

Tallman, a minister, and a good one too; who would ever have thought of that young scamp going into the ministry? He had more fun in him than any of us. Archie Tait,—he stuck to the farm, doing well, and is Sunday School superintendent out at the old church. Fr ed Morris, high school principal; a kind of a bookworm, Fred always was. Ernest Huffman and Aubrey Goodson, both good business men; and Charlie Norris,—he could snare more rabbits than any other boy in the neighborhood; no wonder he became an inventor. And here am I still fishing in the woods," he added with a laugh. Franklin was manager of a big lumber business.

"Then there is Owen Martin, the teacher. Grand old Owen! He's dead some years ago, but he'll never be dead so long as one of those boys is alive. Owen was not a great man, not a very brainy man, but he had the kindest smile I ever saw on a human face. It seemed to come right out of the centre of his being and represented his whole soul. He knew all about sports, and was familiar with the woods and the wild animals and birds. What times we used to have!

"I was getting tired of Sunday School and beginning to drop off when I got acquainted with Owen, and he invited me to go with him and the boys one day for a stroll. I afterwards joined his class. He saved me to the Sunday School and to everything else that is good, I do believe. He did not know nearly as much as many people do, had no great education, but I tell you he knew boys and he had a heart as big as all out-of-doors. He just made a comrade of us boys, a great big boy himself, but always sensible and good. No, don't burn it. It represents me, not only as a boy but now, and you wouldn't want to burn me, would you?"

And with a smile he handed the picture back to his wife.

Toronto



Is It Worth While?

By a Bible Class Teacher

Is there a Bible Class teacher who does not sometimes ask himself the disturbing question: "Is it worth while?" "Is any impress being made on these men in the vital things of life?" "Is the class in any sense a training school in the Christian life?" "Is it uplifting, or steadying, a single soul?" "Is it all worth while?"

Answers rarely come to such questionings when they are asked. They may take years in the coming, as a rebuke to one's unfaith; they may never come at all, but that need not imply a negative reply.

The teacher may have to wait until his member friend, who never gave any indica-

tion of impress during the class days, has long since become an ex-member, and who has traveled far afield. And then one day a letter will reach him, and the letter will hold the answer, for men will write what they cannot speak.

So a teacher, who has often been guilty of the very interrogations given above, has a file of letters that are to him most precious. It will not now be a breach of confidence to let others peep into this pile of letters, since no names are mentioned.

"I want you to know," writes an ex-member who is now pastor of a large church, "that I'm trying to show the young men here 'how to play the game' as you showed it from the master's pattern years ago in the old Bible Class, and there is nothing like the game,—for you can play it at 16 or at 66 without getting fagged."

The following letter reached the teacher on the very day he received word of the death of the writer in the trenches:

"I was greatly impressed by the beautiful letter you sent me, and must admit that I feel very guilty indeed, not writing you before this. I very often think of the hospitality your Bible Class showed me just after my arrival in Canada, and shall never forget the fine fellow-members who made me feel so much at home while amongst them.

"I remember distinctly the day previous to my departure for Canada, my own minister saying to me: Remember and stick to the church, as you always find there your very best friends. I always feel that in you I have a real, true friend, and no doubt every member of your class thinks the same. I am proud to have been a member of the class, although I had to give it up owing to my business taking me away for a time."

A doctor writes from a field ambulance at the front:

"Received your welcome message a few days ago. Your letters are always welcome, and remind one of the many happy hours we spent together. Although there are many miles between us, our thoughts are still back with our friends, and the places that are still dear to us."

From a class member in an English training camp:

"You surprise me very much by the number of men who have enlisted from the ranks of the class. I consider it a mighty fine record and one to be proud of. I have met a number of the boys in England, and we are always glad to speak of the old class. The sad part about it will be the homecoming of the few, whereas so many have gone away. I am very glad the interest has been maintained in the class, and I am sure that has been ac-