

to find out what his own theories really did mean, for so far as I can find out nothing more has been heard of him outside of the Fifth Book classes, which he occasionally visits. The teachers were much interested in Drawing, but their interest has waned during the period of Mr. O'Brien's masterly inactivity. The School Board very wisely agreed to let the schools be dismissed at 3 o'clock once a month to allow Mr. O'Brien to train the teachers in the work to be done the following month. He has never once called us together, and there are some who are cruel enough to insinuate that it is because he has learned by his attempts and failures in the Fifth Book classes, that he knows very little about elementary Drawing, and much less about teaching. It is rumored that he declined to act as an examiner in elementary Drawing at the Art School. I suppose he knew his lack of knowledge would be detected there. I admire his painting and wish our salaries were good enough to enable me to purchase some of his sketches, but I think that the fact that he is a great artist is in itself a sufficient reason to show that he is disqualified for public school work. If the School Board would spend the money they pay him in purchasing some of his pictures to hang in the schools, the pictures would do more teaching than he has done so far.

Yours, &c.,  
TORONTO TEACHER.

“EMPHASIS FIRST.”—Said an old teacher: “When I first began to teach, I resolved never to use the rod. I had a delightful school, and was delighted with my work. But there was one boy, the son of a prominent citizen, quick to learn, if he choose, but lazy and addicted to playing truant. He had no very bad habits, and seemed to mean well. He could be melted to tears with a very few words, and made most earnestly to promise amendment, which promise he always broke. His parents blamed the teacher for his slowness to learn, and his example demoralized the school. I have no doubt,” said the teacher, “that boy was the means of my losing the situation. Some months after I visited my successor in the same school. It was in excellent order. That boy sat in his seat deep in his studies. I whispered his case to the teacher, and asked by what means he had reformed the fellow. He raised the lid of his desk, and pointed to a rattan, ‘I gave him an emphatic moral lecture, put in the emphasis first,’ said he, ‘and the work was done. He is as steady and as bright as any in the school.’”

THE BEST AIDS TO DISCIPLINE.—1. Let the teacher teach well. 2. Let him teach order and system by being orderly and systematical himself. 3. Let him provide means to keep all profitably and pleasantly employed. 4. Let him secure the aid of parents and school boards, and work in harmony with them. 5. Let him be calm, watchful and firm. Above all, let him constantly study his profession; remember that, “to educate a child correctly requires deeper and profounder thought than to govern a State.”—*Ed. Record.*

CASTOR OIL AS A DETERRENT.—Many persons have tastes which differ widely from those of humanity at large, but the consensus of opinion upon the subject of the extreme nastiness of castor oil may be regarded as universal. The school authorities of Lochgoilhead have utilized the aversion to this medicine by introducing it as a means of punishment, and children who have not properly prepared their lessons have been compelled to drink it out of a bottle. Such, at least was the statement of Dr. Cameron in his question to Mr. Mundella; and he added that the oil had habitually been used as a punishment. Mr. Mundella, in his reply, said that the statement was correct; he found, however, that it had not been used as a punishment but as a deterrent. This is even worse. That a child should be punished for idleness by being made to drink castor oil is, as Mr. Mundella said, at once unwarrantable and reprehensible, but that a number of children should be obliged to drink it beforehand, to deter them from idleness, is a piece of revolting conduct which no Parliamentary words are capable of characterising. Henceforth Lochgoilhead will be known as a place where the brimstone and treacle regime of Dotheboys Hall is thrown into the shade, and where children are treated with a cruelty which far surpasses the sketch of the great novelist. We hope that an inquiry will be made, and that condign punishment will fall upon all who are found responsible for this treatment of children.—*London Standard.*

## Special Articles.

### THE STUDY OF SCIENCE.\*

(Concluded from last month.)

The following account is taken from Warren's Introduction to Law Studies pp. 175, 176, London 1845, 2nd Ed.

Some two or three years ago a counsel, manifestly not having enjoyed a very superior education, was engaged in arguing a case, *in banco*, at Westminster—before four very able judges, one of them being a man remarkable for his logical acuteness and dexterity. “No, no,—that won't do,” said he suddenly interposing—“put the converse of the proposition, Mr. —: try it that way.” The judge paused—the counsel paused, while a slight expression of uneasiness flitted over his features. He expected the judge to not “put the converse for him:” but the judge did not. “Put the converse of the proposition, Mr. —, and see if that will hold”—repeated the judge, with some surprise, and a little peremptoriness in his tone. But it was unpleasantly obvious that Mr. — could not “put the converse” of the proposition—not even understand what was meant. Some better-informed brother-barrister whispered to him the converse of the proposition, but it was useless. Mr. — faltered, repeated a word or two, as if mechanically. “Well!” said the judge, kindly, suspecting the true state of the case, “go on with your argument, Mr. —.”

The following narrative forms an interesting sequel to the preceding case:

“Some years ago, a young gentleman of superior natural talents, having had an average classical education, was, in his twenty-first year, desirous of going to the Bar. He had read much of what is called ‘light literature,’ but indolently and discursively; and even written not a little, nor unsuccessfully, for the press; and had several times found opportunities for speaking in public on political subjects; acquitting himself on such subjects, successfully—being fluent, ready, and ingenious. In short he had contrived to pass, among a pretty large circle of acquaintances, as ‘a decidedly clever man.’ Some casual observation made by a Cambridge friend of his, concerning the use of Geometry in testing the strength of the reasoning powers, induced him on returning that evening to his lodgings, to take down a copy of Euclid, which he recollected had lain on one of the upper shelves of a book-case belonging to his landlord. After glancing over the definitions, axioms and postulates, he, in like manner, and ‘in his then superficial way’—read over the first problem, ‘and saw nothing so very wonderful in it.’ Some impulse or other moved him to read it again, and very attentively; that inducing him after a thoughtful pause to read it a third time, still more attentively than before. After this, he rose from his chair, ‘in a sort of trepidation,’ and felt that he had suddenly made a great discovery; namely that till then ‘he had really known nothing whatever of the connection between premiss and conclusion,—in short, of real reasoning,’—and he passed a night of sleepless despondency. On the morrow, however, he betook himself to action; and, turning his discovery to good account, addressed himself immediately to the study of Euclid, overcoming a thousand risings of weariness, disgust and even despair, till he had mastered several books. Then he attacked Algebra; went to the University pretty well prepared, and acquired considerable distinction there.

“I never now,” said he, “think of Euclid, who taught me first that I had an understanding which I could not use, and then showed me how to use it, without feeling all the reverence and affection due to so august an instructor.” I am conscious that he changed the whole character of my mind, and gave me my only chance of success in life. By the time that I had mastered the first three books, not with the design of becoming a Mathematician, but simply of learning to reason, I became sensible of a great improvement in my faculties, occasioning me unspeakable satisfaction, mingled with secret shame and vexation at the frivolous, indolent, and superficial habits of thought with which, up to the moment of discovering their existence, I had been content.”

The following narrative of a conversation with Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States of America, is not uninteresting:

\* Extract from Preface to New Edition of Potts' Euclid, furnished through the kindness of Robert Potts, M.A., Cambridge, England, author of Potts' Euclid.