

that, in the years coming those who sneer at him now, may feel honored by his careless glance; that it lays with himself whether he shall be a master spirit—in his conquering all grosser inclinations—in his aspirations after the exalted, the sublime things that pertain to the intellectual might of man—in his subjugation of every vicious inclination—in his resolute will to be an honor to the country.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

The boys commence their studies at six or seven years of age. In China there is no royal road to learning, but every boy, whatever his rank, takes the same class-book and submits to the same training. The school room is a low shed, or a back room in some temple, or some attic in some shop where each boy is supplied with a table and a stool, and the teacher has a more elevated seat and a larger table. In the corner of the room is a tablet or picture of Confucius, before which each pupil prostrates himself on entering the room, and then makes his obeisance to his teacher. He then brings his book to the teacher, who repeats over a sentence or more to the pupil, and he goes to his place repeating the same at the top of his voice till he can repeat it from memory, when he returns to his teacher, and laying his book on the teacher's table, turns his back upon both book and teacher and repeats his lesson. This is called lacking his lesson. In this way he goes through the volume till he can brook the whole book; then another, then another, till he can back a list of the classics. The boys in the school, to the number of ten to twenty, each go through the same process, coming up in turn to back their lesson, and he that has a defective recitation receives a blow on the head from the master's ferule of bamboo, and returns to his seat to perfect his lesson. The school teachers are usually unsuccessful candidates for preferment and office, who, not having habits for business or a disposition to labor, turn pedagogues. They receive from each of the pupils a given sum proportioned to the means of the parents, and varying from three to ten or twelve dollars a year from each pupil, and perhaps in addition an occasional gift of fruits or food.

The schools are opened at early dawn, and the boys study till nine or ten o'clock, when they go to breakfast, and after an hour or so return and study till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and then re-

turn for the day. In winter they sometimes have a lesson in the evening.

The first book is called the *Trimetrical Classic*, which all Chinese boys begin with, and which some of their commentators have called a passport into the regions of classical and historical literature. We should as soon think of putting a copy of Young's *Night Thoughts* into the hands of a beginner with the expectation of seeing him master it. These young Celestials are not expected, however, to understand what they read, but simply to memorise, and occasionally write out some more simple character; and perhaps after two or three years' reading and memorising, they begin to study the sentiments of the author. The sons of tradesmen and mechanics seldom study long enough to master the classics, but gain a smattering of books, and learn to read and write the language sufficient to keep accounts, and gain a little knowledge of mathematics, when their education is ended. Such boys, and they constitute no small portion of school boys in China, as they grow up, retain the sound of many characters, but are unable to explain the meaning of a page in any common book. Three or four years of schooling forms the sum of their education, and that is insufficient to give any one a practical knowledge of their written language.—*The China Mission* by WILLIAM DEAN, D. D.

HOW TO TEACH THE ALPHABET.

At a recent meeting in Boston, George B. Emerson, Esq., had something to say of what he had seen of teaching in Europe during his travels. He spoke of what he saw in Dresden. He spoke of teaching the alphabet—of its usually being regarded as a drudgery, which he called a sad mistake. He cited an example of forty boys, seven years old, coming to learn their alphabet. It was taught by a man competent for a College President. He commenced by drawing a fish on the blackboard, and inquiring of the boys, "What is that?"

One answer was, "A fish," and another, "It is the picture of a fish," and another, "It is the drawing of a fish." "Right," said the teacher to the last. They were then required to make a nice sentence about the fish. This being done, he then placed before them the letters that made the word. They were then required to put the letters together so as to spell the

word. This was done; also the making of the letters on the slate, forming the word. They were next, required to draw the picture of the fish. This was the method of teaching the alphabet, by no novice, but by a most learned German scholar. This method of thoroughness was everywhere practiced in teaching—a little at a time, and constant repetition. "The effect of this method," said he, "was surprising." How unlike is this method to that pursued in our primary school! The teachers use no books in teaching. Consequently their minds are wholly on the matter of teaching—watching the effect of their teaching upon their children. When their interest tired, their attention was directed to a new subject, and thus the happiest results are produced.

THE FIRST MORNING HOUR.

Nature tells us what it should be. Not ushered in with din and strife, and the trumpet call to battle; but stealing softly, quietly, serenely over the senses, with song of birds and scent of myriad flowers. Just so should the spirit be in its waking hours, buoyant, hopeful, bright, soaring, rejoicing. No cloud of discontent, no fog of sullenness, no biting breath of words that slay quicker than knife or bullet, and too often, God knows, those who, defenceless and hopeless, can wage with the tyrant victor no warfare. What misery a day, the first morning of which, thus ushered in, shall bring, ere its sunset—how many aching hearts can tell! How leaden the feet of duty move unwinged by love, how many a sorrowful household might reveal, did its tomb-like walls tell all the sighs and tears witnessed within them! Oh, mothers, fathers, guard your first waking thoughts! Burden not unnecessarily, or despondingly, or selfishly, this new born day with yesterday's discontents and sorrows, do not for your own sake; do not for the sake of those whose unlifted faces reflect every fitting shadow that mars the sunshine of yours. A frowning face! How sad a legacy for children to hang up in memory's cabinet, when they sit musing, in after years, on the influences that have marred their happiness and by so much *maimed* their usefulness. Look to the first morning hours of each day, for, like the little stone which you idly throw into the lake, careless where it sinks, it leaves a ripple that shall widen and widen till it reaches the shore of eternity.