

oracle to all the young people around him.

But, "pity 'tis, 'tis true," intellectual attainment, education, is only one of the essential elements of a teacher's equipment. You may call it the headstone of the corner if you please, but the headstone of the corner is only a small part of a great structure.

Much, I shrink from thinking how much, depends upon the temperament of the teacher. Many a school has been ruined, many a pupil's life has been spoiled, and the current of his activities turned into wrong channels, by some teacher, whose words, sharper than a serpent's tooth, have produced irremediable wounds. A dyspeptic, the victim of a disordered stomach, who enters the school-room under the influence of "an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an undone potato," is a maniac, and a patient public should insist upon his retirement. A cross, peevish, nervous, sarcastic, wizen-souled, torpid-livered man or woman has no business with the profession of teaching. To be a teacher, a guide, a trainer, a safe counselor of youth, one must be a paragon of kindness, patience and love; not a kindness that encourages disorder, not a patience that brooks an insult, not a love that borders on maudlin sentimentality, but a kindness, patience, love that are divinely given, divinely developed; these virtues, these graces, should be so enthroned in the mirror of the soul, so interwoven into one's intellectual attainments, that a company of youth sitting day by day under the benignant influence of such a character, would be moulded into such a oneness of industry, ambition and appreciation, that the memory of that teacher would forever be the Mecca of their deepest gratitude. While a pupil, bright, industrious, keen in per-

ception, quick in adaptation, appreciative, thoughtful, excites our admiration and tempts our best attention, it is rather the dull pupil, whose hereditary possessions are few, but whose application is diligent; and the indolent pupil, who has genius for all work but study, and has never yet felt the touch of a master hand upon his sleeping talent; and the mischievous pupil, who is in a constant state of natural ebullition and whose intellectual fermentations find vent in most inopportune times, that call forth our highest talents, and test our real ability. These are the pupils that try our patience, and exhaust our kindness, and yet these are the pupils whose welfare demands the richest products of a most serene temper, and who will not brook either acrid words or an attitude of indifference, and the teacher will become the true teacher only as he secures the respect, wins the confidence and gains the absolute affection of the dull, the indolent, and the mischievous, and these will only come as a result of an exhibition of patience and kindness which is only second to scholarship in a teacher's equipment.

The silent influences of nature are stupendous in their results. We see them in the blade of grass, the unfolding leaf, the bursting blossom. They are everywhere present, night and day, noiseless yet nurturing, producing all that is beautiful, and sad to say, all that is baneful. In the very breeze that fans us as we walk the streets may lurk the bacteria of disease as well as of health. It is equally true and equally demonstrable, and without the aid of a microscope, that every person carries with him an atmosphere of good or evil, and far more eloquent and infinitely more impressive than all his precepts and all his professions, is the silent influence of his daily example. Personal appearance then bears no insignifi-