

view there is a divine order in the world, an increasing purpose which is one with natural law; that the truest wisdom for each one of us is that each should recognise his own place in that order; that the faithful and fearless adherence to the law of our highest life—the service which is perfect freedom—is the wisest and noblest attainment of a human being. True freedom is progress according to law, the law of our being; and this progress is impeded, not helped, by our following “wandering fires,” and mystical visions of things divine. We rise to higher things, not by visions nor on the wings of sudden impulse, but on stepping-stones of our dead selves. Nature is our pattern; we should innovate like her. Tennyson’s hero, Arthur, who revered his conscience as his king, is the realization of this ideal. It is his strenuous self-mastery, his self-subjugation to the law of duty, his orderly activity in the sphere of the practical, which give him his power. Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—reverence of one’s better nature, knowledge of one’s true nature, control of one’s natural passions—these three alone lead life to sovereign power. Yet even so one’s work may fail. Still, in the very hour of failure, when he is passing from us, Arthur is strong enough to trust the larger hope. He may fail, but God’s increasing purpose does not fail.

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.”

These, very briefly and imperfectly put, seem to us the central thoughts in the lesson which Tennyson would teach us. Many other lessons there are of love and patriotism—but this is the chief lesson. And now, like his own Arthur, he too has passed from us; and like Sir Bedivere we stand gazing after him, “revolving many memories. And those of us who are past the middle time of life, know only too well that for us there can never be any one to fill his place. The days darken round us, and the years, among new men, strange faces, other minds.

“But when that moan had passed for ever—
more,
The stillness of the dead world’s winter dawn
Amazed him, and he cried ‘The king is gone.’
Whereat he slowly turn’d and slowly clomb
The last hard footsteps of that iron crag;
Thence mark’d the black hull, moving yet,
and cried,
‘He passes to be king among the dead.’
Then from the dawn it seemed there came
—but faint,
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry—
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.’
—*The Educational Times.*

LESSONS NOT IN BOOKS.

MARGARET W. SUTHERLAND.

THE lessons which we shall discuss as among the valuable ones not in books are not lessons from the “Book of Nature,” important and interesting as they are, but some that belong to the domain of every-day conduct. Three things in one day called my special attention to them;

the first a remark made by an associate teacher, a thoughtful and cultivated woman, as she noticed the lack of taste displayed in the dress of one of our pupils—in another year, perhaps, to be an example to others,—and queried whether some suggestions in such matters did not belong to our