

progress and well-being. For the time he has to do with them they are his children, and the law wisely recognizes his right and duty to teach and govern—to treat and train them as his own children. The nature of his labors requires this reach of authority. Having to discharge

How carefully should you, parent, choose him who is to stand in your place as your representative, and between whom and your children you are about to establish so intimate a relationship. With what solicitude ought you to scrutinize the character of him who is to act, for a time, as the father of those darling little prattlers, or to that brave youth and blooming maiden, whom you, with a proudly swelling heart, call son and daughter. Can you conscientiously give your children, for a term, to one whom you would shudder to commit them for ever; or is it safe to allow him to train them for a year, whom you could not trust to rear them for life? Choose, then, as their teacher, one whom you are willing that your children shall love and imitate; and choose him for his real worth instead of his low price.

Let him be one in whom you can repose the fullest confidence; and whom, as far as disparity of age admits, you can welcome to the privileges of your friendship. Nay, let him be a man to whom you may look with an honoring respect. What folly to employ a teacher whom you must regard with a constant jealousy and distrust! And if he is worthy his place, how unwise and unjust to withhold from him the full and friendly confidence which is his due. However young, or inexperienced or bashful he may be, he is still *in loco parentis*, and wields, over his pupils in the school room, a parent's authority and influence. Seek his acquaintance; consult him as to his views; and plan with him the course of instruction which will best secure the progress of the children whom you should both love.

And if you would count him your enemy who should attempt to array your children against you, what cruelty and meanness must it be to prejudice (as some parents do,) your children against their teacher. What worse than madness to tell his pupils they need not obey him. Without their love and obedience the teacher will labor in vain to lay in your children the foundation of the intelligence and virtue which it is his sole business to cultivate.—*Mich. Jour. Education.*

6. SELF-EDUCATION.

Each month's experience tends to prove more surely—it is not how much we try to tell, or teach, our pupils, but how much we enable them to do for themselves, that best promotes their welfare and our own.—*Practical Notes of a Plan to combine Education with Instruction, by Sarah Crompton.*

7. SELF-HELP IN EDUCATION.

Every year we see more plainly that in education, as in other matters, self-help is the best help—that a little which men do for themselves is better than a great deal they get the State to do for them.—*Lord Stanley on Education.*

8. PRECISE EXPRESSION OF IDEAS.

I hold it as a great point in self-education, that the student should be continually engaged in forming exact ideas, and in expressing them clearly by language. Such practice insensibly opposes any tendency to exaggeration or mistake, and increases the sense and love of truth in every part of life. Those who reflect upon how many hours and days are devoted by a lover of sweet sounds to gain a moderate facility upon a mere mechanical instrument ought to feel the blush of shame if convicted of neglecting the beautiful living instrument wherein play all the powers of the mind.—*Professor Faraday on Mental Cultivation.*

9. THE MANUFACTURE OF WORDS.

The following sensible remarks are extracted from a clever paper in *Fraser's Magazine* :—

No permission has been so much abused in our day as that of Horace for the manufacture of words. He allows men to mould one now and then, with a modest discretion and caution; but he is addressing poets, not vendors of patent leather or dealers in marine stores. Would he not have stood aghast at the term "antigropylos?" Would it not puzzle a Scaliger or Bently? It is time, we protest, to put a stop to these vile coinages when every breeches-maker or blacking manufacturer invents a compound word of six syllables as expressive of his wares. Ladies do not wear petticoats now a days, but crinolines. What is their new name for garters? Men do not ride on horse back as aforetime—they take equestrian exercise; women are not married like their grandmothers—they are led to the hymeneal altar.

A bookseller, forsooth, becomes a bibliopole; and a servant is converted into a manciple. Barbers do not sell toothpowder and shaving soap as their fathers did, but odonto and dentifrice, and trypophagion; hairwash has passed away—it is capillary fluid. Can any one tell us

the meaning of "diagnosis" as applicable to disease? If it has any signification at all, we will guarantee to find half a dozen Saxon monosyllables expressive of the same idea. Medical gentlemen, too, talk of phlebotomy; we know that it has some connection with blood-letting, and for our own part, we always associate the terms with a night we once spent between the sheets, all alive O! in an Irish hotel—Who would believe that "epistaxis" means simply bleeding at the nose?

