

sincere as the other. Indeed he tries so hard that, by one of the common perversions of human nature, his pupils appear to have made up their minds to see to it that he shall try harder yet, and not succeed after all. So he talks much, and the multiplication of words only hinders the multiplication of integers and fractions, enfeebles his government, and beclouds the recitation. His expostulations roll over the boys' consciences like obliquely-shot bullets over the ice: and his gestures illustrate nothing but personal impotency and despair.

How shall we account for this contrast? Obviously there is some cause at work in each case other than the direct purpose, the conscious endeavour, the mental attainments, or the spoken sentiments. Ask the calm teacher—him who is the true *master*—master-workman, master of his place and business—ask him the secret of his strength, and he would be exceedingly perplexed to define it. Tell the feverish one that his restlessness is his weakness, and he will not be able to apply an immediate correction. What are we obliged to conclude, then, but that in each of these instances, there is going on an unconscious development of a certain internal character or quality of manhood which has been accumulating through previous habits, and which is now acting as a positive, formative and mighty force in making these boys and girls into the men and women they are to be? And it acts both on the intellectual nature and the moral; for it advances or dissipates their studies while it more powerfully affects the substance and tendencies of character.

Now there are different organs in our human structure which serve as media for expressing and carrying on this unspoken and unconscious influence, so that it shall represent exactly what we are. That is, to atone for

the defects of language, and more over, to forestall any vicious attempts we might make at deception, the Creator has established certain signs of His own which shall reveal, in spite of our will, the moral secret.

One of these is the temper; or, rather, that system of nervous network by which temper telegraphs its inward changes to the outward world. The temper itself, in fact, is one of the ingredients in our composition most independent of immediate and voluntary control. Control over it is gained by the will only through long and patient discipline; and so it is an effectual revealer of our real stuff. It acts so suddenly, that deliberation has not time to dictate its behaviour; and, like other tell-tales, it is so much in a hurry that an afterthought fails to overtake the first message. It lets the hidden man out and pulls off his mask. This temper is doing its brisk publishing business in every school-house. No day suspends its infallible bulletins, issued through all manner of impulsive movements and decisions. Every pupil reads them, for there is no cheating those penetrating eyes.

Another instrument of this unconscious tuition is the human face. There is something very affecting in the simple and solemn earnestness with which children look into their elders' faces. They know by an instinct that they shall find there an unmistakable signal of what they have to expect. It is as if the Maker had set up that open dial of muscle and fibre, colour and form, eye and mouth, to mock all schemes of concealment, and decree a certain amount of mutual acquaintance between all persons, as the basis of confidence or suspicion. All the vital spirits of brain and blood are ever sending their swift demonstrations to that public indicator. It is the unguarded *rendezvous* of all the imponderable couriers of the heart.