

skurried away when he lifted a stone, those that flew and those that crept, and those that were good for fish-bait. He knew also the partridges and woodchucks. Out of many a hole that his dog Tim has dug he has dragged the woodchuck with a hay hoe.

He studied physics. He could tell what the weather would be by nature's barometers. No music was ever sweeter than the patter of rain on the attic rafters two feet above his head that he himself had predicted. It meant no work and a long day fishing, for if it rained, of course, he could not work out doors.

All this road of natural studies ended in the little cross-road school house, where with half a pall of frozen dinner he sat prisoner among his fellow sufferers. If that teacher had said to me: "You have been studying on the farm what some kind person has here put in books, yours is the true education, come let us see how near these books are right, if they have more or less than we have already learned," it would have enveloped that old farm in a blaze of glory and made that log house the ante-chamber to heaven.

The starved faculties and repressed activities sought expression in drawing, for which the child had a decided talent. Just as he was putting the finishing touches to a lifelike portrait of the teacher, the teacher drew something else. Whack! whack! and the boy drew no more.

I tell you that was a crime, a sin, in crushing out with cruel blows, and bitter hate a God-given talent that pointed only to the good and true, through the brutal ignorance of a man calling himself a school teacher. Oh! calling himself a school teacher. Oh! the undeveloped energy and opportunity battling against sin and sinking, dying beneath the effort.

A boy looked out upon an orchard that lay in a death-like sleep beneath the winter's snow. He knew that the resurrection would come, and exulted in his little heart in the knowledge. All nature speaks of the resurrection. One day he saw the tree bark shining with the glad blood that mounted up beneath it. He watched the swelling buds, and saw the first pale tint of the green leaves. The final glory of their banks of pink and white bloom, filled with delicate fragrance, seemed to his unsullied soul like the voice of God speaking in a new creation. He was so grateful to God for doing it that he got a sheet of paper and tried to put his emotions into words. With eyes glowing and cheeks aflame, he took this story of his soul not very well written—to the housekeeper, (for he had no mother) and looked up into her eyes for a smile of approval and response. She was a good woman, but she said: "If I could not write better than that I would not write at all."

That is the way that we crush the divine out of children, and afterward when they go wrong we call it total depravity. I tell you it is total neglect. Can we save the bad boys? Yes. If you have ninety-nine good ones they must be used to save the one bad. Oh, there are in our schools today, and some in days past, teachers with great souls! They may never have money or fame, but they are loving, earnest, splendid teachers, helping in the grand work of saving

this one bad boy, and believing in inspiration, and inspiration comes to everyone who tries to bless and save. Study ways and means after you have studied the peculiarities of the child, and if nothing else will save him love will save him. Love if he can feel it, and a terrible crime has been committed if a child has been so calloused by hatred and ill-usage that his heart no longer responds to tenderness. The clenched fist, the bent brow and set jaws, with eyes glaring hate that we sometimes see in cities, are not total depravity, but the settled conviction that his specks hate him—and in return he hates all mankind.

A boy was thrown into a school-room and told to get knowledge, with a brutality and a sneer that were blasphemy against all that makes the dignity of manhood when properly directed. The conviction was in his soul that nobody cared for him. He sat sullen and lowering in a corner, a sequestered Ishmael, "caged but defiant. He had a teacher, not a jailor. She determined to save him. She studied him, and learned that he loved birds. He knew every little feathered songster, their time of nesting, their favorite haunts, their notes were a familiar song, and she found the gateway where love entered his soul. She called all the other children around her, and got them to tell her all they knew about birds. The sullen scowl relaxed. Was this about birds, knowledge? He grew eager, for he knew more than they. "Come, John," said the teacher, "tell us what you know about birds." He found sympathy, companionship, his heart dilated, he felt himself a man, he was saved. Go bless such teachers. It is the whole end of all religion; save a hundredth and you have saved the world.

In the fifty-three years of my life the world has wonderfully changed. There are better times coming for all humanity; but do not forget while seated in this beautiful room, surrounded by all the blessings that are yours, that there are millions living still in loathsome cellars, debarred from all that makes life a blessing. There are millions still unborn doomed to a like fate. If it is ever bettered it will be through the discovery and proper application of energies and forces. The world is bound together by iron bands and intelligence speeds, and it is on the wings of lightning, and progress should be equally rapid.

There are teachers who aver that there is no moral phase in those three studies with which children are belabored—reading, writing, 'rithmetic. I tell you a child may read himself to damnation, cipher himself to Canada, a refugee from his country, and write the seal of his own doom, unless in all these studies he sees the thoughts of God expressed on the universe. They are worse than nothing unless intrinsically good. Every child begins the studies of the sciences; it is for the teacher to continue it in the same lines that God points out.

The child is a born naturalist. There is not one step of that but is intrinsically moral, and it is the finger of God pointing the way to true education. Every child is a born worker. I see you differ from me. You are thinking of the child of six or seven

years, whose mother has waited on him until he sinks down, educated into laziness. Why will mothers make slaves of themselves to their own injury and the ruin of the child?

Just watch a baby. How eager to touch, taste, tear; how much they learn. Think of learning a language in one year. Hundreds of words requiring five or six different positions of the vocal organs. We who are twenty-two would consider it a terrible task. Thank God no teacher has discovered a system for teaching babies to talk. See how hard they work while learning to walk; how happy when they conquer. Have you a family sand pile? It is indispensable to a well regulated home. All day these little ones will build and dig and work. I would not give a fig for the boy or girl who never made mud pies. Their active energies are crying out for an opportunity to work out their salvation; while teachers and mothers are continually telling them to "hold still while we pour something into you."

The curse of the East and middle West is laziness, and the prevailing sin, wanting to get something for nothing. Look at the children of wealth and idleness; they have defied God's law of labor and there is nothing for them but death. War has saved many a nobleman's son; it was fashionable, and gave exercise to perishing faculties. From the forge and plow, the field and workshop, have come the heroes who have ruled the world. Our Presidents, railroad kings, bankers, would all tell you that from the schools of hard manual training they have brought the stern endurance, the brain and brawn with which they have achieved success.

The farmer makes a mistake who says "My boy shall not work as I have done," and sends him to college. If he gets the education he works, if not he is a lost soul. There are those who point to the fact that the graduates of our New England schools in former days were mere giants, and think the schools are to blame. Not so. It is the home life that differs, and the athletic sports introduced cannot supply the place.

I plead that every child shall be trained to work with its hands. I plead that every school house shall have its workshop attached, and its garden also.

Music has marvelous powers to educate the human being, yet some trustees consider it non-essential. No victorious army was ever led on to victory without it; no pilgrims ever found through frosts and flames of martyrdom a Zion unless led by the songs of Zion. When we who fought for the dear old flag felt all our bravery and patriotism had oozed out through utter human weariness, and we were looking for some fence to hide behind, or wagon to crawl into, some brave soul began singing "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," and as voice after voice caught it up and it swelled and rolled a very battle anthem, by the force of its inspiration we marched on to victory. That is the effect of music.

My fellow teachers, I see a vision of a time when there will be no violence, no bloodshed, no intemperance, no sin; earth shall become a palace home, and a little child shall lead you. Do not