

tive races the reckless drivers of these engines have been known to sit on the safety valves.

As a consequence of this Protean character of mind its wants are of the most varied character, and the teacher has to discharge all sorts of functions. Among its needs are armour for protection from all sorts of foes, weapons of offence and defence, tools of all sorts, keys for opening doors, threads for stringing ideas on, pegs for hanging facts on, straps for tying up logical bundles with, a copious assortment of labels, pigeon-holes, scales for weighing the imponderable, crucibles for assaying ores, tests for analysing, and a thousand other things which require that a school should be a sort of general store, and the teacher a sort of didactic Whiteley, or universal provider. He must be a farmer, a gardener, a nurse, a cook, an architect, a builder, a potter, a smith, a doctor, a furnisher, a cutler, an engraver, a groom, a polisher, a painter, a musician, a sculptor, a tamer of wild beasts—in short, the rest of society rolled into one—"everything by turns and nothing long." If there is one man who has more right than another to say that "one man, in his time, plays many parts," it is surely the schoolmaster. This may account, perhaps, for his occasional failures. In addition to the white arts I have mentioned, he must possess the black art of the magician, and be capable of making the dull acute, the bird-witted attentive, the muddle-headed clear, the dunce a genius; he must be able to tame the indomitable, correct the incorrigible, and generally alter the unalterable; he must exert occult influences by which grapes shall be produced from thorns, swans made out of geese, and silk purses out of sows' ears. Occasionally he pretends to be able to do all this, and thereby adds to his other metaphorical trades that of a quack.

How the poor child survives all this metaphorical manipulation is something too wonderful for me to explain. One would expect that after being ploughed and harrowed, and kneaded and baked, and melted and hardened, and polished, and having undergone endless other processes of a similar transforming character, all trace of the original child would be entirely lost, and that the ultimate product would be something entirely new; but, as we all know, you may expel nature with a fork, and yet she will contrive to return with her old face to her wonted haunts.

Knowledge itself, of course, changes its metaphorical character with the mind. Sometimes it is a vegetable germ, sometimes a full-grown plant, sometimes a precious metal; sometimes it is dead, and sometimes living; sometimes a solid, and sometimes a liquid. You will remember how Sydney Smith said of Macaulay that he not only overflowed with knowledge, but positively stood in the puddle. As to its genesis, knowledge spreads out, we are told, in concentric circles, starting from the concrete, the known, the familiar, the indefinite, the empirical; and widening out into the abstract, the distant, the unknown, the definite, the scientific. Parents have an impression that it can be bought like any material commodity, and a wise Government goes so far as to pay for it, at so much a metaphorical pound, over a departmental counter. We speak of communicating it, sharing it, transferring it, producing it, as if it were actually capable of these processes. And yet philosophers tell us that nothing is taught that is not learnt, and that the mind is not a vase to be filled, but a fire to be kindled. We used to think it was to be found in books; now we know that books contain only the symbols of knowledge, and that, unless the reader's mental activity is excited in