

tion to those which were required of them, there was a spirit of independence which would run over into the other studies. The study of these side subjects took away the otherwise inevitable thought of drudgery; it was the salt which gave wholesomeness, relish and keenness to all their other work. Above all they should exercise themselves in perusing the Word of God until it yielded its spirit, and then work it into their prayers; they should take their pupils and themselves to the fountain of all thought and feeling, and they would find that this, their own early half hour, had power to absolutely quench all mean absorptions and self-engrossment. This wanting, no religious instruction which they were allowed to give would be of much avail; with it they could not but be religious instructors, whatever they taught. If there were those who really desired to have religious teaching banished from education—not merely to escape jealousies, but on its own account—they had done little by erasing the subject from the time-table; they must erase it from the hearts and consciences of those who taught, and they would have at last to demand testimonials of religion. The logical sequence of non-religion on principle was strange indeed. Secular subjects awakened the ardour of the religious man, and he alone could rate them at their true worth. To him they were sacred subjects, because of their discoverable truths, because they belonged to the fulness of earth's life and man's nature, and were, as St. Paul said, primary manifestations of the eternal power of the Godhead. "What a difference," said Dr. Wesley, "there is between the teaching of Wordsworth by a Christian and by an unbeliever." The so-called secularist was a man who deprived things secular of all their power, and meaning, and beauty; the true secularist was

he who knew the dignity and the Divineness that was in all these things but sin. A polished man of letters in the last century, the bosom friend of its chief poet, a man cherished by the great leaders of society, made it his dying request that two lines which he composed for the purpose might be included in his epitaph, and there they were in marble in the Abbey in deep and instructive discord with the earnest chorus of the poets of England—

This life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.

There they had the world's own voice, this world's life, pretending to speak with added wisdom out of the tomb, and yet denying its own reality. What a strange complication! But they were two useful lines to them, pointing them to the first thing which the Christian teacher had to do, to raise the world seriously to know its own value. It was only the religious man in whose eyes this world was venerable and great and sacred; and Christ Himself began His lessons by making His pupils feel their own value to God. Number, forces, form, colour, music, the laws of thought, knowledge of science, beauty and philosophy, seemed to one man but subjective creations, and to another the mechanic workings of an engine; but to the Christian they were all to him revelations of God's power and goodness, and of the methods by which God worked. To him there was there a new science and a new way of regarding science. There was nothing that he dare treat carelessly or trifle with, nothing to use for display; time, and his powers in proportion to his duties, were his only limits, and all that he did was done as to the Lord. And if it was thus with secular lessons, how would it be with religious lessons, which were the consummation and interpre-