

reserve, so chilling to the heart of a generous boy. There was no fictitious dignity inspired by the name of teacher; neither did he single himself out from among his pupils, as a being worthy of their regard, but too exalted for their love. He mingled in their sports, and of its effect upon himself, let him be his own witness. "I should say have your pupils a good deal with you, and be as familiar with them as possible. I did this continually, more and more, before I left Laleham, going to bathe with them, leaping, and performing all other gymnastic exercises within my capacity, and sometimes sailing or rowing with them. They, I believe, always liked it, and I enjoyed it like a boy and found myself constantly the better for it."

What was the feeling of his pupils toward him? They possessed for him the deepest reverence, inspired by his innate goodness of heart, as well as by his superior knowledge. They were attached by the love of right, the supreme regard for truth, the unfeigned humility, which were such conspicuous traits in his character, and, while in a degree they were influenced to cultivate the same traits, they also looked for his approval, a thing most worthy to be sought for next to that of God and the conscience. The master was supreme, yet they were not slaves. They feared him, but a deeper feeling than fear pervaded the mass, and led them captives at his will.

There was a recognition of the mutual dependence, which, in a healthfully regulated school, must exist between teacher and pupils, whereby they perceived that his approval was a thing essential to their happiness, and that they, in turn, by their good or bad actions, seriously affected his comfort. Again, his control over them was never impaired by his life. "His interest and sympathy with boys," says one, "far exceeded any outward manifestations of it." The boys knew this, felt it, believed it with the whole soul, and this belief was strengthened "by the genial influence of his whole character, displayed consistently, whenever he appeared before them."

Besides the relations he sustained to his pupils, those which he sustained to his profession and to the world about him, are instructive. His was not a life full of selfishness and sloth, cold and isolated, but one characterized in every department of increasing activity. Neither was this the jealous activity of one seeking his own preferment merely making teaching, and the seeming love of it, the means by which he might accomplish certain ends. He was known as lecturer, as a writer, and as an ardent friend of whatever had a tendency to elevate his profession, or to promote the diffusion of knowledge among the people. It was his aim to awaken, and draw out thought, and to induce discussion. Upon a certain subject he says, "feeling sincerely that my own information is limited, I should be very glad to be the means of inducing others to write upon it, who may be far better acquainted with its details than I am." Again he writes, "I cannot tell of myself how to mend the existing evil, but I wish to call attention to its magnitude."

In this respect the example of Arnold is particularly worthy of note by American educators. There is much of ignorance and prejudice to be overcome in the minds of teachers, many old dogmas to be exploded—many new theories to be examined. When Themistocles would build again the walls of Athens, he spared neither the temples of the gods, nor the tombs of his ancestors. Nothing was too sacred, nothing too profane. He invaded all places, both public and private, and enlisted the services of bondsmen and freemen, that he might speedily accomplish his end. We live in an age of seeming progress, and if we would keep pace with the demands of the times, we ought not only to avail ourselves of all present resources, but to increase them by every means in our power, remembering that "every man is a debtor to his profession, from which, as men do, of course, seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they, of duty, to endeavour themselves, by way of amends, to be both a help and an ornament thereto." There is no great merit in reading, yet never writing; in thinking, yet never talking; in accumulating knowledge, if we hoard it, as the miser do his gold, or hide it, as the slothful servant hid his talent in the earth.

But there is one view in which the life of Arnold rises into still higher significance. He was a christian teacher. "Above all," he writes, "let me mind my own personal work,—to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing,—laboring to do God's work, yet not anxious that it should be done by me, rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it." "What we must look for here, first," he says, "is moral and religious principle." Ought it not be so in every school?

What would Arnold have said, had he taught in some of our American cities, and been told that, not only must the voice of prayer be silenced, but that even the word of God could not be tolerated in the school-room? All over our land are men to be found, and their number is not few, who advocate the total prohibition of every kind of religious influence in our common schools. They may err through ignorance, but their error is none the less great and alarming, and ought to meet the firm, unyielding remonstrance of every Christian teacher in the land.

From the religious life of Arnold, there is space to inculcate only

the lesson that a teacher's religion should not be merely the foundation of his life, covered from sight by worldly cares, but his life itself. Permeating and penetrating every thought, speaking in every action, giving life and meaning to every expression, it is as necessary to his success as the warmth of the sun to the germination of spring.—*Connecticut Common School Journal*.

VII. Miscellaneous.

1. THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Close her eyelids, press them gently
O'er the dead and faded eyes,
For the soul that made them lovely
Hath returned unto the skies;
Wipe the death-drops from her forehead,
Sever one dear golden tress,
Fold her icy hands all meekly,
Smoother the little snowy dress:
Scatter flowers o'er her pillow—
Gentle flowers, so pure and white—
Lay the bud upon her bosom,
There—now softly say, Good night.

Though our tears flow fast and faster,
Yet we would not call her back;
We are glad her feet no longer
Tread life's rough and thorny track;
We are glad our heavenly father
Took her while her heart was true,
We are glad he did not leave her
All life's trials to endure:
We are glad—and yet the tear-drop
Falleth; for, alas! we know
That our fire-side will be lonely,
We shall miss our darling so.

While the twilight shadows gather,
We shall wait in vain to feed
Little arms all white and dimpled,
Round our necks so softly steal;
Our wet cheeks will miss the pressure
Of sweet lips so warm and red.
And our bosom sadly, sadly,
Miss that darling little head,
Which was wont to rest there sweetly;
And those golden eyes so bright,
We shall miss their loving glance,
We shall miss their soft Good Night.

When the morrow's sun is shining,
They will take this cherished form,
They will bear it to the churchyard,
And consign it to the worm;
Well—what matter? It is only
The clay-dress our darling wore:
God hath robed her as an angel,
She hath need for this no more;
Fold her hands, and o'er her pillow
Scatter flowers all pure and white,
Kiss that marble brow, and whisper,
Once again, a last Good Night.

2. QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

On the occasion of the recent visit of Queen Victoria to Birmingham, the public grounds at Aston were opened by her. One of the interesting features of the day's proceedings was the following:—On leaving Gosta-Green, and entering the Aston Road, a very touching spectacle attracted Her Majesty's notice. Some 40,000 little children of both sexes, belonging to the schools of all denominations of Christians, and also to those of the Jews, lined the road for some distance on both sides, and as Her Majesty passed, they sang in a low, gentle manner:

Now pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy and the happy,
And the gloriously free.

3. AN INCIDENT.

A day of great activity had been spent by my scholars and myself in our rural school-room. Four o'clock was near when the last study had received our attention, and all were assembled for the closing