

# The Teachers Monthly

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We have drawers full of commendations of our Lesson Helps and Illustrated Papers, which friends, far and near, and from more than one continent have kindly sent.

Such expressions of favor we appreciated very highly, and our constant endeavor is to reach forward to better things. A practical form of approval, which we esteem greatly, is a trial of one or all of our publications.

It is always a pleasure to send sample copies, and we have a standing offer to send any of our publications FREE to any school where not now taken, and in sufficient quantities to supply teachers and classes: the **TEACHERS MONTHLY** and the **ILLUSTRATED PAPERS** for one month and the **QUARTERLIES** and **LEAFLETS** for three months. A full list of our own publications and of Sabbath-school supplies will be found on page 413.

## A FISHERMAN'S FLY-BOOK

By *Frank Yeigh*

One can never tell what treasures lie hidden in the old storeroom. It is a mine that will often yield good results from a rainy-day digging. Thus it was that in an attempt to redd up a certain garret, an old fisherman's fly-book was found, once the property of a Scotch Isaac Walton.

Its weather-worn covers told how it had lain on the bank of many a Scottish stream, patiently waiting for its master to land a wily prize from the swift-running waters. Many of its hooks had apparently served their purpose in the long ago days, but

scores still remained, securely fastened in the flannel leaves of the book.

At first glance all the flies looked alike as to size and color, but a second look revealed an unsuspected individuality. There were hooks little and large; hooks single, hooks double, even hooks quadruple. There were flies red, flies white, flies gray and brown; hooks and flies to suit every piscatorial taste.

Sitting down on a neighboring trunk also filled with treasure trove, I became fascinated by the old fly-book. Though not a real fisherman by early training or natural bent, nevertheless the very sight of the array of tempting flies set one a-dreaming of certain streams in Highlands and Lowlands; they revived delicious memories of happy hours spent on the banks of Dee and Doon, of rambles in the vales of Esk and Tweed, when one played at fishing.

It set one a-thinking too; for the well-worn relic kept declaring it in the plainest of terms, that it was rich in suggestions for him who could appropriate them. There are sermons in fish hooks, it claimed, as truly as books—and fish—in running brooks.

And, true enough, there were hints in this book of hooks; hints, for example, to Bible class teachers, hints for solving the young man problem, the ever-pressing problem of how to catch, and having caught, how to hold the youth of to-day in Sabbath-school or Bible class.

For the ancient fly-book said, as I listened, and kept repeating the words:

"A fly for a fish—a fly for a fish—a special fly for a special fish!"

There it was, as plain as day: as there is