

to *learn*, to find out; to *educate*, to draw out; to *instruct*, to build into; to *attend*, to stretch to; and so forth. Many educational metaphors still retain their rhetorical character, and the number is ever growing. There is scarcely a department of nature, an art, craft, manufacture, mode of life, or amusement that has not contributed to the teacher's vocabulary, and each metaphor, it will be remembered, carries with it a cluster, more or less large, of correlative metaphors.

Thus the mind is a garden to be weeded, sown, and blanted; a tree to be trained, pruned, and rendered fruitful; a house to be duly swept and garnished; an animal organism, more or less vertebrate, with innumerable wants that must be ministered to. It is plastic clay waiting to be fashioned into any shape at the will of the potter; it is stone that has to be hewn into shape, carved and polished. Now it is ore, more or less precious, to be purged of the dross that obscures its brightness; now it is a colt to be broken in and plied with whip and spur; now it is a ship to be furnished with ballast, sails, rudder, chart, and compass, and a freight of learning; now it is a sword to be highly tempered and provided with the finest edge, and now a rougher instrument intended for rougher work.

Sometimes the mind is a dark place needing illumination; sometimes it is itself a source of light; sometimes it is a living spring, and sometimes a stagnant pool. It is a pitcher to be filled, with an unfortunate propensity for running away from the spout once the pump-handle begins to move; a laboratory where all sorts of transformations are effected; a spark to be fanned, and occasionally a fire to be put out. Like water it cannot, we are told, rise above its own level; like gas, it is marvellously elastic; like matter generally, it is subject to the laws of inertia and gravitation.

Now you cannot get it to move, and now it will not stop. It is characterized by the most opposite qualities, sometimes needing to be hardened, and sometimes to be softened; now to be screwed up, and now to be let down a peg; now to be stimulated, and now curbed. "The soul of a child," says Bishop Earle, "is yet a white paper, unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred notebook." To others it is a palimpsest, with traces of successive records that mount up in their antiquity to our first parents. From a chemical point of view it has curious affinities, and finds its way into all sorts of mechanical mixtures; from an electrical, it is subject to extraordinary attractions, repulsions, shocks, currents, and discharges; from a mechanical, it is at once an original force and a resultant of forces; it is sometimes a lever and sometimes a fulcrum; too often it descends an inclined plane, and follows the momentum of natural inclination to mischief; it is alternately parsimonious in economizing force, and prodigal in its expenditure; it invariably follows the path of least resistance, and furnishes endless illustrations of the law of conservation of energy. Sometimes it is raw material for the manufacturer, and sometimes it is a mill itself, which, in the absence of other things to grind, has been known to grind itself, and, for want of other things to spin, has spun, as examiners know, the most wonderful fabrics out of its inner consciousness. In an age of steam like ours, it was inevitable that the mind should be spoken of as a steam engine; and in an age of criticism like ours, it is not surprising that we should hear complaints sometimes of the time some of these engines take to get up their steam, and of the high pressure at which they are occasionally driven. It is alleged that in various competi-