

much love for mathematics. Now, to my mind, this simply proves, with some qualification, the truth of the old adage that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" in other words that there are two great classes into which the human family may be divided, viz., those with a bent in the direction of mathematics, and those whose inclination is towards physics. If this be granted, and it will be difficult successfully to gainsay it, let us ask the question, What resource do we leave those who have little or no mathematical talent? Is a man to be regarded as being in a state of mental vagabondage because he could never find his way over the "ass's bridge?" Are we to furnish our fellow-beings with no means of enjoying the sight of a grand old tree or a sheet of water apart from the ability to compute the solid contents of these objects? Must we condemn thousands to go on wondering ignorantly how it is that this stone contains a fossil, and that that boulder lies on the hill top? Shall we continue to send out pupils from our rural schools without one ray of light to illumine the total darkness that envelops them in regard to all the birds, and all the insects, and all the plants that surround them, in the woods, the fields, and the wayside? And yet this, ladies and gentlemen, is just what we are doing every day.

You all know, for you have heard it a hundred times, the cry which has been set up in more quarters than one, to the effect that we are over-educating young Canada, and that the result of this over-education is the swarming of our youth (and shall I say our beauty?) to the cities and the towns. So long as the present course of study is followed out no other result need be looked for. We are over-educating in the sense that what we teach is too commercial and too pseudo-literary in all its tendencies. Give a farmer's son a thorough drill in geometry, algebra, arithmetic and book-keeping, and ten chances to one the inevitable conclusion of all his day-dreams will be, that nature has intended him for something better than a farm-drudge, and that henceforth he must see about getting possession of a country grocery and post office, or find some sort of a clerkship in town, whence he may ultimately make his way to the Finance-ministership of the Dominion, or at the very least to becoming managing director of some bank, or proprietor of a large wholesale house. How can it be otherwise? Here is a boy, say sixteen years of age, surrounded by natural objects of every kind, and who has not probably ever heard one word to give him any interest in them, beyond his father's orders to do this or that piece of work on the farm, and this, we know, is not the sort of talk that delights the youthful ear. The course of education he has been put through, laid special stress upon the value of certain goods consigned from Liverpool to Montreal or Toronto, the interest and discount on given sums of money, the percentage chargeable on certain bills of exchange, etc., etc., all quite proper, no doubt, and what every

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