

his teacher, should hear neither. The object a teacher should have in view, is, to instruct, not simply to subdue—and the instruction to be imparted should not be limited to making the child acquainted with a greater or less number of facts. It should take a far higher range, and should have for its first object, to train up the child to be a God-loving gentleman, with as much knowledge of literature as can be afforded hereto. Strength of will and firmness are certainly indispensable requisites in a teacher, for the young of the human race are often hard to manage. But with this firmness should be mildness of manner, and will never be mistaken for weakness. Violence in action and speech is shown by the teacher—harsh and rough—he will receive the confidence of his pupils, and will lose all the means for moulding their character and influencing their dispositions. A teacher who hears himself called a scold, or a tyrant, that he has been ill-treated, or that he is spirited, will resent the insult. He is of a different temper, will be more or less provoked. In either case the harmony, which should exist between teacher and pupils has been disturbed—the germ of a feeling of antagonism has been sown in the child's mind; his respect for his teacher, who has abused him and degraded himself by the use of vituperative language, has been impaired, and the confidence which should have been placed in him has been destroyed. When this is done, the power of the teacher is at an end, and it is vain to expect that he will be able to do any good.

The great secret of a good teacher—Dr. Arnold—was one of the simplest. While headmaster at Rugby he certainly had all sorts of tempers, dispositions and intellects to control and discipline, and his sway over the minds and hearts of the boys under his charge was unimpaired. He was as a rule a stern disciplinarian, and in no way was his manner or mode of speech. His reproofs, though often sharp, were always dignified. He well knew how to sting when it was necessary to do so; but the language he used was always that of a polite gentleman. He was a model teacher—and when he died he was mourned by his pupils, who felt that they had lost one of their friends. All teachers cannot

equal Dr. Arnold in everything—but in one thing at least they can emulate his example. If they cannot hope to be as wise and learned as he, they can at least try to be as patient with the dull and as gentle and forbearing with the wild, untrained young beings as he. It may be more difficult to control by gentle firmness than by violent force—and we know the temptation felt by a teacher to smite the tormenting little rascals, as the Israelites of old smote their enemies, *kick and thigh*—but when the victory is once won it is won forever, and the satisfaction it brings with it to the teacher, to say nothing of the infinitely more important advantage it is to the child, makes it worth while to strive for it.—*Oregonian.*

THE CHILDREN'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I remember—I remember
How we gathered, one by one,
Round the leaf-embowed school-house,
At the opening of the term.
I remember how we gazed,
With innocent though less glee;
Dreading the roll of the names,
Of our dear old teacher's class.

I remember how the teacher,
With his gentle thoughtful brow,
Came to stand by the school-side—
How we looked up to him;
How he would smile to meet her,
And how we would smile;
Ah! how we would love her,
And how we would love her!

I remember how we sat
In the morning in the school-side,
And how we would read,
How we would read of our errors,
And how we would read
Making of her works a stairway
From the floor to the roof.

I remember—I remember
How we would read the books, whose pages
We would read and read before;
How we would read in the classes,
Each one reading his school;
How we would read the problem,
How we would read, and how we read.