

The Home Study Quarterly

R. Douglas Fraser, J. M. Duncan, Editors ; John Mutch, Associate Editor

Vol. XXVI.

Toronto, April, May, June, 1920

No. 2

April

April! April! April!

With a mist of green on the trees—
And a scent of the warm, brown, broken earth
On every wandering breeze ;
What though thou be changeful,
Though thy gold turns to gray again,
There's a robin out yonder singing,
Singing in the rain.

April! April! April!

'Tis the Northland hath longed for thee,
She hath gazed toward the South with aching
eyes

Full long and patiently.

Come now, tell us, sweeting,

Thou laggard so lovely and late,

Dost know there's no joy like the joy that
comes

When hearts have learned to wait ?

—Virna Sheard



Armenian and Syrian Relief

The people of Canada have been pouring out their money with wonderful generosity for the relief of the starving multitudes of Armenia. Doubtless many Sunday School teachers and scholars have contributed to the funds raised by recent newspaper and other appeals.

But, on the second and third Sundays in April, the Sunday Schools of Canada are to have an opportunity of making a special gift for Armenian and Syrian Relief. It is estimated that, in the districts of Asia Minor where Paul traveled and founded churches, there are 250,000 starving orphan children. Canadian Sunday Schools are being asked to provide food for 2,500, that is, one out of every hundred, of them, for a year.

At \$60 for each orphan, this will cost \$150,000. During the last two years the Schools have given, for this purpose well over \$200,000, or more than \$100,000 a year. The Editors of the HOME STUDY QUARTERLY are confident that they will come up to the \$150,000 this year.

Ask your teacher about this offering. All contributions should be sent to D. A. Cameron Esq., Manager, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto.



Going to Camp

By Rev. John Mutch, B.D.

Alan Crawford lives in the little village of Jonesville. He has been largely responsible for the boys of his village going to camp for two summers. This is how he managed it.

Alan had both heard and read of Y.M.C.A., Boy Scout, and other camps for boys. One day he said to himself, "I don't see why it is that only boys who live in large cities seem to have camps. Why can't we get up one of our own right here in Jonesville? What's the matter with a bunch of us camping on our own little Brown's Lake?" He got busy.

The first thing he did was to talk it over with some of his chums. They were "right on." "A camp! You bet!" But—what would their parents say? And none had ever been at a camp and did not know how to go about it. These were formidable obstacles.

Alan knew that his father and mother were "good sports." Over and over again, when he had gone to them with some plan, they had taken as much fun out of it as he did. They were a great help. When they said "No" to any of his proposals, although their refusal sometimes made him a little "grouchy" for a time, he got over it. He knew that