

in study and reading. His perseverance and the unusual amount of knowledge he has stored up attract the attention of the rich and powerful, and by them he is sent to one of the military schools of a neighboring country to be educated. After graduating, he distinguishes himself, at the age of twenty-four, in a siege, and, before thirty years old, becomes the conqueror of two countries. He is soon placed at the head of his own nation, where he usurps the authority and reestablished a throne but a few years before destroyed. After becoming a terror to every ruler near him, he is finally compelled to relinquish his power, and retire to a neighboring island. After a short period he returns to his country, collects an army, and marches against his enemies. By them he is defeated and banished to a distant island, where, after six years' imprisonment, he dies. Who is this man, and what are the events mentioned?"

As soon as each one knows for a certainty who is meant, he raises his hand. When the picture is completed, some one is called upon to answer. This is done somewhat as follows:

"The person represented is Napoleon Bonaparte. The island on which he is first pictured is Corsica, in the Mediterranean Sea. The military school he attended was that of Brienne in France. He distinguished himself in the siege of Toulon, and afterwards conquered Italy and Egypt. Having been appointed First Consul of France, he overthrew the republic established by the French Revolution, and proclaimed himself Emperor. He was compelled to abdicate and retire to the island of Elba, was defeated after his return, at Waterloo, and died at St. Helena in 1821."—*I. A. S., in Illinois Teacher.*

4. RIDICULE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

A weapon so keen, so stinging and so swift-winged as ridicule is not likely to be overlooked in the strife between Knowledge and Stupidity; but the question comes, "How often shall we employ it, if, indeed, it can ever be right to use poisoned arrows?"

If we were sure of hitting the mark, if it were only stupidity that is wounded, then we should be justifiable in using ridicule. But the glancing arrow often strikes that self-respect which is so necessary to noble action, or that earnest endeavor to do right which is feeble from infrequent use. Then, besides its bad effect on the scholar, the use of the arrows of ridicule obliges, or at least tempts, the teacher to carry with him that ugly quiver, cynicism.

Now there's Jim Lawton, on the recitation bench at your right hand. He is not handsome. A freckled skin, large blue eyes, curiously-mobile mouth, and brown hair with just that tinge of red that warns you of a quick-tempered scholar,—these are his equivocal attractions. Jim's a genius in his way, however. Don't you remember opening one of his books once, thereby sending a flock of paper birds fluttering to the floor? He had drawn them in ink, shading delicately with black, blue and red, and then, after cutting out, had deposited them in his Arithmetic, whence you so unintentionally scattered them. The wise scholars smiled, the silly ones laughed, but you stopped to admire Jim's handiwork. That boy can imitate the note of every bird that frequents the village, or, for aught you know, the state; he can mimic, to perfection, the gait of all the horses around; can sing to the admiration of all the school; can do any thing, in fact, except *persevere*. And there's Jim, chalking crosses on his boots, forehead, and nose! Of course, he thinks you don't see him; and, pretending not to, you meditate what you will do. He is in mischief so often that he is familiar *ad nauseam* with every species of reprimand conveyable by look, voice, or gesture. You pause, then say, "We will wait, until the gentleman has finished his peculiarly appropriate and graceful toilet." The class titter, and Jim's eyes blaze like lightning. (The opportunity of watching the play of features comparatively uninfluenced by conventionality is not the least of a teacher's privileges.) Now probably you have done good in this case, especially if you take pains within the next few days to let Jim see you bear him no personal grudge.

I remember hearing Prof. Griffith train a reading-class for a long time on the verses—

"Ah! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?

Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?

'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!

'Tis the crash of the thunder, the groan of the sphere!"

The girls' reading did not suit him, and, as one of them finished the stanza with that sweet timidity of articulation and general amiability of manner so provoking in a spirited piece, he struck an attitude and inquired, in a simpering tone, "The crashing of—dumplings," did you say? That provoked a laugh and decidedly improved the reading.

