

"Then none was for the party,
 Then all were for the state,
 Then the great man helped the poor
 man,
 And the poor man loved the great;
 Then lands were fairly portioned,
 Then spoils were fairly sold
 And Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old."

And calling to mind the words of Him who for our sakes became poor, I can by word and act instil into their hearts that grandest of all truths: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I can take, too, your physically and mentally unsound and in patience and tenderness endeavor to build them up into strong and self-conscious manhood; I can take your morally deformed and "by slow degrees subdue them to the useful and the good." And buoyed up by the hope of a united people in a united land I shall welcome all nationalities, all tongues, for I know that each will contribute its quota towards the upbuilding of our national life. Aiming at my country's highest permanent good I shall endeavor to develop in each child those qualities of mind and heart which are essential to strong manhood, true womanhood, knowing that without these our patriotism may be but an empty feeling, a mere laudation of our past achievements. We shall delight indeed to recall the sound of arms and the waving of banners, but we shall still more delight to refresh our minds with the memories of those great and good men, those self-denying and devoted women, whose name shines as stars on the pages of history. Yes! as a teacher, I can do something for my country, and with no mean boast I hope to say "I have done my State some service, and they know it."

But not alone from my country do I receive my call to service. In all

true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command me, still audibly if I have ears to hear. He, even He, with his *un-spoken* voice, awfuller than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the *Silence* of deep eternities, or worlds from beyond the morning stars, does it not speak to me? The unborn Ages; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry—do not these speak to me, what ear hath not heard? The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time proclaim it in continual silent admonition—"I, too, if ever man should, shall work while it is to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

And what a work is mine! In God's name to infuse young lives with noble and holy purpose, in His name to develop all reverence and humility. Let me then get now and again and ever, away from the idea of doing a fair day's work for a fair day's wages, away from the worship of books and marks and endless vortices of examinations, and rise to the grandeur of my commission. *The beginning and end and centre of my efforts is the welfare of the little child. And all true welfare looks towards the eternities—the eternities of faith and hope and love.* And these are the only eternities. "For whether there be prophecies they shall fail; and whether there be tongues they shall cease; and whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away. . . . But now *abide*th faith, hope, charity, these three."

But there are other voices yet to join in the call to service. With brawny arm and coal-blackened face the father comes leading the treasures of his home. "All day and every day,