should find no place in the work of instructing living souls.—*Conn. School Journal.*

—*Compulsory Education.*—Scotchmen have lately come out in a new character and are now prepared to dispute with the people of the New England States, the honour of having originated a system of compulsory education. Many facts connected with the state of education in Scotland, which hitherto had remained unknown, were brought to light during the debate on the Scotch education bill. According to the Duke of Argyle an act was passed by a Scotch parliament in 1494 imposing the heavy penalty of twenty pounds upon parents who failed in certain circumstances to send their children to school, the compulsion being, however, confined to freeholders, and that only in the case of eldest sons. Here is a remarkable fact that nearly 4 centuries ago a stringent compulsory rule was applied to a certain section of the population so as to secure the education of those likely to prove the more influential members of the community, and yet the bill for the adoption of a general compulsory law introduced during the present session of the British Parliament met with much opposition. Our American neighbours instead of originating the compulsory education system are reduced, when old records are searched, to th position of imitators of the Scotch rulers of four hundred years ago.

—*A School of Honour.*—Larceny from college rooms is a very rare offence. One can only wonder that it is not more frequent. All day long, from morning till night, every door swings upon it hinges. Any one, who is palpably a University man can walk unchallenged past the porter's lodge, march straight into his friend's chambers, and there—if the tenant be absent—make himself at home for the hour together. A free and easy style of life such as this naturally enough gives birth to a code of etiquette peculiarly its own. Your friend's decanter and seltzer water is your own, but it is a liberty to uncork a fresh bottle. You may invade his tobacco jar, but his cigar are sacred. You may read his books, but you must not open his album. And last, not least, you are expected upon departure to leave a cocked hat of paper notifying your visit. So strange a state of things reminds one of nothing so much as of the old legend which tells how Alfred the Great hung the trees by the roadside with golden braclets. That it should exist unquestioned is the best possible proof that it is not abused. Oxford and Cambridge under graduates may, it is true, do wild and foolish things—assault the police, ring bells, demolish flower-gardens, burn statues, and commit various other folies. But the undergraduate is the soul of honour, as his scout is the soul of honesty. The bills and letters which are thrust into the looking-glass remain there day after day after unread, exactly as the purse lies upon the mantel-piece untouched. The notion that his servant will rob him, or that his friend will play the Paul Pry in his absence, never enters the undergraduate's head. There is, indeed, an Arcadian simplicity about Oxford. From the tradesmen who gives unlimited credit, to the college dean whose cross examination is, "will you assure me, as a gentleman, sir, that you know nothing of the matter?" from the Bodleian Library, where priceless manuscripts are at your service in a moment, to "the schools" where the examiner placidly studies his newspaper, first saying, "I trust to your honour, gentlemen, not to copy; I may mention that I should be too blind to see you if you did,"—everywhere their reigns an atmosphere of the purest and most Arcadian simplicity. Here and there are black sheep it is true; and some once in every lustrum occurs a *cause célebre* serving only as an exception to prove the rule. But the force of public opinion is so keen and so irresistible that, against their very will, it infects even the unworthy. The Oxford Union, founded when Mr. Gladstone was an undergraduate, has a lending library as large as Mudie's You walk into it; you take down any book you like — no matter how valuable: you leave a voucher in a sort of ballot-box, and you march away. Books are lost through negligence or inadvertence, no doubt, and turn up years after in the most unexpected manner. But in the whole long history of the Oxford Union there has been but one instance of deliberate theft. What London club with similar rules could say as much?

—*Handwriting.*—It is natural to suppose that a man's particular occupation or calling should have some effect upon his handwriting, but I cannot say that I have myself been able to trace such an effect in many cases. Certainly I have never been able to discover that there is any sort of hand peculiar to soldiers, or clergymen, or lawyers, though, for aught I know, they may be. This, however, has been noticed with respect to mathematicians, and they generally write a small neat and precise hand—which may arise from two causes; either from the fact that they have very much to do with figures, or that the habits of order and precision in thought which the study of mathemathics engenders, communicates an analogous character to their handwritings. There is also a sort of family likness in the writing of physicians. Men of this profession generally write what at least a writing-master would call a bad hand, *i. e.*, a hand which is not very legible and anything but tidy. One reason for this may be, that many physicians either *are*, or wish to appear to be, always in hurry. The next is, that when in writing their prescriptions, their endeavour is to render them so that they shall be legible only to the chemist; and this engenders a particular kind of handwriting, and one which, of course, it is not easy to decipher. Such, at least, is the best explanation I can give of the matter. I before remarked that clever men were supposed to write bad hands. Of course every one knows that this is not universally the case; but, as there seems to be a general impression that such is the rule, there must be some foundation for the notion. It is not improbable that the strong workings of an active and powerful intellect may have rather a tendency to interfere with the regularity and symetry of the hand; and especially is this the case with men of genius—particularly poetic genius—is naturally erratic, and the original products of a creative mind come by fits and starts; so that the man of genius has to write his thoughts as they occur, and write them quickly too, for fear of losing them, which naturally tends to produce a loose and careless hand. I have, however, certainly known men of genius whose handwrithing was the reverse of this. Both Arnold's and Southey's writhing was small, precise neat, and exact; but then this was owing, perhaps, to certain qualities in each of them which counteracted the erratic tendencies of genius. They were both laborious men, and one, if not both, was neat and methodical in his habits. Byron, who possessed all the defects usually attributed to men of genius, wrote a hand essentially characteristic of the class of minds to which he belonged. As a general rule, an uprigt hand is oftner found combined with strength of character and firmness of purpose than the reverse. When, however, the handwriting leans towards the left side, we may be quite sure that this is not natural to the writer; nevertheless, it indicates a feature which exists in his character. Persons who put this sort of constraint upon their handwriting, generally put a similar one upon their character; at least I can quote two instances, where I have every reason to believe that such was the case. The one was a noblemam, well known in the political and in the literary world, now deceased. His natural hand, I have been informed, was inclined to lean to the right side, but, in order to counteract this tendency, he forced it in the opposite direction. This was just the type of the sort of constraint he put upon his character. Naturally he was yielding, though amiable, and some of his friends considered that the want of backbone was his great defect, and yet those who knew him well said that to suggest anything to him was the surest way of making him not do it. I believe he was not the only man who, being conscious that he is is easily led, tries to counteract this defect and to assert his independence, by showing obstinacy in trifles, and holding out on occasions where it would be wiser to give in.—*Golden Hours.*

Tact.—There are some gifts which surely come direct from Heaven. They cannot be acquired by study, they cannot be assumed at will, they cannot be sought out elsewhere than in ourselves. Their seed must have been in us from the first day of our existence on earth; and all education and training can do is to cause the little seed to break through the surface which hides it, and to hasten its growth from a small and weak shoot into a strong and fruitful plant. Cared for and nourished, the plants will yield shelter against the storm, and shade in the noonday heats of life; neglected and untended, they will wither, decay, and finally die. Among such plants we may reckon memory, music, painting, and many more. All these have their counterfeits; the gilt bauble for the solid gold. These are all to be learned, and their practice acquired, by even the dullest of men. A memory like to that of a parrot may be built up in an out-of-the-way corner of our brain; we may be taught to bawl or screech out fugues, which some pretended lovers of fine music may term sublime, while we ourselves are conscious of having no ear for harmony, nor voice to charm "the savage breast." Many a silly youth, too, may be taught painting, so far as the servile copying of another's work, and subsequent daubing of colours over it, may be called by that name. But, however far these imitative attempts may be carried, they never can become the faculty they mockingly represent. Of all these many gifts which Heaven gives to man, there is