

New Brunswick Journal of Education.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 10, 1886

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"I. L. I." writes as follows: "I have no doubt that all the teachers of this Province will join hands in supporting the JOURNAL and assuring its prosperity." Remittance of one dollar received all right.

"A. K. P." We are much obliged to you for the information furnished. There is no charge for the insertion of questions in the JOURNAL.

A RESTIGOUCHER TEACHER writes: "I like the JOURNAL very much, and think it is going to be a great help to teachers. I have received much benefit from it already and expect much more."

A KING'S COUNTY CORRESPONDENT writes: "As an educational paper I have never seen one equal to the JOURNAL."

"A. McD." "I do not wish to lose a number. The JOURNAL is of much value to me." We have noted your address and hope the paper will reach you regularly in future.

"M. T." writes: "I am greatly pleased with the JOURNAL, and hope all the teachers of the Province will show their appreciation of your efforts in giving us a good local educational paper by subscribing for it."

"A. E. C.," and "L. S. B.," have forwarded subscriptions to the JOURNAL for two years. We thank these correspondents, and are just as sanguine as they are that the JOURNAL has come to stay.

"A. McW." writes: "Many thanks for your kindness in sending me the JOURNAL, in which I have become interested and wish to become a subscriber. Enclosed find subscription price."

[This and similar notes we are receiving from many to whom we have been mailing the JOURNAL since the publication of the first edition. Subscriptions are coming in now at the rate of forty or fifty a week and this shows us that our efforts to provide a good educational paper are appreciated. Will others who have received the JOURNAL be prompt to remit.]

The President of one of our leading colleges writes: "You have made a good beginning, and I trust that your purposes concerning the paper will be fully realized."

STUDY OF HISTORY.

A contributor sends us the following extract from Archbishop Whatly's remarks on the study of history. It may be profitably read by every teacher.

Among the intellectual qualifications for the study of history, the importance of a vivid imagination is greatly, if not wholly, overlooked.

Most persons have been accustomed to consider imagination as having no other office than to feign and falsify, and therefore that it must tend to pervert the truth of history and mislead the judgment. On the contrary, our view of any transaction, especially one that is remote in time and place, will necessarily be imperfect, generally incorrect, unless it embrace something more than the bare outline of the occurrences, unless we have before the mind a lively idea of the scenes in which the events took place, the habits of thought and of feeling of the actors, and all the circumstances connected with the transaction; unless, in short, we can in a considerable degree transport ourselves out of our own age and country and persons, and imagine ourselves the agents or spectators. It is from consideration of all these circumstances that we are enabled to form a right judgment as to the facts which history records, and to derive instruction from it. What we imagine may indeed be merely imaginary, that is, unreal; but it may, again, be what actually does or did exist.

To say that imagination, if not regulated by sound

judgment and sufficient knowledge, may chance to convey to us false impressions of past events, is only to say that men is fallible.

But such false impressions are even much more likely to take possession of those whose imagination is feeble or uncultivated. They are apt to imagine the things, persons, times, countries, etc., which they read of as much less different from what they see around them than is really the case.

HIS PAY.

A man was sitting in his arm-chair, in his home, just as the evening shadows began to fall. He had just paid the interest on the mortgage on his room; there was nothing left in his purse, and he felt sad, for he had been a hard-working, earnest, good man all his life. He had a family of five children, partly grown, and he was thinking of them; he was thinking, too, of his wife, who had struggled beside him for so many years. He loved his work; he loved to be useful, but he coveted a reward that would enable him to live with more comfort. He thought of some of his companions—there was one who had been a lawyer; how rich he had grown to be; there was one who had been a merchant; he, too, was rich, and lived in style. And thus his thoughts ran on. He found he had not done wisely in choosing his occupation.

A knock was heard at the door. A man with streaks of grey in his hair entered. There were lines of care on his face. "You don't remember me, I see, but I cannot forget you. When you lived in A—you came into the foundry where I was. I was a wild, reckless fellow, twenty years of age. I used tobacco, whiskey, and beer. My nights were spent in the streets and saloons. You spoke kindly to me; you said my brother was in school, and there was where I ought to be; that I ought to get an education, and learn a trade, that I would then be respected and honored by the community; that I had talents, and you knew it by my looks; that I was on a road now that had but one end—disgrace and poverty.

