

sults of an education which they have themselves received; the manner, dress, language, style and presence of the teacher should be a constant model for his class.

How often do we find the Queen's English slaughtered by those who are looked upon as good teachers! How often do we find the proprieties violated through the ignorance of those who profess to be the instructors of our youth!

How is a man to inspire his pupils with an appreciative love for any department of literature, art or science, who has never entered into the spirit of the thing himself? He may stand and point to the temple, but he has never entered himself; has never sacrificed at the altar, and knows nothing of the devotee's joy. "With a clown's broad back turned broadly to the glory of the stars, he has talked to his class of Orion and the Pleiades, of 'the charioteer and starry gemini,' " with many other constellations which are only *hard names* to him, and, in consequence, are rubbish to his pupils; and he wonders at the want of interest his class displays.

But you will ask what all this has to do with the relation of science to school work. And I answer, "*A great deal.*" For note, that so long as such teachers make up, as they now do, by far the larger portion of the guild, just so long will cramming and book-work produce the evil effects they do at the present time. It is so easy and so satisfactory, this working with a text-book. The lesson for the day is *very definite*. There is not the slightest difficulty in saying whether it has been prepared or not. This is a great comfort to the teacher, and it is at least recognized by the pupil as a thing to be thankful for. He may not *understand* his work, but, thank goodness, he can still *do* it very well. Let us inquire how all this is brought about.

We constantly hear of the inquisitiveness of childhood. How is it that when our boys and girls have been a few years at school we find so little of this natural inquisitiveness left in them? Rare, indeed, is the instance in which a boy or girl of twelve is found carrying on an original investigation in any direction. Is it that, for them, the world has nothing unexplored? or is it not that the spirit of curiosity—the genius that prompts to investigation—has been crushed out? For what is there in the first twelve years of a child's life to keep alive this spirit of curiosity? His first attempts to understand the mechanical structure of his toys by a process of destructive anatomy, brings him into trouble with the powers that be. Later on he goes to school, and books are put into his hands; a certain number of papers assigned for a lesson. This lesson—descriptive and explanatory, or didactic, as the case may be—must be memorized under threat of the teacher's vengeance.

Before school life began, his troublesome questions were put off by the advice, "Wait till you are old enough to go to school, and then you will understand all that." And now that he is at school, the desire to investigate being already very much dulled through want of use, he is told to attend to such a lesson to-day, and by-and-by the particular thing he wants to know will become plain to him. And so, day by day and year by year, the monotonous routine of book work goes on; an everlasting reading and writing and answering of questions, until all his mental activity—except in the memorizing of task work—is completely gone, and our boys and girls at twelve years of age are fit for nothing but drudges. The questions that their childhood asked have never been answered; the whole subject is now forgotten. They are never now troubled or troublesome