

rock may be carved into a Venus de Medici or Apollo Belvidere; the rigid bar of stubborn metal may be beaten to the curved horseshoe or pointed share and arrow-head; the precipice may be scaled and utilized; the depth plumbed and searched. It is a mere question of time and perseverance to erect a pyramid, to tunnel a Cenis, to dig a Suez Canal, to construct a Pacific Railroad, or to lay an Atlantic telegraph wire. Suns and moons and stars are brought by instrumental means into our very chambers, and there analysed and mapped with as much precision as have been the distant lands and waters of our own revolving sphere: and as with inanimate nature so with animate man. His mind can mould the fellow-mind into any shape which best suits his ideal of use, or beauty, or caprice. A Newton discovers the theory of gravitation, and by and by, millions of intellects accept the dictum of the philosopher; a Hunt and a Rossetti inaugurate the Pre-Raphaelite school of art, and very soon disciples are numbered by thousands; a Mohammed, professing to be the Prophet of the Most High, formulates his creed, and straightway myriads flock to his banners; the crescent floats from a hundred towers, and the Muëzzin chants his solemn call to prayer from the summits of a hundred mosques. All going to prove pretty conclusively, as I take it, that though the individuals be many the minds are few, in fact, one—one heart beating in a great body, politic, or religious, or scientific, or even æsthetic, or fanciful; that heart the intellect which propels the life blood of government, or creed, or philosophy, or art, or fancy, to the uttermost extremities of the aggregated being. Now all this is but another name for hero-worship. The prototype, of no matter what innovation, must be worthy, first, of admiration, love, or reverence; secondly, of

immortalization. They who cannot love Deity, admire Him and reverence Him, cannot believe in Him as an immortal existence for all good, in fact can hardly believe in Him at all. He would be an anomaly, a contradiction, whose characteristics are at constant variance with His methods. But love and reverence and admiration once accorded, what are the results? Implicit trust, obedience, desire to conform to the ideal, and an explicit hope that one day we may be like Him, if not in the perfection of Divinity, at least, as near to perfection as a created spirit can ever hope to become. If we may not wear the robe of the High Priest, we may, perhaps, be permitted to touch the skirts from which all virtue flows.

Arnold is deathless for all time to Tom Brown of Rugby. All time! Aye, all eternity! so long as the pupil spirit can take cognizance of earth and earth's doings. Fancy what a position to hold in the eyes of hundreds; hundreds of strong men and women who were once weakling boys and girls; hundreds of weakling boys and girls, some to become strong men and women! A hero—a mind guider—for all time, for all eternity! Well may the earnest teacher as he steps on the threshold of his profession, tremble, and offer up an inward prayer, asking for heart of grace, and strength of intellect, and magnetic force of mind, to be, not a blind leader of the blind, but a hero, cheering on his columns to the attack, besieging doubt, levelling difficulties, advancing truth, supporting manliness, defeating ignorance and putting to utter and ignominious rout, the serried legions of sloth and sin, winning a golden guerdon, worthier than Roman crown or Spartan shield, the triumph of a thousand hearts, each stamped with the seal of loyalty, each beating with the pulse of affection.

Happy is he who can modify the