

IN approving of the recent educational appointments in New Brunswick, the *University Monthly* outlines a doctrine of promotion to which we are unwilling to subscribe. Against the appointments we have nothing to say. Doubtless the men are worthy of their positions. But, while we admire the loyalty of the *Monthly* to Alma Mater, we beg the editors not to deny the free air of heaven to the unfortunates who have not been educated in the University. To make birth in the Province and graduation at the provincial university essential conditions of preferment would be to inaugurate a policy savoring of Chinese exclusiveness.

We fail to see how the rights of a naturalized citizen are less than those of one native born. It is illogical to make them less. It is formally admitting to citizenship and in truth refusing to admit. Again, why should candidates be graduates of the University? What is there about this institution that confers a right of preference. What about the boys of the Province who are educated at Acadia, Kings, Dalhousie, Sackville, &c.? Wherein have they forfeited the right of equality with the university men? We think the *Monthly* is claiming too much, and betraying a discreditable uneasiness when it asks for any other privilege than that of free competition.

A TEACHER'S REMINISCENCES.

No. 3.

The school room is sometimes found to be the lurking place of that hoary-headed relic of antiquity, old fogyism. One would hardly expect that such an intruder would be admitted here, much less suffered to remain; but it appears that no place is secure against his invasion. The school-room fogy is a perfect representative of his class the world over. He is generally antiquated in appearance; his beard is of the patriarchal trim; he rejoices in a claw-hammer coat which looks as if it might have been a legacy from one of the Pha-

roahs. He idolizes umbrellas and faithfully carries one which was apparently constructed to ward off the waters of the deluge. He wears a watch, but shades of Tubal Cain, how ponderous! It might have been worn by the giant of Gath. In short, he looks as if he had fallen rapidly from the Pyramids, and now lives and moves with the dust of forty centuries still clinging to his garments. His notions, too, are redolent of the must of ages. Talk to him of modern improvements! You might as well lecture to a sphinx. Enlarge upon the advantages of a new system of teaching, and he immediately attacks it with zeal and pronounces it an innovation. To prove that a method of instruction is antiquated is only to secure for it a certain passport to his favor. To him, any departure from the established order of things, means retrograde motion. Because a certain custom has existed for years, he holds that it is above criticism, and any attempt at modification would be as absurd as to revoke the laws of the Medes and Persians. He never imagines that curricula must change to meet the altered demands and peculiar habits of thought of the times. He clings tenaciously to the doctrine that "whatever is is right," and will not be convinced that he is being ignominiously outstripped in the progressive march of thought, until he awakes some fine day to discover, that as his ideas, tendencies, and sympathies all belong to a bygone age, there is no longer any demand for his services. Thus the intellectual fogy is left to "chew the cud" of bitter reflection, while the great heart of modern life throbs on, sending the warm current of active, vigorous thought through every vein and artery of society, awakening its dormant energies, giving it broader views and nobler aspirations, and withal, kindling within it a wholesome dislike for that animated fossil, that shade of hoary antiquity, that deadly incubus on learning, that insufferable fogyism.

Few characters are more frequently to be met with in the school room than the *fashion-*