

man, I'm no mon, I'm a magestrate!"

If we follow this inspiring example and expect everybody to speak to us as the school children do, and if we carry ourselves generally with a "Would-you-speak-to-me-that-way-and-me-the-Minister?" air, and if we plainly show that we cannot talk about anything *but* school, nor defend ourselves by changing the subject, then who is to blame but ourselves? Not, indeed, that teachers are the only ones who cannot speak of any interests but their own—doctors and lawyers and merchants and paterfamilias and materfamilias offend too. And if it is objectionable in teachers, so it is in others.

Am I not a man and a brother? Who has a better right or opportunity than the members of the teaching profession to live a free, bright, sympathetic, unselfish life—the life of a lover of men, of a man who does not neglect the side of his nature which his profession tends to repress, who can take recreation in playing tennis or football or cricket, who can shoot or skate or curl, who is a bit of an

artist or a musician, a writer or a speaker, or what not, as well as a teacher—a man whose life is refreshed by the ministry of nature, and in which there is room for what seems "dearest to us in life as life goes by—the love and grace and tenderness of it—not the wit and grandeur of learning, grand as learning is, but the laughter of little children, and the friendship of friends, the pleasant voices by the fireside, and the sound of music and the sight of flowers."

Surely if the aim of all true education is to make true men and women, then none can reach it who are not such themselves—those to whom human nature is no sealed book, whose individuality is neither weak nor unworthy, nor confined within the narrow bounds of the pedagogue's kingdom.

For the true teacher the path of learning and the round of each day's life are not illuminated by the light of knowledge alone, but beshone as well by the brightness of broad sympathies and the guiding stars of noble ideals.

UNFINISHED WORK.

EVER in life is a work to do,
Long enduring and ne'er gone through,
Seeming to end and begun anew.

Say not, e'en at thy latest date,
"Now I have naught but to watch and wait,"
Something will take thee without the gate.

Only One, when He bowed His head,
When on the cross for thee He bled,
Rightly then "It is finished," said.

Trust Him the ending, faithful be,
Work till the evening and thou shalt see,
Christ will finish thy work for thee.

—Selected—Lord Kinloch.

"In democracies men are never stationary. A thousand chances waft them to and fro, and their life is always the sport of unforeseen or extemporaneous circumstances. Thus they are often obliged to do things which they have imperfectly learned; to say things they imperfectly understand, and to devote themselves to work for which they are unprepared by long apprenticeship."—*De Tocqueville*.

MR. HOWELLS makes one of his characters

say: "It is pretty easy for a man to stick to a principle if he has a woman to stand by him." Oftener than we suppose heroism and success are due more to the woman, whose companionship and moral support is an inspiration, than to the man who gets the praise and the glory. Many a man stands erect and faithful only because a faithful woman is standing by him.—*The Cumberland Presbyterian*.