

He should have such a knowledge of the lesson and such a grasp of the subject as to enable him to put questions without reference to those in the book, and as circumstances may require. The teacher who depends upon set questions will find, when the day of examination comes, that he has been "cramming words into his pupils," instead of feeding them with intelligence. It should be his aim so to teach as not only to secure a successful examination for his pupils, but to infuse into their minds such a taste for the subject as will lead them with glad hearts and light steps into wider fields of research. Such teaching does not increase the number of dime-novel readers.

3. In reviewing a topic or a series of lessons, the composition, diagram, or other written exercise plan, is found to be excellent as, an auxiliary to the oral method. In this part of the instruction, more than to any other, the matter of dates should receive attention, for here events stand out as peaks on a range of mountains. The highest peaks are the only ones whose altitude we need to know. The others, standing alongside, are of little importance, and that only comparative. Dates are the great bugbear, both of the instructor and the instructed. They are easily learned and as easily forgotten. Why will examiners, our county superintendents especially, so insist upon them? I once witnessed the examination of a class of candidates for promotion, in which the question occurred: "When did Washington resign his commission as commander-in-chief of the army?" The question was put to each one in succession, and each gave the correct year, several coupling it with December, but, as no one said the 23rd of that month, the answers were not accepted. Now, in my opinion, there were two serious objections to the question, looking at it from the interrogator's standpoint. The exact date to the day of the month should not have been required. Next, the correct answers, as far as they went (which was far enough), being rejected, the rejection had a depressing effect upon the whole class, which effect was painfully felt in the subsequent part of the examination. The examiner, in my opinion, would have been better employed in searching for needles in a haystack, for then nobody's time but his own would have been wasted, and no injury would have been inflicted upon others. In the history of our country, the dates of about twenty or twenty-five of the most prominent events should be well fixed in the mind, letting the other dates stand in the relation of cause or effect. Every great event has a train of cause-events leading to it, and a train of effect-events leading from it. The surrender of Burgoyne, in October of 1777, was a great event. In its train of cause-events, we mark the loss of Ticonderoga, and the battles of Hubbardton, Oriskany, Bennington, Bemis Heights, and Saratoga. How much would it add to our stock of valuable information to be told that the battle of Oriskany was fought on the 6th of August? One book, I observe, says it took place on the 7th. Its author deserves to be hanged.

The importance of the study of history is nowhere overrated; but the subject is not always taught with judgment and zest, and therefore does not often make its students lovers of history and self-seekers for further light. Shall we help to a better result? — JOHN J. ANDERSON, Ph. D., in *The Pacific School Journal*.

"Measure that stream, sir," said Napoleon to one of his aides. "I have not instruments," said the aide. "Measure it, or lose your position," said Napoleon. Without another word the aide drew his visor over his eyes, looked across the stream, then turned on his heel, and with his eyes marked off the same distance. He turned to Napoleon and said, "This, sire, is the width of the stream." Here was a man who had the mental discipline which made him independent of the technical wisdom of books; had he been unable to apply his knowledge of the relation of triangles he would have lost his position.

Miscellany.

MARTY'S VARIOUS MERCIES.

Cousin Mary Singleton came down to stay with us, just about that time, and Ed hastened up to see her, as he never failed to do. When sober, Ed was the shyest and most silent of creatures, and the interview always took place with the length of the room or the piazza between them, Ed standing very erect, and making his grandest military salute with every sentence. The questions and answers did not vary a hair's breadth once in ten times.

"Good mornin', Miss Ma," Ed always began.

"Good morning, Ed," Cousin Mary always answered.

"Glad to see ye to do old place, Miss Ma."

"Thank you, I always love to come."

"Miss Ma' putty smart dese days?"

"Yes indeed, Ed."

"Mars' Clayty smart?"

"He never was better."

"Old Gin'al smart too?"

"He is not quite as strong as he used to be."

"Want ter know! Miss Ma' must 'member my 'spects to all on 'em when she goes back."

"I shall, with pleasure, Ed." And with a last grand salute, more rigidly angular than any, the interview ended. Cousin Mary, however, was well aware of Ed's especial tendencies, and when, on this occasion, instead of standing afar off and making obeisance, he advanced across the piazza and curled himself up at her feet, she was not at all surprised.

"Lordy me! Miss Ma," he began, "an't I glad ye come, and an't I glad they fetched ye! Jes' the one I wanted to see! Want to take counsel with ye 'bout a party we're gwine to have."

"Very well, Ed."

"It's a pay-party. Marty's gwine to buy shingles out the makin's. Jed's Maria, she gin one, and it fetched enough to kiver their roof. But as fer old Jed! Lordy, how that 'ere old darky drinks! Miss Ma' 'd be s'prised to see him! only but jes' toddled round, the night they had it! Had a job to hold up his ugly old carkis! Rum's a bad thing, Miss Ma', a dretful bad thing!"

"It is indeed, Ed," said Cousin Mary.

"Yes, yes! bad thing! bad enuff! Miss Ma' knows 't is! So do I! As fer gittin' high,—reel drunk,—can't say nothin' fer it! don't favor it nohow! It's agin Scripter! dunno how old Jed 'pears to stan' it! but fer gittin' a little mite off the handle, Miss Ma', jes' a little mite out the way now, like I do once into a great while, can't see no harm into it. Miss Ma' see any harm into it?"

"Certainly, Ed. I think you are destroying yourself, and making Marty very unhappy. You ought not to touch a drop."

"Bress my soul, ef that an't jes' the way. Mis' Calvert talks to me! Marsa Lennie, too! Miss Ma' 's jes' like the Calverts! favors them all! favors Mars' Clayty, too! How is Mars' Clayty, Miss Ma'?"

"He is well."

"I 'm mortal fond o' Mars' Clayty! He's allers so kind and jo'ful. When he and Colonel Barton came down last time they wanted me to go down to the inlet with 'em, and take my fiddle. Says I, 'Anythink to oblige ye, Mars' Clayty, but I can't go, can't spar' the time, I got a fambly to look arter, and I must stick to my post till I die.' Colonel Barton, he says, 'Ed,' he says, 'you spar' de time to take a week's spree out o' every month,' he says, 'and you can spar' de time sure to come 'long wid us.' Says I, 'Colonel,' says I, 'you speared dat eel equar' dat time,' says I, 'but he can squ'm yit. Secin' I 'hor' to spar' dat week, whedder or no, I can't spar' no more!' Ye see, Miss Ma', I can't help gittin' a little mite out de way once into a gret while, can't help it. Gwino to stop now for a spell, I reckon, and gib Marty a chance fer to hev dat pay-party; she sets such store by her pay-party; wouldn't ye, Miss Ma'?"

"Indeed, Ed, I'd stop now and forever; you could be so happy and comfortable."

"Comfor'ble, Miss Ma'? Reckon I could! Why, th' an't a nigger nowhar, smarter 'n I be when I'm stiddy! Went down Horno Neck t' odder day, stiddy as a jedge, cradled the hull o' Great Lot, and one acre besides in Little Lot, and had it all done by half-past seven. Mr. Smith, the overseer, come down, and he was so s'prised, it like to took away his brea'! says he, 'Edinburgh!' says