

ercise in geography will not be a mere repetition of senseless words and paragraphs, descriptive of continents, islands, and oceans, while no clear mental conception of these divisions is obtained; but a living picture of mountain, valley, tree, and forest, will be brought before his mind's eye, and it will be seen in all its beauty and distinctness. Trivial incidents will be seized upon to render more lucid some abstruse point in those sciences to the young tyro so mysterious. A thunder-storm, a bright ray of sunshine, so well serve to illustrate those common truths of which a great part of our farming population are in utter ignorance, and which should be, to every school-boy, household words.

What vivid conception may be evolved from a reading lesson descriptive of an irruption on Mount *Ætna*! Those scenes, enlivened by a faithful imagination, will be surpassed only by the grandeur of the scene itself; and what eager desires and lofty resolves may not be implanted in the mind by one such exercise? How many paths in our own future lives have been marked out by one such awakening of the imagination by a master spirit! How many a Stanley, how many a Livingstone, has been created by similar circumstances! And how such lessons bring out heart-thoughts and feelings! Many a lasting friendship is made by one familiar conversation in school. The pupil feels that he has a wide-awake teacher and that that teacher is his friend. Personal remembrances, warm hand-clasps, heart-sympathies, constitute the chief pleasure of

existence. Another way in which these methods of recitation are beneficial is the breaking up of that dreary, never-ending, wearing-out routine that destroys the life of both teacher and pupil. No occupation in life is entirely free from its paralyzing influence, but the vocation of the teacher, more than all others, is exposed to its blighting torpor. We can easily conceive of a school room where the bare amount of necessary instruction is given by a sort of machinery, the children going through the daily formula of recitation like so many mummies playing on a hand organ, and the pedagogue performing his accustomed talk like a saw-horse in a treadmill. But what a spiritless, unmeaning picture is presented to our view! What a desert of blank, expressionless faces! No enthusiasm here. No bright eyes snapping with joy at the solution of some difficult problem, or the answer to some-subtle analysis in reasoning—no aspirations, no earnest countenances betokening lofty aims and noble purposes, no heart-yearnings and sympathies. Only a dreary round of daily task-work, the monotony never broken, save by the glad shout of freedom as the ropes and pulleys are laid away for a few hours' release from the heart-sickening torture! To what a bleak degradation does that teacher descend who turns his vocation into such a routine as this! Let everyone upon the threshold of his acceptance of a life-work resolve to be something more than a maker of brick turning out so many blockheads from so much stubble!