

timents habitually make their home in the heart, they will beget not perhaps a factitious and finical drawing-room etiquette but the breeding of a genuine and more royal gentility, to which no simple, no young heart will refuse its homage. Children are not educated till they catch the charm that makes a gentleman or lady.

There is one kind of education, too, which has never yet perhaps had exact justice done it under any system, which must be carried forward by this indirect and pictorial method. I mean the imagination: that genial, benignant, Divinely-given faculty. By express tuition you can do almost nothing for it, and what you do you will be likely to do wrong. But unconscious forces within you will stimulate it. And how richly it rewards such nurture!

Just think of the dull, stupid scholars in every school; the poor brains that text-books torment; the sad, pitiable dunderheads, with capacity enough for action perhaps by-and-by, but dismally puzzled for the present by these mysteries of geography and fractions. What a jubilee to them is the day they find an animated and vital teacher, who teaches by all the looks and motions and heart-beats and spirit of him, as well as by those dreary problems and ghastly pages. There is no grade of intellect that this highest learning of the soul does not reach, and so it is a kind of impartial gospel, uplifting "glad tidings" to encourage despair itself.

II. It is time, then, to pronounce more distinctly a fixed connection between a teacher's unconscious tuition and the foregoing discipline of his life. What he is to impart, at least by this delicate and secret medium, he must be. "No admittance for shams" is stamped on that sanctuary's door. Nothing can come out that has not gone in. The measure of

real influence is the measure of genuine personal substance. How much patient toil, in obscurity, so much triumph in an emergency. The moral balance never lets us overdraw. If we expect our drafts to be honoured in a crisis, there must have been the deposits of a punctual life. To-day's simplest dealing with a raw or refractory pupil takes its insensible colouring from the moral climate you have all along been breathing. Each day recites a lesson for which all preceding days were a preparation. Our real rank is determined not by lucky answers or some brilliant impromptu, but by the uniform diligence. For the exhibition days of Providence: there is no preconcerted colloquy—no hasty retrieving of a wasted term by a stealthy study on the eve of the examination.

It is in the experience of most teachers, I presume, that on certain days, from first to last, as if through some subtle and untraceable malignity in the air, the school-room seems to have fallen under the control of a hidden fiend of disorder. There is nothing apparent to account for this epidemic perversity. All the ordinary rules of the place are in full recognition. The exercises tramp on in the accustomed succession. The parties are arranged as usual. There are the pupils, coming from their several breakfasts, bringing both their identity and their individuality; no apostasy or special accession of depravity, overnight, has revolutionized their natures; no conspiracy out of doors has banded them into a league of rebellion. Yet the demoniacal possession of irritability has somehow crept into the room and taken unconditional lease of the premises.

How is such a state of things to be met? Not by direct issue; not *point blanc*. You may tighten your discipline, but that will not bind the volatile essence of confusion. You may