

till it can never be committed again. One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Time is of no consequence in comparison with the object. Give the child possession of one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes to him a centre of light. In all your teaching, no matter what time it takes, never leave your pupil till you know he has in his mind your exact thought.

LOVE, HOPE AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine heart let them first keep school.
For us old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it,
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education—Patience, Love, and Hope,
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show;
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching as adown they flow
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow;
Oh, part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive:
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting sprite, and half supplies;
Thus love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet, haply, there will come a weary day,
When overtasked at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister Patience, nothing loath,
And both supporting, does the work of both!

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge.]

A PHILOSOPHICAL SENTIMENT.—Governor Wright, of Indiana, advocating the establishment of a common school system in that State, says: "If we do not pay for education of the boy, we shall surely pay double for the ignorance of the man."

FAMILIAR SKETCH OF A COMMON SCHOOL IN GERMANY.

The following familiar sketch of the every day routine of a German elementary school, from DICKENS' *Household Words*, is intended as a keen satire upon those persons who are satisfied with the worst and cheapest description of school houses and school masters for their children:—

Just step into the interior of one of these same German schools, and see what manner of outlandish work is going on. There! Did you ever see the like of that! Call that a school! The boys are comfortably seated, and the master

Mean-spirited fellow, there he stands,

as though it were he who had the hardest work to do! The room is lofty, airy, and well warmed; the children sit, I do believe, in absolute enjoyment of the lesson. No other sound interrupts the teacher and his class; the other classes are under the same roof in other rooms. Ruined by luxury, there sit the children—with a grown man, and what's worse, a trained and educated man, standing before them, pouring out his energies. He isn't hearing them their lessons out of a book; the lesson they have learned out of a book, he is explaining with all the art of a lawyer, enlivening with anecdotes, sprinkling about with apt questions. The children are all on the *qui-vive*, and asking questions in their turn—why don't he knock 'em down for their impertinence! See! Now he asks a question of the class—up go two dozen little hands! The owners of these little hands believe that they can answer it. There! he selects one to answer, who looks pleased at the distinction. When the next question comes, he'll tackle some one else.

Now comes a lesson in geography. He takes a piece of chalk, and turns to the blackboard. Dot..dot..dot. There is a range of mountains. As soon as its shape is defined, the children eagerly shout out its name. In five seconds the names of five rivers are indicated, and named as fast as they are drawn, by the young vagabonds, who watch the artists hand.—Down go the rivers to the sea, and—dot..dot.—a dozen and a half of towns are indicated, every dot named in chorus. Then comes the coast line, boundaries of countries, provinces and other towns. In ten minutes there is on the board a clever impromptu map of Germany, and the children have shouted out the meaning of every dot and stroke as it was made.—They think it better fun than puzzles. Very pretty.

Now there he is, beginning at the school-yard, talking of its size; then advancing to a notion of the street; then of the town, then of the province, and leading his pupils to an idea of space, and the extent of country indicated upon such a map. Truly abominable all this is! Where's the discipline, I should like to know? If a school is not made the preliminary Hall of Sorrow, how are men to grow up, able to endure such a House of trouble as this world notoriously is! How can the mind be strengthened more effectually than by giving it at first the daily task to learn by rote, an exercise of simple memory? The less the task is understood, the more the memory is exercised in learning it; and so the better for the child. What will become of a man whose ears when he was young were never boxed—whose hands when he was young were never bruised by any ruler—who in his childhood regarded cones in no other light than as objects of botanical curiosity! What I say of a boy is, that he ought to be thrashed. My notion of education—and I believe the British nation will bear me out in what I say—my notion is that we ought to have a decidedly uncomfortable school room—very hot—a good dizzy, sleepy place, with lots of repetition of the

same thing, to insure monotony—and that the children should learn by heart every day a certain quantity of print out of school books.

That they should show that they have learned it by repeating it before their teacher, who must sit down and look big, upon a stool or a chair, and have a cane or ruler on the desk before him. That while saying their lessons, they should stand uncomfortably, and endure, Spartan like, the wholesome discipline of fatigue, blows, bodily fear, and great mental perplexity. That's the way to learn. It's well known. Do'n't we remember that we learnt that way? The teacher who has only to hear whether certain words printed before him are repeated accurately—to detect, perhaps, if he don't mind that trouble, errors in a sum—to direct a writing class—the teacher who can read, write tolerably, add, subtract, multiply and divide with tolerable correctness, and who has the knack of slipping upon the head, with a stern manner, for the sake of being what is called a strict disciplinarian—that's the jockey to manage children.

But those Germans, who write three hundred volumes on the science of teaching for every one we get in England on this subject, think otherwise. In all their states by practice, and in some by special law, the knocking of heads, the pulling of ears, and all such wholesome pleasures are denied the schoolmaster. Flogging is resorted to most rarely. The following is a school regulation of the Government of Austria,—Austria my English friend!

"The teacher must carefully avoid hastily resorting to the rod; he must neither box a child's ears, nor pull or pinch them; nor pull its hair; nor hit on the head or any tender part; nor use any instrument of punishment than a rod or stick; and that only for great faults. Even this kind of punishment may only be resorted to after having obtained the consent of the Landrath, and of the parents of the child and in their presence."

Educational Meetings.

JULY, AUG'T., & SEPT'R.

IN accordance with the 23rd section of the Act for the encouragement of education, Educational Meetings will be held in

Glencelg. on Thur, July 31, at 11 a. m.

Antigonish, Thur, August 7—same hour.

Geysboro' Tuesday Aug. 12—same hour

Arichat, Tuesday Aug. 19—same hour

Sydney, Mon. Aug. 25—same hour

Forks of Margarie R., Sept. 4—same hour

Port Hood, Monday Sept. 8—same hour

A Teachers' Institute will be held in Sydney, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, August 26, 27 and 28; and in Port Hood on Tuesday Sept 9. Teachers from a distance will be aided in paying the expenses of attendance.

Schools will be visited and evening lectures delivered by the Superintendent in places not visited in his tour of last year.

J. W. DAWSON.
Supt. of Education.