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For Century Fund Souvenir Savings Banks, write F. B. Allan, Esq., Old U. C. College, Toronto.

The S. S. Teacher's Inventory

A. Meditation

By Rev. J. W. Rae

I take stock without any misgivings, for I believe the business is solvent, and that I am richer than I think. If the owner of vast possessions be either ignorant or forgetful of the fact, the joy of ownership will not be his. It is possible for the wealthy to starve in the midst of plenty. This shall not be true of me. I may be the child of a King. If so, no man shall take my crown. I am learning that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If I desire to have, it is that I may impart. If I know my heart aright, great possessions would humble me. Am I rich? Am I poor? Let the inventory be taken.

In the first list I will place

REAL THINGS

What have I? Nothing that I have earned. Silver and gold have I none. I am very poor. Houses and land are not my portion.

What have I? I have a sound mind in a sound body. Health and strength are real riches. The eye that sees—the tongue that speaks—the ear that hears earth's music—the willing feet—and the arm that is not palsied—are mine. Civil and religious liberty, blessings so familiar that I have almost forgotten to be thankful for them, have been purchased for me by the costliest thing in Heaven, and by the martyr blood of earth. Many kind friends, mine by birth-right,

loved me before I knew them. I dwell in a city that I built not.

The best text book in the world has been placed in my hands. Even angels might desire to teach it. Its leaves are of the tree of life, and it is for the healing of the nations. The best pupils are mine. If I had my choice of all possible classes I would say, "Give me the children." Their minds are plastic. They have not learned to doubt.

I am growing in Christ-like character, and this, I am told, is what my Savior means by the treasure laid up in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupts. I have the commendation of my conscience, and thus have made a friend of the bitterest of possible foes. The love of my pupils is mine. My cup runneth over.

In the second list I place

IDEAL THINGS

Some of these dwell in the realm of fancy—castles in the air built by the healthy mind that plans things in anticipation, out of which I get much pleasure, though not unfrequently, pleasure tempered by pain. The ideal ever lies beyond the real. The place where the rainbow touches the ground I reach not.

One of my ideals is set before me in the perfect model presented in Jesus of Nazareth. I would be like Him. I cannot attain unto it, I know, but I would, with Dr. Matheson, watch the portrait—gaze on the ideal—with the eye of the heart; and in so doing be changed into the same image from character to character as by the spirit of the Lord.

Another of my ideals is to have a class, every pupil in which has been won for the