

When we come to consider the plans for getting the books read, we face other difficulties. If the superintendent and the teachers are interested in the library, the problem is solved. They will be constantly talking up the library and urging the boys and girls to read. If, however, it is left almost entirely to the librarian, he must bestir himself.

Two or three methods may be suggested. A bulletin board on which the names of new books are displayed is a capital plan, especially if the picture on the book jacket is tacked up. If there is a lantern in the School, a slide with the name of the new books, and possibly a pertinent remark, will give good publicity. It is sometimes well to call in a scholar or a teacher by special invitation and ask him to read some book of unusual interest. Especially is this the case with a missionary book or a biography or a book on Sunday School methods. Prizes for those who read the most books in summer holidays and present a written record of their reading with very brief comments may be found very useful.

Altogether, the best advice that can be given is publicity, interest and a sense of the great value of the Sunday School library. These are bound to bring results. But remember that the success your School gets out of your library, will depend on the intelligence and the energy you put into it. Make it really worth while, and it will influence greatly the lives of scholars, teachers and officers, and your School will praise it and believe in it.

Toronto



Annals of a Bible Class Teacher

By Frank Yeigh

HOW THE BOYS IMITATED THE MEN

This is a tale of how a group of boys imitated the men, and how the men influenced the boys.

A Men's Bible Class was organized in a small town,—the first in the place. That it filled the proverbial long felt want, was proved by its instant success, for within a year over fifty members had been enrolled, including some men who had not been near a Sunday School for years.

Concurrently, and imitating their example, the older boys organized in two classes, with the catching titles of the Wide-Awakes and the Four-Squares. Up to this time the teenage lads dropped out of Sunday School, as was the habit of most of their comrades. But now that the grownups, their very own daddies in some cases, had become Sunday School scholars again, the power of influence by imitation worked its spell, and twenty-five boys lined up in junior and senior classes.

Wise men these men were, for they paid the expenses of boy delegates to Boys' Conferences, and that meant in time trained boy leaders of other boys. So the town has to-day these two live classes of promising youngsters, with two competent men leaders who give freely of their time and influence. As a result the classes have a full programme, Sunday and mid-week. Their slogan of "clean sports, clean speech and clean life" is put into practice. The church lawn is used for some of their physical activities, the church basement for their winter gatherings, while some homes are open for "homey" come-togethers.

Last summer they had the time of their lives in a week's canoe trip, during which they covered a hundred and fifty miles of most beautiful river and lake country, with the usual varied roughing-it experiences, with corresponding abnormal appetites and bronzed faces. You should read the scribe's official diary to get a full account of the trip. Of course it is to be an annual event.

I could fill pages telling of these boys, corporately and individually, but it is not necessary. I've told the story just to prove how eager boys are to imitate men,—for good or bad, and what a fine contribution a Men's Bible Class can make in having regard to the boys they know.

THE STORY OF THE "X" MARKS

A teacher of a Men's Bible Class for now many years, and who has seen almost a generation of young men pass through it, prizes most highly a long list of members, totalling hundreds, whose addresses include many continents and countries. On almost every page of the book is the tell-tale "X" that speaks of a vacancy in the ranks, of one who has gone home.

What a flood of memories the "X" marks awaken! There was Jimmy,—the star athletic leader of the class, and a star Christian, too. His dimpled smile and kindly eye remain vividly in memory yet. On the great Varsity field-sports day, a sudden over-exertion snapped the cord of life, and the ominous "X" was placed opposite his name.

Is Jimmy dead? Yes,—no. He, being dead, yet speaketh. The fragrance of his life remains with all who knew him. His portrait hangs in the class-room, smiling from the frame as of old.

Strange to say, Jimmy is still a member of his old Bible Class—by proxy. No Christmas time comes around, when dinner baskets are distributed to the poor, but Jimmy sends one, for his father makes an annual contribution in memory of the best son a father ever had. The class indeed has no stronger friend than this parent, and he always wants to be in its undertakings—in Jimmy's name.