

The severest condemnation, however, that falls upon the "no-restraint" idea, is that it is entirely opposed to the fundamental principles of modern pedagogy. The educational aim of the present is to make the rising generation one of strong, moral-religious characters. Hence it is particularly the understanding and the will which the educator seeks to develop and influence and lead to harmonious agreement. If a child at school is permitted to follow only his own instincts and inclinations, the attainment of such a result is quite impossible. He must learn to subject his desires and wishes to the authority of reason. Until his own

reason is sufficiently developed that of the educator must supply what is lacking. Obedience to this authority must be obtained at any cost, and hence the need of *rational* government, supplemented by instruction and training which unite to broaden and deepen the child's insight into the moral-religious world, and at the same time so to develop and strengthen his will that it will be the truest expression of his inner self. The quaint old rule of Solomon holds good: "Bring up a child in the way he should go." Tolstoi would probably substitute for it the anarchistic maxim: "Let the child go wherever he pleases."—*The School Journal*.

AN OLD MASTER.

IT is the glory of a schoolmaster," says Guizot, "to make unnumbered sacrifices for those who profit by him, to labor, in a word, for man, and to wait for his reward from God." The tangible honours of earth are not for him, "storied urn and animated bust" do not, as a rule, perpetuate his good deeds; he is too often left to go down to the vile dust "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." Still, here and there, we meet with one who, by the sheer force of a compelling individuality, fired with the enthusiasm of a life purpose, does manage in the tardy years to grip men's hearts to a grateful and unstinting recognition of his beneficent labours. More often than not the honour is a memorial. The decaying schoolmaster too frequently asks for bread, and receives a stone. Many years will pass before the profession wears the worldly honours due to it. Probably not for a generation will the sword of knighthood grace

the shoulder of the schoolmaster as it has recently done that of the author, the editor, the librarian, the actor. In France, with a clearer and more far-seeing vision, they decorate the master of a primary school, and inscribe the roll of the Legion of Honour with the record of his name.

For nigh on fifty years, Thomas Haswell, the master of the Royal Jubilee Schools, North Shields, lived for the children of his town. So deep was the impress of his devotion, sympathy, and power on the hearts of the Tynesiders that they were not willing to let the memory of his labors be interred with his bones. In the local art gallery they placed his portrait; on the wall of his school they graved an inscription, and within they sent his name ringing down the grooves of time by annually bestowing a medal on the *dux* of the school.

Now, his friends have authorised the publication of a sumptuous volume wherein the story of his life is elo-