

bars, but the united strength of 10,000—or in other words, one gigantic bar whose section is 100 miles square. Yet more than eight such bars, or, more precisely, 87,500 unit bars, would but barely deflect the moon into its present path.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

### MR. BLAKE ON EDUCATION.

The Education question is "booming" in every city, and town, and hamlet, and along every concession line in the province of Ontario. The newspapers are full of it; everybody seems to have taken a hand in, and almost everybody to have gone crazy over it. One day a Teachers' Convention blows the horn; another, some Inspector, local or general, on his official visit; next, the loud timbrel is sounded at the formal opening of a Provincial Model School, or the inauguration of a new wing to some College building; and again, to mark the approbation or dissent of free and independent tax-payers at the appointment of a Classical Master, or a janitor in the Toronto University. All these operations, celebrations, demonstrations, acclamations, and protestations, show—that is, are intended to show—how high education is flying in this community,—higher than a kite, I fancy. My next neighbor, who is a superannuated dominie, and a very blunt old gentleman, says the system that makes such a noise is a *damn fraud*, and I am half inclined to agree with him, always using the word *damn* as it is used by the abbé Mc-Master (whom it is a *damn* shame not to preconize in *partibus infidelium*), in the sense of *dead loss*, meaning no offence to Mr. Crooks, or any other Christian statesman at present in office. I have been through the mill myself, and know how it works. There is any amount of "cram" and "shoddy" in the Public Schools; "shoddy" and "cram" with a little "tone" in the High Schools; and ditto, with more "tone" and lots of "haw! haw!" in the University. I will not assert that there are no good points; only this, it would require a search-warrant to discover them among so many glaring defects. Do you say, this is an exaggeration? Then, I pray you, examine for

yourself. Don't judge by appearances. Be not deceived by monumental edifices, heaps of apparatus, and other extensive and imposing appurtenances; nor by the grade of the teachers' diploma, and the "get-up" of examination papers. If you have a boy at one of those schools,—(a *young man* at the University would strike)—put to him a few questions outside the routine, on which he has not been drilled—things that he ought to know, in any of the fundamental, or necessary branches. Sound him to the bottom, and see what is the depth of the knowledge he has acquired. The test will repay you, even should it rub off some of your paternal conceit.

But I have not taken pen in hand for the purpose of writing down the public school system of Ontario. Far from me such a nefarious and unpatriotic design. It is merely Mr. Blake that I propose to discuss—Mr. Blake on Education. This gentleman on the N. P., Compulsory voting, the Consolidation of the Empire, or any other *gritty* subject, would be entirely "out-of-order" in these pages, which are strictly non-political. Education, however, is a broad question, and I am sure Mr. Blake's views thereon will receive your right hearty welcome, if not your entire approbation.

Mr. Blake is Chancellor of the University of Toronto, a much pampered state institution, as every tax-payer feels. As Chancellor he was present at the opening exercises of Queen's University, Kingston, an institution belonging to the Presbyterian body. These exercises took place on October 14th, in connection with the dedication of a splendid new building, erected at a cost of about \$50,000, "the grand gift," said Principal Grant, "of the citizens of Kingston, who, without distinction of class or creed, had just presented it through their mayor."

Well done! old lime-stone city! The sum, it is true, is only a moderate fortune, but look at the *spirit* that prompted the gift. That ought to make some people I know blush for shame,—people who are eternally grumbling about the inefficiency, fancied or real, of our Catholic schools, and never think of subscribing a cent to improve them;—people who—God forgive me, if I wrong them