

When accurate and thorough object teaching shall form an essential part of systematic instruction in our common schools, we may expect that our youth will come from the schools into active life, disciplined to habits of careful observation. Whatever shall be their occupation, accustomed to discern, in object about them, truths of interest and importance, they will not suffer Nature to remain a sealed book. Instead of a single Franklin, or Hugh Miller, there will be many observing with the eye of a philosopher, and by their patient, careful thought, enlarging the bounds of human knowledge.

Object teaching furnishes the best opportunities for inculcating moral and religious truth; for the material forms of nature are but embodiments of some thought, or excellency of Him "who created these things." Here we should imitate the Great Teacher, who spoke of the "tares and the wheat," "the fowls of the air," and "the lilies of the field."

(Massachusetts Teacher.)

ORDER.

Nothing, comparatively, can be achieved in teaching, without a good degree of order. One might as well attempt to stop the earth's revolutions, as to think of doing justice to his work amid such "confusion worse confounded," as is sometimes seen in the school-room. It is true that pupils in disorderly schools sometimes seem to make fair progress in their studies; but yet the prevalence of good order would, most certainly, vastly increase their progress, and at the same time, by aiding them in the formation of such habits as will greatly increase their happiness and usefulness in future life, do what is of infinite value to every one.

Everything about us shows us the necessity of order. What a spectacle would this beautiful earth present, if chaos reigned supreme! All that gorgeous scenery which now so charms the eye, and purifies the soul, would not exist. If the order of the earth's motions were destroyed, the rich luxuriance and magnificent verdure of the tropics might be plunged into the fierce colds of the polar zones; bright day, in a moment, turned to tempestuous night; and all the pleasing succession of seasons forever destroyed. Dark indeed would be the scene, if our world, now so radiant with beauty, life and love, was ever to wander unrestrained in endless space. But thanks to Eternal Wisdom, order prevails throughout the natural world, and nature, harmonious in all her parts, breathes not one discordant note. Well has the poet said:

"Order is heaven's first law."

If, then, order is so essential for the prosperity, yea the very existence, of the natural world, should it not hold a high place in that little world of thought, the school-room? The definition of good order, as applied to schools, is quite comprehensive. It is not enough simply to require the scholar to sit still; for, although a good degree of stillness is necessary, there must be some system in the exercises and general arrangements. There must be a time for things, and things in their time. Good order can not be obtained without a due regard for system. If a recitation comes at one hour on one day, and at another the next, the tendency will be to confuse the pupils. And if a school is confused, there certainly is not good order.

The school where confusion reigns supreme, is a most dreary place. Just picture it to yourself. There stands the teacher—or he who fills the teacher's place—rapping, now and then, with a heavy rule, and shouting with a stentorian voice to John and Thomas to "sit still." Disorder is everywhere visible. One pupil is doing this, another that, and a third something else, that should not be done. All those little foibles, the inherent propensities of natural rogues, which are so familiar to teachers, have here full scope for exercise. And so the day passes away, leaving the teacher wearied with his almost useless labors,—useless, because he failed to instill into the youthful mind the seeds of self-discipline.

Now look into the orderly school. See how smoothly everything glides along. The teacher has no need of using boisterous words and unmeaning threats. A spirit of gentleness reigns around, and pupils seem to feel that they have a part to act in the exercises of the day. And when night comes, the teacher will feel animated with the thoughts of a day well spent, and the pupil joyous with the consciousness of advancement in knowledge.

Not only does good order make a school pleasanter, but it also makes it more useful, especially by means of aiding in the formation of the child's character. If a child early forms habits of order and industry, he will be likely to retain them until the "golden bowl be broken, and the silver cord be loosed."

Order is not always attainable by force. There is a truthful saying that, "As is the teacher, so will be the school." The more noise a teacher makes, the more, as a general rule, will the pupils make. Neither will a morose and stern countenance maintain quiet and attention. Pupils are not truly subdued by that expression which Goldsmith had in view, when he said,—

"Well do the boding tremblers learn to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face."

A mild and genial bearing, combined with earnestness of purpose, will often exert more influence on a pupil than noisy demonstrations of authority. As says the poet,—

"Let that carriage be the gentleness of love, not the stern front of tyranny."

Good order is the corner stone, the foundation as it were, of a good school. It will exert such an influence over pupils, as will tend to make them perform life's duties more earnestly and more successfully. How important, then, that teachers should strive to make their pupils patterns of quiet, attention and industry.

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Take care of the Hook.

Charley's mother would often sit with him by the fire, before the lamp was lighted in the evening, and repeat to him little pieces of poetry. This is one that Charley used to like particularly. It was written by Miss Jane Taylor.

"Dear mother," said a little fish,
Pray is not that a fly?
I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
"That horrid fly is meant to hide
The sharpness of the hook!"

Now, as I've heard, this little trout
Was young and silly too;
And so he thought he'd venture out,
To see what he could do.

And round about the fly he played,
With many a longing look;
And often to himself he said,
"I'm sure that's not a hook."

"I can but give one little pluck
To try, and so I will."
So on he went, and lo, it stuck
Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cried,
"Dear mother, if I'd minded you,
I should not thus have died."

After this was finished, Charley looked gravely into the fire, and began his remarks upon it. "What a silly fellow that little trout was! He might have known better."

"Take care, Charley," said his mamma; there are a great many little boys just as silly as this trout. For instance, I knew a little boy, a while ago, whose mamma told him not to touch green apples or currants, because they would make him sick. He did not mean to touch them, for he knew that it is very disagreeable to be sick and take medicine, but yet he did the very same thing that this little trout did.

"Instead of keeping far away, he would walk about under the trees and pick up the green apples to look at, and feel of the green currants, just as the little fish would play round the hook. By and by he said, 'I really don't think they will hurt me; I will just take one little taste.' And then he ate one, and then another, till finally he got very sick,—Do you remember?"

"O mamma that was I. Yes, I remember."

"Now, Charley, hear what I tell you; nobody does very wrong things because they mean to at first. People begin by little and little, just tasting and trying what is wrong, like this little fish.

"Then there is George Jones, a very fine boy, a bright boy, and one who means to do right; but then George does not always keep away from the hook. You will sometimes see him standing round pla-