

Lesson Eight tells how the Christians of Paul's time and Peter's, did help one another. Lesson Nine describes the choosing of seven men who were to take special charge of aiding those who were most in need of help.

The first of the three closing Lessons tell how one of these seven men was put to death because he was so brave and faithful; the second calls the roll of a host of holy men and women whom wicked people tortured and killed, but whom God welcomed to His blessed, heavenly home; whilst the third and last Lesson of the Quarter gives the story of how a traveler from a far country learned about Jesus.

The teacher and the scholars and the mothers will enjoy all this Quarter's Lessons.

The Child's Prayer

"Come, dear, say your prayers, and cuddle down to sleep."

"I'm not going to say any prayers, mother."

The eight-year-old voice was very serious and determined, and the mother, who was slowly and painfully acquiring the letting-alone virtue, went quietly away.

Another night and yet another, and the same statement—"I'm not going to say any prayers to-night"—made the mother wonder if indeed letting alone was wise treatment here. How about the formation of childish habits and all the rest of it? How about obedience? How about a great many things which later proved entirely negligible? But the mother held herself to the policy of keeping out, and the problem solved itself, as children's problems, unhurried and unagitated, have a fashion of doing.

The fourth night the child was found sobbing distressfully. "Mother, I want to say my prayers."

"Very well, dear, I will wait."

"But, mother, I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know how, mother. I don't want to say just 'Now I lay me,' and 'God bless.' It aches inside with the things I want to say, and I can't say them. I'm bigger now and I want to say bigger things."

Swiftly the mother's mind traveled to the

far-off days, to the immature, loving disciples, with their great spiritual longings and their inability to put them into words. "Lord, teach us to pray," was no glib utterance. The answer, "After this manner pray ye," was tenderness and comprehension itself.

When the beautiful, simple story had been told as the child could best understand it, she was comforted in part. "'Our Father' is too big for me, mother. I don't know what all the things mean. That was for those big disciples. I'm glad they had to be helped, though. I don't feel so ashamed about it."

Almost startled by the magnitude of her privilege, trembling for fear of failure on this untried ground, the mother formulated for the listening child the simple petitions which she could follow, which touched the interests of her own life.

And slowly the child has been taught to pray for the things she desires, child-wise, but reverently, comprehendingly.

—Grace Duffield Goodwin

A New Year's Game

"Happy New Year, papa! Happy New Year, mamma!"

It was dark yet and cold. The clock had just struck six and the sun had not begun to think of getting up. But four little feet had jumped out of bed and two little white-clad figures were standing at papa's door.

Bob and Betty thought it was the greatest fun to get ahead of the big folks and say "Happy New Year" first. They had made up their minds that they would beat every one they knew in saying it.

So they jumped out of bed in the early dark to beat papa and mamma. They slipped down into the kitchen as quiet as mice to say it to Mary. They hid behind the door in the hall to call it out first to the postman. And they made errands to go to grandma's house and Uncle Frank's store to shout, "Happy New Year" to them.

"We beat every single one and said 'Happy New Year' first every time," said Bob that night as he and Betty sat on the warm fur rug by mamma's knee. The dancing flames lit up the room with a flickering red light. It was just the time to talk together.