

thus be irretrievably given over to ineradicably vicious habits—and yet, his child, who should be precious as the apple of his eye; his child, the inheritor of his name—the inheritor, also, of what is best or worst in himself—an epitome of the universe, an incipient Plato, Shakespeare, or Milton, it may be; with nerves so delicately organized that there are a thousand possibilities of what may disturb his moral or intellectual well being is not so well cared for, nor so tenderly cherished, as the young colt in his paddock.

“Woe unto him who shall cause one of these little ones to offend!” said the tender, loving lips of the Divine Master, who took little children in his arms and blessed them. I confess to a certain awe in the presence of a child—its white tablet, open to all impressions, and so soon to be filled with undying records; its weird questionings; its unearthly intuitions; its intimations of something latent and visible; its cradle-smiles; its quick coming tears; the half remembered vistas of the spheres, where—

“Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.”

How any human being can take such a one, and wrench him in the whirlwind of his wrath, or, with deliberate intent, scourge his white limbs in the expectation of infusing moral ideas through the integuments of the skin, is to me incomprehensible. The rush, the jar, the whole category of discords, is enough to mar the fine, delicate organisms forever. I remember, when I was a child of nine, I was present in a school where the master attempted to “flog” an unruly boy, who turned upon the teacher, and what was to me a fearful contest, ensued. How it terminated I never knew, for I was carried home in what seemed a dead faint, and it was long before my nerves rallied from the shock. Here was an injury inflicted, not only upon the delinquent, but upon a little community of outraged and terrified children.

A child is either rendered callous and brutal by blows, or his self-respect becomes impaired, and he grows up without honor or manliness. I believe our families and schools can be managed without the rod. The very young child may, if sullenly obstinate in character, need a slap to teach it that there is a wholesome law which it must obey; but this should be administered while a child in arms, not old enough for reasoning. In the school room, if the whole system of corporeal punishment and monitorial surveillance were done away with, and the children put upon their honor, taught the love of order and the courtesies and amenities which should characterize all intercourse, there would be far less cause for complaint of misbehavior on the part of the young; but this presupposes that parent and teacher have perfect self-control, and a natural insight and sympathy for the child.

It will be said that Solomon, the wise man, warmly recommends the use of the rod; but it must be borne in mind that Solomon, in the Proverbs, is very worldly wise, and some of his sayings are probably the collected aphorisms long current among a prudent people.

I have seen a child whose whole soul was up in arms at a blow; he developed a fearful hatred and rage, and I could not but think there were the elements of the hero in him—a Spartan tumult of being. I judge that, out of such material, wisely respected, grew the wonderful three hundred who stood shoulder to shoulder in the noblest battle the world has known—that of Thermopylae.

The great object of education is to instil into the mind of the child a sense of justice, a rigid adherence to truth, fortitude, constancy, honor; and how can all this be incorporated into the growing fibre in the presence of

injustice, violence, and disorder? Old Montaigne has most aptly said, “It is not a soul, it is not a body, that we are training up; *it is a man.*” And again, remembering that we boast of our progress, and Montaigne said as follows, three hundred years ago: “Do but come in when they are about their lessons, and you shall hear nothing but the outcries of boys under execution, and the thunder of pedagogues *drunk with fury.* A very pretty way this to tempt these tender and timorous souls to love their book, leading them on with a furious countenance and a rod in hand! Away with this violence; away with this compulsion; than which, I certainly believe, *nothing more dulls and degenerates a well born nature. If you would have him fear shame and chastisement, do not harden him to them.*” And much more of a like nature is uttered by the wise old philosopher.

Our modern system of education is defective in many ways, and greatly in this, that we have not *unlearned* the brutality of the past ages. The child is still scourged when it is the parent or teacher that most deserves it. The child of to day feels that he is subjected to unjust or ignominious punishment, more by instinct than reason, as is evinced by the many sad and deplorable suicides of mere children after having been cruelly treated. And, again, such is the modern rage for cramming the child's head with book-knowledge, that the moral nature, the manful nature, is greatly neglected. We do not educate a man, but a pedant. Many of the old knights and the noble barons of Runnymede, who would scorn treachery, falsehood, dishonor, irreligion, compared with whom our bank-defaulters, untrustworthy officials, and short-coming legislators, are blacklegs and felons, could not write their own names, and signed with a cross. Our prisons are filling up with cultured men, who might from literary coteries and lyceums within their prison-walls; yet all these men were duly flogged in their youth, and trained to the learning of the schools. How like

“A lump of ice in the clear, cold moon”

seems the character of John Stuart Mill, isolated from ball, and kite, and top, and studying Greek at three years of age!

The first years of a child's life should be little trammelled by the study of books; it is the seed-time for the soul; it is the period for training a man, for inuring him to the practice of the hardy sports, those sturdy virtues, those high moral perceptions, that in after life shall yield the fruitage of a solid manliness an unflinching, honest, honorable manhood.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

—(*Appletons' Journal*).

McGill University.

CONVOCATION.

The annual public meeting of Convocation, for the conferring of Degrees of Arts, was held in the William Molson Hall, on Monday, May 3rd, at 3 p. m.

Members of Convocation met in the Library at 2 p. m., for the reading of minutes and election of Fellows, for the Session of 1875-76, which resulted in the election

For the Faculty of Law of Edward Holton, B. C. L., and J. J. Maclaren, M. A., B. C. L.

For the Faculty of Medicine—John Reddy, M. D., and Samuel B. Schmidt, M. D.

For the Faculty of Arts—R. A. Ramsay, M. A., B. C. L., and J. R. Dougall, M. A.

After the election, the Members of Convocation took their