

than the great laws that govern us in our physical relationships and the rules that should govern us in everyday life? If, then, a selection must be made, why not take the most intensely practical subjects? For of what use, so far as this life is concerned, is culturing so highly the mind if the body is too weak to bear the strain and pressure of life's battles? Of what use garnishing the jewels till their resplendent lustre dazzles all beholders, if both casket and jewels so soon are to be thrown into the pit? Why be so anxious to increase the size and value of the cargo, if the vessel is so poorly built that the storms will surely wreck her in mid-ocean? Now we are very much mistaken if this instruction and training for which we plead is not really more practical and important in every day life than some of the subjects usually found in the curriculum of the school. Let us take, for example, ancient history. Outside the professional walks in life, of what practical value is the amount of ancient history usually received at school? Leaving out of consideration the mixture of myth and mystery, of truth and fable, of error and exaggeration usually found on the historic page, can any one for a moment doubt that hygiene and physiology would be of more practical use to nine-tenths of our pupils than this branch of study? The very many questions which ancient history presents for our study and investigation may be interesting enough to the historian and pleasant enough as a pastime, but to us in this practical age are not of as pressing importance as more recent problems. Whether Thebes had 100 gates, whether Romulus did really found Rome, whether Alexander untied or cut the Gordian knot, whether the vision of Constantine was an illusion or a reality, may have been burning questions in the early ages, but after a lapse of a few thousand years they have lost something of their freshness and interest, and hardly arouse as much enthusiasm in St. Thomas as the burning question of the great sewer."

In regard to mental rest and exercise you have more than once listened to your old and eloquent friend Dr. Workman; that is enough said, except this, that I have always less fear of allowing children to occupy and amuse themselves with letters and slate pencils at their own sweet pleasure, even though it be at an early age, than I have of burdening them with a compressing multitude of studies and long tasks after the commencement of what would be called by some the legitimate school age.

You have in your midst, too, many warm advocates of the further extension of the Kindergarten system. Would that I could speak of the part it plays in the interchange and combinations of mental and physical exercise, rest, and recreation. A few words now regarding

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rest, and recreation, should be said. I fear that into the schools the tendency has crept down from the colleges to run athletics mad. I have seen children with weakly organizations tempted by the incentive of a prize to risk their safety in a race or other athletic contest, and I have felt sorry for their little pale faces and fluttering hearts.

I noticed a year or two ago that in the schools of Lindsay the ten minutes' recess was abolished, or to be abolished, and I was very sorry to see it. Oh, what a stock of fresh lung-expanding and sprightliness over the pupil lay in that ten minutes to carry him through the work of the next hour, and if the teacher can only lay aside his dignity for ten minutes and mingle in the sports of the boys it does him good, both in himself and with the boys, for the latter, without losing their respect, find out that the master really has interests in common with them, and was once a boy himself.

Speak a word in season for the "Canada School Journal."

JAY GOULD'S LIFE.

Senators Blair and Call, of the Senate Sub-Committee on Education and Labor, listened to information on labor and capital which Mr. Jay Gould had been invited to give. In reply to a question asked by Senator Blair, Mr. Gould said:—

"I was born at Roxbury, Dutchess County, New York State, May 27th, 1836. My father was a small farmer who kept a dairy of twenty cows. I was the only boy in the family, so I helped my sister in milking the cows both morning and night, and drove them to and from the pasture. As I was obliged to go barefoot during the summer, and often had my feet pricked by the thistles about the fields and pastures, I concluded I didn't like farming, and so I one day asked my father to allow me to go to a school which was situated about fifteen miles distant from home. He replied that as I wasn't worth much about the farm he would give me my time. I found a blacksmith near the school who would board me if I would write up his books at night. I was then about fourteen years of age. I attended school for a year and then obtained a clerkship in a country store, where I was obliged to work from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. By this time I had acquired a taste for mathematics, especially surveying. By getting up in the morning at 3 o'clock and studying until 6, I obtained a good knowledge of the latter branch, and at length started out to find employment as a surveyor.

"I made an engagement with a man who was making a map of Ulster County at a salary of \$20 a month and expenses. When he sent me out with my instruments to survey a portion of the country he gave me a pass-book and told me to get trusted for my board at the several places through which I passed, and he would pay the bills. I soon found that the people were not willing to trust my employer. The second day out I presented my pass-book to the man who had entertained me, and told him to put down the expense. He looked at me very angrily, and then said: "I guess you don't know your employer. He's failed three times already. You've got money and I'm going to have it." This frightened me, but I managed to explain to him that I didn't have a cent, and in proof of the statement I turned my pockets inside out. Convinced of my honesty, he said he would trust me until I could pay the bill. I thanked him for his consideration and left the house. As I walked along the road I felt as if my heart would break with grief. I could see nothing ahead but failure and misery. In my despair I went into the woods and had a good cry. Then I got down on my knees and prayed.

"When I arose," continued Mr. Gould, "I had made up my mind to go ahead. Late that afternoon, having had nothing to eat since morning, I called at a farm-house and received some bread and meat from the hands of a kind-hearted woman. Just as I was leaving the yard her husband called me back and asked me to fix a north and south line by which the time of day might be determined. I did so, and received, after paying for my lunch, seven shillings. It was the first money I had earned since I started out, and, of course, it gave me new courage and confidence in myself. The man for whom I was working at length failed. I proposed to the other young men who were employed in the survey that we go ahead and complete the map. We did so, and when the work was done I sold out my interest in the map for \$500. Soon after I made maps of Delaware and Albany counties, and in this way succeeded in accumulating \$5,000. While surveying I became acquainted with a gentleman named Zadock Pratt, who took great interest in me, and invited me to go into the tannery business with him. Mr. Pratt sent me out into the western part of the State, where I found a fine hemlock growth. We put up a saw-mill and blacksmith-shop, and were soon doing a large lumber business. Afterward I bought out