of bushes gathered for firewood, a wooden two-wheeled cart, and an ox and donkey which makes a terrible braying at times."

"Aunt Rebecca," said Jack, "have the Koreans cows?"

"Yes," she replied, "but they never drink milk or make butter. They do not know how to milk a cow. They shoe the cows and oxen and use them for plowing, hauling loads, carrying packs on their backs, also for beef. Their hides they tan and use the leather to make harness and other things."

"How did you use the money we sent you?" asked Carl.

"Some of it we used to help repair a school house," replied Auntie. "And some of it was used to help build a church. The people were trying hard to build it without debt. On one occasion the money was all gone and the carpenters wanted a keg of nails. The native pastor, who had charge of the funds, prayed about it, he said, and just then some money came from you, enough to buy the nails, so I gave it to him to use that way. The last you sent we used to help send a little boy to school. His mother was dead,