

The Lesson Re-told, the Questions on the Lesson, and the little illustrative story, have been prepared this year, as for the past three years, by Miss Violet Robinson, Toronto.

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We hope our little readers and their mothers will like the larger cover and the larger page in which the PRIMARY QUARTERLY will now come to them. We always try to have all that it says clear and bright, so that even the tiniest tot may understand.

The mothers will not find themselves short of material for Bible stories this Quarter. Take the very first lesson.

"The former treatise" (v. 1) takes us back to Luke's Gospel. Tell the children about that "beloved physician," how he travelled about with Paul and took care of him when he was ill and suffering, how he learned from the apostles and disciples of Jesus all the story of Jesus' life, and how he wrote it down so that everyone in all the world might know it too.

"His passion" (v. 3).—This opens up the whole story—sad and sorrowful, but even the little ones should hear it—of Jesus on the cross of Calvary offering Himself for us.

"He shewed himself alive" (v. 3).—The Easter stories need not be kept till Easter; they are fresh all the year round.

"Speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" (v. 3).—Amongst other of the blessed words of the risen Lord, are those to Peter about the sheep and lambs in John 20, and the scene of the early morning breakfast on the sea-shore will help to make them live.

And these are only *some* of the stories from three of the verses. There are still eight verses more in the lesson passage and other verses that follow and really belong to it. Who will say that the lessons in the Acts

are dry, or too hard for the little ones! Even if they are hard, which they are not, do not the children like sometimes to munch a hard biscuit better than a soft cake?

THE CHILD-HEART

The child-heart is so strange a little thing—
So mild—so timorously shy and small,
When grown up hearts throb it goes scam-
pering

Behind the wall, nor dares peer out at all.

It is the veriest mouse,

That hides in any house,

So wild a little thing is any child-heart.

Child-heart! Mild-heart!

Ho, my little wild heart!

Come up here to me out of the dark,

Or let me come to you.

—James Whitcomb Riley

THE LITTLE TOTS AT CHURCH

By Miss Jessie M. Ross

"Can't I stay home from church this morning, mama?" says little Freddie of seven, "I never know all the minister is talking about; then Charlie always goes to sleep, and I just get sleepy too, but teacher told me last Sunday I was one of her little men, and men never go to sleep in church, do they, mamma? Just let me stay and I'll go to Sunday School; then, when I'm bigger I'll always go to church."

Freddie's pleadings gained the point for that day: and mama and Charlie started off to the service alone.

A stranger was in the pulpit that morning. Almost at the commencement of his remarks