

exerted and slowly acquired or kept; a reservoir, not a spout or an April shower.

Something analogous takes place in the purely intellectual part of our nature. And this is best illustrated by those acts of the mind which are creative or inventive. A subject that you labour painfully to unfold at one time, at another time unfolds itself. The thing you spend a whole discourse in trying to say without getting it said, after all, says itself in a dozen natural words.

The question is a practical question: Are these occurrences the anomalies they appear, or are they subject to a secret law? Was the final and unexpected elucidation of the theme in no way indebted to the previous exercise? Or, was the clarified mental faculty, when the nebulous conception came out into strong, sharp light, the result of no foregoing discipline, or immediate and determinable cause, affecting the health of the brain? Is it certain that the "dark days" at school are totally inexplicable phenomena, and inevitable? Or can those other days of liberty and joy never be created at will?

It is my belief that these instances I have cited are simply extreme examples of a force which runs through all our life, the force of a funded out unreckoned influence, accumulated unconsciously, and spending itself through unconscious developments; in other words, that these special moods, whether dense or rare, which appear to come and go without our control and without law, are yet the result of causes pertaining to the regular growth of character. I believe that whenever psychology and physiology shall come to be as exactly understood as the mathematical relations of astronomy, one of these freaks of temperament may come to be as confidently predicted as an eclipse of the sun.

III. My third and final point is that, as the unconscious tuition emanates from the inmost spirit of the teacher's life, not by accident or careless caprice, but in real accordance with the antecedent growth and quality of his character, so it is the most decisive energy moulding the interior life of the scholar. The whole divine economy, as respects our constitution, renders it impossible to detach the power of a man's speech from the style of his personal manhood. If there is a moral ingredient in the business of education at all, then, as with other institutions that affect society, the question is paramount: What is the quality, temper, life of the speaking man? Personal relations, friendships, sympathies, clasped hands, answering eyes, touch, symphonious heart-beats, constitute the chief charm and privilege and joy of existence. We can easily conceive of all the bare *matériel* of instruction being conveyed into a school-room through a mechanism of pipes in the wall, or maps let down by pulleys, and its discipline administered by a veiled executioner, no heart-relations being suffered to grow up between teacher and taught. Into what sort of a bleak degradation would a generation be reduced by such a machinery! Yet every teacher approaches to that metallic and unilluminated regimen who lets his office degenerate into a routine; who plods through his daily task-work like the tread-wheel wood-sawing horse in the railway station shed, with no more freshness of spirit than the beast, and no more aspiration than the circular saw he drives; who succumbs to the deadening repetition, and is a virtual slave, yoked under bondage to the outside custom of his work. All sorts of human service are more or less exposed to be paralyzed by this torpor of routine; but no intellectual profession stands in more peril of coming under the blight of it than that of the