

main characteristic is their religious and preceptive spirit, blended with the evidences of the influence on the writer of natural objects and beauties. Mrs. Sigourney's funeral took place at Christ church. Rev. Dr. Clarke, the rector, made a beautiful discourse on the life and character of Mrs. Sigourney, closing with the language of consolation to mourning relatives and friends. Previous to his remark, Rev. Professor Pyncheon, of Trinity, read a funeral anthem, the choir alternately responding; and the Rev. Mr. Fisher read the lesson taken from First Corinthians, chapter 15, and the impressive reading was succeeded by that beautiful expression, in music, of the soul's exalted faith—

I know that my redeemer liveth,"

sang with thrilling effect by an unseen choir. During this time the coffin remained in front of the altar. It was of rosewood, covered with black broadcloth, and on it were a profusion of flowers, in wreaths and crosses, with a harp lyre. A laurel wreath lay at the foot, and a beautiful floral crown, made of roses and heliotrope, was seen at the head. While the coffin was borne slowly up the aisle by old and near friends of the deceased, the rector read the opening sentences of the beautiful services of the Episcopal church—

"I am the resurrection and the life."

and the deep, solemn tone of the organ blended with the tones that conveyed the words of Christian faith and trust. After the rector's discourse the closing hymn was sung, from Revelations, 7th Chapter 9th verse—

"Who are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Tuning their triumphant song"

After the concluding prayers the remains were taken to Spring Grove Cemetery, where the committal service was said and the benediction pronounced.—There in the beautiful grounds of Spring Grove, henceforth made more hallowed than ever, rests all that was mortal of the good and beloved Mrs. Sigourney. So sleep the just and the blest. "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

No. 50.—CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.

Mr. Charles Waterton, the Naturalist—or, as he was more familiarly called in the neighbourhood of the place where he passed the last years of his life, Squire Waterton—the well-known naturalist and traveller, died at his residence, Walton Hall, near Wakefield. Although he had reached an advanced age—namely, eighty-three—yet he was hale and vigorous beyond the common lot of those of his time of life. On the day before he died he fell from a rustic bridge spanning a small stream. Dr. Wright and Mr. Horsfall were called in to him. The shock which the system had sustained was too great for him to rally from. The Rev. Canon Brown, before the death, administered to him the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and it is understood the Pope telegraphed his benediction. Mr. Edmund Waterton, the squire's son, was in Rome with the Pope when the accident took place. The instructions which the departed squire left behind him concerning his burial are somewhat remarkable. A mausoleum for the reception of his body has long been erected near the top end of the lake. This sepulchre rests beneath the overhanging branches of two venerable oak trees. The body was not carried to the tomb by land, but across the lake in a boat; the mourners following in the wake in other boats. The squire had written his own epitaph. It is in Latin. The translation runs thus:—"Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, born June, 1782, died 18—, whose wearied bones rest here."

V. Papers on Practical Education.

1. OBJECT-LESSONS.*

What can be more manifest than the desire of children for intellectual sympathy? Mark how the infant, sitting on your knee, thrusts into your face the toy it holds, that you, too, may look at it. See when it makes a creak with its wet finger on the table, how it turns and looks at you, does it again, and again looks at you, thus saying, as clearly as it can, "Hear this new sound." Watch the elder children coming into the room, exclaiming, "Mamma, see what a curious thing, look at this," "Mamma, look at that," a habit which

they would continue, did not the silly mamma tell them not to tease her. Observe that, when out with the nurse-maid, each little one runs up to her with the new flower it has gathered, to shew her how pretty it is, and to get her also to say it is pretty. Listen to the eager volubility with which every urchin describes any novelty he has been to see, if only he can find some one who will attend with any interest. Does not the induction lie on the surface? Is it not clear that we must conform our course to these intellectual instincts, that we must just systematise the natural process, that we must listen to all the child has to tell us about each object, must induce it to say everything it can think of about such object, must occasionally draw its attention to facts it has not yet observed, with the view of leading it to notice them itself whenever they recur, and must go on by and by to indicate or supply new series of things for a like exhaustive examination? Note the way in which, on this method, the intelligent mother conducts her lessons. Step by step she familiarises her little boy with the names of the simpler attributes, hardness, softness, colour, taste, size, in doing which she finds him eagerly help by bringing this to shew her that it is red, and the other to make her feel that it is hard, as fast as she gives him words for these properties. Each additional property, as she draws his attention to it in some fresh thing which he brings her, she takes care to mention in connection with those he already knows, so that, by the natural tendency to imitate, he may get into the habit of repeating them one after another. Gradually, as there occur cases in which he omits to name one or more of the properties he has become acquainted with, she introduces the practice of asking him whether there is not something more than he can tell her about the thing he has got. Probably he does not understand. After letting him puzzle a while, she tells him, perhaps laughing at him a little for his failure. A few recurrences of this, and he perceives what is to be done. When next she says she knows something more about the object than he has told her, his pride is roused, he looks at it intently, he thinks over all that he has heard, and the problem being easy, presently finds it out. He is full of glee at his success, and she sympathises with him. In common with every child, he delights in the discovery of his powers. He wishes for more victories, and goes in quest of more things about which to tell her. As his faculties unfold, she adds quality after quality to his list, progressing from hardness and softness to roughness and smoothness, from colour to polish, from simple bodies to composite ones, thus constantly complicating the problem as he gains competence, constantly taxing his attention and memory to a greater extent, constantly maintaining his interest by supplying him with new impressions, such as his mind can assimilate, and constantly gratifying him by conquests over such small difficulties as he can master. In doing this she is manifestly but following out that spontaneous process which was going on during a still earlier period, simply aiding self-evolution, and is aiding it in the mode suggested by the boy's instinctive behaviour to her. Manifestly, too, the course she is adopting is the one best calculated to establish a habit of exhaustive observation, which is the professed aim of these lessons. To tell a child this, and to shew it the other, is not to teach it how to observe, but to make it a mere recipient of another's observations, a proceeding which weakens rather than strengthens its powers of self-instruction, which deprives it of the pleasures resulting from successful activity, which presents this ill-attractive knowledge under the aspect of formal tuition, and which thus generates that indifference, and even disgust, not unfrequently felt towards these object-lessons. On the other hand, to pursue the course above described is simply to guide the intellect to its appropriate food, to join with the intellectual appetites their natural adjuncts, *amour propre*, and the desire for sympathy, to induce, by the union of all these, an intensity of attention which insures perceptions both vivid and complete, and to habituate the mind from the beginning to that practice of self-help which it must ultimately follow.

Object-lessons should not only be carried on after quite a different fashion from that commonly pursued, but should be extended to a range of things far wider, and continued to a period far later, than now. They should not be limited to the contents of the house; but should include those of the fields and the hedges, the quarry, and the sea-shore. They should not cease with early childhood; but should be so kept up during youth, as insensibly to merge into the investigations of the naturalist and the man of science. Here again we have but to follow Nature's leadings. Where can be seen an intenser delight than that of children picking up new flowers and watching new insects; or hoarding pebbles and shells? And who is there but perceives that by sympathising with them they may be led on to any extent of inquiry into the qualities and structures of these things? Every botanist who has had children with him in the woods and lanes must have noticed how eagerly they joined in his pursuits, how keenly they searched out plants for him, how intently they watched while he examined them, how they overwhelmed

* From "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical." By Herbert Spencer. Educational Depository, Toronto.