unhealthy, who had been steeped in the language and ideas of the Bible, and was sorry for it? Is that good argument? Does it not fairly point to the conclusion, that the boy of common sense will become familiar, while he is young, with the greatest literature mankind has produced? If millions have done so, and not one regrets the time so spent, there must be but one answer to the question.

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The Hot Weather Sundays

The summer Sundays are no problem on the farm. It is holiday time, to be sure, so far as day school is concerned; but the boys and girls are all at home, and, mostly, all busy enough through the week to make Sunday a welcome day of rest. And there is no more delightful way of spending it, they think, than by "hitching up," if need be, for Sunday School and church. The summer is the Sunday School's opportunity in country places. Every one can get there readily, and it is only now and then that there is a day so hot as to make going, or the lesson hour, a burden. 'It is no more of a hardship for a country boy to tramp a mile or two to Sunday School-all the more delightful if a bit of it is through the woods-than it is to take a late afternoon off from the farm work to go a-fishing.

The town boy has a different proposition. Never do the streets seem hotter, nor the school-room stuffier, nor the fields and streams just outside the town more attractive, than on the summer Sunday. There is a chance, too, that his teacher may be absent; for it is holiday time, and the town Sunday School teachers, like other townspeople, scatter to the four winds, when the oppressive July and August days come.

It is the time when pluck tells. It's a poor sort of a boy out of whom a holiday can melt his determination, or who is not eager to hold his class together, even when the teacher is absent. It's wonderful, too, how the school craws, if the scholar has really taken hold of its work. Those memory verses: they must be said. The Supplemental Lesson—he is right in the midst of the names of the books

of the Bible—the drill must be kept up. To miss his Catechism for a Sunday makes it just a bit harder to work it out in time for the diploma at the Christmas season. Besides, he has half a dozen questions he wants to ask about the Lesson. They have been puzzling him. The surest way, in short, for the scholar who wants to make certain that he will never let himself stay away, is to take right hold of the work of the school. Summer and winter will be all the same to him then.

It's worth while, too, for the boy who goes off for his month's holiday, to put, not only his Bible-of course he'll do that-but his QUARTERLY also, in his grip. Likely he will find a Sunday School within reach. He will get his credit then in the home school for attendance when he returns. If he doesn't. it will keep up the home feeling, to go over the Lesson; and it won't spoil the holiday. Perhaps he has taken his paddle or hoisted his sail to go across the bay in the morning to the little gathering on the rocks or on the verandah of some cottage-and is worship ever more enticing than when so held? He will push out with the rest to the floating song-service, as the sun goes down. But the half-hour's "read" of his QUARTERLY, in the afternoon, with his Bible handy to turn up the references, and a lead pencil to fill in the Questions for Written Answers, will give fresh zest to the whole day.

"Togetherness"

Margaret had accepted the invitation to the big house across the way on the impulse of the moment. Inside its doors, among the soft lights, the long mirrors and the dainty gowns, a sudden realization of her own plain toilet seemed to poison for her every gentle courtesy shown.

She was gathering courage to take an early leave when the little daughter of the home, a sunbeam of some half-dozen summers, with big blue eyes like bits of June sky, came running up to her.

"Oh, I's having such a good time!" she laughed, throwing herself into the guest's lap, as if no longer able to contain her happiness unshared, and wholly unregardful that the

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