

The Home Study Quarterly

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A Call

Quit you like men, be strong ;
There's a burden to bear,
There's a grief to share
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a
load of care—
But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a work to do
There's a world to make new,
There's a call for men who are brave
and true—

On ! on with a song !

—William Herbert Hudnut



The Way Out

A Swiss chamois hunter, wandering one day over the Alps, made a misstep, and fell more than a hundred feet to the very bottom of a terrible crevice in the ice. It was almost a miracle that he was not instantly killed ; but it was impossible for him to get out ; the sides were too slippery ; there were no means of climbing. No human ear could hear his cries. There seemed nothing but death by starvation before him. He followed a stream flowing along the bottom of the crevice until he reached a cave where the water boiled and gurgled and disappeared. He could not see the exit, but he threw himself bodily into the stream and disappeared. The next moment he was thrown out on the green grass of the valley of Chamounix, the sun shining over him, and the mountain flowers blooming about him.

Sometimes troubles come upon people from which there seems no way out. But always beside them is flowing the stream of God's unfailing love. And all who trust

themselves to the guidance and care of that love will, soon or late, be brought out into the sunlight of peace and joy.

The Orb Under the Cross

By Rev. Andrew Robertson, D.D.

King George was crowned the other month in London town. He received many things at the hands of the clergy in the Abbey. There was the Crown, of course. But there were also the Spurs and the Sword, the Ring and Sceptre and Rod of Equity, and more besides. Of them all there was hardly any more significant than the Orb and the Cross. The round orb stands for the wide realm over which its king bears sway, and over it is the Cross. When the king took it into his hand, the Archbishop said to him, " When you see this Orb thus set under the Cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer."

It is of this empire the Supplemental Hymn for this Quarter (Hymn 445, Book of Praise) sings. The man who wrote it is also the writer of the American National Anthem. All throughout the United States the citizens of the Republic sing that stirring song—the song of nearly a hundred millions. But in our hymn he has struck a higher note, has given to the world-wide church of Jesus Christ " the song of the city of God ", the song of an untold multitude " which no man can number ". It has been turned into a score of different languages. There is not a single quarter of the globe where it is not sung. The orb is under the Cross.

There are some obvious things to be said about it. For one thing it is *the song of the coming day*. It hails the dawn. The man who