Now we propose, in good faith, to reverse the arrangements. Let the teacher see that the lesson is learned, and let the parent hear the recitation. Then the parent can judge whether or not the pupil has been industrious and attentive. If he has been remiss, let the punishment be administered in the proper place and by the proper party—at home, and by the parent.

What a reformation this would work! It would make the parent the judge of the teacher's ability, and supply him with the means of judging correctly. How careful would teachers be not to give long lessons! How patiently they would explain all the hard points! How diligently would they work to make crooked paths straight and rough places smooth! What a close and amicable partnership there would be between the teacher and the taught, both being jointly responsible for the quality and quantity of the work done!

It may be objected that it would be unreasonable to hold the teacher to account for defects which might be due solely to the incapacity or the perverseness of the learner. But incapacity is not a good excuse. Every child can learn something, and one part of a teacher's duty is to proportion the task to the ability of the pupil. If he errs here, he is deficient in one of the most important requirements of his profession. As to perverseness or obstinacy, such vices of temper have but little development under a good teacher. It is the incompetent practitioner that brings them out in full force. But granting that, as an exception, the progress of a scholar may be retarded by such adverse currents, the work of the teacher will, in the long run, be judged by the results obtained in a majority of instances; and the majority of pupils are neither perverse, obstinate, nor otherwise incapacitated. They are willing to learn, and able to learn, from those who are able and willing to teach them. So let us have a reform. Let the children learn their lessons at school, and recite them (if they must be recited) at home.

EVENING ART SCHOOLS IN BOSTON.

There are now five of these schools in Boston, and another is soon to be opened in Roslindale district. They were imitated in other cities, one having been formed in Worcester, one in New Bedford, and also in Lowell, Haverhill, and Cambridge; but the last-named has not been kept up. The Boston schools are open four evenings in each week, but no pupil can attend on more than two. It is a fine sight, that which you obtain at the Appleton Street School between seven and nine at night. There, in three spacious rooms at the top of the solid, quiet, well-lighted building, a silent troop of absorbed workers—men, women, boys and girls—are bending over their boards, pencilling away softly, carefully, happily. One of the apartments is given up to those who are drawing from flat copies. Here is a young man striving to catch the lasting yet elusive grace of some old sculptor, say the Riccardi Sappho; here a woman in a cheap figured shawl, who patiently studies the play of muscles on the Vatican torso. Yonder black boy, rubbing out vigorously, and then applying himself again to his outline, seems very much in earnest. Then there are young girls with a womanly seriousness resting on their foreheads, and eyes that glance at you a moment with the calm passion of art, then turn back to the copy. In the other two rooms half the occupants are made of plaster, and those who are not are hard at work making portraits of those that are. Curious, to see these dumb, white, lifeless figures receiving so much reverent attention from the living, the young forms, colored palpitatingly with inflowing breath! It is human, conscious clay studying worshipfully that other beautifully fashioned dust, and growing the better thereby, even ministering to the expansion of the soul through this process. What interests one much is to trace the same concentrated, dignified repose in all the faces of the pupils, different as they are among themselves, because they are all turned toward some aspect of one common ideality. A small class who model in clay as well as draw from the antique has been formed here, and some of the most meritorious efforts of the pupils have been cast and hung up on the walls for their encouragement and that of their fellows.

"That is a very good frieze indeed," says a member of the committee, pointing to an original cast among these, as we go through the room together. "Who did that?"—to the teacher.

"The young man who did it is here," says the teacher; "over there in the corner."

In fact, there has been a quick glance from the corner, which shows that the young modeller is delighted, though he is now bent over his drawing-board again assiduously. The committee member, whose word of praise (owing to his high character in art as well as other things) descends like a sort of crown on the young man's brow, goes up and congratulates him directly. Everybody in the room feels happier after that fortunate little incident.

Looking into the list of two hundred and fifty pupils at this school, I found among them the following occupations, coming exactly in this order: Fresco painter, student, salesman, errand-boy, grocer clerk, sail-maker, cabinet-maker, bell-man. Among others, taken at random, were a switchman, an artist (lady), box-maker, cigar-maker, housework servant (a woman), a shoe-cutter, tinsmith, tailor, upholsterer, engraver, lithographer, machinist, clerk, marble-cutter, carver, decorators, apprentices, a scenic artist, a merchant and his wife.—G. P. Lathrop, in *Harper's Magazine for May.*

—It was in the same old Bethel school-house, about the same time, that the master, one Benfield, called out the spelling class, of which my mother, then a little girl, was usually at the head. The word given out was "onion." I suppose the scholars at the head of the class had not recognized the word by its spelling in studying their lessons. They all missed it widely, spelling it in the most ingenious fashion. Near the foot of the class stood a boy who had never been able to climb up towards the head. But of the few words he did know how to spell, one was "onion." When the word was missed at the head he became greatly excited, twisting himself into the most ludicrous contortions as it came nearer and nearer to him. At length the one just above the eager boy missed; the master said "next," whereupon he exultingly swung his hand above his head and came out with, "O-n, un, i-o-n, yun, *ing-un.*—I'm head, by gosh!" and he marched to the head while the master hit him a blow across the shoulders for swearing.

—Let the teacher constantly bear in mind that habits are always more valuable than facts; that it is not the quantity of knowledge acquired that constitutes a criterion of the mind's improvement, but rather the modes of employing the mental faculties—the *habits of thought* into which the mind has settled in making its acquisitions or applying them. In view of this fact, it was judiciously remarked by Erasmus that, "at first, it is no great matter *how much* you learn, but *how well* you learn." In such useful arts as require a mixed exercise of the muscular system and of the mental faculties, such as penmanship, drawing, elocution, &c., this principle has a most important application. Elegant hand-writing, distinctness of articulation, correctness of intonation, ease and grace in deportment, may be all made to rest so firmly on thoroughly fixed habits as to become almost instinctive, "a kind of second nature."—*Henry Kiddle, Supt. Schools of New York.*

—The real cause of the apathy in the public mind towards a just honor and emolument for the teacher, lies in the apathy of the teachers themselves; and of their total neglect of those common-sense means of elevating their profession a body so intelligent ought to have adopted long since. It is now but a respectable mob aiming at good things, but unequipped and unofficered. Nor is it easy to organize on account of a want of *educational spirit.*

—Behind the work of every great orator, artist, or poet, there hangs the shadowy prophecy of something nobler unaccomplished, something sublimer unwritten. So in the life of every good teacher there is something better than the lesson he has taught, something nobler than the words of instruction he has spoken. Who has ever walked through the close at Rugby, or seen the oak pulpit rising above the seats in the little chapel, that has not felt the silent presence of one whose life was far better than any lesson in classic lore he ever gave, grander than any sermon he has ever preached. Ah, my friends, this magnetic sympathy is more than intellectual attainment, better than culture, higher than genius. It allies are the divine and the eternal.—*J. F. Blachinton, Pres, Mass. Teachers' Association.*