

who were present, from the colour of their eyes to the fashion of their clothing, and possibly wind up with an enumeration of the dainties which had been carefully brought together for their entertainment. But I never interfere in such matters. My sister has had charge of domestic affairs at the cottage ever since the cottage became mine, and were I to interfere, or, in other words, make a false quantity in my description, I would hardly be likely to escape the animadversion which rightly falls upon those who intermeddle in matters which they do not understand. It is sufficient for me to say that, so far, I have never heard any of my friends complain of the way in which my thrifty housekeeper has dispensed my hospitalities, and therefore it may be taken for granted that everything had been arranged to the satisfaction of my guests on the evening in question.

Of the persons present there were four besides ourselves—the clergyman and his wife, the schoolmistress of whom I have previously spoken, and a young undergraduate, a former pupil of mine who had become a friend of the household almost without any one noticing how he came to be so,—and when I venture to say that we formed altogether a pleasant little gathering, I say no more than what I really mean to say. The six of us had all met before, and not only knew of, but knew each other so familiarly that we could readily dispense with that diffidence of manner which, in my opinion, is the worst of bad manners in company, seeing it perverts conversation, and leads the argument hither and thither, making a confusion alike of thought and speech. Yes, we knew one another, and therefore could speak our minds freely in one another's presence, and when the minister happened to say that he agreed with me in regard to the manner in which mental phenomena should be studied by teachers, I felt encouraged to pursue the subject.

“You place the memory in the first rank of our mental faculties, I see,” he said, “and I think you are right, though you do not follow the plan laid down by the psychologists who have written our text-books on the mind and its functions.”

“No,” said I, “I do not follow their plan, which, in my opinion, is dreary in the extreme to the young student. The memory is the mirror before which all the mental faculties come into play; and if we wish to examine the mind and its functions, it must be *our own* mind we examine in the light of *our own* memory or recorded consciousness. The botanist or the chemist has to find his phenomena without; but the mentalist, if I may be allowed to coin a name for him, finds his phenomena within. The man who has never taught is more of an adept at