

which it is nourished. Man is infinitely more than a shrewd animal, and the teacher who fails to recognize this does little else than harm. The instrument of knowledge itself, of the knowledge at least which is wisdom, is not so much the intellect as the whole man, to whom we must address ourselves if we would make a man. Not the truth we hold, but the truth by which we are held, nourishes and shapes our lives. Keep open the way which leads from the seen to the unseen, for it is only by moving therein that thou shalt find strength and joy. We live in the centre of Divine worlds, and how slight a thing will reveal the godlike virtue which lies asleep in the humblest heart. Not to the most wretched being alive is it lawful to speak a harsh or disheartening word. Though all else in his life be hideous and full of despair, yet shall the teacher bring to him the atmosphere of beauty, courage and love. How much of our strength is derived from the opinions we have formed of the moral purity and goodness of the persons with whom we have lived, whom we have known and loved? Were it no longer possible to believe in their truth and worth, the foundations of our spiritual beings would be shaken.

Suffer not, O teachers, that the all-believing, all-hoping souls of children find that the ideals they have worshipped are but idols. The good scatter blessings. In their company all Divine things seem possible, even as cowards lose their fear when a hero leads them. If we could live habitually as live those who truly love, what joy and wealth should be ours! How easy it would be for us to become poets, heroes, saints. A thought one lives by, however simple, a desire which fills the heart, however humble, is enough to make life rich and fair.

We make our proper world according as we believe, hope, desire and love. A loving soul illumines and warms the house better than a blazing hearth and a lighted lamp. It is not difficult to know what is good; but it is difficult to cherish this knowledge and to live with it until it becomes love and the very substance of our being. "There is," says Ruskin, "no fault nor folly of my life which does not rise up against me and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of light, of understanding." Yet though my sins be as scarlet, believe that God's love can make thee white and pure. If, with all thy heart thou seek the best things, failure is not possible. Strive then bravely to be true, gentle, chaste, loving, strong, and magnanimous, and thy life shall become sweet and noble. The light and peace of heaven shall enter thy soul, for thou shalt feel that God himself upholds and bears thee on. They who cherish right ideals are better than their characters, for they are ceaselessly rising out of themselves toward higher worlds. How good is silence! It soothes and refreshes like sleep. It keeps us at home with ourselves, wraps us like a blanket, cherishes the vital warmth, provides leisure and shuts out the discord and contentions which are never wanting where words abound. Learn, O teachers, ye who are immolated to talk, how precious are hours of solitude in which you may be alone with God and your own thoughts. There are no opportunities for those who have no life purpose. Let thy purpose be thy making thyself a man, and whatever happens thee, the good and the evil, will forward thee in the work. There is no time but now, and in this now lie the promise and the secret of immortal life. There is