

forth of an inventive genius to be ranked among the most effective and useful in respect to arts and manufactures.

It is related of Chantry, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy he was observed by a gentleman at Sheffield, very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing, and with great simplicity but courtesy he replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." (Fox was the schoolmaster of the village.) On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronounced the likeness excellent, presenting the youth with a sixpence. How many would have at once characterized the occupation of the boy as a mischievous or idle one; losing sight, for the time, of that lesson which every parent should know how to put into use, "Never despise small beginnings."

Of Edward Malbourne, the painter, it is said, the "intervals of his school-hours were filled by indefatigable industry in making experiments, and endeavouring to make discoveries." One of his greatest delights was found in *blowing bubbles*, for the pleasure of admiring the fine colors they displayed. Thus it appears that even the soap-bubble amusement, idle as some think it to be, may have not a little to do towards leading the young artistic mind to discriminate nicely, between delicate shades of color.

The first panels on which William Etty, an English painter, drew, were the boards of his father's *shop floor*; and his first crayon a farthing's worth of *white chalk*—a substance considered now-a-days almost invariably ominous of mischief-doing in the hands of a boy, especially on the opening day of the month of April. Now what does the mother of "little Willie" do, on discovering the nicely swept floor *disfigured* with chalk lines? Of course she scolds, and calls him a mischievous little fellow? No, this is not the course the sensible mother pursues. In an autobiographical letter addressed to a relative, Etty, speaking of this circumstance in his youthful life, says, "My pleasure amounted to ecstasy, when my mother promised me next morning, if I were a good boy, I should use some colors mixed with gum-water. I was so pleased I could scarcely sleep."

The family tradition says of Edward Bird, that he would, at three or four years of age, stand on a stool, chalk outlines on the furniture and say, with childish glee, "Well done, little Neddy Bird." Even at the dawn he would be up to draw figures upon the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. No doubt the question often engaged the attention of the parents, as to how little Neddy should be broken of the habit of sketching so much on almost every thing about the house. The father finding, however, that his love of drawing and sketching was incurable, at length *wisely* ceased to counteract his artistic tendency, and, beginning to grow anxious to turn it to some account, finally apprenticed him to a maker of tea-trays, from whose employ, as every one knows, he advanced into the ranks of acknowledged genius.

When young West first began to display skill in drawing, and learned from the roaming Indians the method of preparing colors, he was at a loss to conceive how to lay these colors skilfully on. A neighbor informed him that this was done with brushes formed of camel's hair; there were no camels in America, and he had recourse to the cat, from whose back and tail he supplied his wants. The cat was a favourite, and the altered condition of her fur was imputed to disease, till the boy's confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his father, who rebuked him, *not harshly*, but as becometh a wise parent, more in affection than in anger. To rebuke such an act wisely, required on the part of the parent a discrimination sufficiently clear to discern that *mischief-doing* had nothing to do in the affair. It was no small importance that the correction employed should be adapted to the circumstances of the case. So also the mother of West, when she was sent to seek her son by the anxious inquiries of the schoolmaster in regard to his absence for several days from school, did not, on finding him with his box and paints laboring secretly in the garret, vent forth her anger in a passionate way, as though the child were engaged in a "mere foolish piece of business."

Thus we see the necessity of great discrimination on the part of the parent in the correction of a child. Children do not always necessarily engage in doing things in a sort of perfunctory manner, merely performing them for the sole purpose of getting through, careless whether they are done well or not. Children need not always necessarily act out their manœuvres in a roguish manner, merely busy-ing their brain for the purpose of working out some means to practice a trick. Chalk does not appear to be used invariably for such purposes as raising laughter and performing mischievous acts. Even at the sight of charcoal, so difficult to tolerate, it is not allowable for the parent to disuse discretion, though mischievousness may seem to make use of this exceedingly smutty substance as one peculiarly suited to answer its purposes. It is said that our Copley, at some seven or eight years old, on being observed to absent himself from the family for several hours at a time, was at length traced to a lonely room, on whose bare walls he had drawn, in *charcoal*, a group of martial figures engaged in some nameless adventure. The artistic

tendency in such a case, needs a treatment far different from that which would attribute it to a love of mere sportive trick-practising. The manœuvres of a boy should be thoroughly studied as to their real nature before recourse is had to rod correction. Rashness on the part of the parent or teacher is never excusable. It should be remembered that in the plays and pursuits of the boy the future man is sometimes seen, and therefore it becomes of no little importance to know how the amusement and games of children may be improved for directing their inclinations to employments in which they may hereafter excel.—*Boston Transcript*.

NATURAL HISTORY IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

There is in the life of every child a time when the thoughts are fixed on external and visible objects. The artless prattle is all about some favorite dog, or pet chicken; something which has been *seen* and *heard*, fondled in the arms, or led by a string.

Every teacher of a public school has sometimes little gifts of flowers from the pupils; common, perhaps, and wilted by too close pressure of little hands,—but *flowers* still, and tokens of love. Let them not be lightly esteemed.

You are now yourself a teacher, can you not recollect some sunny morning, far back in the past, when with childish delight you gathered violets and daisies to grace the desk of the little country school-house?

I shall never forget *one* such morning, when a large bouquet of buttercups, which I had just presented to our teacher, was hastily thrown out of the window! nor the mortification and grief which followed the disposal of my gift. Do not throw away the flowers, but on some afternoon when it is best to leave books for a time, select one for the first simple lesson in *Botany*.

Tell the children that a little seed was buried in the earth, that the sun warmed it, and the rain came down to moisten it, till at length, from one part came forth a stem tending upward; from another, a root pressing downward. Tell them that the little fibrils took from the soil just the nourishment needed by the plant; and the sap ascended, and the green leaves appeared to feed on the air by day, and drink the dews at night; and as the plant grew strong, in its own appointed season it put forth a tiny bud, which swelled and expanded till it burst into the perfect flower.

Show them the delicate petals, painted by the "Heavenly Artist," and tell them how closely they are folded at night, as if the flowers were going to sleep, like little tired children.

Almost any one can have at command a small magnifying glass, and it will be found of great assistance in examining the structure of the more delicate parts. Encourage the children to ask questions about the lesson, and by all means use simple language. Do not burden the memory, nor jeopardize the vocal organs, by requiring them to call the buttercup, "*Ranunculus Acris*," or the elder, "*Sambucus Canadensis*." They will easily learn these names after they become acquainted with the dead languages.

In the same manner, from the stones which lie in the yard, may be taught the first principles of geology. The pupils will delight to collect pretty pebbles in their walks, and you will be surprised to see how many really beautiful specimens will be brought together.

Sometimes talk about the flies that buzz so imprudently around the children's ears, and walk so easily on the ceiling,—thus introducing *entomology*.

The variety of *subjects* for lessons from Nature is endless. Teach the little ones to be observing,—to find some beauty or utility in all things; and thus they will be led to think of the wisdom and benevolence of Him who "clothes the lilies and feeds the ravens." Thus their young hearts will expand with love for all God's creatures.

And above all, remember that by every new view of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator,—by every outflowing of love to His creatures, is hastened the approach of that time for which all true hearts long, while they offer the divine petition, "Thy kingdom come."—*Massachusetts Teacher*.

Miscellaneous.

A RHYME FOR THE PUPIL.

"If the spring put forth no verdure, in summer there will be no blossom, in autumn no fruit; so if youth be trifled away, it will render manhood contemptible, and old age miserable."

Golden hopes and sunny prospects
Gild the morn of human life,
And the strippling deemeth little
Of the after toil and strife.
So it should be; life should open
With full joy and vigour rife.