

misleading. From one point of view education can do much, from another it can do little or nothing. A child is born into the world with its faculties given to it once for all. No power can be put into it which is not there already. Its parents and a long line of ancestors have determined of what nature it shall be. As it grows up, and we fancy that we can fathom its capabilities and gauge its strength, we forget the countless capacities which lie hidden in the simple germ. The diseases and the eccentricities of our ancestors lie in wait for us at every new epoch of our lives. We pass as it were down the vista of a spectral avenue in which our forefathers stand, ranged in counter lines, ready at the proper moment to lay their chilly hand on their descendant. Each year of life beats and moulds the boy into the likeness of his fathers.

Again, youth cannot be everything which it promises to be. A choice must be made. A large part of the fascination of boyhood lies in the uncertainty of its future. A teacher is apt to think that his bright pupil may be anything. He shows germs of qualities, any one of which—all of which—he imagines may come to fruit. Yet it is not so. Distinction in one direction can only be obtained by repression in another. A strong nature can only be produced by lopping and pruning the branches which it sends out on all sides into the circumambient air. The human powers are limited. The brain has only a definite capacity, and to work well it must be charged with blood. The quantity of blood is limited, and cannot be drawn to the brain without being taken from some other part the stomach or the limbs. Emotion, it is true, may be transformed into intellect, the force of passion may be absorbed by the growing will ; but the physical basis on which the