

portions. "Show me the half of that pointer." Done. "Divide it into three parts." Done. "Take one of them—what is that?" "A third." "Two of them." "Two-thirds." That draft of twelve boys—how many would two-thirds of them be? "Eight." "Well, then, that is the amount of water—how much?" "Two-thirds water." "And land?" "One-third." "Touch the picture of Ireland with the pointer." "Done." "Can you get out of it without going into the water?" "No, sir." "What would you call land of that kind?" "Land all round with water." I then give them the technical name "island." In the same way, "peninsula," "isthmus," are found out by themselves. The different coloured seas are pointed out, and then the Blue or Pink Sea is asked for. This causes a laugh, keeps them in good humour, while the cause of the colour is explained.

#### SPECIMEN OF THE ANALYTICAL METHOD.

"Look around—what do you see on the walls?" "Pictures." "What is that before you?" "A picture of what?" "The world." (Caught up somehow or told.) "But I see two round things (circles as yet would be too technical) there—have we two worlds?" "No, sir." (This is explained by the hinged globe, a cut apple, or the two fists closed, and opened. I find that we need never go far for illustrations of the shape of the earth when we have our hands, or a boy's head, a fly creeping round the shut hand or across a boy's forehead, &c. I have before now made an advanced class understand quite well the nature of eclipses by my two fists and my head.) *I encourage pupils to ask questions of the teachers.* A boy asks "What is the reason that on a map of the world we see the surface of the entire globe." I ask him—"How would you see both sides of an apple?" "Cut it in two and spread it against the wall." "How much of that apple or that boy's head can you see at once?" "One-half." "Can you tell me now why we have those two round things?" "Yes, sir; it is to shew both sides." "Look here—how is it that we have part of the Pacific here and part there?" "O sir, if they were turned round in that way (making the shape of a globe with his hand), they would meet." Another, "if the round things were clipped and pasted round the edges and blown up with a pipe-stopper, we could see the ocean all over." "Then you believe that the earth is round like an orange." "Yes, sir." "Why?" "It has been sailed round." (Other proofs we reserve for advanced classes). "Could you walk in the same way round this floor?" "No, the walls would stop us." "Touch the red, the yellow, the blue, &c." "Which is the smallest?" "The red;" and they thus find out from examination the relative sizes and the names of the continents. "Are Europe, America, and the others hanging on the walls of the universe (whatever that may mean) with a ring round their necks?" The very absurdity of this question raises a laugh. The question will not look so absurd if the map be taken from the wall, spread on the floor, and they are told to imagine themselves eagles or angels flying over it. Then some exciting fact, such as Napoleon's birth-place in connexion with Corsica, Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe, Byron's and Leander's swimming the Hellespont, amazing size of the Amazon, coming down to the Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon, nearer home to the Orca, nearer home still, to the burn before the school-house door, running "wimplin clear." This puts them into first-rate humour, and while it is high tide I ask the following questions, which are answered.—"Now, boys, here's a nice question for you—any one who can do it hold up the hand. There are three millions of square miles in Europe, nine in Africa, fifteen in Asia, nearly the same in America—how much larger is Africa than Europe?" (This is, after all, only a simple question in mental arithmetic). Several hands are held up. "Three times" and so on. Then thousands of miles long is explained to them as pictured on the map. Capitals are then shown till we come to Ballymena, and mountains till we come to Slemish. Sometimes we take the grand tour of Europe, visiting places renowned in song or story, natural curiosities, scaling the Alps, Mont Blanc, St. Bernard (great dogs), Hannibal, Napoleon. I ask a boy to

point out the highest country in Europe. A pointer is seen dangling in an uncertain attitude in the neighbourhood of Iceland, as if its handler thought—"Well, this is decidedly the highest ground I can take," when a laugh from the rest of the class makes him "drop from his nerveless grasp" the useless pointer, and look round as if he suspected there was something wrong in *this* state of Denmark. R—K— (1) sets all to rights by pointing out Switzerland and explaining that the most mountainous country—the highest above the level of the sea is called the highest country. "What is the lowest country in Europe?" The same raw recruit is wabbling the pointer downwards towards Candia, when another stops it in midway and mentions Holland.

*Boundaries.* The word 'boundary' or 'bound' is a serious obstacle if not perfectly explained. This following is very simple, but I find from experience very effectual. Having a compass in the hand, I ask what *touches* the floor on the north side? "That wall." "On the south?" "That other wall." "What touches the school-ground on the east?" "So-and-so's field?" "On the west?" "The road." "Look at the map—what washes Ireland on the north?" "The Atlantic, &c." I then change the word "touch" or "wash" or "border" for "What bounds Europe on the south?" and so on.

*The Cardinal Points.* Twelve o'clock. "Point to the sun." "Yonner." (Pronunciation promptly set right.) "Where does he rise?" "Yonder." (Points.) "Set?" Points. "Where do you never see him?" Points. The names of the points are now given. Fortunately the map of the world is now hanging on the north wall, and a row of windows faces the south. Were it otherwise, however, that would only be a slight obstacle to be easily overcome. "Those windows face the?" "South." "Back wall?" "The north." "That door?" "West." "That large window?" "East." "Ballymena?" "South." "C—?" "West." "That's where you come from, sir." "Where is the sun at 12 o'clock at night?" "Nowhere." Then the arch look, the laughing eye, and the funny face of H—, as he says—"O Mr. Given, shines nowhere! He is shining some other place." "Can you tell?" "Yes, sir, in Australia or some other place." I continue at this a considerable time, in order to make the transfer of these points to the black-board and map the most natural thing in the world, and not a mere cramming of facts down their throats on my own authority. How easy it is at this stage to show them the mariner's compass, and lines on the map for north, south, east and west.

I have thus gone over specimens of the Synthetical and Analytical methods, tried with a second class in a National school—giving the real questions and answers. I think I have not used the word "Geography" at all, for if they know not the real thing, it is little use filling their mouths with an empty spoon until they have got something to put into it. This spoon (the definition) may be given to them after they are interested, that is to say, a few definitions to a second, and a few more to a third class, and so on.

*Secondary methods of teaching, not only the map of the world, but all others. The most of them apply to advanced classes, when a text book is put into their hands.*

I.—Exercises on copy books to be written at home, such as description real or imaginary journeys to Dublin, Belfast, New York, Odessa, up the Mediterranean (the romance of Geography, 'thy shores are empires,' Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Palestine, the Cross and the Crescent.) The breakfast table, seas and lands crossed to procure it, &c. This also is an exercise in composition and grammar. I have from time to time got some admirable specimens of this method.

1. It does one's heart good to see with what gusto this little fellow comes to the rescue. His eyes kindle—he smacks his lips—he grasps the pointer—he holds up his hand—tightens his belt, and from between his teeth you hear a smothered surruration—half laugh, half whisper—"Let me, sir." In a word, he girds up his loins, as if he were fully bent on scaling the Alps in reality—not pointing to them.