

he eye accustomed to psychological analysis will discern, underneath it all, the outlines of our simple psychophysical scheme.

Respect, I beg you, always the original reactions, even when you are seeking to overcome their connection with certain objects, and to supplant

them with others that you wish to make habitual. Bad behavior, from the point of view of the teacher's art, is as good a starting point as good behavior; in fact, a better starting point than good behavior would be.—*Atlantic Monthly, March, 1899.*

THE SINS OF EDUCATION.

It is only a month or two ago that a writer in "Maga" complained that the famous Education Act of 1870 had disappointed the high hopes of its champions—that, despite the vast sums spent upon the people's education, the people still prefers the penny novelette to any other form of literature. Of course it does, and it is far better that its choice should be honest than that it should be wise. The Act of Parliament which compelled the free and enfranchised citizen to read, did not provide him with taste; and, though he can to-day make his mark upon a voting-paper with some degree of accuracy, he has travelled no farther on the road towards refinement or intelligence. Sometimes his growth suffers by overwork; sometimes his eye, once used to the sights of the hedgerow, is dimmed by the impact of print. But the Act, which the Don Quixotes of Liberal opinion designed to regenerate the world, did not do much more harm than good to the class for whose benefit it was passed. Its peculiar triumph is to have inflicted an injury upon those well-meaning persons, whose energy and enthusiasm forced it upon Parliament.

The Nemesis was sure and complete. The gentlemen who invented the new vice of illiteracy were certain that the millennium was at hand. They acknowledged that their own standard of intelligence was high; but they declared that once the people was forced to learn, it would in a single

stride scale the snow-clad heights of knowledge. The popular taste, said they, will be levelled up at the mere approach of education. A schoolmaster would suddenly jump into the midst of every village, like a wizard hurled up a stage trap, and with spelling-book for wand would transform the honest bumpkin into a pious reader of the *Quarterly Review*. But, alas! for the vanity of human hopes. The popular taste was never levelled up; the taste of the superior person was levelled down. The change was gradual, but it was irresistible, and it might easily have been foreseen. The School Boards of England created a "reading public" which required not instruction but printed matter. And straightway there arose a thousand ingenious mechanics, who devised and manufactured cubic yards of stuff that looked like books and papers. Writers, editors, vendors determined to supply the new demand, with an anxious adaptability to the altered circumstances of the intellectual market. With wits enormously sharpened by the greed of gain, they discovered precisely what it was for which their patrons clamored. They invented a new poetry which was doggerel, a new fiction which was "high-toned" and sentimental, a new journalism which was vulgar and indiscreet. Now was the opportunity for the fair-minded Liberal to interpose. He might have objected that it was not for the triumph of absurdity that he had