

The Teachers Monthly

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The Secret Place

When I shake off the outer things

That, thronging, drag me fifty ways—
The busy needs, the little stings

That hum about my usual days—
I come into a secret place
And meet my true self, face to face.

Quiet removal from the press,

A breathing-room wherein the soul
Knows love and love's own tenderness,

And in a dream describes the goal ;
There wholesome thoughts and sweet confer,
Like garments laid in lavender.

Anew I feel that I belong—

Alien and outcast though I be—
To the great Spirit whose far song
Makes an ineffable harmony ;
And, with a rhythm in my feet,
I fare me forth my fate to greet.

The Right Angle

By Rev. F. W. Murray

A hoe set at the proper angle will save one a good many backaches. Ten cents spent at the blacksmith shop will make the hoe right and make the day a good deal easier for the man who wields the hoe.

Tackling the ground from the proper angle makes a great deal of difference in the results. The crop will look better and the worker will feel better and happier in every way.

It is so with all other work. To do it joyfully it needs to be tackled from the proper angle.

One teacher feels that the pupils are a lot of dull impossibles and tackles his work from that angle. The result for him is mental backache and meagre results. Another teacher feels that his pupils will do fine work if given the proper start. He sees possibilities

in them all. Coming at his work from that angle there are no aches and pains from it. Everything is forgotten in the pleasure of awakening in young life possibilities which lie just beneath the surface.

The angle makes the difference. The work is good enough and the worker is good enough. All that is needed is to get the proper angle.

Grouch and crabbedness and nerves and many other forms of unfitness are merely cases of the wrong angle.

Hemmingford, Que.

"But We See Jesus"

Rev. Professor R. E. Welsh, D.D.

"But me no buts," said one of Fielding's characters. "But" is usually of the nature of an objection or denial. The gospel "but" on the other hand is a grand positive assertion—'But we see Jesus.' We see in him the final answer to all sights of failure, the welcome "but" to the sense of defeat, disappointment, loss and death.

Any really good, staunch, gracious, devoted Christian man or woman is always a heart-some sight. Spurgeon wrote to Gladstone, when they differed about some Irish bill which the latter proposed, "We believe in no man's infallibility, but it is a restful thing to be sure of one man's integrity." It is a perpetual stay and shield to have known one man or woman who was steel-true, incorruptibly upright, modest before men and humble before God, strong yet tender. Thank God, in my youth I knew J. K., a plain farmer of sound intelligence, shrewd wisdom, absolute integrity, profound piety, who, when he led us in prayer, went "far ben" into the holy place. And many a time the indelible impression of him has risen up to bid defiance to the doubts and disappointments which