

and all the days, I toil and labor that happiness and comfort may be the lot of these my children. My hammer rings upon the anvil; the bright steel twists and turns, and fiery showers fill the air; the wheezing bellows puff and blow; and the furnace leaps in living flames; yet my arm tires not and my ardor does not cease. What to me is labor, what is toil, what the sweat-drops and the numbing pain? The hardships I have known must not be known to these, or they must suffer in a milder form; their lives must take a wider range, their joys be of a higher kind. Lead them out then into a nobler manhood. Widen their knowledge, elevate their tastes; lead them to purer springs and ward them from the pitfalls that beset the path of youth. Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these would I have them learn, so that when they reach the man's estate, they may go forth to meet the world as equals of the highest—not as slaves who cannot think, and choose and act."

The mother, too, with earnest pleading face, brings forth her jewels. "At midnight's hour my tears have moistened the warm cheeks of these my helpless little ones; my evening prayer has borne them to the throne of God, that He might guide and bless them all the way. My days are spent in planning for their happiness and peace, my nights in thinking of their faults and their misdeeds. Help me then to lead them to the truth. When they go wrong be patient and be kind, they are but human, and being human they are born to err. In the name of Him, who blessed them when they came to meet his loving gaze, lead thou their footsteps into proper ways. No knowledge and not power do I wish, but simply this, that they may know a purer and a truer life."

What then can I say to these appeals? In my heart I know what

should be said. I may not make them scholars, let me make them men; I may not make them learned, let me make them pure. All that is beautiful and true and good; all that is merciful and mild and lovely; all that is refining and ennobling and instructive I shall place before their minds. To quicken the intellect; to broaden the sympathy; to develop the will; to cultivate good manners; to stimulate right tastes; to encourage noble and unselfish action; to enrich thought and to perfect the power of expression—these must be my aims. And with such aims, woe is me, if I sink to the level of a tyrant hired drudge, who measures his tasks by hours, and who knows not but to drive and force, and hurry through the dull routine of hearing lessons and imposing tasks. Once again, let me say it: "Above books and creeds, above methods and devices, above programmes of study and final examinations, above selfishness of parents and ambition of teachers, above business necessities and above dollars and cents, stands the one object of consideration in the school, the little child. His good is the only good; for him the school with all that pertains to it, most properly exists."

But this is not all. My country, my God, and the parents have spoken. In articulate speech have they made their wishes known. Now I feel the touch of a hand, and eyes that speak what no tongue could utter, are lifted in trust and hope to mine, and if I could express in words the meaning of their gaze, I know that never more would this my calling seem unworthy, never more would teaching be an occupation soulless or an endless drudge. "I am ignorant; cause me to know. I have bad habits; rectify them. I am weak; give me power. I am rugged; make me mild. I am crude; give me finish. I am of the