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Schools for Parents.

As so much has been done for children of late years, we think it is high time to take some thought for parents. It is, indeed, a glorious thing to be a child in these days. What adult would not be a boy or girl again if it were anyhow possible? To see how all the arts and sciences strive to render themselves agreeable to childhood! The thorns are all removed from its path, and no device is neglected that can make the progress of every small pilgrim easy. Schools nowadays vie with each other in making themselves attractive and delightful. We say then that, the lines having fallen to the children in such pleasant places, it might be well to give the parents a turn.

There was a time when "home" and "school" were held to denote opposite and conflicting things, like "theory" and "practice," "poet" and "critic," "promise" and "performance." The term, or the "half-year," as they used to say, was a time of distress and darkness. The master and his satellites were regarded with implacable suspicion if not with deeprooted hatred. Places of instruction were scenes of perpetual torture and agony. "Many a schoolmaster," says Fuller, "better answereth the name of *paidotribes* than *paidagogos*; rather tearing his scholars flesh with whipping, than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains "de insolenti carnificina" of his schoolmaster, by whom "conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulis." Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own life :—

From Paul's I went to Eaton sent.
To learn straight waies the Latin phrase.
When fifty-three stripes given to me

At once I had.
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to passe, thus beat I was;
See, Udall, see the mercy of thee;
To me poor lad.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears gnawing on their speech at their master's presence, and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their masters." And there is endless evidence of a much later date than that of the author of the *Holy State* as to the plagosity of the schoolmaster of the old day. Nor were there counterbalancing comforts. The domestic arrangements were rough and rude. "Shades of the prison-house" did indeed "close upon the growing boy," and he must have inclined to think that hell rather than heaven "lay about" him in those direful hours. It may well grieve our hearts to think

What man has made of man,

and what he has made of boy, and also what boy has made of boy. No wonder if suffering humanity at times broke out in open rebellion. One could not have wondered if a French Revolution on a small scale had been occasionally enacted. What a significant feature of the old school life was that custom of "barring out!" There was scarcely any disguise as to the relation between pupil and teacher. "Tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum." In those rough times home was indeed dear to the youthful Briton. It was his refuge, his asylum, his strong fortress. We do not mean to say that there flagellation was unknown; nor do we forget that there were cases where the teacher was milder than the parent. "When I am in presence either of father or mother," says Lady Jane Grey, according to Ascham, in a well-known passage, "whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even