

awaken a feeling of that great truth in your pupil by the veneration, the earnestness and the magnetic devotion of your own mind, you have done him a service no less essential to the completeness of his education than when you have informed his understanding of certain scientific facts. Arithmetic, for instance, ascends into astronomy, and there you are introduced to laws of quantity which make the universe their diagram, to the intellectual magnitudes of La Place and Newton, to the unsearchable empire of that religion which feels after the God of Arc-turus and the Pleiades. The rules of grammar are only intelligible formulæ that lie on the outmost boundary of an inexhaustible study. And the government of your pupils, what is it but the faint and erring endeavour to transfer into that little kingdom you administer the justice and the love which are the everlasting attributes of the Almighty himself, applying them even here to immortal souls? Let us not wrong the dignity of such an employment by denying its connection with things unspeakable.

I return, however, to the direct path of my subject. And while I maintain that the scholar ought by all means to learn, from the sympathies of the teacher's spirit, that every study he follows is intertwined with moral obligations, and is related to a divine source, in ways which no text-book does or can lay down, I proceed to more specific statements. It is not in respect to particular branches of instruction, but in respect to what we may call *the moral power of the teacher's own person*, as something indeed in which the right action and the best success of *all* kinds of instruction are bound up, that I affirm the necessity of this unspoken and unconscious influence.

If we enter successively a number of school-rooms, we shall probably discover a contrast something like

this. In one we shall see a presiding presence which it will puzzle us at first sight to analyze or to explain. Looking at the master's movements—I use the masculine term only for convenience—the first quality that strikes us is the absence of all effort. Everything seems to be done with an ease which gives an impression of spontaneous and natural energy; for, after all, it *is* energy. The repose is totally unlike indolence. The ease of manner has no shuffling and no lounging in it. There is all the vitality and vigour of inward determination. The dignity is at the farthest possible remove from indifference or carelessness. It is told of Hercules, god of real force, that “whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did, he conquered.” This teacher accomplishes his ends with singular precision. He speaks less than is common, and with less pretension when he does speak; yet his idea is conveyed and caught, and his will is promptly done. When he arrives, order begins. When he addresses an individual or a class, attention comes, and not as if it were extorted by fear, or even paid by conscience as a duty, but cordially. Nobody seems to be looking at him particularly, yet he is felt to be there, through the whole place. He does not seem to be attempting anything, elaborately, with anybody, yet the business is done, and done remarkably well. The three-fold office of school-keeping, even according to the popular standard, is achieved without friction and without failure. Authority is secured, intellectual activity is stimulated, knowledge is got with a hearty zeal.

Over against this style of teacher we find another. He is the incarnation of painful and laborious striving. He is a conscious perturbation; a principled paroxysm; an embodied flutter; an honest human hurly-burly. In his present intention he is just as