

light of abandon, the genial dews of fellow-feeling, the pure air of the natural heaven. Now it is of vital importance, that the teacher who professes to be the trainer of the intelligence, whether the mature, the man, or the immature, the child, should understand the essence of the being he is about to mould, should be able to test the mind whose plastic entity is soon to be, under his autocratic rule, directed wisely for much good or perverted unwisely for much evil.

Let us consider—Before we can till a farm to advantage we must have learned at least the principles of agriculture. Before we can curb a restive steed we must have learnt at least to ride. Before we can hope to overcome one of our own besetting sins we must have realized that the sin exists. And, ere we can hope to apply the antidote, we must first understand the nature of the disease to be treated. How shall the teacher, the moulder of the mind, proceed in his onerous work, blindfold, without an adequate knowledge of the immortal nature intrusted to his guidance for weal or woe? Nature cannot lie. She cannot be false to herself. Therefore to understand nature, we must go to nature, sit humbly at her feet, look reverently into the depths of her most expressive eyes, catch every whisper which trembles upon her most eloquent lips, and, having learned nature, then can we, students, become in turn preceptors, then can we in turn teach nature, and curb her; restrain her in her most violent moods, direct her in her pleasantest places, and reclaim her in her most inhospitable wastes—having in very truth become masters where we were servants, and conquerors where we were but sojourners.

Man is the epitome of all nature, its microcosm. The child is the epitome of the man, his microcosm. As we conquer nature and teach

nature, so we conquer man and instruct him. We draw near him. We take him by the hand. We court his friendship and his confidence, and presently we are friends. He understands us and we understand him. The heart is unlocked, flying open to the key of friendship, and, lo! all the inner nature is revealed, understood, appreciated. All of good and all of bad, a wealth of being, is placed in our keeping, and we, the stranger, the student, the friend, have become the master, and nobler title yet, the teacher of the fellow-soul, if in our own soul is contained the gem of that great guerdon—the gift to impart to others what we know and love ourselves.

As the child is father to the man, it needs not the divining-rod to direct us to the fountain from which springs all love, all reverence, all desires for instruction and knowledge in him. To conquer nature, we studied nature and became her guide. To conquer man, we studied man, and became his friend and guide. To conquer the child, we must study the child and make him our friend before we can hope to become his guide. Confidence begets confidence, and where there is confidence there is a power of good which they who have not entered the arcana of true teaching little dream of. The soul that confides is saved; for with trust comes respect and love, and these can do all things. What faith is to the Christian, love is to the child. Love says, "Do this." Trust answers, "It is done"; for love is as one in authority, having soldiers under it:—discipline, obedience, respect, esteem, emulation, ambition, success!

But I have said that the class-room is not the best place to study the child. It is but a microcosm, a little world. He who would understand child nature aright, must look down upon it from the height, must look