

overlooking the far-spreading landscape, and take off his hat to the beauty of the world.

The story of man holds up to view pictures of splendid heroism, of lofty self-forgetfulness, of stainless integrity, of valorous accomplishment, of purest devotion, and of choicest sentiment. The world can boast of men and women, past and present, who have revered their conscience as their king,—men and women in whom virtue, love and wisdom have been nobly crowned. They have uttered great words, discarded unworthy maxims, steered their ships by the fixed stars of principle, given to duty an ampler meaning, and glorified the idea of service. They constitute a magnificent portrait gallery, which we may visit at will through meditation and memory; also by reading, hearing and seeing.

"I live by admiration, hope and love", says Dr. Alexander Whyte; and, in so living, he finds daily and hourly uplift. Wise is the man who keeps himself susceptible to the superiorities of his fellows: to their disinterestedness, their self-renunciation, their loyalty to truth, their scorn of ill-gotten gain, their enthusiasm for humanity, their passion for God and righteousness,—to all that is helpful and exemplary in the thoughts, lives and actions of others. It is man at his deepest that really moves us. History records that the English nobles, when they felt the sainthood of Wycliffe, were devotedly attached to him, kept a record of whatever he said, and guided themselves after his manner of life.

In every age have lived statesmen, reformers, teachers, preachers, business men, who were formed in the prodigality of nature, who have shone in the realms of intellect, goodness and sympathy, and earned the title to sit high in the hearts of all succeeding generations. Honor them according to their due. It costs nothing to admire: it is a pleasant form of mental action; and its reflex influence is altogether ennobling. If you would rise to that peerless aristocracy whose hall-mark is excellence, be a whole-souled admirer of the best personalities, the best ideas, the best conduct, and especially of the One who is all-perfect, remembering that what we call worship is but admiration

carried up to its loftiest height and given its ultimate expression. Herein lies the heart's best tonic. The glow of admiration will speedily kindle into the fire of aspiration, making you all aflame with love for truth and desire after the All-holy.

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### A Teacher's Responsibility to His Old Pupils

*By Frank Yeigh, Esq.*

When does a teacher's responsibility toward his class members end? Certainly not while they are enrolled in his class. Then it is that his responsibility is at its highest and fullest and deepest. To this every teacher will assent.

But what then? and next? The scholar leaves, perhaps for another and a more advanced class, perhaps, in all too many cases, if it be an adult class, to drop out entirely, under the impression that the graduating time has come.

Does the teacher's responsibility end with the erasure of the name from the class roll? Is that not true in fact with many a teacher? Reasons and excuses are many and plausible. One is so busy with the members of to-day; one's spare time is so brief; one's interests are, perforce, so limited, one cannot bother overmuch about the ex-member. So we teachers frequently act, if we do not openly aver the fact.

But does responsibility end then and there? The question answers itself. Surely not, surely not! Should it ever really end through life's all too brief tenure? Many an illustration could be given of influence exerted, of help rendered, of stimulus afforded, by a teacher to a dropped-out member, long after he had left the class. The letter of advice or encouragement or sympathy or congratulation, written perhaps years after the old class days, the word of friendly greeting as teacher and pupil rub elbows on the street, the telephone inquiry of friendly interest, may mean more to the old scholar than did all the teaching of the class.

When does a teacher's responsibility end toward his pupils? It never ends, until life itself ends for one or both.

Toronto