

and of individuals, that those who are afraid to tell a lie are not afraid of anything else. Certainly there are few nobler traits in human character than a conscientious regard to truth in speech, and no meaner, baser vice than falsehood. But every one who has had much to do with the average boy and girl—shall I add, and with the average man and woman?—knows that strict truthfulness is a virtue more rare than easy of attainment in the world where temptations to its opposite so lamentably abound. Of course I do not mean by truthfulness so merely negative a thing as simply abstinence from outspoken falsehood. The man or the woman, the boy or the girl, who can tell a deliberate, barefaced lie, is beyond culture and beneath contempt. It is not such a case I am considering. By the cultivation of truthfulness I mean the cultivation of feelings and habits that will lead us to shun and to abhor every kind of equivocation, in word, or act, or gesture, or even in silence. The essence of falsehood is deception, and all intentional deception is falsehood. A foul untruth may be told by a nod, or a glance, or by refraining from either, or by a thousand other little artifices, with which we are all too familiar. And I am by no means sure that this kind of lying does not deserve the palm for meanness. I am not sure but there is something less utterly opposed to nobleness in a bold, daring, uncompromising and unmitigated falsehood, than in the cowardly and contemptible equivocation which skulks behind some petty ambiguity of speech, and sneaks along in the shadow of words and phrases, keeping the word of truth to the ear but breaking it to the sense. This way of saving conscience is but covering a plague spot with a coat of varnish, or putting a thin plaster of self-deception over a moral gangrene. Need I prove that the use of such equivoca-

tion is in many cases owing simply to the lack of moral culture—simply to the fact that the eye of the understanding has never been trained to discern between good and evil? Who can for a moment doubt that the teacher who is constantly training his pupils to hate the false and love the true is one of the noblest benefactors of his country and his race?

Need I add, in closing, that in order to the teacher's success in all, or any, respectable part of this great work, the process must begin at home. No saucy pupil must have it in his power to say to his preceptor "Physician, heal thyself." Nor will it suffice for the teacher to say to himself, I have not the mental and moral fitness for impressing such mental and moral habits upon my pupils. If he has not, it is time he had such fitness. If every teacher is responsible for the real mental and moral culture of his pupils, and not simply for compelling them to learn by rote certain facts and formulæ, he surely is doubly responsible for his own mental and moral culture. Teachers should ever set before them the aim and determination to make themselves the most intelligent, most high-minded and most refined men and women in the land. That our power to shape our own characters is real, and almost unlimited, few will care to deny. Even John Stuart Mill, in his review of Sir William Hamilton, passed from his able advocacy of the baldest necessitarianism, to a chapter in which the existence of the power to modify one's own character is boldly contended for. True, in so doing, he may have to vault over a logical chasm, whose breadth and depth may well appal the ordinary reasoner. But this very fact is but an additional tribute to the truth as revealed in consciousness.

If, then, we all are entrusted, to an extent, at least, which makes responsibility real and awful, with a