

saves from shallowness and vulgarity, if his own spirit is profane? Culture, like religion, is propagated from soul to soul, not developed.

The ideal of culture is expansion and elevation of mind; that of religion, purity, and lovingness of heart. To attain the wholeness and perfection of which human nature is susceptible we must think and strive in the light of both these ideals. The open, flexible and exalted mind must be nourished and steadied by the religious and moral sentiments which are the sustenance of our being. If the teacher himself has not made the everlasting affirmation, if his life is not enrooted in a noble faith, and sustained by unalterable convictions, what vital thing can he say to his pupils? What that it is worth while to say? They whose religion is a code of rules and a system of practices, but who are not gentle, loving and enlightened, are repellent forces. They have no power to educate. The greatest grow the longest time, and they whom nothing can arrest on their onward march to the fountain head of truth and love are Divine men and women. That which, like a mathematical demonstration is wholly evident, leaves us indifferent; it is the infinite unknown that fills us with boundless yearning, and draws us ever on and upward. Our aims and ideals are revealed by the objects and ends which we seriously strive to attain; by what, day by day, we labor for with heart and soul, unafraid and undiscouraged.

If thy life seems to thee a useless burden, still bear it bravely, and thou shalt find at last that, like St. Christopher, thou hast carried a god across the troubled stream of time. Whosoever does what is right in a generous and brave spirit, feels that he acts in harmony with eternal laws, and is, in his deep soul, conscious of the Divine approval.

"Woe," says Bossuet, "to the sterile knowledge which does not fulfil itself in love." And again: "God is with us when we love." There is a love of the soul for souls—it is the only love which may be called love; it springs from the infinite soul, and makes us feel that there alone is our true and eternal home. Become conscious of thy soul, bend thy ear to its whisperings and thou shalt hear the voice of God. In the depths, in the depths—here alone is life. And the noise of the world; the desire to be known, the thirst for pleasure and gold, and whatever things draw the soul to the surface, separate it from the source of its being and joy, whose waters are clear and deep, where silence reigns, where the calm eternal face of God is mirrored.

An external authority may enlighten and guide us, but it cannot give us the power of knowing and loving. "Let not Moses, nor any one of the prophets, speak to me," says A'Kempis, "but speak Thou to me, O Lord, Thou from whom proceed the inspiration and the illumination of all the prophets." Think nobly of thy life, for thy habitual thought tends to become thy very self. Renew day by day the will to live, to live in all that is true and good and fair, to live within the mind and heart where glow the light and love which are eternal. We blunder fatally in our schools in laying stress almost exclusively on what the pupils know. The young can know little, and nothing truly; but it is possible to inspire them with reverence for what is worthy, and with faith in what is good, and this, which is almost the whole duty of the teacher, we neglect, while we apply ourselves to bring out in them a mental quickness which leaves untouched the fountain whence human life springs and by