

Here is precisely the point at which the capacity to teach is most tested. Even when one knows whom he is to teach, and fights shy of the absurd notion that everyone is like everyone else, it may happen that a so-called teacher does not really know what it is to teach. Great strides will be made in the new century if there is a stronger feeling of the need for better equipment, and if effective measures can be devised and executed for supplying that need. Dr. Clay Trumbull has done well to remind us that while "Telling," for instance, has its place, "telling" is not teaching. Charles Dickens used to satirize the old-fashioned school-masters, all turned out at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. They considered their mission as pretty much that of a "wooden" pump, and regarded their scholars as so many "little vessels, then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim." In these days of enlightenment that kind of teacher is of no more use in a Sabbath School than in a day school. Teaching is really "causing another to know." If you succeed in causing your scholar to know, you are a successful teacher; otherwise you are a failure. Teaching, so far from being a process of pouring in, is a process of drawing out. We often take it for granted that those whom we are professing to teach do know, when they don't. If a real teacher goes below the surface and gets at the extent of the pupil's knowledge, most appalling discoveries may be made. Mrs. Horace Mann relates an instance in which she asked those who wanted to be good to signify it. One little lad refused any response to the appeal, and began to whimper. "No, no," he said. Mrs. Mann saw something was wrong and putting her arm tenderly over his shoulder said, "Come, my little boy. You surely don't know what I mean. What do you think it is to be good?" At this he began to cry outright and answered through his tears: "Boo-hoo! ter be whipped!" He had been taught when he was whipped that it was to make

him good; if to be good meant whipping, he wanted none of it. A great deal more than "telling" is involved in successful teaching. And yet too many are satisfied with only that.

In the New Century,—unless all the indications of progress are misread,—teaching will more and more find its rightful place, not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end; and this will secure

#### BETTER RESULTS.

In our Sabbath School work, what are we aiming at? Surely not merely to impart more knowledge of the truth, but to secure more personal and controlling knowledge of Him who *is* the Truth, the Way and the Life. The future, with its enlarged responsibilities and opportunities, should be notable, not for a better head-knowledge of the Bible, good as that is, but for a better heart-knowledge of Jesus Christ. One may get an extraordinary head-knowledge of the Bible, without any heart-knowledge of Christ. "Blind Alec," of Sterling, who was able to recite any verse from any part of the Bible that might be named, was examined at a public meeting called for the purpose and was shown to be destitute of any real knowledge of Bible ideas, Bible doctrines, or Bible principles. He merely broke his teeth on the shell of truth and never got at the kernel.

The Sabbath School of the Twentieth Century, with all its expected progress in method and competent instruction, may as well close its doors and write over them the sad word, "Ichabod," if it is not going to secure definite results in the way of bringing young souls to Christ, that they may trust Him for salvation and consecrate their lives to His service. To this end, the great need above every need continues to be that every worker may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and so draw upon the Divine Power as to present the truth relating to Jesus in such an intelligible and persuasive way, that those to whom it is presented may know Him in His resurrection power and live for Him alone. May our prayers for such results be abundantly answered!

Fergus, Ont.