

able to measure their teacher—sound him—so soon they seem to respect him as any thing more than themselves, and the control over them is gone.

2. The teacher, to govern well, must be calm. Calmness indicates strength. The weak sapling is shaken by the blast, but the lords of the forest stand unmoved against the gale. The unsubstantial waters dash in fury in the tempest, but the grand old mountains hold their brows serenely to the storm. The teacher who becomes excited before his pupils publishes thereby the fact that he is weak.

3. To control well, the teacher must be firm, and in order to be consistently firm, he must be discreet and careful, always deciding after due reflection, and always maintaining his right decisions. Vacillation indicates unsoundness of judgment or lack of will, and is incompatible with strength of character.

4. In order to govern well, the teacher must be dignified. I don't mean starched. I mean the simple dignity that comes from good breeding and superior worth—the dignity of true manhood and womanhood. There is something in the bearing of that man or woman who is truly worthy that excites reverence, and this bearing can not be assumed. The only way to obtain it is to be the character of which it is the index.

A third great cause of failure in our schools, an underlying, fundamental cause, is the lack of a proper appreciation of the real nature and responsibility of the work,—a lack of that basis of moral character upon which alone the highest success can be built. In all departments of labor there is a distinctive *animus* without which no man can be a true workman. In the work of teaching, this *animus* is the desire to culture young minds into strength and purity—to develop human souls in the highest forms of manhood—to secure not only intellectual power, but moral uprightness. Our physical, mental, and moral natures are so interdependent that either being neglected the others can not attain to noblest growth. The true teacher recognizes this, and, while seeking to strengthen and discipline the intellect, he does not neglect physical and moral training; he does not forget the ultimate design of all instruction should be the development of man's highest nature—the formation of an exalted moral character. As he contemplates the youthful minds

under his care and influence, he perceives how intimately each is related to the wonderful universe about him, and he seeks to bring each life into harmony therewith, so that in after years it shall not give to nature's speech a harsh discordance, like the untuned harp to the hand that sweeps its strings, but shall be in sweet accord with creation's universal symphonies. In the character of this work the true teacher finds his highest inspiration, and in its success he hopes for his chief reward. Not disheartened by the hardships and trials he is called to endure, he remembers that his work shall not perish, but in the infinite future shall bear its blessed fruits.

A few months ago I stood beside the famous old cathedral in Cologne, perhaps the most stupendous and perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. Five hundred and eleven feet in length, two hundred and thirty-one in breadth, with its roof two hundred and fifty feet from the floor, and its great front towers rising—when they shall be completed—five hundred feet from the ground below, it stands, wonderful, beautiful, and grand, a noble monument of human achievement. This huge pile was begun in the year 1246, and is not yet finished, as the towers are now but little higher than the roof. I stood beside it and saw the workmen laying the new, fresh stone above, carrying up these lofty towers, while at the base of the grand old structure the huge blocks of stone, laid there more than six hundred years ago, were already rotting away. I looked upon it with strange emotions, for, remembering that eighteen generations of men have come and gone upon the earth since the building was begun, it seemed so like a struggle on the part of man after something that should endure—putting his thought, his life, his blood, into a pile of rock—seeking thus to fossilize them for immortality. But the rotting, crumbling stone showed how vain the struggle, and the question unbidden came to me then: Is there no work of man's hand that shall endure? And I remembered the words of Webster: "If you work upon marble, it will perish; if you work upon brass, time will efface it; if you rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if you work upon minds, if you imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow-men, you engrave upon those tablets something that shall brighten through all

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