

all classes to hold society together. If I have uttered warnings, they have sprung from a deep-seated conviction that there are vicious tendencies in our social system which will react injuriously upon the individual character and the national life. Whatever of good appears in our national life must come largely through our schools.

What effect a set of ideas may have upon a community, is a theme worthy of the pen of the greatest delineator of active life. There is a rank of mind as well as of birth. Have you discovered the locus of your own—its hopes, aspirations,—sounded all its depths and found them pure and tranquil? Do your thoughts and actions inspire any lofty sentiment or excite a deep interest in the minds or hearts of others that are struggling upward to reach the light? Are you a leader of one or many? Wherefore? Are you willing to disturb some settled ideas so that when they settle down again, they will be at a higher level? As you look down the great thoroughfare of life is it bright and clear, or does it stretch out into mist and rain? Does your real-life expand as your ideal life recedes? In settling everything have you unsettled all things in your creed? Does hope still pervade all your efforts? Does the reflection in your world show the streams clear and rippling, or are they dark and muddy? What is the state of your own soul as you lead others into the broadening ways of life? Does life suggest terrible problems to which you can find no solutions? It will ever be so; but can we not solve those simpler ones that now rest in the lives near to us? What say you? Yes, fierce contests, rude passions, bitter tears drawn from all the fountains of human misery may confront you, but through all these there stand out in bold relief the beauty, the glory, and

the dignity of human character, toiling for the grandest purpose in life,—lessening suffering and sorrow everywhere. To aim at something higher, the largest types of beauty and goodness, are these not worth living for?

Remember that in the school-room, each child's heart is a world within itself. Its experiences are like no other. It is here in each heart that the sympathetic teacher pours the balm which comforts grief, softens anger, chastens affliction, and awakens resolves that perchance have lain dormant for years. This is indeed life. Teachers, will you not try to lift the pupils up to the dignity of exalted culture and high character? Unless inspired by these holy sentiments, your teaching is in vain. If you say, we are a minority, how can we build these characters into such a social structure? Need I remind you that history tells us the great events of the world have sprung from minorities, turned into majorities,—but these minorities were never hopeless. With hope and energy we can move and mould the opinions of a state.

Each child must be known as what it is within itself. No education can make two individuals exactly alike. The experience of each life differs from all other lives. Some lives have no sunshine—no flowers. Shall we not furnish some of these poor distressed ones with both? A recent writer has said,—Man gets on by a spring in his own mechanism and he should always keep it wound up. But this spring should not be the hectic fever caught from the child of hope. The passion of our lives should be to relieve and diminish human suffering. If, as teachers, we have not this true missionary spirit, our efforts are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Somewhere in her writings George Eliot says:—"My own experience and development deepen every day