

set him to teaching school, whether he has any peculiar qualifications for the work or not. It is an easy and profitable way to spend the winter; it pays better than shoe-making or chopping wood, and in his view is not half so hard work. He is a man of influence in the "deestrick," and has no trouble in procuring the appointment of the hopeful youth. Farmer H. is an honest man, as the world goes, and we hold him in high respect for his industry, enterprise, and general good character; but for the one act of making that boy a schoolmaster, we shall have a personal grudge against him. We look upon his flogging precisely as the regular physician looks upon the quack. He is bringing our high calling into disrepute. Both father and son are conspiring against our profession. They are not only injuring its usefulness in the community by cheating the pupils out of the labors of a competent teacher, but they are keeping ambitious men out of our ranks by bringing the work down to the level of the clown and ignoramus. If they keep the standard down, they also keep the wages down. Zephaniah Holdanthrive is an expensive teacher at ten dollars a month; it is more than he is worth. We intend to suggest to our agricultural friend the propriety of paying teachers in his vicinity by the job, as he does his choppers and mowers! If results in the school-room could be weighed or measured, how much would young Zephaniah receive for his winter's work?

This heresy of easy work and good pay has done the teachers of this country an incalculable injury. Besides introducing into the calling a host of incompetent persons, by keeping the standard of men and results at a low point, it has robbed many capable and well-meaning teachers of a large portion of their vitality. The stupid fallacy that teaching is simply keeping order and hearing lessons has not yet been driven from our midst. There are hundreds of teachers in this State, male and female, who do nothing more than these; who pass as regularly and systematically through the old and exploded forms, as though they were not old, and had never exploded. A system or a method is not bad because it is old, nor good because it is new; but the old-fashioned routine of teaching by reciting only the words of the text-books, we take it, is no longer considered a vital method.

We are expected to teach principles in these modern times, as well as facts and methods. It would not be very hard work for Zephaniah to tell all he knows about the principles of long division, or a method in fractions, interest, discount, or proportion; it would not be very hard work for any one, even, who perfectly comprehends these himself, merely to state these principles, and to do so with clearness and simplicity; but, after all, the class do not understand them. There is something lacking. The hard work has not been done. The vital connection between the teacher and the taught has not been made.

Count Gurowski, in his slashing "Diary," declares that McDowell is an abler soldier than McClellan, Fremont, or half a dozen others. Gurowski, himself an elderly man, and a soldier from the battle-fields of Europe, has good judgment and keen discrimination; therefore what he says of McDowell is at least worth considering. At the court-martial an eminent military man is reported to have testified that this general's staff complained of over-work; and the witness had known McDowell to be out all night in the rain and cold, superintending the disposition of army stores. If ever a general, in the estimation of the people, made a signal failure in the camp, on the march, and in the field, McDowell is the man. The first battle of Bull Run, all military men agree, was well planned, but it was an utter defeat—the most disgraceful of the whole war. Pope spoke well of him; Scott believed in him; Gurowski extravagantly lauds him. But a dying hero—dying so nobly and so gloriously that his flowing blood sanctified his words—accused him of treason; the soldiers will not fight under him. His corps was swept as with a whirlwind by the rebels at Manassas; but the same men fought like demons under Hooker at Antietam.

In our humble opinion, McDowell would not have succeeded as a teacher. There would have been no vital connection between him and his pupils, as there was none between him and his soldiers. He did not do that in soldiering, which in teaching constitutes the hard work. McDowell did not fail because he failed to secure the affections of the men, but because he failed to secure their confidence in his military ability. Gen. Williams was not personally popular among his men, but they fought with desperation under him till he fell, at Baton Rouge. We remember a schoolmaster whom none, or hardly any, of his pupils liked, but they made astonishing progress under his tuition.

The best and surest road to the confidence of a school, is through the respect and affection of the pupils, and the instances in which it is reached through any other avenues are remarkable exceptions,

and therefore unsafe guides. Scholars know what work is, and they do not confide in a man or a woman who is indolent or sparing of the vital energy. Nothing but skill and hard work can create and keep up an interest in school.

Hard work is not merely "flying round," tipping things over, stirring up scholars with hard blows or harder words, nor scolding, fretting, snarling, hollowing, or anything of that sort. It is simply giving the whole mind and heart to the business before you. It is concentrating all the faculties upon the attainment of the purpose in view. It may be done even while the hands are still and the voice is not heard. It may be only the look that assures the struggling scholar that there is a true friend near him who will rejoice in his success or pity his failure. It is that anxiety of the mind which labors and racks the frame when the superficial observer thinks all is at rest. The true teacher is hard at work all the time, while in school—and often when away from it—whether he speaks or is silent, whether he is in motion or at rest. He is in a constant struggle, and he could not, if he would, conceal the fact from his pupils.

Let us consider for a moment the mildest case that can be suggested of what we have called hard work—but which, perhaps, were better called mental activity. Suppose you have before you a single class of twenty scholars, all attending to the same studies. You open your school, and require them to learn their geography lesson, and to be ready at a given time. There is nothing for your hands or your voice to do for half an hour. You have a very dear friend in the army or in California, whose last letter you have not answered. You have not read the President's message, and have the paper containing it in your pocket. The last installment of Wilkie Collins' new novel is on your desk. There is a lady or a gentleman teacher in the next room or on the next floor whom you desire to visit. You write your letter, read your newspaper or your novel, visit your friend, or do something else in no manner connected with your school duties, or sit listlessly at your desk wondering what your landlady will have for dinner, or where you shall go after school; and though your class may not know what you are doing, or what you are thinking about, they do know you are not thinking about them, or their lesson. They do not feel that there is one before them who sympathizes with them in their struggle to conquer the difficult task they have undertaken. They do feel as the paroled prisoners at Annapolis, or the convalescents at Camp Misery feel, that no one cares for them. They know that they are not in the mind of their teacher. The chances are that you will use some abusive language when you hear that recitation; but abuse yourself, not them. You are more guilty than they.

Teachers do not often have to wait for lessons; but if you do, keep your mind on that geography lesson all the time. Study those faces. If you are really in earnest and want a perfect lesson, your children will know it. The magnetism of your eye will enter their souls and inspire them with courage. They will be in earnest. If you see an idler, remonstrate, but do not use more than ten words. Your earnestness, seen in your face, will be a hundred times more effective than a homily on the value of time. Your lesson will be all you can reasonably expect.

This is what we mean by hard work on a small scale. When the teacher, inspired by that noble zeal from which alone the highest results must come, hears one class, explains, illustrates, and interests all while he maintains his magic influence over each individual of one, two, three, or half a dozen other classes studying in their seats, he does hard work on a large scale—on a magnificent scale. His faculties are all strained to their utmost tension. Zephaniah does not know what hard work in school means.

There is no royal road in teaching. After skill and hard work have done their best, there is still something left undone. The field must be ploughed, and cross-ploughed. What he has done to-day he may have to do again to-morrow. He must repeat again and again. He should not seek for any expedients that will save him from hard work—there are none. Let him work on in faith and hope, and by-and-by, even Farmer Holdanthrive will find out what hard work in the school-room means.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

W. T. A.

OFFICIAL NOTICES.

ERECTIONS, &c., OF SCHOOL MUNICIPALITIES.

His Excellency the Governor General in Council, on January 5, 1863, was pleased to detach from the School Municipality of Grenville, in the county of Argenteuil, the first four concessions of said munici-