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# The Primary Quarterly

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## The Child

My child is lying on my knees,  
The signs of heaven she reads ;  
My face is all the heaven she sees,  
Is all the heaven she needs.

And so I sit in Thy wide space,  
My child upon my knee ;  
She looketh up into my face,  
And I look up to Thee.

## Some Bible Homes

By *Mary Isobel Houston*

### II. HOME OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

Unlike Jesus, his cousin, John the Baptist spent his boyhood days in a home that was perhaps a little better than those around it. John's father, Zacharias, was a priest, and his mother was a devout woman, who did as God commanded.

When the baby John first came to this home the parents had praised God and promised to bring their son up to follow Him. They did not know then what a great honor was to come to this baby boy, how he was to be the one chosen of God to baptize His Son.

When John became a man, he left his father's comfortable home and lived by himself in the wilderness, making his home wherever he might chance to be, and living from day to day on such food as he could find. His clothing, too, was coarse and simple,—often made only of rough camels' hair or skin—but he had no time to think of comforts for himself. He was busy preaching to the people of the coming of Jesus.

## "Once Upon a Time"

By *Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, D.D.*

Every child loves a story, and the father or the mother or the uncle or aunt who has a story to tell never fails to find eager listeners where there are little children in the family. When the evening has come and the lamps are lighted and the story-teller begins with his "Once upon a time," oh, it is delightful.

There never was or has been any one who could tell such beautiful and wonderful stories as the great Teacher, whose doings and words form our Lessons for this whole year ; and this Quarter's Lessons are full of His stories.

He will tell you of a great wedding feast, and of how some who were invited, made all sorts of excuses when the day came, and would not come, and how messengers were sent in haste out into the streets and lanes to bring in all the poor people and the crippled, and lame and blind people, who had never thought of being invited.

Then, you will hear those three wonderful stories of the man who lost one sheep out of his hundred sheep, and who searched up and down among the bleak, rough hills until he found it; and of the woman who had lost one of her ten precious silver coins and lighted a candle and swept and swept the house and never gave up until she had got it again ; and of the spoiled boy who went far, far away from home and spent all his money and was hungry and thirsty and sorry and homesick, and at last made up his mind to go back again to his father.

You will hear, too, of the rich man, who was so greedy and selfish that he never gave a