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# The Primary Quarterly

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## A Children's Hymn

How can little children  
Serve a glorious King?  
What have they to offer,  
What have they to bring?  
Willing hands for service,  
Eager feet to run  
On His mighty errands,  
Till the set of sun.

Will He hear our praying,  
Will He stoop to bless?  
Does He bend above us  
In our helplessness?  
Yes, He answers always  
When the children cry,  
Guiding all their footsteps  
With a Father's eye.

Little hands enfolding  
By His mighty power,  
He who formed the heavens  
Careth for a flower.  
He who rules the nations  
Shelters in His arm  
All the little children,  
Safe from every harm.

## The Loving Saviour

This thought runs like a golden thread all through the Lessons of this Quarter—the *loving Saviour*.

He is the Good Shepherd who tenderly cares for His sheep, and who is ready to give His life for them. He comes to Mary and Martha, when they are sorrowing for their brother Lazarus, who has died, and gives him back to them alive again. Mary pours the

precious sweet-smelling ointment on His feet, because His love had so touched her heart. It was because he loved His disciples and wished to teach them a lesson of love, that He washed their feet at the Last Supper.

It is because His love for His people is so great, that He has prepared a place in heaven for them, and has given the Holy Spirit, to keep His words and His thoughts fresh in their hearts. When Judas, the false disciple, sold Him into the hands of His enemies, and when those cruel men put Him to death upon the cross, His love shone out brighter than ever. And when He appeared to Mary and to the disciples, after He had risen from the dead, He was the same gentle, loving Lord and Master, as before. "God is Love"; and truly Jesus, God's Son, is also Love.

## A Mother's Secret

By Esther Miller

"Johnnie is a very naughty boy, indeed," said Johnnie's mother to the Sunday School teacher, who had called. "I tell him that every day, but it doesn't seem to do him any good." The confession was bad enough, the teacher felt; but the mischief was doubled by the fact that the culprit, aged five, was standing by, with a grin, half sheepish, half defiant, on his baby face, listening to every word. The teacher went home distressed. Johnnie certainly was not a shining example of what a Sunday School pupil ought to be; he was restless and mischievous, and often stubborn. Nevertheless, she had had great hopes for him, because he was generous and unselfish; but now, how could one expect good conduct from a mite whose own mother