

me promise to write regularly and tell you "all about the war". For instance, the past three Sundays have been the flattest failures. Everything went wrong, from the teacher who scolded, to Baby Newton, who slapped brother Joey in the face.

But, in spite of all tribulations, I've got one big piece of good news. I've had a complete change of view in regard to the class and its work. It came through our dear old minister, of course, and it happened this way.

Last Sunday, I was coming out of the class room with the firm determination to telegraph you my resignation early Monday morning, when Mr. Wentworth said he wanted all his teachers to wait for a few words from the pastor.

Dr. Leslie described that scene in the last chapter of John's Gospel, where Jesus met His disciples after His resurrection, on the shore of Lake Galilee. You know how vividly Dr. Leslie can picture a scene. I could just see our Saviour standing there on the sands, with the red dawn light of love in His face, far outshining the glory of the sunrise. And I heard the tender question to the disciple who had denied Him with curses—"Lovest thou Me?" and then the gentle command, "Feed My lambs".

I can never tell even to you, dear Principal, and certainly to no one else, just how I felt. I was right in Peter's place, and heard my Master say to me, "Feed My lambs". And that is why I am going to care for these lambs you have left to me with all the strength that is in me. It was "the glorious vision of service", as Dr. Leslie says, that came to me. When one sees that, everything else pales before it. Don't you remember Longfellow's, *Legend Beautiful*?

"'Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled'.

That is what the Vision said",

when the blessed Lord Himself came to the monk praying in his quiet cell, just as the hour struck for him to go and feed the poor at the convent gate, and waited for his return from this lowly duty. Mine is just such an impelling vision. It drives me away from my selfishness, in fear lest it should leave me. So you see I cannot "stay", Principal dear, I must away to provide food for the hungry

children at the convent gate.

I know I'm not fit for such a great work as you have left me, but at least I feel I have now "the one thing needful", and my Master will teach me the rest. Pray for me that I be "not disobedient to the heavenly vision".

Your humble but hopeful,

ASSISTANT

Orillia, Ont.

The Bible Class Teacher

By Rev. J. M. Duncan, D.D.

Never was the Bible Class teacher's opportunity greater than it is to-day. Everywhere amongst our young people, are signs of greater eagerness in Bible study, increased willingness to be useful in the service of church and Sabbath School, and a fine enthusiasm in the great cause of missions.

The alert teacher will make the most of this time of opportunity. Every evidence of quickened responsiveness in his class will stimulate him to new effort. His teaching will become more intelligent, more definite, charged more fully with spiritual power, and therefore it will be more resultful.

Nothing can take the place of good teaching. Organization will accomplish much. It is a good thing to lay upon the class members their full share of responsibility for the success of its work. But what steam and electricity are to machinery, teaching is to all the activities of the class. It supplies the energy that sets things agoing, and keeps them going.

The teacher is bound to make the most of the Sabbath hour for Bible study. That is his great business. He must be prepared to lead the class in a discussion of the Lesson, by a clear road, to a definite and useful end.

Take, for example, the five main portions of the Lesson material in the Bible Class Magazine, which is for Bible Class scholars. These, it may be assumed, have read the explanation of the Lesson passage; they have had suggested to them the point on which the chief stress is laid in the Lesson; in some quiet half-hour the deeper meaning of the Lesson has breathed itself into their hearts; they have seen, perhaps in a new