

"Royal Charter" was wrecked, by the gold in the belt round his body. Supposing the knowledge all got, it may drown you. But as a fact, it is not got. To the majority it is administered like physic to a dog, half shoved down his throat, and then his mouth held, if you can do it for his biting, till he has gulped it down, some at all events, from sheer inability to get rid of it. Many cannot be said to take it at all. And no one will dispute that second-hand information not taken is worthless.

But is it less worthless if not understood? Is it less worthless in the modern version of the fools of our ancestors clothed in modern motley, a dab of language here, a dab of mathematics there, a bit of this, and a shred of that, all stitched together without a pattern or order, parti-colored and patchy, manuals and date-cards, and a pitiable want of any texture of sufficiently thick fibre to let the victim "sit in the belfry and warm his five wits" like the owl? If, indeed, he has any wits left to warm, and they have not all departed under this patchwork process, and left behind nothing but a firm persuasion that he cannot learn; which is only too true.

Throw aside the few who are strong enough to shift for themselves, and I appeal to every schoolmaster in England, from the Board school in its lowest phase to the public school in its highest, as to what in their hearts they believe about the rank and file of their pupils, whether they are willing and capable acquirers of knowledge or not. Above all, whether the results attained by the majority bear any proportion to the time spent. I have talked with many, I have read much, and never yet in talking, and never in writings, outside the magic circle of officials and amateurs, have I found any difference of opinion as to the boys and their work as a whole. I myself after thirty-three years' experience, and a good bit of the thirty-fourth, emphatically state that I have only lately begun to really become aware of the utter ignorance of the English boy in English common words, common stories, common knowledge of all kinds, and the utter indifference to being ignorant, and the still more surprising apathy towards attempts to excite thought, which prevail, and, unless I am much mistaken, are gaining ground in this generation, and becoming worse and worse every day.

My appeal is to Philip in private, not to Philip in print. I affirm that Philip in private is in despair over the mass of boys, and the way he has to deal with them. The work done (the boys that is) is condemned. But it is the boys we want to see full of power and training. What is the remedy for this condemnation? The remedy is "Think in shape." *If you are allowed to do it.* This is the practical

answer. For everything follows if this is done. This alone rouses mind. Mind must be roused. But mind is, without exception, the most perverse thing in creation. Mind will do anything but think. Mind will crawl through any number of manuals, and grovel over as many date-cards as you like: ay, and bear any punishment rather than think. Mind will wriggle out of thinking by every conceivable twist and twiddle. Mind is the prince of shirks.

Yet mind is very active when it likes. Is it not possible that this ingrained reluctance to think does not rest with mind, but has something to do with the way in which mind is treated. If you load a racer like a cart horse, and expect him to race, I suspect he would lay back his ears and kick not a little. So does mind, the racer. In the great market of the world the cart horses rule, and test every one by the number of sacks he can carry for sale. Nay, some of the strongest beasts of burden walk proudly round the market carrying their sacks, and don't even sell. The cart horses have it their own way. Every fool can understand sacks, and so the racer is nowhere. Memory, and knowledge, and the many sacks carry the day. Thought hasn't a chance. But thought is wanted, and the mind must be made to think.

The mind must be taught to think in shape, to translate meaning out of shape, and to translate meaning into shape. That is, train the mind, your own and other people's, whenever it sees anything, at once to find out what thought made the shape it sees. And on the other hand accustom it to take every word used and put it into some definite shape, example, or reality. This translation and re-translation of shape into thought and words, and of words into thought and shape, awakens mind, and makes thought possible and pleasant.

Let us proceed to examples. In other words, let us put what has been said into shape, and begin our work by thinking in shape ourselves. I must first, however, lay down as an axiom, that it does not matter in the least how simple, imperfect, or absurd even, the shape may be, if it embodies the thought in a vivid way, as when we say, "He stood like a rock." Here is an illustration of this on a larger scale: A friend and colleague of mine was reading with his little girl of six years old Campbell's poem of Lord Ullin's daughter. She was delighted, but puzzled. There were so many persons, and so much movement. The lake, and the mountain, the ferry, and the road, the pursuers and pursued, got mixed up together and entangled in her poor little mind. Of course her father gave her an elaborate explanation, getting slightly out of temper in tone and word, when she still couldn't see it. He did nothing of the sort.