

It would lead me somewhat aside from my object were I to stay to point out the high calling of the teacher who rightly understands his mission in this respect, and who intelligently aids his pupils in framing lofty ideals. These ideals will never be realized; in many instances they will be ignobly and basely deserted by their cowardly followers at the first cold blast of temptation, the first hard pinch in the struggle with the matter-of-fact world. But every one must be the better on the whole for having once framed and revered the embodiment of a noble life-purpose. I cannot refrain, in passing, from quoting a few stirring words from a Sunday evening address delivered at Clifton College, in 1879, by the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*. They set forth vigorously the relation of the ideal to the actual life.

"To him who cares to pursue the inquiry, I think the conviction will come, that to a stranger there is something at once inspiring and pathetic in such societies as this standing apart, as they do from, and yet so intimately connected with, the great outside world.

"Inspiring, because he finds himself once again amongst those before whom the golden gates of active life are about to open, for good or evil—each one of whom holds in his hands the keys of those gates, the keys of light or of darkness, amongst whom faith is strong, hope bright, and ideals, untainted as yet by the world's slow stain, still count for a great power.

"Pathetic, because he knows but too well how hard the path is to find, how steep to climb, on the further side of those golden gates, how often in the journey since he himself passed out from under them, his own faith and hope have burned dimly, and his ideal has faded as he toiled on, or sat by the wayside, looking wistfully

after it; till in the dust and jar, the heat and strain of the mighty highway, he has been again and again tempted to doubt whether it was indeed anything more than a phantom exhalation, which had taken shape in the glorious morning light, only to vanish when the work-day sun had risen fairly above the horizon, and dispersed the coloured mists.

"He may well be pardoned, if, at such times, the remembrance of the actual world in which he is living, and of the generation which moved into line on the great battle-field when he himself shouldered musket and knapsack, and passed into action out of the golden gates, should for a moment or two bring the pathetic side of the picture into strongest relief. 'Where are they now, who represented genius, valour, self-sacrifice, the invisible, heavenly world to these? Are they dead? Has the high ideal died out of them? Will it be better with the next generation?'"

"Such thoughts, such doubts, will force themselves at times on us all, to be met as best we may. Happy the man who is able, not at all times and in all places, but on the whole, to hold them resolutely at arm's length, and to follow straight on, though often wearily and painfully, in the tracks of the divine visitor who stood by his side in his youth, though sadly conscious of weary lengths of way, of gulfs and chasms, which since those days have come to stretch and yawn between him and his ideal, of the difference between the man God meant him to be, of the manhood he thought he saw so clearly in those early days, and the man he and the world together have managed to make of him."

But I must not quote further. I will only say to those before me who have to do with the creation