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The Primary Quarterly

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Mother's Eyes

Would you know the baby's skies ?
Baby's skies are mother's eyes.
Mother's eyes and smile together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mother, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think 'tis raining.

Our Lessons This Quarter

By Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, D.D.

We shall hear much about the brave Peter, as we did, also, last Quarter. But, in the very first lesson, we are introduced to another, who is to become a very great preacher and missionary.

His name was Saul. Afterwards he was called Paul. We have heard of him before. He helped to put Stephen to death because he was a Christian. He now becomes a Christian himself in a very wonderful way. Jesus speaks to him direct from heaven.

Peter brings a sick man back to health by a word, and by a word, again, brings back to life a woman who had died. Then, in two lessons, follows the story of Peter telling a Roman soldier and officer about Jesus, the Saviour of the world, and of how the officer and his household immediately became followers of Jesus.

Then the fierce, cruel Herod killed James, the brother of John, and cast Peter into prison : he hated Jesus and his followers so. We shall learn of Paul's healing a cripple and of his being stoned so that it was thought he was

dead. But God was watching over him. He had yet much for him to do.

The story follows of the voice Paul heard of a man calling to him : "Come over into Macedonia, and help us !" and of how, when Paul went, Lydia was the first to find the Saviour.

Then, in the last lesson of the Quarter, except the Review, the story of how Paul and his companion Silas were beaten on the back with rods and chained fast in a dark dungeon, of how God set them free, and turned the heart of their jailer to himself.

Two things we are likely to learn from the Quarter's lessons so that we shall never forget them—that the love of Jesus in the heart makes men brave and faithful ; and that God will protect and keep all who are bravely and faithfully doing his work.

The Imitative Age

By Mrs. C. M. Hincks

"We must soon be careful what we do before the baby," we say, and why ?

We smile at baby, and he smiles back. We wave to him, and he waves too. We talk to him, and, in a few months, his rosy lips are framing syllables in imitation of our own. We speak to him constantly in soft, modulated tones, and he acquires a sweet, gentle voice ; or we scold him loudly, and the baby voice is raised in harsh, imitative tones, while the baby foot stamps crossly on the floor. Jack struts about with his hands in small pockets like father, while Dorothy must carry a gay parasol to be like mother. We take them to church, and both children must have money