

mines with the light of heaven the humblest walks of life. It makes a nobleman of the poorest peasant ; it makes a commander-in-chief of the man whose mission in the world may be simply to educate the little street arabs, or to sow the seeds of rudimentary education in some remote country parish. And character qualities, the powers of principle, are just as manifest among children as adults. You notice that tenacity of truth, that love of uprightness in boys, or you are shocked by its absence. Lying is the vice of childhood, it is the weapon of defencelessness—of the weak against the strong. But the conscience often rises above fear ; and in a class of children, as in a room full of adults, there will always be a universal conscience correcting the foibles of the individual—not siding with the weak against the strong, but with the right against the wrong. Nothing is finer than the ready response of the universal conscience—nothing more final and absolute. This it is which upholds the teacher in his trying task. When a boy is punished justly, the conscience of the school goes with the master, and when a boy is praised it is the same. It is this common conscience which blows the sparks to flame, and applauds to the echo the upward tendency it has not always the strength to follow.

I was very much struck the other day on the occasion of the distribution of prizes at a public school. The speeches were very dull, but the young boys were very much interested ; they cheered everybody and everything. They came up, one by one, to receive their prizes, and the bright boys came up first, and were very much applauded. This went on for some time. At last, one long lanky boy came up, with a good honest face, to receive his prize. But we could not proceed to business ; the storm of applause rose and fell, and rose again. The headmaster was on his legs, the boy was waiting there, and I thought they never would leave off cheering. So turning to my neighbour I asked, "Who is this boy ? Is this the captain of the school ? Is he a great genius ?" "No," said my friend, "this is the dunce of the school !" "What do you mean ?" I again

asked. "Well," said my friend, "this poor boy is the stupidest in the whole school. He has hardly been able to learn the most elementary facts, but his industry, his application is such that the master has taken him personally in hand. He has coached him after hours, and they have pegged away together—but for long it seemed of very little use ; but the boy would not be beaten, and now he has at last *taken a prize*."

THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.

I should like, before we part, to point to two ruling principles which are of universal importance, but which may, perhaps, have a peculiar interest for teachers. The first principle is the *love of knowledge for itself* ; that is a mental principle. And the second is a moral and spiritual one : it is the *love or enthusiasm of humanity for itself*." These form powerful centres for diffusing heat and light, and they are amongst the most mighty of indirect influences. The man who has not a love of knowledge for its own intrinsic worth never can be a successful educator. Education does not mean stuffing a lot of matter into the brain ; it means, from the very nature of the word, bringing out what is there. Before you can draw out what is in a child, of course, you must teach him how to use his powers ; but that is not done by cramming, but by development. You are there to develop—to draw out of him what he is—that is education. But educators must be educated. The question then becomes primarily one of self-culture. And here is food for many addresses instead of a closing paragraph. One good rule is, "Know more than you use"—read and think outside and all round. Lord Brougham used to say, "Know everything about something, and something about everything." And here some one mutters he has no time. "No time" is often given as a plea for the neglect of extraneous knowledge. To a certain extent this may be true, for some take twice as long to do a thing as others. But everyone should find time to be untechnical—out of routine, and to cultivate knowledge for its own sake. You had better