

The Home Study Quarterly

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

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A Latin Hymn

THE SIGHS OF ST. ALOYSIUS

O Christ, Love's Victim, hanging high
Upon the cruel tree,

What worthy recompense can I
Make, mine own Christ, to Thee?

All my life's blood if I should spill
A thousand times for Thee,
Ah, 'twere too small a quitance still
For all Thy love to me.

My sweat and labor from this day,
My sole life let it be,
To love Thee aye the best I may,
And die for love of Thee.

—David Smith

An Adopted Class

In a certain Sunday School one class of boys is known as the Friendly Class. They live up to their name, too, as this true story shows. Their teacher undertook to take another class of boys, in the afternoon, at an Italian mission in the other end of the town. He found the mission hall so noisy and crowded that he could not do much for the class. There were rooms over the hall, but it would cost twelve dollars a month to rent them.

The teacher thought it over. Then he invited two boys from his Italian class to come and pay a visit to the Friendly Class. Five came instead of two, and behaved so well that the Friendly Class were interested in them. The teacher then stated the case about the rooms, himself headed a subscription paper for the rent, and left it on the desk in the class room. He said nothing more about it, but very soon the Friendly Class handed him the subscription paper, filled

with pledges not only for the rent, but for heat, light and furnishings—two hundred dollars and more. The Italian boys at once requested that they might be allowed to name themselves The Friendly Juniors. The Friendly Class were more than willing, and from that moment the elder class adopted the younger for its very own.

When the rooms were opened, the parent class came in a body. They soon invited the Italian boys to a supper and social, with car fares and all expenses paid. When they held their annual outing in June, they invited the Juniors, and a game of baseball was played between teams from the two classes. Altogether, the adoption has been a very happy affair for both sets of boys, and Christian brotherhood does not have to be explained to the Friendly Class, for they know about it for themselves now.

Is there not a hint here for some other generous-hearted boys in our city Sunday Schools?

Sky-Scrapers

By Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, M.A.

"Sky-scrappers!" That is the name we sometimes give to those tall buildings in the great cities, which run to ten and fifteen and twenty stories, because their lofty roofs seem to touch the sky. Soaring into the blue, they rise to such gigantic heights that all ordinary buildings appear like dwarfs beside them.

They catch the eye. Everybody notices how high they rise above ground; but few realize how far they reach underground. In planning a "skyscraper", provision must always be made for a good found-