

The Sunday School

Crumbs Swept Up.

TALK *with* your scholars; not *at* them.

NEVER give rewards to scholars for the performance of mere duty.

AS the thermometer goes up, the zeal of the officers must rise accordingly.

PRAYER, planning, and patience, are three essentials in successful Sunday-school work.

SOME Sunday-school teachers appear to think that the devil takes a holiday during hot weather.

ONE of the surest ways to stop that leak in your school is to adopt some effective plan of looking after absentees.

ONE afternoon picnic with your scholars will bring you closer to their hearts than weeks of teaching in the schoolroom.

FAITHFUL "hot weather teachers" make faithful "hot weather" scholars, and cause the heart of the superintendent to rejoice.

NOW is the time to begin planning for your Rally Day in September. Make the "home gathering" day one long to be remembered.

IF you wish to wear a crown by-and-by as a successful Sunday-school teacher, you must bear the cross of its duties faithfully and well.

THE superintendent often adds to the interest of announcements by having them made by the persons interested. Let the chairmen of committees make any announcements relating to entertainments, picnics, etc. The pastor of the church should announce special church meetings, and Christian Endeavor presidents, anything relating to Christian Endeavor. Do not repeat the announcements made by others.

MR. T. G. ELLSWORTH, a teacher in the 37th Street Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school of New York, has a Bible class of young men, which he conducts upon the theory of interesting all by giving everyone something to do which he has a talent for doing. So the class has a secretary, a treasurer, a geographer, whose duty it is to make clear the geographical facts of the lesson; a historian, to whom are referred all questions of history; a librarian, who gets the books from the library that are desired; a blackboard artist; two persons who have charge of a question bureau; an advisory committee of five, who look after the regular and prompt attendance of the members. The class motto is,

"Crowned with Good Deeds," and the class flower is a white carnation, which is worn on special occasions. The class has its own stationery, the letter-head containing the names of officers and committee members. Each member is asked in turn to take the position of teacher. Thus the class is really a working class.

Writing Letters.

WHY not try writing letters to your boys? You say you do. How often? Once or twice a year, perhaps? Good, cheerful, helpful epistles they are, too, no doubt, and a great deal better than nothing. But wait a minute; how would your best friends feel if you wrote them in such a fashion, once or twice in every twelve months? And don't you wish above all things to be a "best friend" to those eight up-and-coming boys in your class?

Did you seize the occasion to write three or four merry sentences to Bert, the day after he distinguished himself by making that touchdown? Or a somewhat longer letter to Hal, with a funny clipping tucked in it, the week that he had the tonsillitis? Or did you cut out that editorial on the Cuban question and despatch it promptly to Roger, the Monday after you had that pleasant discussion in Sunday-school? Three chances gone if you didn't.

And here is your sturdy Phil just leaving the high-school and starting out to work, and you wonder why you have only just discovered that Bobby has always aspired to be a druggist; and there was that hearty tribute to Jim's good sense that the judge brought out in your hearing the other day,—queer that you never once thought to scribble a cordial little note about those things! And then there are the birthday letters, the Christmas and New Year's and Easter and Fourth of July epistles—have all these gone as they should?

You don't think the boys will appreciate all these missives? They certainly won't unless you yourself take pleasure in writing them. But if you write a good plain hand and use your prettiest and most correct stationery, the very boy whom you think "all that style is wasted on" will value it the most; and if you take as much pains to have your letters bright and friendly and interesting and *grown-up*, as you would if that boy were ten years older, and if you direct it on the outside to "Mr. Bertram H. Torrey, Jr.," you won't find out in a hurry that your boys are avoiding the post-office—not exactly!

They won't tell you in Sunday-school that they liked those letters—of course they won't! And they won't improve in their characters with the lightning rapidity of story-book boys; and the very next Sun-