But there are many cases where the scholar feels (and, possibly, with justice) that it is not his errors, but *himself*, that the teacher

ridicules; and a feeling of bitterness springs up that hardly any thing can remove. Perhaps it is well to laugh at some scholars, while it would be wrong to treat others so.

We are told to look to the Saviour for an example in teaching. Doubtless he saw the comic side of things. Bushnell, in words I can not recall, advises those who doubt that the Creator has a keen sense of the ridiculous to go to the monkey, consider his ways, and —. For Jesus, though freely reminding the rich and great of their inconsistencies, and that in words of the keenest sarcasm, had no phrase of ridicule for the lowly. Those who lacked self-esteem he did not degrade in their own eyes by laughing at. Perhaps it would be well if in this respect we paid greater heed to his example.—*M. P. Wright in Illinois Teacher.*

5. FRIENDLY HINTS TO TEACHERS AND LOCAL SUPER-INTENDENTS.

There is in most schools, particularly in the country, a great degree of embarrassment experienced by both teachers and pupils whenever the superintendent calls. As a consequence, every thing seems to go wrong during his stay, and even he, to some extent, partakes of the prevailing feeling.

It is suggested that, as a remedy for this, the intercourse between the superintendent and teacher should be, not supercilious, but cordial, and frank. The teacher ought always to be ready to meet the visitor with such an outward demonstration of welcome as shall show to the pupils that he is pleased to meet the officer as a friend and just at that time.

Smiles beget smiles, a hearty welcome on the part of the teacher causes the same on that of the pupils, and thereafter they will feel that a friend is among them: they will recite their lessons, answer questions and converse without restraint, feeling that true sympathy is felt for and with them in their studies, and at the close of the visit will listen to a few words of advice or commendation with pleasure and profit.

If the teacher wishes to insure success, he must enter heartily into the work of his pupils, and show no want of confidence when strangers are in the room. If the superintendent desires his visit to be remembered with pleasure, to leave behind him some positive good done, he, too, must possess the spirit of a true teacher, and show himself the friend of both teachers and pupils. Is the former to be instructed or censured, by all means let it be done out of the hearing of the school. He should strive to cause the school to wish for a repetition of the visit.—*G., in Illinois Teacher.*

III. Papers on Natural History and Science.

1. BOTANY IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

The flowers of the summer are coming, and will not only invite the teacher to look admiringly at their beauty, but also give him ample material for study and instruction.

Take one hour a week for botany in the common school, during the flower season. Gather some specimens for each hour, first show the children the various parts of the plant, and especially of the flower, and teach them the names. That is not a mere study of language, not mere object-teaching, it is all combined, a spelling-lesson in the Creator's great work, "*cosmos*," and in the instruction to *His* volume on Plants which He publishes anew every year and gives free to all, enabling all to read and study and be thankful. But alas, how few do read, or study, or even recognize the publication of that wondrous volume? How many teachers do inculcate in the rising generation reverence and love, founded on knowledge, for these beautiful and bountiful gifts of the Creator? And we wonder when the people do not appreciate the teacher's work? The teacher is served as he serves. For aught the teacher does, the pupils would not even know the common plants which the farmer raises to feed the race. How can the teacher expect sympathy and appreciation, if he himself blindfolds the pupil, neglects intelligently to direct the faculties of observation and reflection to the successive editions of that great book on Plants?

But perhaps our teachers have been served, as they now do serve. They have never been taught to study botany—except perhaps by "being heard" in recitation from some text-book; that is to say, have had inborn fondness for the observation and study of the vegetable world most effectually rooted up.

Those among our teachers, who, with the appearance of the new edition on plants now opening before our eyes in untold beauty, still find something of the inborn longing for the silent beings of meadow, and forest left in their hearts, will often wander in the free air, and not only bring home with them increased health of body, but also food for healthy mental activity in the shape of botanical specimens.