

say conscience and desire. The fiend prevails and, without enthusiasm, often without interest, he takes up the work of teaching. He soon finds that it has been reduced to a sort of mathematical system, and that this system works with a machine-like regularity. There is little chance for the development of one's individuality. A certain number of pupils are assigned to a teacher; so many hours are given him for their preparation; so many studies with just so many pages of each; so many months are allowed in this department, so many in that; "a class goes into the hopper at one end and out at the other." This system is calculated to produce a general average intelligence, higher perhaps than that produced by the old system of teaching individuals, not classes; but the bright boys and girls suffer, since the teacher is compelled "to make one individual smaller than another may be larger."

This repression of the individual reacts upon the teacher, who must, likewise, to a great extent, repress his own personality. The theory of the greatest good to the greatest number has so harnessed him to a system that he becomes a part of it and in a measure loses his own identity.

Again, examinations have been so emphasized, that the real pleasure of teaching, for the sake of education, is, in a measure, destroyed. This system of examinations may have benefitted the lazy majority, but in the words of Max Müller, "the vigour of the really clever ambitious boys has been deadened by it." "Formerly," he says, speaking of student life at Oxford, "formerly, some of my young friends were what is called idle at Oxford, but, during their hours of idleness, which mostly meant discursive reading and thinking, they grew into something, they became different from others. Now, my young friends seem all alike, all equally excellent,

but so excellent that you can hardly tell one from the other." "Many years ago," he continues, "we wanted to have examinations for the sake of schools and universities; now we seem to have schools and universities simply and solely for the sake of examinations." This, even if exaggerated, contains much truth. He who ought to be a guide and director to intellectual activity, has in many cases degenerated into a mere crammer, whose business is to cram his pupils with all the facts for which an examiner is likely to call. Examinations were originally designed as an aid to intellectual activity, but have grown to be the masters, tending to crush out all heartiness and spontaneity; compelling the student to resort to a stuffing process and to terrorize his students with the bugbear of examinations. How much better if he could only lead them through green pastures and beside still waters, their minds at ease for gathering and enjoying the flowers and fruits of the way.

Men and women of culture do not like to be cramped in their methods of work, much less to be prostrated before the Juggernaut of examinations. Instead of inspiring their pupils with a genuine love of learning and developing an enthusiastic desire for knowledge, instructors are compelled to hold up before their classes approaching examinations for which they must be prepared. Published examination papers are carefully studied by teachers and pupils, for both know that they are likely to be judged by the amount of information they can pack away in their heads to be called out at a moment's notice. Fortunately more rational methods of examination are beginning to prevail, and isolated facts are not sought after so much as the relations which bind these facts together.

But besides the mechanical routine of a teacher's life and the cramping