

there is an amount of mental muscle in the girls of New Brunswick, which if properly developed, would turn the wheels of intellectual progress faster.

A great many of these girls have to make their living and place in the world by actual work. And just here comes the question, what is there for them to do? One of three things; either go into the kitchen as a common servant, which would be highly commendable if her abilities were suited to such occupation, for

“She that sweeps a room as to God’s law, makes that the action fine.”

or, what is infinitely worse, into one of our factories, with the buzz, buzz, buzz of machinery steaming into heart and brain from sunrise to sunset; or last but not least, *teach*. Teach the never-failing a, b, c, and one and two, and three and four, and,— which robs so many of good health, good temper, and consequently, good looks. Teaching, though agreeable to some, is not so to all. Indeed, I know there are some, and I think there are many young female teachers in our own Province who are longing and waiting for something else to do. They are bright, intelligent girls, with clear heads and fine minds; but they have no faculty for teaching, and their profession becomes distasteful and positively disagreeable to them. They do not catch the true spirit of their work, and toiling on, they become old in cares while young in years. Oh, it is a painful thought that there is no escape from this drudgery!

For teaching in a primary department, without the power of imparting the necessary instruction, *v. e.*, imparting it with ease and enjoyment both to student and teacher, is drudgery of the most trying nature; and from it there is no escape except idleness or marriage, which is so often mistakenly supposed to be the golden gate to fields of bliss.

You see these girls are happy enough while they are studying, preparatory to teaching, for they have an object in view. But when they gain what they have sought, and find that it is not what they expected, it does not satisfy; then the tired look comes into the eyes, the countenance refuses to beam with hope and good temper; then comes that cross, fretful expression so often seen in the teacher’s face; little frowns form deeper and deeper every day; the voice takes a higher key, and friends smile complacently and tell the weary one that teaching is spoiling her temper; and if she continues growing sour, why, she’ll *never get married*,—