The

Home Study Quarterly

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Our Offerings

She brought her box of alabaster,

The precious spikenard filled the room
With honor worthy of the master,

A costly, rare and rich perfume.

O may we thus like loving Mary, Ever our choicest offerings bring, Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary Of costly service to our King.

Why He Got It

By Rev. Wylie C. Clark, B.D.

Two boys of seventeen were applying for the same position in a large business warehouse. They were to meet the manager at ten o'clock Monday morning.

The two lads appeared together, and were shown into the private office. The keen eyes looked them over. They were a likely pair. He saw that upon the surface nothing appeared which might furnish a clue as to which would be the better choice.

Turning to one of them he said: "What were you doing yesterday afternoon?" The lad addressed answered: "I was at Sunday School; we have a fine class and our teacher is just splendid. None of the fellows would miss for anything."

To the other lad he put the same question; but the reply was quite different. "I went with a chum for a long auto ride in the country, and got home late, dead tired."

"That settles it," said the manager, turning back to the first boy, "you may begin tomorrow morning." The boy faithful to his Sunday School class and finding in its attendance a congenial way of spending Sunday afternoon, was likely to possess the character which would be honest in business and true to the trust placed in its possessor. Saskatoon, Sask.

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*Growth in Stature

By Taylor Statten

"Hundred and eleven to hundred and twenty-five pound boys, standing broad jump, this way," shouted the man with the megaphone at the annual Sunday School picnic.

"Come on, Jim, we will simply make you jump." The other members of the class hauled the reluctant Jim up to the "take off" board.

Jim had never competed in any athletic events. He knew he could not win first, second or third place, and in the past there had been no other incentives offered. These games were on a different basis. They were being conducted as outlined in the Canadian Standard Efficiency Test handbook.

"Do your best, old fellow. You will be sure to count something for our class, and we need all the points we can get to beat the Excelsiors."

Jim jumped, and scored twenty-two points. That day, every boy in the class entered every event.

The following evening, Jim's father discovered him digging in the back yard and was informed that he was preparing a jumping pit. "I am going to start training. Next year I'll make a better score for our class, or something will happen." Jim was determined.

During the week, Mr. Moore, Jim's Sunday School teacher, charted him. This revealed

^{*}The second of four articles on the Canadian Standard Efficiency Tests