

The Teachers Monthly

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A few copies of Peloubet's Notes for 1906 will remain. We shall send them by mail, prepaid, at 50c. apiece, *while they last*.

"1907" is the title of the first two and the last two pages of the present issue of THE TEACHERS MONTHLY. They contain a sketch of our plans for next year, not only for THE TEACHERS MONTHLY, but for *all our eleven periodicals*.

It is to be *eleven* now, with the new INTERMEDIATE QUARTERLY and INTERMEDIATE LEAFLET, already announced in the September MONTHLY. We are looking for a quick recognition of these new Intermediate Helps to lesson study. The boys and girls need them, and will want them.

May we bespeak for the SAMPLE COPIES of our various publications which have come into the hands of ministers, superintendents, and teachers, a careful examination? The General Assembly "strongly recommends their use in preference to those from other sources"; and it is our unceasing effort to make the publications entirely worthy of this recommendation.

The Poem of Life

By Rev. F. H. Larkin, B.A.

"If Herder was not a poet," said Jean Paul Richter, "he was something more,—a poem." A richer compliment could not have been paid. It was a sentence of enthronement.

All are invited towards the resplendent goal, and all should accept the invitation. Idealism is the only true atmosphere of thought and purpose, and ideals should be brought from cloudland to earth. They should be actualized. It is thus that life becomes artistic,—and it was meant to be

artistic. Paul, writing to those who were aspirants after righteousness, reminded them that they were God's workmanship, literally, God's poem, for this is what the Greek word *poiema* signifies.

Man is an observer and admirer of whatsoever things are lovely. But he insists on nearer acquaintance and more positive relations. From observation he passes to creation. Words, sounds, colors and forms are used and correlated to gratify the heart's quest after elegance and pleasure-giving quality. The cathedral is a poem in stone. The painting is a poem in colors. The symphony is a poem in tones. But the noblest poem of all is man himself,—a poem in life. Who would not covet such a fair summit of experience? Who would not enter into hearty oneness with the spiritual hunger of the Japanese student, who, on being ushered into the minister's study, broke out into the instant request, "Can you tell me, sir, how to live the beautiful life?"

The materials used in the making of this poem are the holiest things of God. It is a composition in divine attributes. It is the music of the spheres imported into the common task. It is "earth crammed with heaven." The realities of love, purity, wisdom, patience, temperance, faith, joy, gentleness, forbearance, courtesy, humility, humanity, godliness—these are the structural ingredients; and in point of charm no human effect equals that of their combination and outshining in the living man.

Nor need they be floating abstractions eluding our grasp; or, like the rainbow, spanning the sky, but forbidding the intimate touch. Every day is an opportunity to live poetically. It is a page on which may be