

which the English language has undergone since that time would even dismiss this resemblance from your mind. But here you may ask, How would you teach composition? I say teach it on the principle of imparting language. Give your pupils a small magazine of words which they can use at will. The child ten months old is encouraged to walk by holding out to it the tip of your finger; how then can you expect your pupils of ten years of age to make an attempt to walk in literary composition unless you hold out to them a helping hand. The two great drawbacks to composition are abstract subjects and the want of fit and proper words to express ideas; the great aids to composition are the study of words and the composing of plain and narrative themes. With the object, therefore, of facilitating the progress of the pupil in so important a subject, the teacher should demand of his pupils a written account of some interesting story which he has just read, say a couple of times. He will require to read it at least twice, as the memory of many a pupil is not at all tenacious. And, mark you, he reads for a double purpose, that of giving his pupils a clear conception of the story and as much of the language as possible, which the author has used. Many of the lessons in our Third Reader would suit admirably as subjects for composition. Take for instance the lesson of Female Heroism; it is a beautiful and spirited theme, and would do well as a subject of composition even for pupils in advanced classes. This method followed up with a little care by the teacher in the correction of composition will, in a very short time, shew results that will give an encouragement to the study of this much neglected subject, and make of it a pleasure—not a task. Just as sure as this earth rolls through space, so sure will the young man or woman who neglects composition till

he or she has reached the age of eighteen or twenty ever remain at the very portal of the great hall that winds through so many chambers of treasured literature. You may read a thousand books from cover to cover, con over the pages of our brightest novels by the cubic foot, but you are still no artist in literature, for you have never attempted to throw on canvas the thoughts of your own soul. But you may say, We have no time to teach this subject in our schools. No time for a subject that has for its purpose the painting in language of the thoughts of the soul? No time for a subject which so largely fills the sphere of every-day life? No time for a subject, the study of which is alike necessary for the man professional and the man commercial? Yes, there must indeed be time found for the study of so noble a subject. The platform demands for it a place in the school curriculum; the bar pleads for it; while the pulpit exhorts and entreats in its behalf. Every revolution of the earth is bringing the world into more practical form, and sooner or later the ornamental must give way to what is necessary. What would you think of a man who, when called upon to discuss some grave and important subject, excused himself on the grounds of having studied only mathematics in his youth, but generously offered to substitute in place of an address a new and elegant proof of the Eighth Proposition in the First Book of Euclid. Still you would be disposed to laugh no more at such an occurrence than you would at the action of a young lady who, on having received an invitation to dine with a friend, knew not how to acknowledge its receipt, and sent as a substitute for a reply a beautiful diagram of the bones of the head. Not more foolish are these than the teachers who, in the school room, are using powder to shoot off cartridges into the space of a circle