

The Home Study Quarterly

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

Vol. XIX. Toronto, January, February, March, 1913

No. 1

Without Fear

I have no fear of God who ever found
My earthly father full of tenderness.
How oft, in childhood's hour, by anguish
bound
For some past fault, I'd faltering confess
My shame and sorrow, whispering in his ear.
He'd say in answer, "Were you naughty,
dear?
I had forgotten." Then I'd go to bed,
By his kind words and kisses comforted.

'Twas thus I learnt a father's tenderness.
Through long, long years I cherish, love and
bless
The strength that shielded all my childhood's
days,
The gentleness that blessed my childhood's
ways,
And know the Father in God's highest
heaven
Will whisper, at the last, of sins forgiven.
—May Austin Low

"Don't Know What You're Missing"

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

At the back of a warehouse in an Ontario city over ten years ago, a number of messenger boys were enjoying themselves during the noon hour. They had been pouncing on each other's caps and seeking to throw them on a near-by roof, and were greatly disappointed that the distance was too great to accomplish their purpose.

A hundred feet away stood a lad of fifteen watching the fun. He was a pale-faced youth and was evidently a stranger to the place. Three days before he had secured his first Canadian job, and his tongue re-

vealed at once that he was from the Old Land.

The dinner hour was drawing to a close and one of the boys in the group began to make plans for their leisure time that night. After some whisperings they moved towards the "new kid," as they called him. When their proposition for the night had been laid before him he quietly thanked them but said he did not care to go with them. One of the boys asked, "Say, don't you hit the growler?" "No, I don't drink and don't intend to." A number of other similar questions were asked covering a wide sphere of dangerous habits, to all of which the same negative answer was given. At the close of the conversation one boy expressed the opinion of the crowd when he said, "Say kid, you don't know what you're missing."

Certainly the pale-faced lad did not know what he was missing, but the intervening years have brought its lessons. In a city cemetery one of those very boys was borne to a drunkard's grave. Another has disgraced all his friends and has spent some time within penitentiary walls, while the lad who said "No," and who started his life in the new land with a purpose to be true to the God to whom he had ever been taught to look in the old home, has many a time been thankful for what he missed.

Toronto

The Rare Round Peg

"You're the rare round peg in a round hole, all right, Nanette," came in an exasperated gasp from the girl perched on the edge of her open trunk. "Here we've been living in our trunks for three weeks, putting up with all sorts of inconveniences, and doing