

preciation of difficulties and encouragement in overcoming hindrances, as of one who understood. Never again could she say with an edge in her voice, "At least you can be there!"—The Graded Sunday School Magazine.

"Not Cut Out for a Teacher"

"I do not think I am specially cut out to be a teacher," says one, and thinks that to be a sufficient reason for refusing or resigning the office. Those words, "cut out," have cut a much bigger figure in human decisions than they should. That there have been misfits in all life's calling is notoriously true; yet it is also true that the most eminently successful men and women have had their disqualifications for their work, and also true that the vast majority are not in any very special manner cut out for their work. They have succeeded by the possession of qualities attainable in some degree by all, and in spite of serious and unavoidable limitations. The cutting out by nature has been in mere outline and in a very general way; the trimming has been left to individual effort.

A few have natural teaching ability of a very high order, but a great number of successful teachers, as they look upon their resources, are constrained to say, as did Andrew when he looked upon the five loaves and two fishes, "What are these among so many?" Apart from divine reinforcement all our gifts are pitifully small. We must lose no opportunity to enlarge and improve those gifts, but it is the fact that God can use the little things, which is the supremest encouragement to the Sunday School teacher. It is the master's unflinching methods and miraculous touch which are more than all else. When we lay the pattern upon ourselves the cloth is hopelessly inadequate; God can cut out great garments from our bit of remnant. If human limitations were the measure of God's ability, then might we indeed close every church and Sunday School.—The Sunday School Banner

Bettering the Social Life

The social life in the Sunday School is usually sadly neglected in the country. More and more men are going in crowds. Each crowd has its leader. Wherever the leader goes, the others follow. Get that leader interested. Give him something to do. Lend him books on leadership and Sunday School work.

If there is no young people's organization, a social at a different home each month is a splendid means by which people may be interested in, and kept attached to, Sunday School work. After fifteen years in the

pastorate, I have decided that it is far better for the church to furnish social life for its young people than to let them seek it elsewhere. The Sunday School, when completely organized, will have its social department.

The rural School is in greater need of this than the city School. Something more than the annual picnic is needed. Almost every daily newspaper to-day has a page of discussions for young people concerning the problems they confront. Why should not these problems be openly discussed in the social life of a community? I have never found anything yet to take the place of the debating society. Most of the old questions should be revised or burned and modern ones substituted.

The old-fashioned spelling bee, with words taken from the Bible, started more people to looking through their Bibles than anything I have ever tried in a community. Getting all the single men in a community to help me show how well single men can give a social, got them interested in a Sunday School class.

At another time an entire baseball team was captured by a little special interest. Girls in the country usually attend. The trouble is chiefly with the adults and the young men. The adults are almost assured by having the Sunday School immediately following the preaching service. The young men are best secured by giving them something to do.—The Sunday School World

The Story of a "Bad" Boy

He was the most mischievous boy and the "toughest proposition" in the School. His teacher worried and prayed, but the lad became more and more unruly and threatened to demoralize the whole class. At length the teacher, utterly disheartened and almost hopeless, went to the superintendent with his trouble, and the superintendent was a wise counselor. "Organize your class and make him president," was his suggestion. "But he is the worst boy in the bunch," said the teacher. "Yes, I know," answered the superintendent; "and unless he can be made better he will make all the rest as bad as he. Try putting responsibility on him and let me know how it works."

The next Sunday the class was organized and Dick was elected president. The announcement caused him to sit straighter and cease looking for some mischief to do. After the class was dismissed the teacher undertook to impress upon the boy the dignity of his position. In a few weeks the superintendent called him to his desk, saying, "I hear that you have been made president of your class. That is quite a distinction among the boys