

life, dedicate himself, devote his time, energy and talent to a cause, especially that of elevating the race, bettering the conditions of man kind, alleviating its woes, encouraging it to look up, unless he be "In the Spirit." Thomas Arnold and Froebel, too, must have been "In the Spirit." The work they did so well, their influence in our day is evidence of it. But what of Pestalzzi? Can anyone live a more "living sacrifice" than did he, in his devotion to childhood, orphanage and the lowly? Poor as was his scholarship, meagre his culture, ill-balanced his character, yet my heart leaps up when I think of "the miracle of love," his sacrifice, the cheer he has sent into miserable souls, the Samaritan offices he performed, the good he has done, ever earnest, sincere, responsive, sympathetic. With him the inner life the "I," with self and child was the end and aim of education. External, "the me" concerned him little. He lived and labored "In the Spirit." Only such a life and labor can call forth, even in death, such an epitaph as that which has been justly given him: "Saviour of the poor, preacher of the people, father of the orphan, educator of humanity, man, Christian, citizen: everything for others, nothing for self. Blessed be his name." Better leave such an epitaph on the hearts and in the lives of humanity and be buried "in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor," than be ephemerally great and be interred with imposing ceremonies in a conspicuous corner in Westminster.

The school-house, its equipment and environment, the community cast their influence to inspire or thwart the teacher's work. All this is paraphernalia (a help 'tis true) to him who has an inner life, enrich-

ed, vast stored, from whence he draws his daily sustenance. This one gives bread not stones; ennoble all he looks upon, turns to purer metal all he touches. His goad is spirit, not show and scourge. This he plants in others. Get but the good *within* thyself, if thou wouldst be a man. A year with such a one means life-long blessings to the child.

"As one lamp lights another, nor grows less So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

It twice ennobleth. "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Happy and influential is he who is conversant with the one real language, sympathy,—the cord that binds man to man—the electric current that unifies, the motor by which we feed. To feel and to be moved, to feel how noble! It is our richest endowment, our most God-like heritage. Sympathy, what an enlivening force! How permeating its influences, how bouyant its power! What a tonic to the weak, resuscitator to the faint, a healer of the sick, a meed in distress! He who in his teaching remembers his childhood, his early manhood, who can, at will, renew his youth, and see himself again in infancy, who forgets not the troubles in his long division, those first dark days in his geometry, the hours of toil over his Greek verb, though he may lack high scholarship, expert, professional training, a broad and liberal culture,—important qualifications in the main, has the essential equipment for real success.

The teaching profession needs students of life, of humanity; teachers whose permanent interests lie along the lines of their labors, who live in their work, who are earnest, sincere, noble, responsive, sympathetic—who are "in the Spirit."—*The Ohio Educational Monthly.*