

ing moods. It is by copying their delicate as well as sublime interweaving that artists place portions of that same face upon canvas, and give immortality to art. Or again, how very subtle the chemical change wrought upon the photographer's plate by mingled light and shade, thrown off our unconscious selves.

So too, this second self of ours may glorify some rugged and intense nature brought in contact with our own; or it may be the copy to be consciously taken; or the truthful impression to be unconsciously given and unconsciously received. We stamp ourselves unconsciously upon those with whom our daily associations are made.

It is unseen, unfelt, and yet constant influence going out from us while in the school room, that I style *unconscious* teaching.

Do we realize as fully as we ought, fellow teachers, that when we step into the school-room and place ourselves before one hundred, fifty, or twenty-five active, restless bodies, containing expanding, growing, and immortal powers that, so to speak, there are two of us. One to be seen and heard, the other to be felt. One self being literally in the imperative mood, commanding, exhorting, entreating, permitting all through the busy hours of school day; the other being as truly in the indicative mood, asserting and declaring itself assuredly as Heaven's evening dew upon the tender grass; and often adorning the after life of the recipient pupil, as brightly as the same dew drops glistening in the morning sun. The one by the power of thought, ingenuity, tact, and even muscle, leading, inducing, pushing, forcing; the other, either like a poisonous exhalation, or like a fragrance sweeter than that of Araby the Blest, unseen and at the same time unknown, insinuating itself into and taking permanent hold of those, who for a time, are placed under our care.

I used the words permanent hold; and with thought of what I wrote. For are not the strongest and most lasting impressions, of any time in the voyage of life, and made by any person, the impressions made by teachers? And of the impressions made by teachers, those which are most permanent, are not those made by the sharp, and pointed characteristics, either of intellect or manner; but they are those resulting from the unconscious distillation of the whole re-

sultant character, of self, upon the unconsciously recipient youth. Toward which of our teachers, do our minds now turn with the greatest pleasure and confidence? It is not, I think, to those "recollected," as marked for perfection of method or sternness in discipline, or strictness in requirement; but to those who stamped self upon us, and whom we ever "remember" to still surround with a halo of lingering affection. It was often said, and the same may be said of other teachers, by those who knew Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary during the days of Mary Lyon, its founder, and for many years its principal, that they could tell at sight, a graduate of that institution; not by any oddity of manner or absurdity in character; but from a practical compactness, completeness, and nobility evinced in showing forth the character of the true woman.

What was it but the teacher's die upon the pure gold of youth; the impression of Mary Lyon upon every one of her pupils. An impress, both made and received in a very large degree, silently and unconsciously. I have thought, and is it not likely, that the difference between a *poor teacher*, lies far more in the quality of this *unconscious* teaching, than in the quality of the work consciously and intentionally done?

"The fragrance of a well spent life," is a term often applied to those who have been called to the higher life. It is not wholly a figure of speech. And I am sure that the fragrance of a well spent teacher's life is no myth.

A very pertinent question grows out of the above thoughts, viz: granted that we, as teachers often unconsciously teach more than by our recognized efforts, of what value will a knowledge of the fact be to the teacher? and will not such a knowledge prevent the unconscious work. No. Could a knowledge of its colors on the part of a flower prevent its impressions of beauty on you and me? Could an ignorance of the existence of involuntary muscles render them any more useful to us? No. The knowledge of the existence of this unseen influence, unfelt and yet powerful for every moment of our time, and motion of ourselves ought to place ourselves under self restraint, and hold us under self control; and in looking for the effects of such influence upon our scholars, we shall be led to