

Such studies do not make a man more human but simply more intelligent. Physical science, besides giving knowledge, cultivates to some degree the love of order and beauty. Mathematics give a very admirable discipline in precision of thought. But neither of them can touch the strictly human part of our nature. The fact is, that all education really comes from intercourse with other minds."

I cannot but think that any one upon reading this opinion of Dr. Temple—that *mathematics and physical science do not humanize* would wish that he had defined his terms. What does he mean by *humanize*, by the *strictly human part of our nature*, by *education*.

A reviewer caustically remarks that his tone sufficiently proves that Greek and Latin whether they humanize or not are inadequate in themselves as a training for the mind. A tendency to undervalue the intellectual pursuits of others is, generally speaking, a sign of ignorance with regard to their nature, it implies a narrowness of vision which a sound education should endeavour, as one of its leading objects, to mitigate and if possible to remove. The fact is that the study of ancient history and of ancient thought is admirably adapted to strengthen and to cultivate one special class of intellectual faculties. Others, of fully as great importance it leaves entirely untouched. There is a class of sympathies and a class of powers which predominate in scientific men and are perhaps more especially called forth by scientific studies. Such particularly is the faculty of *observation* and the wider range of thought acquired by its exercise.

There is another quality of still higher value which appears to me to be called out in a more marked degree by scientific than by classical pursuits. It is—I will not say the love of truth—but the desire to *search out truth*. This may very possibly arise from the intrinsic difference of the two studies. In the literature of antiquity every thing is fixed and unprogressive. There is nothing more to be done except to discern more perfectly the meaning of what has been done already. But in science all this is exactly reversed. It is essentially progressive. If from antiquity we derive an impression of rest that can never be broken, from modern inquiries we derive an impression of motion that can never cease. The world of science is impelled in the strongest manner to be constantly active in revising its conclusions, in making fresh experiments and establishing fresh generalizations. It can never sit down and say that its task is done.

But it is not by reading only that a teacher should endeavour to increase his knowledge and make himself from day to day more able in his vocation. Books are indeed our grand helps, a good book is a vial in which is stored the *quinta pars nectaris*—the essence of some great mind—and well deserves the noble eulogium bestowed on it.

There is however some uncertainty in making choice of the best books and often some difficulty in procuring them, and even the best cannot be free from faults. But there is one book, open to all, close at hand, pure from all error—the Book of Nature—difficult indeed to understand unless we have begun the study of it betimes, but full of charms which grow upon us as we grow older. The young are not often fond of reading it, though they may occasionally turn over its leaves. They are kept from it by the desire to compete and to combat with their fellows, by ambition, by a thirst for excitement and fondness for the amusements which town-life and society offer and if now and then they exchange stone pavements or board walks for green fields a *belle amie* is usually the cause and botany the pretence.

But Time calms down all this, and after the love of Nature wins upon us in proportion as we draw near the period when our eyes must close for ever on her beauties.

For my own part I am free to confess that I regret much that I did not include this Book in the studies of my youth. Now, when I cut down one of those handsome thistles—I do not know what you call them—I look upon him with interest and a longing to understand something of his mysteries.

But a proper distribution of time, so essential to the acquisition of knowledge, though not difficult to make, i. e. not easy to carry into

practice and we too often yield the point to accident or inclination. Particularly is this the case before we have paid years as the price of a little wisdom, as the Roman king purchased the Books of the Sibyl.

I shall conclude with an extract from an inaugural Lecture delivered in the University of Edinburgh by Professor Blackie in the year 1862.

He is advocating the Study of Nature, and as coming from an eminent classical scholar fully aware of the value of Latin and Greek in Higher Education, there is a grace in his pleading as well as eloquence in his language. He says: "We live in an age that is justly proud of its Physical Science and will not allow the mere wielders of an old grammar and dictionary to assume an oracular tone, or dictate a monopolizing tuition to the men who have had their eyes opened to the great mundane mysteries written in the stars and in the rocks, through the teaching of a Lyell and a Herschell, a Faraday and a Brewster."

Do you, on the contrary, always know and feel that the profoundest study of the dead past, never can be any thing more than, as Richter beautifully says, the "unswathing of a bandaged mummy," except in so far as the student brings along with him the heart that beats and the eye that speculates from the living fulness of the present.—"Mere learning," as Falstaff says, "is a hoard of gold kept by the devil," or we may add, by an ass. Beware, therefore above all things, ye who teach from ancient books, of this lean worship of the dead letter.—Seek for the inspiration of your school exercises in the living depths of your own soul; seek for it in the green trees and in the golden stars, seek for it before God on your knees, and before men, in whatever work your hand shall find to do, vigorously, but seek it not in the grey book merely or in the pale parchment. Like is the father of like in this world, not among the doves only and the eagles, as Horace says, but everywhere. Mere paper never yet begot muscle. If you wish to be strong men in the world, and workers of strong work, remember that.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

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A Paper read before the Teachers' Association in connection with McGill Normal School.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The subject on which I propose to address you this evening, is one of vast importance, but one whose claims to consideration have not been hitherto recognized as fully as they deserve to be; there is however, I am glad to say, an awakening amongst many thinking persons to the necessity of some rational system of physical education; of which the numerous instances of debility which surround us on every side, serve as so many warning signs—proving that we have not yet realized a method of culture by which healthy specimens of men and women may be the rule, instead of as is now unfortunately too often the case, the exception.

But the subject is even as yet, recognized more in its *theoretical* than in its *practical* aspect, in proof of which we need only look around at our educational establishments—in how many of them shall we find any resemblance of provision for cultivating the bodily powers? very few—the majority leave the matter entirely to the benevolent care of chance, and whether the pupils get exercise or not depends entirely on their dispositions; if of a studious turn of mind, the whole vital forces are concentrated on the brain, the unfortunate child exhibits a pale, sickly look, which is as it were a mute signal of distress put forth by suffering nature, imploring us to come to the rescue. If on the other hand we see children with exuberant spirits, and abounding in life and energy, should we leave so favorable an opportunity of developing magnificent specimens of manhood to the operations of chance? Should we not rather deal with them as we would with strong and healthy intellects—take a pride in bringing them to their highest pitch of perfection?

Should we leave a highly intellectual child to pick up knowledge how and when it could? are not our magnificent educational establishments a standing protest against such an insane proceeding? and surely that noble structure in which our immortal soul finds its tabernacle, and on which the Almighty has lavished such wondrous