

when he gave his three familiar rules for every day: 1st. Sing an old song. 2nd. Look at a beautiful picture. 3rd. Speak some words of sober sense. And Arnold, an admitted master in these things, gives the following question and answer: "How does one get to feel much about any matter whatever? By dwelling upon it, by staying our thoughts upon it, by having it perpetually in our mind."

When the conception of the writer is fairly presented to the mind of the student there is room for much tact and skill on the part of the instructor to tempt or teach or spur the dull or timid mind to some play of fancy, or soaring of imagination, or searching of thought. I say that much may be done here. I do not mean that many things are to be said or done. Anything like a busy, fussy, or officious zeal can not come to good, and, indeed, it can not come of good.

It is said of a certain great musician that he would seldom go to the opera in Paris, even when his own compositions were rendered, though he frequently attended the opera in Germany and Italy. On being asked the reason of this he replied: "In Italy or Germany I am sitting quietly in the pit, and on each side of me is a man shabbily dressed, but who feels the music as I do; in Paris I have on each side of me a fine gentleman in straw-coloured gloves, who explains to me all I feel, but who feels nothing. All he says is very clever indeed, and it is often very true, but it takes the gloss off my own impression, if I have any." In like manner, all coldly-clever criticism, as well as all fiery rant, is an offence to a soul that is beginning to feel deeply and truly. The Arab steed is roused and guided by the whisper and caress of his master, not by the dragoman's lash. He who would awaken and draw forth the possibilities of high ideals and noble sentiments must be more than

a pedant or a pedagogue, he must be a "guide, philosopher and friend."

Here we come to the last and highest agency in culture—*inspiration*. We are reminded of the old word: "*Si vis me flere dolendum est primum tibi ipsi,*" and we come round again to the most potent means of culture, namely, *character*. If in the stimulation of the student's mind the instructor may do much, though he may not do many things, here in the work of inspiration he may do much more, whilst he may say much less, for in this working

Thought leaps out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought can wed itself with Speech.

The highest results come not from the doing or the saying of the teacher, but from his being, and through all forms of speech is felt the vital warmth of the living soul or the chill of a soul that is dead whilst it still lives.

I would like to add one or two practical suggestions before I close; and first, a word in the selections that should be made for the reading of students, particularly of young students. I think the purest specimens, both for form and for substance, should be given. Criticism cannot be applied before a standard of criticism is attained, and a true standard is attained only through the study of the masterpieces. I would not therefore lead a young student by the stercoraceous heaps of Cowper, even though he may have a taste for early cucumbers, neither would I perplex him with false cosmogony and astronomy of Milton, or stupify and stultify him with the scholastic theology that Milton preaches from the throne of the Eternal. I would not disgust him with servility of Dryden as he "heaps the shrine of luxury and pride with incense kindled at the Muses' flame." Before all the garden of Cowper I would give a young student the "Daffodils" of Wordsworth, or the "Daisy" of Burns—the "wee