"I was sure you were a kind and true man. I listened to you, half angry, half ashamed. When you left I threw away my cigar, and at night I stayed in the house and read the newspaper—a thing I had not done before, except when sick. When my mother attended church I determined to follow your advice and go there too. I went up in the gallery, and looked around, and found, as you had told me, that the good people of the town were there. I went to the Sunday-school, though it was a hard trial, for the boys knew I was a bad fellow, and so did the superintendent. When I told him I had come on your advice, the silent tears rolled down his cheeks. I went to school the next Monday, and did my best, and when you saw me you had kind words and smiles for me. My folks moved to C—in the course of a year, and there I persevered in my efforts to follow your advice. I never forgot what you told me. I can never thank you enough for what you did. I became a church-member, and am now superintendent of a Sabbath-school. I married, and have three children; my home is a pleasant one. I am respected by the community. I have accumulated considerable property. I heard you were here, and came over to tell you that I shall never forget your words and labors in my behalf. God will reward you."

This was the tale that our downcast, sad-hearted man heard. He felt that if his purse was light still he was doing a noble work in the world. He knew that this incident was but one out of thousands. He took courage; his faith had been strengthened; faith in himself, faith in his work, faith in his God.

This man, reader, was a teacher, and such work as his is being done all over the land. The reward the true teacher is to get, it is clear, must be sought beyond the meagre salary he is paid.—*Teachers' Institute.*

SCIENCE IN SCHOOLS.

Judging by the scientific agitation which has shaken England for so many years, one would hardly credit the statement made by Sir John Lubbock in his address at the unveiling of the statue of the founder of the Mason science college, that, in 34 of 240 endowed schools for boys which have reported, no science whatever is taught; in 50, one hour is devoted to it per week; in 70, less than three hours; while only 50 devoted as many as six hours to it. According to the report of the Technical commission last year, there were only three schools in Great Britain in which science is fully and adequately taught. In urging the benefits of science, Sir John Lubbock says: "In the first place, science adds immensely to the interest and happiness of life. It is altogether a mistake to regard science as dry or prosaic. The technical works, descriptions of species, etc., bear the same relations to science as dictionaries to literature. . . . Occasionally, indeed, it may destroy some poetical myth of antiquity, such as the ancient Hindoo explanation of rivers, that 'Indra dug out their beds with his thunderbolts, and sent them forth by long continuous paths.' But the real causes of natural phenomena are far more striking, and contain more real poetry than those which have occurred to the untrained imagination of mankind."—*Science.*

KENT COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—The Kent County Teachers' Institute was held Thursday and Friday, September 8th and 10th, in the grammar school building in Richibucto. Thirty-six teachers were present. The subjects taken up were: History, by Mr. Coates; A Paper on the Grammar School, by S. S. Harrison; A Lesson on Language, by Miss Sadie Hutchinson; Manual Work in our Schools, by the Institute generally; How to Secure Good Spelling, by John Gillis, and a Lesson on Arithmetic, by T. E. Coleman.

The proceedings generally were of a very interesting character, the presence of the chief superintendent acting no doubt as an inspiration. Last evening a public meeting was held which was addressed by the chief superintendent, Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Messrs. Hutchinson and McInerney, Senator Porrier and the chairman, J. D. Phinney. There was a very large attendance and the meeting was a decided success.

Following is a list of the officers of the Institute for the ensuing year: T. E. Coleman, president; Clara A. Young, vice-president; Chas. McInosh, secretary-treasurer; Mary Chrystal, assistant-secretary; Louis Leger, J. S. Harrison, Sadie Hutchinson, additional members of committee of management.

The chief superintendent goes from here to the Westmorland Institute, visiting the schools of Buctouche and Shediac on the way.—*Sun.*

ALBERT TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—The Albert County Teachers' Institute will meet at Hopewell Cape on Thursday, Sept. 30th, and Friday, Oct. 1st, 1886. Professor Burwash, of Sackville, is expected to deliver an address at the public meeting Thursday evening, subject, "Agriculture."—*Weekly Observer.*

THE ABNORMAL TEACHER is one who attends no institutes unless compelled by law, and then goes grumbling; who never joins an association of teachers; and has never taken and paid for an educational journal. He (or she) steals the reading of one occasionally, and then complains most bitterly because they are not what they ought to be. The abnormal teacher is a dry dead log, unless sometimes a fire-brand,—an obstacle in the way of progress, lying straight across the path of educational advancement. *Fire all such teachers from out of the nation, at once and forever!*—*Teachers' Institute.*