

ciation? Why should the smallest provocation stir up such bitter feelings towards the offending, and cause such deadly enmity to rankle in our breasts? Why will the sufferers wilfully extort from their fellows in affliction one additional cry of anguish? Though we grant that civilization has improved the condition of the masses, that commerce has linked the interests of every nation, that toleration has procured precious rights and liberties for all, that education has enlarged and ennobled the thoughts of every language and every people, that Christianity has carried the lamp of light and love into the blackest and foulest retreats of vice, ignorance and superstition, yet we are forced to acknowledge in the face of all these facts that multitudes are yet bowing down before their fetish self and offering all the wealth of body, mind and soul upon its altars, till the deep fountains of their inner natures are so dried up by this soul-parching worship that they even question the purity of the motives of those, the constant aim of whose lives is shown by their earnest endeavour to make all with whom they come in contact nobler and happier. Around us on every side thousands are asking, "What do I owe to humanity?" They are pointing to our charitable institutions with pride and self-satisfaction, and are contenting themselves with occasional and spasmodic offerings for the relief of want and suffering that they may appease a rebuking conscience, never considering that sympathy and affection meet direr needs of the human soul than silver or gold ever satisfy. In vain they seek to hide their sins of omission and commission with the lawyer's cavilling question, "Who is my neighbour?" To them and to us comes the answer as it came to him, "All, all mankind, not only your neighbour but your brother;" and as that answer still resounds in our ears

what are those strains that float through our minds—"my duty to my neighbour is to love him as myself, to do unto all men as I would they should do unto me;" and again, further, listen, "My duty to my neighbour is to hurt nobody by word or deed, to be true and just in all my dealings, to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart." Ah! they are snatches from the old familiar catechism so oft repeated in our youth, and with the memory of years that are past, and the consciousness of evil thoughts that burn within, what one among us does not stand dumb before their condemnation? We, the most liberally endowed of all God's creation, prove less generous than the inanimate objects of nature around us. We, with all our intelligence, culture and refinement are less ready to diffuse the blessings we enjoy among our fellow-beings, and share with the needy the benefits that favour our lot, than the warm body to part with its heat and the luminous body to shed forth its light; and so, instead of the beautiful equilibrium that pervades the natural world, we find in society the deplorable inequalities that grieve the philanthropist, perplex the moralist, and baffle the philosopher.

Let us, dear fellow-teachers, search our hearts with the question, Does this great love of humanity fill our souls? Have we purged our minds from every subtle prejudice? Lurks there in our secret natures no cherished envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness? Do we daily battle with self, and are we striving to inspire the children committed to our charge with this sublime sentiment that both they and the world may reap a glorious harvest in the hallowing influence of their future lives? Let us realize that ours is no ordinary privilege. Ours it is to convince those young minds before the cares of the world have seared their tenderness and