

The Home Study Quarterly

Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, D.D., Editor
Rev. J. M. Duncan, D.D., Associate Editor

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No. 1

"This is a Truth"

By Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M.A.

I saw him in the flush of pride

When round him stood his worshiped self;

"This is a truth, good friend", he cried,

"God helps the man that helps himself."

I saw him in the fall of pride

When round him lay his shattered self;

"This is a truth, good friend", I cried,

"God helps when man can't help himself."

Toronto

Choice, or Chance?

By Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, M.A.

A time comes in every boy's experience when he must make a choice,—a decision that may mean life or death. He must go out from under his father's roof, and carve out a career for himself, for he is facing manhood and the wide world lies before him. He must make his own choices.

What will they be? Yonder on the street corner is a drunken loafer. Once he was a boy with his life before him. But he chose to tickle his palate. Appetite got the mastery, and to-day his manhood is gone. There goes a man speeding by in his swift automobile toward his luxurious home. He is a millionaire, but he cannot sleep at nights for thinking of the hungry men and half-naked women whom he has robbed of their just earnings to fill his own pockets. He has gained wealth, but he has lost manhood.

There are others, the real great men of the world, who chose early in life to spend their days in some useful service—helping to make the world brighter and better. Some forty years ago, a poor boy and his mother were

passing through the streets of London, carrying home a big basket of soiled clothes, by washing which the mother managed to earn bread for her family. They rested near the steps of the Parliament Buildings. As the great clock tolled out the midnight hour, the lad looked up into his mother's face and said, "Mother, if I grow up to be big and strong, I hope I shall see the day when no mother will have to work as hard as you do." He commenced earning at the age of ten, he studied in spare moments, traveled, learned all he could about the poor, pleaded the cause of the over-burdened workers, was imprisoned several times, but still continued to organize and educate the working classes. At last he was elected to Parliament, and to-day holds one of the highest offices in the land as a member of the British Cabinet and adviser to King George V. That boy's name was John Burns.

All the great men,—the Luthers, Livingstones and Lincolns,—were once boys. They chose to be helpers, not hinderers, to lift burdens, not lay them on others. So every boy has in him the making of a great man, and it is by wise choice, not blind chance, that he will reach the high places God has marked out for him.

Dartmouth, N. S.

Madge

By Rev. F. A. Robinson, B.A.

Associate Secretary, Board of Social Service and Evangelism

Madge was the liveliest girl in the school. If there was any fun going, she was sure to be one of the leaders in it. We all liked Madge, even though she did pin "For Sale" tickets on people's coats, hide their hats, turn out the