

what education really means. It would be only characteristic of our time if some reformer should arise to advocate the addition of civics and morality to the other grotesque features of our secondary programme. I have no such proposal to make. Neither books, nor buildings, nor fresh organization will revive us, but only living men.

Now, as it has been an inspiration here and there in the academic life of our neighbors, and will be equally so for our colleges, to look more closely at the tutorial system of Oxford and Cambridge, so it would be for our secondary teachers to get an intimate view of the life of our own best residential schools, to say nothing of those in England or the United States. I cannot say that I believe in these schools except as a limited necessity, but they contain in their best estate a most winning and powerful humanism, and I think of a way of illustrating in the concrete both appeals which I have ventured to make, for simplification and for character as an end.

Let us stand unnoticed, as it were, in some dark corner of a great English school—not an Uppingham or a Rugby, but Eton, which has none of their associations in the public mind. In 1845 there came to Eton a young graduate of twenty-two from King's College, Cambridge—one William Johnston—a brilliant classical scholar, a man marked out for a career. When the call came to him he was debating upon entering the bar. "I do distinctly feel," he says, "that if I have a gift it is the power of gaining influence over the minds of people more ignorant than myself, partly owing to my being able to enter into other peoples' interests. . . . I put the question on this ground: Is it not my vocation to teach boys? If so, must I not encounter all the temptations incident to that life with faith and courage? I answer in the affirmative." To have taken orders at the same time might have secured him a grateful retirement later in life, but he decided on remaining a layman. Not long after entering Eton we find him writing: "I am going into an abyss of drudgery; I must float upon the hope of success in perhaps one pupil out of fifty—the hope that before my time is out I may rejoice in having turned out of my pupil-room perhaps one brave soldier, or one wise historian, or one generous legislator, or one patient