

ment of a great poem, but the old master's beard was dishevelled past recognition.

When some one mentioned the lateness of the hour the literary class tumbled out of the school house. The methodical primness and neatness were gone, the master's hat was back on his head, and the girls and boys still chatted and crowded round him.

The old man wondered why his pupils were better in literature than anything else.

He did not know, but others have since learned, that the secret of successful teaching is to get the pupil in harmony with his subject and the surrounding elements, and then draw from him what he gets or what he knows. In other words, to develop what the pupil already has, instead of trying to hammer in ideas that he himself only gets out of half-written text-books.

The old man never knew that he had solved a great problem when he left his coat unbuttoned and threw his collar off. He never realized that a wiser and more knowing consciousness was acting, but here and there a pupil knew more than he ever dreamed of teaching. And beneath the mathematically precise and trim exterior they recognized the dashing romance of Idealistic imagery, which is quite as real and much more fascinating than the idea that two and two make four, or that five dollars is equivalent to one week's board. So let us not be afraid to creep away from the cold, hard facts of materialistic reasoning and sun ourselves in the soft phosphorescent light of our own imaginations.

*We may some day imagine a truth that will revolutionize all recognized theories.*

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If man knew the beauties of the psychical potencies which lie dormant within him, and which he may feel when he awakens from his dream of external life and becomes conscious-of-self, his interest in the affairs of this mundane existence would be diminished to a considerable extent. Such knowledge is attainable to those who earnestly seek it and are really desirous of possessing a knowledge of PSYCHOSOPHY.