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The Primary Quarterly

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Vol. XIX. Toronto, July, August, September, 1914

No. 3

Baby's Eyes

Little it matters if gray or rose

The clouds that go drifting across my skies,
For a whole wide heaven gleams and glows
In the summer land of my baby's eyes.

And it little matters if wind and storms

Sob without in the sleeted street,
For all weather alike the heart of me warms
Where runs the music of baby feet.

A head in my bosom and, well-a-day !

There are sweets on his lips that are just for
me ;
And little I reck what the world shall say,
Or care if my ships go down at sea !

For earth's a-blossom and skies a-shine,

And the whole of wide heaven's sweet
surprise,
And life is beauty and work divine
In the summer land of my baby's eyes.

—Exchange

A Wonderful Week

By Rev. J. M. Duncan, D.D.

All the stories of this Quarter belong to a single week in the life of Jesus. And a very wonderful week it was, as we shall see in reading and hearing these stories week by week.

There is the story of the two disciples, James and John, who came to Jesus and asked for themselves the highest place in His kingdom, and who were taught, along with the other disciples, that the way to have a high place in the kingdom was to do all they could for others. So they would be like Jesus.

We shall have, too, the story of Bartimæus, the poor blind man who sat begging by the roadside near Jericho and to whom Jesus gave his sight. It was no wonder that he followed Jesus with a glad and grateful heart.

At last Jesus came, with His disciples, to Jerusalem, and one of the Quarter's Lessons tells how He entered into the city, riding upon an ass, while the crowds welcomed Him with joyful praises.

Besides, there are stories about vineyards and money and fig trees and wedding feasts which all the little ones will love.

"Playing History"

"Last spring," says a writer in the Continent, "my nephew, who lives with us, was five years old. He has always been a great lover of books and I devised this plan to encourage his taste for them. We called it 'playing history.'

"I bought a large scrap book and we took for our first subject the history of the Christ child. Each evening before I tucked him in we took one picture—first, the babe in the manger—and pasted it in our scrapbook. Then we talked about it.

"First, I told the story to him and then questioned him about it ; and questions and answers kept him busy until sleep claimed him. In this way we studied the life of Jesus, the life of Daniel and of David, and then we came up to our later history and the lives of the men our nation honors.

"Of course it takes time and thought, but it more than repays me by the delight it gives my little man and the knowledge he is storing away for the days that are coming.