

yet the facts therein stated may be impressed on the mind of the pupil in a manner altogether different from that intended by the author, and even a proper explanation by the teacher does not much ameliorate the matter, as when an idea has stumbled on the threshold it fails in the accomplishment of what would otherwise be the result. Greater length of time and amount of labour are necessary at first, but the rapid progress afterwards made amply repays the trouble that has been taken to develop, more perfectly, their perceptive faculties thereby laying a more solid foundation, on which to raise a substantial structure,—the result of well applied tact and talent—than can be done by the book system. It is possible that they may make him think of one thing by telling him another, but the mental improvement here is not so great as might be expected since in a majority of instances the pupil finds that the effort he makes in applying himself to his task singled out of the book introduced, is greater than that made in mastering it. By the other plan a more pleasing result is obtained. By it all the latent mental powers are exerted in receiving and assimilating that which falls from his lips as refreshing to their mental appetites, as wholesome to hungry travellers, or as sunshine and rain to drooping vegetation. A mutual sympathy is established. He endeavours to make instruction as agreeable to them as possible; they, by their earnestness, make manifest their hearty approval and thorough appreciation of the interest taken by him in their welfare. The almost universal rule under the book system “of a dunce in every class” is altogether, at least to a great extent, done away with, because the attention of each scholar in the class is attracted and a process of reception and assimilation at once begun. His wits are quickened; his attention called forth to a remarkable extent; his penetrative powers greatly increased and, in short, he is imperceptibly inspired, delighted, raised, refined, and the owner of imperishable property ever ready to be used to advantage in assisting him in treading life's way—be it strewn with thorns or flowers.

Where the book is used the teacher plays a very subordinate part, and a machine might be invented to supplant him in most cases; for hearing a recitation, and pronouncing a judgment on its perfections or imperfections, might generally be performed just as well by the better pupils of his class. The book here is almost everything, the teacher nothing, or nobody. The pupil is passive and merely receptive; he is not guided to reproducing the matter to be mastered out of himself, to becoming active and independent. The matter is not developed in his mind nor is his mind developed through and with matter. It is only the best talent, a very small percentage of boys and girls who will in this way become tolerably proficient in the science to be acquired; because only a very few have the mental capacity which is self instructive, which digests mental food in whatever sauce served up. The balance of the pupils will after the lapse of a few months have forgotten every particle of the truth received but not assimilated.

For teaching Geography, nothing more than maps is necessary, while for Arithmetic, Algebra, &c., little more is needed than slate and pencil, blackboard and chalk, with the neat discrimination and advantageous use of all the means within the reach of every well qualified teacher. The use of *formule*, (not formulas) and their construction may be learned from the living text book better than any other. By these means the pupils will become living text books themselves, and will in turn be prepared to make their mark in the same good work.

I fear I have already taken up too much of your space. In concluding, I hope these well meant remarks will not in the least prevail upon any of your readers not to procure the required “prompters of thought,” and that they will convince them that the desired “intellectual culture” is to be got from the teacher rather than the book.

It would have been better had this been inserted in your last issue, but, owing to a number of uncontrollable circumstances, I have been unable to send it to you ere now.

Very truly yours

JNO. CAMERON.

May 3rd, 1869.

## X. Miscellaneous.

### 1. WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

Oh, the weary solemn silence  
Of a house without the children !  
Oh, the strange, oppressive stillness  
Where the children come no more.  
Ah, the longing of the sleepless  
For the soft arms of the children,  
Ah ! the longing for the faces  
Peeping through the opening door—  
Faces gone for evermore !

Strange it is to wake at midnight  
And not hear the children breathing—  
Nothing but the old clock ticking,  
Ticking, ticking by the door.  
Strange to see the little dresses  
Hanging up there all the morning ;  
And the gaiters, ah ! they patter,  
We will hear it never more  
On our earth-forsaken floor !

What is home without the children,  
'Tis the earth without its verdure,  
And the sky without the sunshine,  
Life is withered to the core !  
So we'll leave this dreary desert,  
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd  
To the greener pastures vernal,  
Where the lambs have gone before  
With the Shepherd evermore !

### 2. “WAITS” IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

Many of the “Waits,” such as the Mistress of the Robes and others, change when the Ministry change—anything but a pleasant arrangement for the Sovereign, one would say. The Duchess of Argyll is the present Mistress of the Robes; the salary attached to the office is £500 a year. In Queen Anne's time it was held conjointly with the somewhat incongruous one of Groom of the Stole. The famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, held both these. The Mistress of the Robes is the highest female attendant about the Queen, and all the others are under her authority. In all ceremonials she rides in the same carriage as the Queen, and, on State occasions she has to attend to the robing of her Majesty. The late lamented Duchess of Sutherland was one of the most notable women of high rank who had held this office during the present reign. The Ladies of the Bedchamber are personal attendants of the Queen, with a salary of £500 each. There are eight of them, who in turns, two at a time, take up their residence at the palace for a fixed period. Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, gives a lively account of their duties in her day—how they had to be with the Queen before her prayers and before she was dressed, in order to hand her things one by one to the bedchamber women, even holding the basin which a page of the backstairs had set down on a table, while their royal mistress washed her hands. The bedchamber women are subordinate to these; they also are eight in number, and receive £300 a year. The Maids of Honor are eight in number, too; they also attend at the palace in rotation, with a salary of £400. All these appointments are held by women of rank and position. Maids of Honor are always styled “honorable” by courtesy, even if not entitled to the prefix by right of birth. The Lords in waiting have £702 a year; the Grooms in waiting £335 10; they also attend in rotation. The Chief Equerry gets £1,000, the others £750. They are supposed to preside over the stable department, to attend Her Majesty out of doors on horseback, and are present on all State occasions. The Pages of Honor receive £200 a year, and subsequently obtain a commission in the Guards. They also attend on the Sovereign. This office is no doubt a remnant of old days, when the youths of noble families served in the houses of men of rank as a kind of preliminary step to knighthood.

### 3. THE BOY WHO DON'T CARE.

“James, my son, you are wasting your time playing with that kitten, when you ought to be studying your lesson. You will get a bad mark if you don't study,” said Mrs. Mason to her son.

“I don't care,” replied the boy, as he continued to amuse himself with the gambols of Spot, his pretty little kitten.

“But you ought to care, my dear,” rejoined the lady, with a sigh.

“You will grow up an ignorant good-for-nothing man, if you don't make a good use of your opportunities.”

“I don't care,” said, James, as he raced into the yard after his amusing playmate.

“Don't care will be the ruin of that child,” said Mrs. Mason to herself. “I must teach him a lesson that he will not easily forget.”

Guided by this purpose, the lady made no provisions for dinner. When noon arrived, her idle boy rushed into the house as usual, shouting,

“Mother, I want my dinner !”

“I don't care,” repeated Mrs. Mason.

James was puzzled. His mother had never so treated him before. Her words were strange words for her to use, and her manner was so cold that he could not understand what it meant. He was silent awhile, then he spoke again :

“Mother, I want something to eat.”

“I don't care,” was the cool reply.