

working on our sluggard souls. We became poets while we were in the woods. Then we saw visions and dreamed dreams. Then, and only then, our souls came near to heaven. But, the people of that age could not know this, and there was no one to help us. Oh! if there had been one, only one man, to lead, to inspire, to interpret—to break a little earth and show us how it came to be earth, to take a drop of water and explain its mysteries, to tell us the story of the skies, to read us what the poets have said about God's beautiful world, and to make us familiar with the rhythmic flow of their language.

"Remember this, that there was in our hearts a natural longing for knowledge and for beauty. Why, we surreptitiously climbed the old beech trees and carved our names and the names of others in the soft, green bark. What a feeling of conquest as our knives shaped the letters. Above all what a sensation of delight when we found ourselves able to connect with the activity the words of the only literature we knew—that of the red-backed reading-book:

"Nearby the spring upon the elm,

You know I cut your name—

Your sweetheart's just beneath it,  
Tom,

And you did mine the same.

"Yes, we missed the man, for the man was a teacher of books in a school room, not a leader of boys in their hopes and yearnings. It is only fair to say that one man varied a little from the rest. He was at least human, but nevertheless a victim of the system. One of your writers has said that education should make the soul conscious of needs and able to fulfil them. If only instead of so much arithmetic and grammar

and spelling, some one had developed in us a passion or craving for knowledge and beauty and goodness, as it existed in the world of men and things, our lives might have been more profitable today. Sometimes I feel we must write over against it all 'Lost Opportunity.' "

This and much more said my good friend, and I let him say it. For it contained some truth, though not the whole of it. The old teachers insisted on hard work and right habits and personal responsibility, and that is an education in itself. But they missed something, too, and it is for you and me, fellow teachers, to make sure we do not miss it. While we shall not neglect the teaching of the three R's, in any particular, we shall not think of the teaching of these as ends, but as means. The ends will be the opening of lives to a fuller appreciation of truth and loveliness and righteousness; the broadening of human sympathy and sympathy for every growing thing. And we shall not forget that a being reaches his highest in culture and in usefulness through the joy of carefully directed work, and the freedom of carefully-supervised play. So there will be time in our work for that which our good friend so sadly missed—companionship, leadership, the upward and inward look, the desire to create. In our schools children shall be children, not mere machines; they shall not only prepare for life, they shall participate in it. Yes, there is no way out of it but one—to consider books and studies and all the rest as but incidental, though always necessary. The teacher's real mission can be summed up in only one phrase, that which was coined and lived by the Teacher of all teachers, "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

### A READING LESSON—THE GOOD SAMARITAN

In teaching a reading lesson there are naturally four parts—introduction, pupil's preparation, recitation, after-

work. In some cases the introduction is reduced to zero, in some cases the afterwork is unnecessary. Often the