

Incompetence, which rules by fear and not by love.

A small matter, indeed, is this to the superficial observer, but not so to him that understands a little of human nature. That boy, on leaving home, was resolved to learn—was determined to win honours deserving of praise from a kind and affectionate mother, who had fitted him out with care on this important morning, and watched with pride his receding form as it vanished in the distance.

With such a reception shall his hopes not be realized? Our answer must be in the affirmative, unless his talents at this stage are far below the average. On the other hand, if instead of that attractive and winning smile beaming on the teacher's countenance, a sour look, a reproachful eye, meet the gaze of the lad; count the cost, all happiness gone, his castles built in air are fled. No place like home, if not in so many words, is the substance of his thoughts. What a toil is the task, which might have been a pleasure! And do I overshoot the mark in stating that half as many years are consumed in mastering "the Primer" as under genial influences months would have accomplished? Beware, I say, how you meet that timid one, as for the first time he crosses the threshold of the school.

"Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain."

Now, presuming that the child has entered school and commenced its studies under the most favourable circumstances, what cheaper incentive, from the teacher's standpoint, can be used than that of praise, or a more effective one, so far as the child is concerned? A little of it suits very well for the best of us; and, if too much be not taken, acts as a gentle medicine, invigorating and restoring our languid faculties to a normal condition; but

how much the more that pupil's? Have you tried it? What a beam of light illumines the face as that six-year-old takes in the situation, and understands that he is the recipient of such kindness! How he takes his seat, looking here and there all over the room to see if those present have not heard the burning words, or seen the look, the cause of his felicity!

While laying so much stress on the approval of attention to study, I would have you to understand that this word or these words of praise are to be spoken in season and not out of season. You are not, on every occasion, to lavish your commendations on him. Lord Dufferin, as often as he threw the turf into the Geyser, had a rise out of him. Not so in the case before us. Time your rewards.

The opposite of Approbation is Disapprobation, also a powerful factor towards urging some, and perhaps all, at times, to gain a little knowledge. We are all prone to become weary in the pursuit of any game—to hang fire; the old stimulant is not sufficient to arouse us from our lethargy. For the present its efficacy is gone, and we resort to another course of procedure as a matter of necessity. What shall it be? Disapprobation? Yes. But how? that is the question. Your reproachful look comes in now—not the look of anger—put it on. Your word of correction, not the rod of correction, is admirably adapted for the occasion. Not, as I said, at our last meeting, that the birch is a thing of the past; by no means. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is my motto. In the dismissal of this part of my subject let me say, your reproachful look, your word of correction, should, if possible, be given, in the first place, in private, and if not sufficient, as publicly as your praise.

Emulation will now engage our attention as an incentive. I mean pro-