

After an hour or two at the parsonage with my family I walked down to the post office and procured my mail. I sat down under a tree and read my letters. One of them deeply moved me. It was from the secretary of our little conference insurance society, informing me of the death of Rev. Mr. H., an intimate friend and a member of our society.

When I recovered from the shock received from the death of my friend I came around to think of the sad condition of the young widow and her fatherless children. I was urged to at once send in my ten dollars to meet her need.

I had just about \$10.35 all told, in the world. It really looked as if I needed every bit of it for my family. I just could not spare it at this time; that was all there was about it. I was to be away from home for a week or ten days, at my meeting out in the country. What could my family do without that money?

Then the other side of the case came up for a hearing. What would poor Mrs. H. do? That helpless family was now left without a head. Did they not need the ten dollars worse than my own family needed it? I could look elsewhere; they could not.

The last side of the case won. I determined to trust God. So I sat down in the post office and wrote a letter, in which was enclosed the money order, for which I paid almost all the money I had in my purse. The letter mailed, I felt better and stronger. With about twenty-five cents in my pocket I stepped out into the sunlight and started up the street towards my home. The thought that melodiously swelled in my heart was:

In some way or other
The Lord will provide.

As I walked along the shaded street, with my eyes half shut, working out my plans as to what I should do before I started for the country, a gentleman halted me with a cheery 'good-morning, parson!' I responded and grasped his hand warmly. It was Judge R., a cultivated Presbyterian gentleman, that stood in front of me. He lived out in the country, close to a pretty white Presbyterian church, where I had frequently preached. He smiled into my eyes, and in a genial manner stated his case, as he put it, in lawyer fashion.

Mr. W., for several months you have been preaching occasionally in our little church, and we Presbyterians all like to hear you. Just now, as I saw you coming up the street, something told me that I should not be benefited by you without making some return for your good service. So I suppose I'd better pay my quarterage—I think that is what you Methodists called it.

With that he reached me a new ten-dollar bill, and moved on. As I thanked him I could scarcely keep from bursting into tears. Had not God put the case of his servant on the heart of this kind man? It was his first and his last offering to me. He never again referred to the matter of paying me for preaching. He was heavily taxed for the support of his own pastor. I shall always feel that God's Spirit deeply moved him on this special occasion.

My faith was honored. I had a most signal victory. After a pleasant hour at the parsonage I mounted my horse, and rode out through the glories of that early Autumnal day with a heart in full harmony with the beauty of God's world spread about me.—Methodist paper.

Recklessness grows with drinking; the more 'drams' the less 'scruples.'

Teachers and Teacher Training.

(Bishop John H. Vincent, D.D., LL.D., in 'Western Advocate.')

Good teachers are everywhere in demand. The age requires them. They receive good wages. In the educational work of the Church—the work that applies the truth through the grace of God to human character—there is greater necessity than ever for wise, strong, earnest, skilful teachers who can adapt themselves to all classes of society. The increase of the reading habit, the production of a vast amount of reading matter, good and bad, the larger experience of people by travel, and by reports of travel, the multiplication of agencies for popular education—all increase the necessity for the right kind of religious teachers.

Nowhere is there greater need for progress than in the Sunday school. And progress here is easily possible. Every day our families grow in general intelligence. Day schools steadily improve. Pedagogical discussions are common. Newspapers in behalf of education among the humblest people abound—university settlements, lecture courses, night schools, clubs, home circles, newspaper study courses. The Sunday school may easily keep up with the other agencies of popular reform and improvement.

Especially is there necessity for this in view of the immense increase of religious doubt—bold, defiant, profane. And in the equally significant increase of popular interest in ethics and religious faith. Our poetry and works of fiction, our lecture platforms and secular newspapers are schools of faith as well as of doubt. And the Church has a new responsibility and a new task.

How shall the Sunday school increase in teaching power? Let us say, first of all, that it is not the mission of the Sunday school to combat the theories and attempt to answer in a formal way the arguments of infidels and scorers, nor to attempt directly by discussion to remove the doubts of the sceptical.

We must teach in a positive way, out of profound personal conviction, the simple facts of the Gospel history, the simple truths of the Gospel creed, and the simple duties of the Christian life. Incidentally we may throw light on difficulties we encounter; but the easiest way to dispose of intellectual difficulties is to keep the heart warm and the conscience clean. We may make concessions concerning certain old claims about the Bible and the Church and the requirements of the Christian life; but even these must be made with caution, in kindness and in humility. It is not necessary to accept everything that even good people have defended as parts of faith. But it is necessary to believe that the Bible contains the Word of God, that supernaturalism is the only key to its fundamental teaching, and that life—the life of the Spirit within and the life of obedience without—is the essential thing in Christianity. This is the work of the Christian ministry. In a sense Sunday school teaching is a part of that ministry.

But here let the essential be emphasized: Personal religious experience that develops through God's grace personal Christian character is indispensable to efficiency in the teaching of God's work. The end aimed at is salvation—'salvation is health.' The agent, to be successful, must himself be saved. He must be what he teaches. Christian character-building is our work. We must have Christian characters. This can-

not be made too much of, as we discuss the training of teachers. The superintendent must by his conviction, his spiritual tone, the force of his personality, by his habit of expression, and the consistency of his daily conduct, impress his school, and especially his teachers, with this radical, this supreme idea.

He should, in this work of training his teachers, make much of Bible knowledge. That, of course! He should make much of the art of teaching. Undoubtedly! He should insist upon the supernatural forces that come through prayer, and beget subjective experience. The teacher can do little without this! But he must train his teachers to train themselves in the type of life they are appointed to cultivate in others. The divine forces are absolutely necessary. But the human application of them is equally necessary. Character-building is a holy art. It is the highest of all the arts.

Therefore Sunday school teachers must be taught to live for their professional fitting—seven full days every week, and no weeks of vacation in the year. They must learn the secret of self-repression, of self-possession, of self-recollection, of concentration in thinking and in praying, of wise silence, of generous judgment, of forbearance and patience. They must learn how to do required duties when not naturally inclined to do them, when such duties are disagreeable and 'against the grain'—visiting the poor, the sick, the unappreciative, the degraded. All these things and the like, must grow out of the reality of a spiritual manhood and womanhood. This is what the Sunday school of to-day needs.

The Hidden Worker.

She held the lamp of truth that day
So low that none could miss the way,
And yet so high to bring in sight
That picture fair—the world's Great Light!
That gazing up, the lamp between
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

She held the pitcher, stooping low,
To lips of little ones below;
Then she raised it to the weary saint,
And bade him drink when sick and faint.
They drank—the pitcher thus between
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

She blew the trumpet soft and clear
That trembling sinners need not fear.
And then with louder notes, and bold,
To raze the walls of Satan's hold—
The trumpet coming thus between
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

But when the Captain says, 'Well done!
Thou good and faithful servant; come,
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,
Lay down the trumpet, leave the camp,'
Thy weary hands will then be seen
Clasped in thy King's—with nought between.
—'Irish League Journal.'

Postal Crusade.

GENEROUS GIFTS RECEIVED.

We are pleased to announce that the following amounts have been received for the Postal Crusade, and have been handed over to Mrs. Cole, the Secretary:—Miss Minnie Butler, Shoal Harbor, Nfld., \$4.86; Miss Mabel Brand, Forest, Ont., 30c; Mrs. A. C. Havill, Brantford, Ont., 70c; 'A Well-wisher,' Bruce, Ont., 50c.