Fancy one schoolboy doubling his fist, and telling another to look out for "epistaxis?" What is meant by that fashionable word "aesthetics?" We take up the first book within reach, and open it at random. It is William Wordsworth; a Biography, by Edwin Paxton Wood. Well, what do you read? "By aesthetic biography," he says, "is simply intended a life in its ideal attitudes." Simply intended! Did ever mortal man listen to such verbiage run mad? What, again, are we to understand by the words "objective" and "subjective," which every goose with his sham metaphysics has now a days on his lips?

V. Canadian Items.

1. A CANADIAN BATTLE FIELD.*

Whether we have a heroic age at present, or shall have it at some future time, we are not anxious to discuss, but that we have had a glimpse at least of what may very fitly be called by the name in past days, is beyond doubt to one who visits, as we did lately, one of the few historical districts of the Province. Close to Toronto, we are apt to overlook the interest the neighbourhood of Niagara Falls offers to any one taking the trouble to gather its traditions and memorials. The village of Drummondville, within a mile of the Falls, was the scene of one of the sternest battles of the last war—that of Lundy's Lane. The village lies on a slope, which rises behind, at a short distance, into a sandy ridge, on the crest of which now stands the Presbyterian Church. A table land runs level and open into the heart of the country. On the slope of the ridge, and reaching the crest, stretches the churchyard, beautifully free to the sun in its southern exposure. The main road, known now for ever as Lundy's Lane, climbs the ascent about the middle of the houses, and reaches back to the interior in a straight line. Anxious to pick up what we could of the recollections or memorials of the struggle which has made the locality famous, we gathered what we could of them during a recent visit.

The agony of the battle was wrought out on the slope of the hill, where the dead lie now, in the peaceful slumbers of "God's acre," as our ancestors called the graveyard. On the 25th July, 1814—forty-three years ago—there was noise and tumult enough. The Americans had landed at Chippewa, and were pressing down to drive the British from the district. General Drummond, the head of the British forces, from whom the village took its name, had his head-quarters at Beaver dams, about seven miles back, and, hearing of the invasion, at once marched to meet and repel it. Forming behind the hill, our people stretched along its height to drive back the Americans, who were determined to get possession of it. The battle began at dusk in the evening, and raged fiercely until midnight, when the Americans retreated with great precipitation to their camp beyond Chippewa. On the following day they abandoned this camp, threw the greater part of their baggage, camp equipage, and provisions into the rapids, and, having set fire to Street's mills, &c., and destroyed the bridge at Chippewa, continued their retreat, in great disorder, towards Fort Erie.

The recollections of the inhabitants of Drummondville who then lived in the neighbourhood, are very interesting, and throw light on many details of the struggle. One elderly man pointed to us a spot where eighty of the Glengarry Militia had been killed in mistake by our own side—the poor fellows having pressed quickly from Queenston, and coming up the hill in the dark night earlier than the British expected, and being mistaken for Americans endeavouring to turn our flank. Our informant was then a boy, and told us how he had sat down close to a working party, and wondered what they were doing digging a cellar in the field; and watched them without his wonder lessening till he saw them begin to put the eighty bodies in the one unshapely grave. The ground has long since been ploughed over, and every year now sees crops of wheat or corn grow over the mouldering bones of the brave. Where is there not the dust of the British soldier? It was very warm weather at the time of the battle, and there was no time to bury the dead, who were very numerous—one force having to bury for both sides. Large piles of branches and cordwood

* For a summary notice of all the Canadian Battle Fields and fortified places in Canada, with illustrations, see the "Geography and History of British America, and of the other Colonies of the Empire." By J. George Hodgins. pp. 52, 62.