

a busy brain without much growth of brain. Perhaps in nothing does the dead hand appear so often and with such deadly effects as in the schemes of education. How often is it laid upon tender, throbbing life! Upon this subtle, wondrous thing, the brain, what experiments are made! Are all educators experimenters of narrower or wider experience? Do some starve, some cloy the mind? Are the mighty interests of the intellectual life of our Province, of our nation, in the keeping of those who can best foster and promote them? Are politicians likely to be skilled workmen in matters of such high import? answers these questions as you please, but I believe that one chief purpose in education is to make the mind keen and sharp. If keen and sharp, then broad and clear. Recall the words of Horace: "I will perform the office of a whetstone which, though unable itself to cut, is able to make other things sharp." To this end is my plea for the study of words. It clarifies the vision, it purifies the taste, and expands the conception. It sends a thrill of life through the mental world. If you wish to deaden the faculties, be sure to neglect to encourage the student to sift and search the terms used in his studies, be these studies ever so abstract. Indeed the abstract themes all the more need search. It is not true that no rational education can be given which is not based upon the principles of grammar and a knowledge of the history, meaning and life of the terms used?

What meanings, then, are wrapped up in words? But they are dead, or alive, feeble or mighty, nerveless or sinewy, dark or luminous with meaning, according as the heart and mind are torpid, or loving and sympathetic. When the ideas are large within, the words which clothe them are large and they leap forth with living power. You cannot mistake a master in words. The thought and the words organically connected and throbbing with life become the keen and swift messengers of an earnest soul.

But you must draw near to the words. It is not a matter of the *outside*, but of the *inside*. The inner beauty and meaning must be reached. We study, and as we study the history and life of the words begin to be understood. Still we dwell upon them and still more fully does the revelation come until in very truth the words start into life and movement. We begin to translate the soul that is in them. Then these living things, the incarnation of spirit, enter into our hearts and dwell there. Then the grand old masters with their deathless thoughts live again. There we feel the sweep of those minds that have packed their riches into literature.