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## FALLACIES IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The world is very much afflicted by fallacies. There is no department of labor or profession exempt. Politics and law, religion and science, all have their fallacies. In all of them there is something believed by the mass, which if not absolutely false, is as much a fallacy as if it were, and in all of them there is something put forward, either by design or through ignorance, belief in which exerts no inconsiderable influence upon society. Nor is the art of education or our Public Schools exempted from those fallacies, some of them existing in the mind of the teacher, others in his constituents. which often thwart the purpose of the true educator, and damage the intellectual development of the school.

r. It is still believed by many that he is the best teacher, who most thoroughly crams the mind of his pupils. To attempt to explode this fallacy is almost a work of supercrogation, for although yet credited, it is only by those whose intellectual attainments are such as to place them outside the pale of conviction. To imagine that the thinking powers of any scholar could be

cultivated and drawn out by memorizing words and definitions is so manifestly absurd, as to call for very little criticism. That only can be called mental food, which becomes assimilated with the mind, and thus constitutes part of the mind it.elf. The food. received into the stomach is not nourishing unless its constituent parts are changed into nerve and muscle and bone. If not so changed then it is not food in the true sense of the term. Nor do the words and definitions constitute any part of true education, unless changed into thought, and incorporated into the incorporeal structure of the mind itself. To believe then, that a crammed intellect is a cultivated intellect, would be as absurd as to suppose that a man was an athlete because he had a full The history of many of our gold medallists fully sustains this view. No doubt they were well crammed with class book lore; no doubt their lexicons were well thumbed, and that many a weary hour they toiled to fill the mental receptacle with words and phrases, but what of that? Their memory power taken away, and what was left?