

from within that nations perish, and in the humble school-house Canadians must build the bulwark to guard the precious heritage of constitutional freedom, which statesmen have matured, and for which heroes have died. Nor is heroism altogether wanting from the teacher's life. There are many kinds of heroism, and not the least to be admired is that which lies back in the quiet and obscure places. Nay, it is often easier to die amid the blare of trumpets, the waving of banners, and the high enthusiasm of war, than to toil and suffer bravely on through the long years of poverty and neglect. Wherever true work is done, wherever pure motives prevail, wherever, amid circumstances of trial, privation, and discouragement, the heart and hand fail not, but with self-sacrificing fortitude struggle patiently on to the required end; there always is heroism. Such a lot is often laid upon the teacher, but let him labour in faith and hope as one who builds more grandly than they who shaped the Parthenon, or piled the Pyramids. Of all the fabrics reared by man, what can rival his in beauty, in value, or in imperishability? Who else on this earth can build above the storms? Mutation and decay sweep round the globe. History itself is but a kind of epitaph. While we build we die, and our buildings crumble upon our graves, Pictures fade, statues are broken, or buried, philosophies shift and reshape themselves like the visions of a kaleidoscope, cities and civilizations break into dust, and if the Pyramids still raise their massive forms above the Nile, it is only to mark the vanity of kings and the pride of power—the melancholy remains of a departed glory,—a memorial, but a tomb. And what is gone comes not again. Hannibal and Cæsar may indeed have a resurrection, but the ceremonies of

old Carthage and Rome shall never be burst asunder. But within the immortal spirit of man, where the teacher carves his lines and moulds the character, the winds and the floods have no power. The teacher does indeed build above the storms, and may defy the pitiless pelting of the rains. His marble temple shall never be "moss-grown nor frost-flung." Goth nor Vandal shall mutilate the stones; the drifting sands of the desert shall not cover them; but, all untouched by "Time's effacing fingers," shall they abide from age to age, taking on ever-new grandeur of outline, and ever-new light of beauty. The familiar illustration of Addison, in which he likens the work of the educator to that of the sculptor on the marble, will never lose its aptness or value, but how far short after all it falls of doing justice to the teacher's mission. It is counted high praise to say of the sculptor that he can "*almost* make the marble speak." He gives us the simulation of a man; but how much greater and nobler to give us by education the man in reality! To evoke from the rude mind the power to think, to feel, to imagine, to enable it "to borrow splendour from all that is fair, to subordinate to itself all that is great, and to sit enthroned on the riches of the universe!" The well-shaped statue lifted to a niche in some palace or famous abbey preserves the memory of the dead, and gives immortal fame to the sculptor; the living spirit, endowed with illimitable powers of development, chiselled by a finer touch, and fashioned by an inward growth, is raised to a sphere beyond the palaces and galleries of earth, to be radiant forever with a celestial light, vocal forever with a celestial song, and employed for ever

"In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."