

Locke's treatise on education yesterday," said Miss Mahetable, "it strikes me there are many good ideas in it." "Well, one live child puts all your treatises to rout," said my grandmother. "There ain't any two children alike; and what works with one won't work with another. Folks have just got to open their eyes, and look and see what the Lord meant when he put the child together, if they can, and not stand in his way." We learn from the biography of Prescott that he could never get up his Euclid except by committing to memory the words of the book, a form of recitation from which his professor thought it as well to excuse him. How far these peculiarities are to be humoured is indeed a nice question; but this is no reason why we should wholly ignore them. The parent will sometimes ask a teacher, "What shall I make of my boy?" After some three or years' acquaintance a master of a Grammar School, or a College professor, should have something more than a random reply to such a question. Such is the diversity of human pursuits that there is room for the widest diversity of taste and talent, and the success of life is often marred by the stupidity of those who, determining to make mathematicians out of Prescotts, deprive the world of much fine literature or other valuable products, and add nothing to the progress of mathematics. Education is a preparation for life, and the most useful lives are those which concentrate a man's powers mainly in one direction, and that according to the star under which he was born.

My last observation is that the teacher should appeal as much as possible to the higher motives. Fear, as an instrument of discipline, is not to be discarded. I would not have a teacher say to his school, "I never flog." Philosophers tell us of what they call "latent consciousness." There should be in every school a latent consciousness of the rod, and this will need occasionally to be developed, and, as it were, brought to the surface by a vigorous application, of the rod to some daring offender who may be taken as a kind of representative man. But the best teacher is one who secures good order and progress without much flogging. Let the formula be, the maximum of progress with the minimum of whipping. It is so easy to flog, especially for a big man to flog little children; it is so natural to flog; there are so many temptations to flog—so many occasions on which this method seems to be necessary—that it becomes with some teachers a kind of "royal road to knowledge," a sort of catholicon to cure all diseases, like "Radway's Ready Relief," or other nostrums of the day. That dull boy must be flogged, though possibly his dullness may be but the slow development of great powers which flogging will not hasten. That truant boy must be flogged, though a proper system of gymnastics and recreation might have prevented his playing truant. That tardy boy must be flogged, though his tardiness may have been the fault of his parents. That equivocating boy must be flogged, though his equivocation be the result of timidity, which flogging does but increase. Some teachers seem to think they best discharge their obligations, by discharging the big ruler at the heads of the children; according to others, the tree of knowledge is the birch. The old adage warns us not to flog when angry; but the fact is that the presence of anger and the absence of moral power are the chief causes of flogging. The true teacher will love and reverence children, and feel his way as