

The Home Study Quarterly

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Whisper a Prayer

By Fred Scott Shepard

Whisper a prayer to Jesus,
When temptations assail,
He hath promised to give you
Grace by which to prevail ;
Satan ne'er can o'ercome you,
Strong though he seem to be,
If you but call on Jesus
In your necessity.

Whisper a prayer to Jesus,
No matter what your need,
If you but call upon him,
He will give loving heed ;
All that would mar your gladness,
Turned into joy will be,
If you but call on Jesus
In your necessity.



When the Boys Went to Camp

By Rev. Alfred T. Barr, B.A.

"Hello, Tom, are you going to take in this camp the minister's talking about to Buffalo Lake?"

School had just closed for the day, and we were standing on the steps, ready to take our way homewards.

"Dad says I can go if I want to," replied Tom. "I guess we'll have a jolly time all right."

"Are the others going, do you know?"

"Oh, I think so. So far, every one's going, except possibly the Watt boys. One of them would have to stay home, in any case, to milk the cows, so I think they've both decided not to go."

"Too bad they both can't go. But there will be eight of us, anyway, and that will make a good crowd."

By this time, we were outside the school gate. As I parted with Tom, I told him that I expected to go, and that I would see him on Sunday at Sunday School.

"Be sure and get to the class, Tom," I urged; "all the arrangements will be fixed up there."

I was very much interested in the proposal to go camping. I had never been to camp before, and, when our minister made the proposal, I was right with him. We had had several jolly times already; he had taken us duck-hunting in the fall, and he took us in his car when we went to set our traps, when we were hunting rats. I knew that if we went to camp we would have the time of our lives, so naturally I wanted to see the affair a success.

When Sunday came, we were all present at class. Our class is known as the St. Andrew's Hustlers, I don't know whether we really hustle or not, but if there is any good work to be done we try to, anyway. We raised enough money to present a library to the Military Convalescent Home in Edmonton, so that our big soldier brothers might have something to pass the time while they were recovering from their wounds.

After the lesson was over, our pretor took the chair, and the question of the camp was discussed. The motion to go to Buffalo Lake for ten days was carried unanimously. Eight of us handed in our names to the teacher. Tom and I were appointed as a committee to see about getting tents; two, it was expected, would easily be enough. It was also agreed that we should each pay in to a common fund, a fee of \$5.00; if any more was needed, we were to be taxed a little more when the time for settling up came. The teacher was appointed the keeper of the funds; and he was