

the affection of those young people on whose lives you get a grip and who think of you and study you as their ideal?

Next to contact with earnest lives I would set down as my next gain the measure of familiarity with the scriptures, the psalms, and the hymns which come to us as a result of preparation and practice.

Who does not feel the comfort at times, when reading is impossible, to be able to meditate on scripture portions, on psalms and hymns, stored in the memory by frequent use. We all know that, having our time so filled up with manifold duties, we need the pressure of *having* to teach, in order to make certain that we do read and study intently, getting under the surface and bringing out things new and old for ourselves. In Sabbath School work we have the advantage of having these studies multiplied by the exchange with our fellow teachers.

Another element in the gain is that of *mission sympathy*. The missionary feature is a universal one in Sabbath School work, and no teacher can be ignorant of the world's need and escape notice. On the contrary, the condition is inevitably impressed on the teacher's mind and heart. His spirit is brought into sympathy with every movement for the advancement of the kingdom.

From such gains to a man's life as the foregoing, others develop. Not only is the teacher in his work informed and impressed, but experience in his work develops ability to express his views simply and clearly. Prayer, long and habitual, brings more joy. Fitness for other branches of service, whether in church courts or other organizations, is a natural result. The teacher is ever apt to be led out into unconscious service, so that he will, though unwittingly, strengthen others as he was himself strengthened at first.

The aggregate gain to one's life as a result of entering early on Sabbath School work is, I venture to say, unspeakably great. I entered on the work with great reluctance, feeling keenly my unfitness for it and consented only after pressure. For that call and for that pressure I have never ceased to be thankful.

Montreal

The One Day Teacher

By Esther Miller MacGregor

Just across the aisle from each other the two teachers sat before their classes. Their pupils were much alike, they were equally well equipped for their task, and an observer would have expected almost identical results. And so he would have been puzzled, when later he discovered that one was a splendid success, the other scarcely more than a failure.

Not unless one followed these two teachers through the week, could one find the reason for the difference. The successful one was a Sunday School teacher from Monday morning until Sunday night. "There's a special Commandment for us", she often declared. "Seven days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work." She had learned the valuable lesson that the teacher who labors but one day with her class, will accomplish but one-seventh of her task.

The other teacher believed her duty done when she presented an interesting lesson to her pupils. But she did not know her class. Their trials, their joys, their temptations, and their triumphs were all alike strange to her. And so through lack of knowledge she failed.

For, no matter how efficient the one-day teacher may be on her one day, she cannot truly succeed. She may make an excellent appearance on Sunday, but she is no use for the practical work of the week. She reminds one of the answer Shakespeare's saucy heroine made to the exquisite nobleman:

Don Pedro. "Will you have me, lady?"

Beatrice. "No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days. Your grace is too costly to wear every day."

Perhaps the busy teacher, who has had to sacrifice much to give that precious Sunday afternoon to a class, may say that the seven-day rule is a hard one, and that if more time and work is expected of her she must give up altogether. But the busiest teacher can do the highest work for her class. She can pray for them. And if the care of her pupils' souls weighs upon her, she can find time *somehow* to do more.

A Sunday School teacher once had a large class of girls whose homes were at the opposite end of a big city. Her working hours were