

an eminent Catholic priest, says: *
 "Education: to whom does it belong? is the question with which we started out. We now make answer: It belongs to the individual, physical or moral, to the family, to the State, to the Church; to none of these solely and exclusively, but to all four combined in harmonious working, for the reason that man is not an isolated but a social being. Precisely in the

* In a pamphlet entitled "Education: to whom does it belong?"

harmonious combination of these four factors in education is the difficulty of practical application."

The home, the Church, the State—each has its duty to perform in the education of the child; and if each will perform that duty, the result will be an American citizen pure, holy, intelligent and patriotic—a man loving his country, his God, and his fellow-man as he loves himself, and one who believes and practises righteousness. —*Educational Review.*

THE TEACHER'S COMMISSION.

W. A. MCINTYRE, M.A. *

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one, to me
 Little remains; but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence; something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns, to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

FOR those who feel within their hearts an echo to these words, I have a thought to-day; to those content to sit in slothful ease, I cannot speak. The living soul is he who strives and hopes and yearns for greater things; but he is dead who is the slave to thoughtless custom and routine. My message is for those

who live. A sermon you may call it if you will; to me it will be but a meditation.

I have this day received a commission, than which none could be more delicate, none more important, none more sacred. I have been entrusted with the duty of moulding the lives and shaping the destinies of forty of God's little ones. Surely this is a wonderful trust; surely in accepting it, I may feel that I have been honored above my worth, exalted beyond my station. Honored? Yes, but more than honored. I am possessed of a holy fear. Exalted? Yes, but more than exalted. I am humbled when I consider mine own insufficiency. What if I should misdirect these lives? What if I should establish in these young minds wrong ideals? What if I should fail to develop those habits and tastes, and those powers of being that are necessary to noble existence? What if I destroy rather than edify? What if I crush out rather than foster those feelings and aspirations that should be the property of every living soul?

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