

The Primary Quarterly

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Again, A HAPPY NEW YEAR! to all our readers, old and young.

It is one of the Editor's greatest joys to know that his circle of little learners is so rapidly increasing. Again and again he has had to print larger editions of the PRIMARY QUARTERLY and PRIMARY LEAFLET to meet the demand. His express aim is to bring the home and the Sabbath School together in the delightful task of filling the minds and hearts of the little ones with the Bible stories and the Bible truths.

And now the little feet are stepping out into a new year and a new century. Dear little feet, one often thinks wistfully of how many steps are before them, and into what strange places they will be led. But God is good. Jesus loves the little children. They themselves have no misgivings. Nor need we fear for them, if only we trust God, and seek ourselves to walk before them as we would have them walk.

A hundred years ago many lands were shut to God's Word and the missionaries of the Cross. Now, almost all lands are open. Will it not be possible to reach every soul on earth with Christ's Gospel in this new century? It should be possible.

A Mother's Prayer

I watch my baby boy play round my knee ;
I touch the tousled sunny curls and see,
For every golden thread a care.
" God help him," is my prayer.
And if I pray,
He cannot go astray.

I watch my boy grow taller day by day ;
I put the precious baby clothes away.
On every tiny dress a tear,
A tear for every year—
But if I pray
He cannot go astray.
I see my boy—a man bowed at my knee ;
I touch the tousled, sunburned curls and
see,
For every darkened thread, a care.
" God help him," is my prayer,
And if I pray
He cannot go astray.

I know his head is bowed in anguish keen,
Repentance for a greivous, soul-deep sin ;
Repentance true at mother's knee.
God led him. Now I see.
That if I pray
He cannot go astray.

—S. S. Times

The Baby that is Always Ours

We put baby's first short dress on. She looks " too sweet for anything." The little new shoes peep in and out " like mice beneath her petticoat." She is too big to be cuddled on one arm now. We say, with almost a pang : " She is growing so fast ! " The days fly swiftly by ; baby is walking around by the chairs and walls, and one delightful day she takes her first steps alone and is immediately squeezed within an inch of her precious little life.

It seems so strange at first to see her walk unassisted. We feel that we must be always near to help, but the days glide by till she runs and sings with tempestuous freedom, until, lo ! our baby is baby no longer ; our little armful that could be so conveniently