

The Teachers Monthly

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Vol. VIII.

May, 1902

No. 5

It will be a well invested fifty cents that will come to us for a copy of Professor Hamill's new book noticed in the Book Page.

Our readers will appreciate the additional four pages in this issue of the **TEACHERS MONTHLY** and the larger space thus afforded, especially for contributors and the Book Page. The map on the third cover page will be much admired, and we trust also much used.

The number of the Lesson Hymn for each Sabbath given in the **PRIMARY QUARTERLY** and **PRIMARY LEAFLET** is always included in the list of suggested hymns in the **TEACHERS MONTHLY**. Superintendents should take note of this, and not forget in the opening or closing exercises to give it out. There will be no hymn more heartily sung by the older scholars, and it will be the bright spot of the whole hour for the little ones to sing their own hymn along with the whole school.

A LETTER THAT MAY NOT BE READ

By a Primary Teacher

This is a letter from a Primary teacher to—to, well I do not like to say it, but I am really afraid it is to those who will not read it. For, do you know, there are teachers who never read anything in the Lesson Helps except the lesson (and they only read that, not study it). As for the papers they give to the children, they would not condescend even to look at the baby stories, forgetting that a word now and again to the little people about the pictures or stories in

their own special paper, helps to pleasantly impress the lesson contained; for every story, while not having a moral tacked on at the end in so many words, is intended to be something more than mere entertainment.

Having three Sunday afternoons free, I visited three Sunday Schools in the hope of learning something which would benefit my own class. And I learned lots of things—some to do—some to avoid. I saw some things I had been in the habit of doing, and did not know how unnecessary, and even queer, they were, until I saw myself mirrored in someone else.

In school number one, I asked for the Primary class, and was shown into a beautiful room. Every appliance for good work seemed to be there. Refinement of taste and money wherewith to satisfy it, were shown in every nook. As yet, no children. They were opening with the main school. Pretty soon came a gentle pattering over the carpeted halls and some forty little ones entered, with three intelligent looking young ladies. In an orderly manner the children took their seats. One lady seated herself at the piano, another got out what was needed from the cabinet, while the third, after greeting the visitor, took her place on the platform and announced a hymn. Everything went on beautifully, and I, anticipating a real treat, congratulated myself on having chosen that particular school for visiting. Imagine, therefore, my surprise when the supplemental lessons were over (performed in a way that made me envious) and the leader came to me and said, "Will you teach the lesson to-day? It is on so and so, and is found in such and such a chapter,"