

# The Teachers Monthly

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*Editor*  
August is a good month to think out plans for the coming season in the Sabbath School. It is well to be forehanded in planning, and a plan well thought out is a plan already half carried out.

*Editor*  
What about Teacher Training? There are so many ways in which the Course may be taken up. If you write us or Rev. J. C. Robertson, the General Secretary, details will be most gladly given. One little bit of wise and determined effort will set a Teacher Training Class agoing in almost any congregation.

## Gardening

*By Rev. John A. Cormie, B.A.*

The story is told of a man who imported at great expense some rare flowers, which he planted in his own garden and tended carefully for years, until they accommodated themselves to the strange soil and climate. When his own garden was filled with their gorgeous beauty, he transplanted them to the roadsides and the hillsides, wherever there was a vacant place, until the waste places in all the surrounding country bloomed with the strange beauty.

A glance at the broad landscape of human life reveals many spots that are amazingly beautiful; but one does not need to look very closely to be impressed with the fact, that there are many waste places which are ugly to look upon. Some of them are mere spots, and others comprise whole fields upon which little that is beautiful is growing. This is not due to the soil. The soil is good, but is covered with unsightly growths of weeds, because no one has planted flowers.

Religion is a plant that grows in a man's soul. Its roots must go down to the centre of his life, and its tendrils run to the springs of his being. But when it has flourished there and brought forth its lovely blooms, it may help to brighten other places that are unlovely enough. It must, however, first flourish there, for it cannot be transplanted until it is flourishing. When it has blossomed forth in the personal life, there is no limit to its power of beautifying the whole landscape.

Some very good people are concerned only with their own plot. Their eyes either do not see, or are not offended by, the ugly sights about them. They feel no responsibility for brightening the dull places, and put forth no serious effort to transplant the beauty that enriches their own life. The waste places can be reclaimed only by serious effort. The flowers will not bloom there unless they are planted. He who approaches seriously this business of making the world brighter and purer and happier, will find plenty of soil that will grow flowers as well as thistles, if only the flowers be planted.

Oak Lake, Man.

## "Is it Worth While?"

*By Rev. W. J. Clark*

There are certain temptations which the honest and faithful servant of Christ may be said to leave almost entirely behind him. They tried him once, but the upward course of his spiritual life has led him away from the atmosphere where such temptations flourish. But with the growth which is his, there arise certain other temptations, which are severe tests of his faith. Among these is that which