

any such call, or ever can make it. The world cannot give us soul rest. We have all sought it there, and have returned stung with disappointment. Only He, whom Tennyson calls the "strong Son of God"; and whom Carlyle styles "the Hero of all heroes rolled into One", can give the weary, heavy-laden sons of men rest unto their souls.

It is a call to rest here and now. I am not willing to believe that this rest is merely one which awaits us beyond the bourne of this mortal life. I don't believe I shall ever be more tired than I am now, and I am sure God will never be able to give me rest any better than now, and I can't think of any reason why Christ should offer me rest in another world when it is here that I need it. The rest which I want—nay, if I may make so bold as to say it, the rest which I have found—is a rest attainable and realizable here. It is not a rest after labor, but a rest in labor. It is a home in pilgrimage. It is not a rest which remains after seekings and gropings and probings and questionings are at an end; it is a rest whose possession makes every human quest fruitful and happy.

It is a call to fullness of life. "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me." All life is a service. You and I may boast of our freedom, but we are serving *some* master. Too many have bent their backs to the service of that meanest of all bondages, the service of self, the slavery of the world. Against this our Lord sets the fact that discipleship to Himself is also a service. We take Him as our Lord and Master, and with Him pass out into the arena of daily life to live and strive in His great name. And, compared with every other life, He said, "My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." No words can adequately portray the satisfying nature of the Christian life. It is the grandest, strongest, freest life of which men on this earth can dream. Says another, "It not only means purity and gentleness, but it means manhood, and thoughtfulness, and victory. Centuries of Christian experience tell us this." "Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

Chatham, Ont.

## The Teacher's Tools

By Amos R. Wells

### II. HIS OUTLINE

"Well begun is half done." And we may add, "Well planned is half begun." Yet many teachers teach without a plan. Would a general start a battle without a plan, but merely with the general order, "Where you see a head, hit it?" That is the only plan of most Sunday-school teachers. No wonder they get the worst of it so often.

A plan gives confidence. Whatever happens, the teacher has his path before him and he can at least stick doggedly to it and come out somewhere. A plan gives enthusiasm. He is sure it is a winner—at least until he tries it. A plan gives speed. The reason why so many teachers complain at the close of the lesson hour, "I didn't get half through", is because they didn't plan to. A plan gives point. The teacher with a plan has selected a goal, and he will plod steadily toward it.

When I have my outline, I count myself half prepared. This is because my outline is sure to include the following, at least: (1) the one item of the teachings of the scripture passage that is to be taught, though nothing else is taught; (2) a good way to start the Lesson—fresh and interesting; (3) some element of surprise that will lift the Lesson out of a rut and be different from the ordinary teaching; (4) how to bring the Lesson to a head; (5) how to close briefly and effectively. Of course before I can get such an outline I must study the Lesson very thoroughly.

My outline must be simple because the time is short, the scholars are ignorant, and my own ability really to teach is so slight that I dare not undertake more than a very few things.

May I show you one of my outlines? Here it is, about as I am likely to get it up for the lesson on Elijah's victory over the prophets of Baal:

Prayer.

Object.

Review.

Start: Most exciting contest you ever saw.

Copy map.