

teacher, partly for the reason that the same lessons recur, and partly because of the distance of attainment separating the preceptor from the pupil.

The world is full of proofs of the power of personal attributes. In most situations—in none more than a school—what a man *is* tells for vastly more than what he *says*. Nay, he may say nothing, and there shall be an indescribable inspiration in his simple presence.

There is a touching plea in the loyal ardour with which the young are ready to look to their guides. In all men, and in women more than in men, and in children most of all, there is this natural instinct and passion for impersonating all ideal excellence in some superior being, and for living in intense devotion to a heroic presence. It is the privilege of every teacher to occupy that place, to ascend that lawful throne of homage and of love, if he will. If his pupils love him, he stands their ideal of a heroic nature. Their romantic fancy invests him with unreal graces. Long after his lessons are forgotten, he remains, in memory, a teaching power. It is his own forfeit if, by a sluggish, spiritless brain, mean manners, or a small and selfish heart, he alienates that confidence and disappoints that generous hope.

I would say to all teachers—if I may here express my sense of the unity of their office, in its true interpretation, with my own as a minister

in the Church—we have been touching here the most sacred issues of our common duty. It is felt, I believe, more and more every day, by all instructors who do not insult and profane their high calling by mere frivolous or mercenary dispositions, that the saddest perplexity they have to meet is the right moral management of their charge. Would to God we might help one another in that profoundest study! On your intellectual harvest, notwithstanding the inequalities in gifts, you can rely with comparative assurance, in return for your fidelity. But when you approach the child's conscience and spirit, you confess the fearful uncertainties that invest that mysterious and immortal nature. What we are daily sowing in self-discipline we shall reap in the failure or success of our work. If we would mould the living sculpture we must first fashion our implements out of purity, simplicity, love, and trust.

But no system of education is complete till it concerns itself for the entire body and all the parts of human life—a character high, erect, broad-shouldered, symmetrical, swift; not *the mind*, as I said, but *the man*. Our familiar term, "whole-souled," expresses the aim of learning as well as any. This is the manhood that our age and country are asking of its educators—well-built and vital, manifold and harmonious, full of wisdom, full of energy, full of faith.