

THE ladies of Montreal are wise in their generation. They have organized a School of Cookery. A writer in one of the women's journals recently wound up an earnest appeal for improved cookery in the following touching and yet practical style: "Mothers, housekeepers, friends, give us good food and, oh! how good we will be." Our age is wisely trying to introduce science in every department of human life and work. Nowhere is it more needed than in the culinary regions of the homes of the people. The *Montreal Star* does but state an obvious truth, yet a truth which points a most important moral, when it says: "Many a glass of beer goes down to temporize an empty stomach. The Woman's Temperance Union does noble work, but the School of Cookery will do a work scarcely less benevolent by teaching women to prepare better food at home than husbands, brothers and sons can find elsewhere."

ACCORDING to the *School Guardian* of London, the Education Department of Victoria has carried a principle, sound enough in itself, to an absurd extreme. In excluding religious instruction from the schools it has gone so far as to exclude from its school books all references to Christianity. It is almost incredible, but the *Guardian* seems to imply that it is true that not only has Paul's address on Mars' Hill been removed from one of the school books and a description of a cotton mill substituted, but that Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night" and Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" have been mutilated to avoid a reference to Christianity. We still think that these statements must be the invention of some enemy. The distinction between ceasing to give religious instruction in the schools and committing such absurdities as those indicated is so broad that no man of average intelligence and common sense could fail to see it.

THE *Montreal Star* approves the formation of literary clubs in that city and recommends particularly the study of Parkman's historical works. The suggestion is an excellent one for city or country. Why should not the teachers in town and village take a prominent part during the coming winter in the formation and management of clubs for the study of good literature? Nothing could be better for themselves, or for the young people whom they might thus assist to form a taste for good reading. Such societies, well conducted, would raise the average of intelligence throughout the whole country. It would be a mistake to confine the attention to any one species of literature. The available supply is happily unlimited in variety as well as in quantity, and there is a wide range within which the varying tastes of readers could be consulted with excellent results. But nothing could be more appropriate or beneficial than that the attention of the young people of Canada, which is just now passing through the critical formative stages of development, should have their patriotism stirred by such a knowledge of the early history

of their own country as may be gained from Parkman's charming works.

THERE is, it must be admitted, something in the atmosphere of our upper schools and colleges which is unfriendly to rural life and its pursuits. It is too generally assumed that those who are attending these schools are fitting themselves for some less fatiguing, more remunerative and, above all, more genteel occupation. This is wrong. The moral influence of the schools should be on the other side. They should aim to impart truer conceptions of the dignity of labor, and, above all, of tilling the soil. The land is the source of all our wealth. To develop its rich resources to their utmost, to contend with the many unfavorable conditions and the numerous enemies which attend the growing crops, is a work demanding high intelligence as well as muscular strength and unflinching vigilance. Poets and men of refined and elevated natures have always delighted in the sights and sounds, and often in the occupations of rural life. It would seem as if but a higher standard of taste were required to make farming one of the most popular and fashionable, as it is one of the most independent and healthful of pursuits. Teachers and professors should do much to cultivate this taste. Above all, they should constantly discountenance the narrow notion that education is valuable only or chiefly as a preparation for some "soft" situation or profession, or as a means to any end outside of the man himself. Culture is its own end. It should be sought primarily, and, as far as possible, by every incipient man and woman, because it is a condition of the highest manhood and womanhood.

SIR DANIEL WILSON, in his Convocation address, paid a high and well-merited tribute to the merits of the late Professor Young, as a teacher. "Few men," he said, "have more thoroughly merited the designation of 'a born teacher' than the late George Paxton Young. He had those peculiar gifts and aptitudes for the highest work of academic instruction which university training may develop, but which lie wholly beyond its compass to bestow. His heart was in his work; and his enthusiasm inspired his students with a like spirit. * * * His analytical powers as a thinker, manifested as they were in association with an invincible candor and impartiality in the elucidation of systems from which he widely differed, contributed largely to his success as a teacher. * * * No one could enjoy intimate intercourse with Prof. Young without being struck with the eminent fairness with which he dealt with writers and systems most widely differing from him, while his fidelity to what he recognized as truth knew no limits." This estimate of that which constituted the chief excellence of the late Professor as an educator, is quite in line with our remarks in a previous article. The analytic power and the invincible candor which enabled him to do justice to others, were the crowning

excellencies which gave such value to all his work in the lecture room. They are qualities essential to the highest success in every department of instruction, but nowhere, perhaps, are they so absolutely indispensable as in the chair of Metaphysics and Ethics.

Educational Thought.

THE ending of all earthly learning is virtuous action.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

BE not afraid of enthusiasm; you need it; you can do nothing effectually without it.—*Guizot.*

GENIUS, in the school-room as elsewhere, if it does not consist in, at least includes, "a capacity for taking infinite pains."—*Ohio Educ. Monthly.*

TWO things are necessary in training mind. There must be something to call mind into play; and there must be teaching skill to enable the mind to profit by its exercise. That is to say, there must be a familiar subject rich in intelligent difficulties; and there must be intelligent skill to turn those difficulties to account. To give an example.—*Thring.*

IF children at school can be made to understand how it is just and noble to be humane even to what we term inferior animals, it will do much to give them a higher character and tone through life. There is nothing meaner than barbarous and cruel treatment of the dumb creatures that can not answer or resent the misery which is so often needlessly inflicted upon them.—*John Bright.*

I WONDER if you believe that teaching is a science? I wonder if you believe that teaching is a most difficult thing to do—real bona fide, efficient teaching? Or do you imagine that a man can teach a thing simply because he knows it? He must understand the subject, and then, he must know how to teach that subject. He must study his own guide—the mind of the pupil—the methods of putting the matter into the mind of the pupil.—*Dr. J. L. M. Curry.*

LIKE coral insects multitudinous
The minutes are whereof our life is made.
They build it up as in the deep's blue shade.
It grows, it comes to light, and then and thus
For both there is an end. The populous
Tea-blossoms close: our minutes that have paid
Life's debt of work are spent: the work is laid
Before their feet that shall come after us.
We may not stay to watch if it will speed—
The bard, if on some lute's string his song
Live sweetly yet; the hero, if his star
Doth shine. Work is its own best earthly meed;
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng—
Who wrought those marvelous isles that bloom afar.
—*Selected.*

WHEN time, and teaching, and love have been at work, the prison walls open, and the lord of thought comes out to take possession, the man whose power is in himself finds himself endowed, as he daily grows in power, with new members, new senses, matchless instruments, and begins to range freely through a glorious universe—a voyager on a boundless sea of discovery, gathering fresh glory and fresh delight as he ranges. Nevertheless all this transmuting power is nothing but observation, loving observation pursuing its work with skill, and working with sleepless strength, because of skill and love. Time, and teaching, and love, these three, can slowly and surely make the eye see, and the mind inspire the eye, and be inspired in turn. The slowest can begin though the swiftest cannot end. Time, teaching, and love, these three, transmute all things when life is at work. There is no incapacity which can prevent observation. And there is no inability to enjoy what observers give. The great writings of all time, rightly treated, are but lenses which all can look through. The problem of power in a man's self is capable of no hard solution. There is no stupidity. Once impress on the minds of a generation that teaching and training are names of life, and pleasure, names of new senses, new strength, new delights, which all can attain, and Plato's schoolboy will appear again. There will be no stupidity.—*Thring.*