

the very sound of courageous words? If he was right who said that the poet born with every man dies young in three-quarters of the race, then we teachers will be of the quarter in whom the poet does not die. There is drudgery in work; there are bad moments, and sad ones; we fail, or seem to fail, yet perhaps succeed better than the great Miltons among us; and again, because Milton failed as a teacher, shall we not listen to his words of ideal, so often quoted: "I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." Or, again, that by education, youth "may be drawn in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning, and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages"—famous, shall we add, in the sense of his own poetry:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

And again, to encourage:

"O welcome pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings."

How much one may quote from Milton of all that lifts and that inspires. What better can a poet do for teachers? Feeling is not practice of virtue; but high and noble expressions of feeling keep before the well-intentioned mind the crown of his endeavour. They are not virtue, but they may readily predispose thereto, and to the humblest, most untiring and most conscientious efforts.

And to what is highest do not fear that children will not in their measure respond. Who but can be affected at the increased courtesy of rough children at school? As the little children of 400 years ago had in their little book:

"All virtues are enclosed in courtesy,
And all vices in *villainy*."

That is brutal disregard for others. Or what teacher is not touched by them when they are what we call good, *sages*; when they sit demure, or when they long to learn, and the world is all before them, to live by admiration, hope, and love. He does not know little children who does not know of the soul of a little child—is it the writer of "Dream Children; a Reverie," says?—how "full it is of reverence, and how religious." That reverence may well make us stay a while, when in thought we are now standing in the midst of a school,

with our hopes and fears, our sense of duty, our high resolve, and with those about us so capable of good, so inclined towards evil. And reverence, and awe, the angel of the world, the best part of our nature, as the great poets say—are they leaving us?

We have too little of them—let that at least be said—and we cannot spare any of them at all. Not *fear* of us, their teachers, or of others, in a cruel or in an impossible sense; no improper distrust of self, and looking to us for too much help; no suppression of reason when, as time goes on, the older pupils know us, perhaps, to be in action wrong. Those are not the things we desire. We? But that means everybody—parents, and society, and the great world, worn and disillusioned. What we do mean is the reverence of purity and of humility, of trust in the goodness of his teacher, in knowledge, as far as the child can have it, that this teacher himself believes in goodness, and will lead him and help him, and deserve those *elans de cœur*, those stretchings out towards enthusiasms for things generous, those indignant scorns for things mean and unkind, by which the young heart would attach itself to its governors as to a prop for its very life.

Those are the things we love to see in the young:

"High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised."

The young are full of them: the young, and the old. There has come down, perhaps, the mortal coldness of the soul; but as long as the soul is alive the man hopes, and hopes for something better, for some ideal. It is not the young who are most touched by the poet whose childhood is now long ages in the past:

"Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy!
Before I . . .
. . . taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face."

"The soul is naturally Christian," as one said who was nearly a Father of the church. The bright face the child saw and knew was the face of Him who came, as now, a child to say "Suffer the little children," "Blessed are the clean or pure of heart," and to make "Goodness, not strength, the measure of action." What responsibilities, then, upon teacher and upon pupil. We are acting either for or against the absolute truth: because truth is one; the good implanted in you finds its response in the good that is in the little ones of Christ. And His religion is their standard of behaviour.

For, why should they be humble, why courteous, why