

doubt as to what I had better do. I did think of teaching, but I know I am not good enough. I have just joined the church in our village and now see that I was not fit to do that." The case was a trying one; he could not even suggest a means for solving the problem proposed, nor could he treat it lightly, for it was the very problem that perplexed him. He received the confession in silence. As he looked over his class and saw this young man and thought of his inability to offer him a helping hand, he felt sad. The principal of the academy noted his depression and said: "I hope you are a Christian." "No, sir; I am sorry to say I am not. It never occurred to me a month ago that I had anything to do with teaching morals or religion; but now I feel I am on a road with fellow mortals who have most serious thoughts, and I have nothing to say to them." After school that day the principal and his assistant walked away together; as they passed the village cemetery the former pointed out with his cane a comparatively new tombstone: "There lies a young man who was one of the brightest of our pupils. He was graduated from college with honor, but returned here to become a moral wreck. It has been a painful question with me whether this academy could not have prevented such a sad end as he made." The conversation led the assistant to seek the Kingdom of God: he is now himself the principal of an academy. —*Exchange*

FORGOTTEN STANDARDS. — Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the reminiscences of her early life in Andover, published serially in *McClure's Magazine*, says many things of the standard of education in those days that are worth thinking about:

"We were taught that what Matthew Arnold calls 'conduct' was the

deciding thing. Not that we heard much until we grew old enough to read for ourselves, about Matthew Arnold; but we did hear a great deal about plain behavior—unselfishness, integrity, honor, sweet temper—the simple good morals of childhood. The idea of character was at the basis of everything we did, or dreamed or learned."

"As one grew to think out life for one's self, one came to perceive a width and sanctity in the choice of work—whether rhetoric or art, theology or sculpture, hydraulics or manufacture—but to *work*, to work hard, to see work steadily, and see it whole, was the way to be reputable."

Of her father she says:

"His private character was one of rare tenderness and sweetness of heart. He would go out of his way to save a crawling thing from death, or any sentient thing from pain. He took more trouble to give comfort or to prevent distress to every breathing creature that came within his reach, than any other person whom I have ever known. His sympathy was an extra sense, finer than eyesight, more exquisite than touch."

Why are these selections given here? Because they seem to hold a standard of education that it is well for teachers to consider at the beginning of the school year. A sane interval of thoughtfulness in our feverish method-madness may reveal to us that there is something else to be thought of in the training of children besides the manner of presentation of a school subject.

"Conduct the deciding thing—the simple good morals of childhood, unselfishness, integrity, honor, and sweet temper—hard work the way to be reputable—a sympathy for every breathing thing so fine, so exquisite, that it becomes an extra sense." These old-fashioned standards for the education of children may well make