

# The Teachers Monthly

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"I plead for the small class, I plead for the individual hold of the children; to be taken hold of one by one, not by battalions."—Mrs. Foster, Primary State Superintendent, New York.

The wheels are fairly in motion for the great gathering of Sabbath School workers in Toronto in June. The programme is being "built up," the aim being to have in it the very best from every quarter. The local committees are setting to with a will. Mr. Justice Maclaren, who is taking the lead, has the knack of getting a good deal out of his fellow-workers and of making them feel the better for having worked so heartily. Perhaps it is because he does not spare himself. The great Convention will be the Mecca of a mighty host. Dr. Duncan's article on another page is the first of a half dozen articles by International leaders, amongst others, by Mr. Hartshorn, of Boston, the chairman of the International Executive, and Rev. Dr. Potts, of Toronto, the chairman of the International Lesson Committee.

## Our Part; and God's

By Rev. Gilbert B. Wilson, Ph.D.

There is a good old maxim in the rich proverb poetry of the Germans, which runs somewhat thus:—"Do your part; then leave God His." "Behold," says James, "the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it."

That which has life will, under proper conditions, grow. And growth yields not to compulsion. A building, a steamboat,

a railroad, may be hurried to completion under extreme pressure. But an army of laborers and an opulence of resource will not make a garden, an orchard, a forest, grow the faster. A painter finding a tree in his picture too small, can skilfully raise it with a few strokes to its proper proportions. Painted trees can be quickly enlarged, but living trees take time to grow. Conventional morality may be quickly put on as a veneer in the conduct of the child. Real spirituality is no such readily-constructed product.

The great Sower Himself did but cast the seed of some eternal words, and a Life of timeless and measureless significance, into the dark soul of human history, and wait patiently for the result. He projected His life upon one small country—"not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." He poured out His choicest efforts upon the lives of twelve men. He died with a handful of followers, and yet He claimed His work complete. He cast His life as a seed corn into the ground, that, dying, it might bring forth much fruit. In other words, He did His part, and trusted to the Father to do His part.

Wherever men have not trusted to His methods, wherever they have tried to hasten the kingdom by human artifices and worldly expedients, they have signally failed. The great mission of the Jesuits to India, China and Japan, vanished without leaving a trace in the religious history of these countries.

We are not the first, and we shall not be the last, workers who must wait long for the fruit to ripen. Paul planted, Apollos