

to state that I could not be paid to take charge of a school in which I was obliged to use the rod. It is a relic of *medieval barbarism*, when study was a penance, and a student an ascetic. It has been abolished in the army and navy. It must be ultimately abolished in schools. * * Since the abolition of corporal punishment, which was purely voluntary on my part, the attendance has increased and the grade of scholarship advanced; *the moral standard of the pupils* has become higher, and the views of the teachers more liberal and advanced. By removing the rod, fear, the father of falsehood, disappears, and a nobler and manlier spirit is created throughout the whole school. A sense of honour is cultivated among the pupils; and the teachers, thrown upon their own resources, quickly acquire the tact and discretion, the judgment and self-command, necessary to enable them to govern with ease and effect. Thus, instead of ruling as the Russians do in Poland, by sheer force of terror, the scholars are instructed to govern themselves; and order, instead of proceeding from the teacher, flows in pure and healthy currents from within their own minds. *I am amazed upon reflection, that I ever degraded my pupils, myself and my calling, by raising my arm to strike a child into whose nostrils God had breathed the breath of life; in whose mind and heart he had planted faculties and feelings susceptible to the slightest touch of kindness.* Every blow inflicted was a public impeachment of my fitness for the position to which I had been called. Experience teaches that even the lowest of humanity are not utterly depraved, and that the better and holier feelings of human nature, particularly in the young, are not dead, but dormant. The rod kills; kindness awakens corresponding feelings; and what duty in life can be more exalted than to take charge of these poor, ignorant, neglected waifs of society, and teach them the difference between right and wrong, to love the one and to hate the other? It is impossible to whip them into a sense of duty. They must be kindly led into the beautiful paths of righteousness. The mean and the cowardly may appear reformed while the rod is suspended in *terrorem*, over them; but remove it—and it must be removed sooner or later—and behold the liars, the cheats, the swindlers, and the pests of society! But nine out of ten boys are neither mean nor cowardly; they are high-spirited and courageous; and whipping for acts merely mischievous, for failure to recite correctly, or to maintain discipline, is ruinous in the extreme, arousing evil passions and all that is desperate and wicked in human nature. One simple act influenced me more than all else to abandon corporal punishment, namely, able and experienced teachers never required the aid of the rod, while inefficient and apprentice teachers could not maintain good discipline without it. Why, I have often asked myself, punish boys for the shortcomings of their instructors? Is it right? Is it just? Certainly not, was the inevitable reply. Many a time I felt that the teacher was more to blame than the scholar. The substitution of a moral suasion for corporal punishment has produced even better results upon the children of the poor and ignorant than upon the children of the rich and educated; for the contrast between the kicking and cuffing at home, and the gentle kindness and uniform discipline at school, exerts the most beneficial influence upon their minds and hearts. His father beats him in anger, and the child sees and remembers it; for a similar offence, his teacher, firmly, kindly and gently reproves him, appealing to his reason and his feelings. Does the boy not realize the difference? He would be lower in the scale of animals than a dog or a horse if he did not. The very fact that all these physical punishments at home have failed to make good boys, but on the contrary have made them so bad that teachers are obliged to resort to similar means to keep them in subordination in school, destroys the argument in favour of corporal punishment most completely. They have been whipped by their parents, and they are bad; therefore we must whip them at school to make them good. A most lame and impotent conclusion.”—*Teachers' Institute.*

THE HUMAN BRAIN AND MIND.

The brain has evidently been a great mystery to the physiological world. Some assert that it is the dwelling place of the mind, the earthly home of the spirit, the busy house of the inventive soul, from which all science and art emanate; the classic hall from which all poetry, dramas and fictions leave the mind of the writer, and are presented to the world as specimens and proof of the delicacy and power of the human mind. But we arrive at the question which many ask, “What is the real use of the brain?” It is said to use one-fifth the blood of the human system, and to take to itself one-fifth the nourishment of the body. Then, surely, it must have some office to fulfil. What, then, is it? Can we deny that it is for the use of mind? Surely this has been proven to us. Yet, should we ask *how* mind acts upon the brain, echo would be our only answer, for the wise proverb of old Solomon “Know thyself,” has never been fulfilled. Man may study the laws of machinery; may count, calculate and name with respect to the distant orbs that send to us their feeble, because far-away, light. He may go into the bosom of the earth in geological research, read ages by her fossils and rocks, trace rivers to their distant sources, classify animals and plants, yet say to him, “Know thyself,” and his own mind will pause, appalled at the knowledge of how little he knows, and he realizes that there is a mystery connected with the working of the human brain, which the mind of man has never penetrated. Of all the subjects of philosophy, that which pertains to the mind of man is undoubtedly the most interesting and important. Every discovery, therefore, in this imperfectly explored region—every fresh ray of light cast upon this clouded tract—should be hailed with joy by every votary of science and every friend of man.

Phrenologists tell us that the whole brain does not have to move for each faculty—they each have their own and permanent seat in the brain. Here we find that if one part of the brain is deficient, is small, we can put it to use, and by constant application it will increase in size and strength. It may really acquire the strength and activity of other portions of the brain. How careful we should be to self-examine and learn our weaker organs, and by this means be enabled to discover “the discordant notes in the mental anthem which we are every day chanting, and the key instruments of our souls in perfect harmony.”

These different faculties of the mind and their cultivation is what brings to us the different geniuses of our race—the poet, painter, sculptor, orator, novelist or statesmen. There is a faculty in the mind of the poet which causes him to look out upon a different world from that which the practical man views. “There is the sublime poetry of his mind—those splendid flights and burning feelings, the wildest, loftiest, the grandest views, the lightning thoughts that wrap in a blaze of glory the canopy of his soul.” He listens to the music of his own nature, as it takes the form of the ocean’s surging waves against the mighty breakers, from the gentle sighing of the summer breeze to the fierce howling of the midnight storm, from the golden sunset to the lowering tempest, from the mellow twilight to the lightning glare, from the rupture of love to the torture of hate—his mind grasps all these as it soars afar on the wings of poetical fancy. In studying the mind we feel that we are in the sanctuary of the soul, that we sit in meditation in the room where all freaks of fancy are portrayed, where passion writes its burning words, where anger thunders its threats, where love whispers its silvery notes; from whence arise all ardent aspirations and lofty thoughts—in fact, the home of genius. Ah the restless brain! Were it not for its startling power where now would be our travelling facilities, darting from one commercial centre to another; where the ponderous steamship that hurries over the vast deep, and the message that flashes along the wire? They are all the result of