

the mighty wind of conviction and enthusiasm have winnowed the air of pestilence and superstition."

Yes, friend, throw a higher poetry than this into your linguistic work ; the poetry of pure and holy motive. Then in the coming days, when you are fast asleep under the green grass, they will not speak lightly of you over their fruit and wine, mimicking your accent and retailing dull, insipid boy-pleasantries. Enlightened with the experience of fatherhood, they will see with a clear remembrance your firmness in dealing with their moral faults, your patience in dealing with their intellectual weakness ; and calling to mind the old school room they will think, " Ah ! it was good for us to be there. For unknown to us were made therein three tabernacles ; one for us, and one for our schoolmaster, and one for Him that is the Friend of all children and the Master of all schoolmasters.

" Ah ! believe me, brother mine, where two or three children are met together, unless He who is the Spirit of gentleness be in the midst of them, then our Latin is but sounding brass and our Greek a tinkling cymbal."

Now, my brother in the work, do you not admit in your heart that these men are right? Is not life itself the greatest thing in life, and is not our one supreme duty to the child to cause him to truly live? " I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Then why not live up to our conception? Are we slaves to custom and routine that we need work towards a less worthy end? I am indeed sorry for him who has a limited view of his work, but I am impatient with him who admits the greater aim, but who by his actions gives the lie to his utterances. Let us out of the low-vaulted past. Let us rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things. Most of us have worked

side by side for many years. We all have our failings. Yet let us forget all these and think only of what yet remains to be done. I began by quoting from Ulysses, will you let me close by quoting from the same poem? The thought is not wholly suitable, but ye who yearn will find the inspiration you require :

" My mariners,
Souls that have toiled and wrought
and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and
opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—You and
I are old :
Old age hath yet his honor and his
toil ;
Death closes all ; but something ere
the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be
done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with
gods.
The light begins to twinkle from the
rocks,
The long day wanes, the slow moon
climbs, the deep
Moans round with many voices.
Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer
world.
Push off, and setting well in order,
smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose
holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the
baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us
down ;
It may be we will touch the Happy
Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we
knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ;
and tho'
We are not now that strength which
in old days