

be able to do so at least. If he does attempt it, let the pupils collect the rocks and flowers, and the teacher can name and analyze them. Have a nice place where all the rocks and flowers can be on exhibition. The teacher who knows anything of philosophy or chemistry, can perform during the term a number of experiments and teach the pupils to do the same. At the exposition the pupils can perform these experiments themselves. And now when the end of your term is at hand there will be no need of hurrying, cramming, forcing, and neglecting regular work to make some sort of closing display. Yet you will have something interesting and improving to the whole neighborhood, which you invite to visit you on the last day. On the afternoon before, you will have the pupils bring in their stores, and with their assistance you will tack some muslin along one side or end of your school room and under your direction you will all, or such as can be of assistance, fasten in full view the outlines, drawings, the pressed flowers neatly fastened on paper, and pressed ferns and leaves which the children have gathered, and all the various written exercises of both little and big pupils, with the name of the author signed to each, arranging the whole tastefully as you know how. Have a table, likewise covered with muslin, as the clean back ground adds much to the appearance of things, on which to arrange such things as cannot be hung. Here may be placed the minerals, various kinds of wood, shells, insects, or any specimens or curiosities which the children have gathered and talked about during the term, the copy books, composition books, &c. It is with no little delight that the children see these trophies of their work arranged and spread out before them, surprised to see what a nice display they make. How emulation and ambition are kindled afresh; how it helps them to feel special interest in every exercise they prepare during the term; what a living interest it gives to the subjects, compared with what a dry, abstract examination would awaken; what growth it promotes in the space of a term through the work it calls forth, compared with any extraneous entertainment such as the 'exhibition' of our country schools usually is. The idea of the 'exposition' had its origin in the Normal school, at least we got it there, and having tried it know it to be a most capital one, and wish others to have the benefit of the plans it opens up for raising the plane of school work.—*The Normal Teacher.*

### ONE BOY'S LIFE.

John Kitto was such a puny child that when he was born he was not expected to live many hours, and it was only by the greatest care that he could walk at two years of age. This weakness prevented him from joining other boys in their sports. But he enjoyed himself quite as much lying behind the hedge, or on a sunny bank. He was not sent to school until he was eight years old, and he only then stayed long enough to learn to read and write, and get some knowledge of figures. The few pence that it cost could not be spared at home, for his father was a very sickly man, and unable to work steadily, and his mother had more than she could do to take in washing, and keep her little family fed and clothed. But father and mother looked to him as the eldest to help, and before he was ten years old, they began to look about for something for him to do. The shoemaker in the village took a great fancy to John, perhaps because he was so good a listener, for he poured into his eager ears, as he sat working at the bench, those remarkable tales of Blue Beard, Cinderella, Jack-the-Giant-Killer, and Beauty and the Beast.

John admired his friend's capacity for story-telling, and was never weary of listening, but he soon learned that he was not the only repository of such learning, but that for a copper he could buy similar astonishing marvels at the village book store. Once in a while he earned a penny holding a horse at the blacksmith's, and then he was occupied for days in studying the toy book he had bought.

His grandmother possessed a treasure that was a source of unfeigned delight to young John. This was a family Bible, which was profusely illustrated. At ten years John was a good reader, and this precious book was eagerly read by his father, whose failing health kept him indoors. They owned also a Prayer Book, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Gulliver's Travels*. The last John devoured, and so much did he admire them, that with a feather and the indigo his mother used in washing, he decorated all the engravings. When his grandmother noticed his fondness for books, she borrowed books

from the neighbours, and he soon was familiar with every book owned on the street.

In 1817, while helping his father to mend a roof, he lost his footing, and fell thirty-five feet into the street below. John remained insensible for a week, and did not leave his bed for four months. He partially recovered his strength, but the fall deprived him of his hearing. He became as deaf as though he never had had the sense. While still ill from the accident he asked for a book he desired to read. His mother answered him by signs which he could not understand; at last a slate was brought, on which the answer to his enquiry was written. "Why do you write to me? why not speak?" he said, and to his great astonishment, the reply was written, "You are deaf."

John's circumstances were now fearful, but his spirit was undaunted. He went to the shore where cargoes were received, and wading out with other boys, collected scraps of refuse, which he sold; but this profit was soon stopped, for he stepped upon a broken bottle, which put an end to his small gatherings. His next effort was more hopeful. With his last two pence he bought paper and painted heads, houses, flowers, etc., which sold from his mother's window at two pence halfpenny apiece. Then he tried painting small signs for windows. The few coppers he earned were spent on books. But his grandmother died, and he was turned into the streets. To save him from this fate he was taken into the Plymouth workhouse.

When seventeen years of age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, who treated him so cruelly that upon writing to the magistrates of the town, they investigated his case and set him free. A subscription was raised to pay for his board and clothes until a situation could be found. In the meantime, Kitto devoted all his time to mental improvement. His aim was to be useful to mankind, and he bent all his energies towards preparing himself for that end. His industry never relaxed, even when he obtained employment. "I cannot," he wrote, "accuse myself of having wasted or misemployed a moment of my time since I left the workhouse." He set apart a task for every part of the day, giving himself only six hours for sleep.

John Kitto died in Cannstatt, Germany, aged fifty. He was always deaf, almost infirm in health; yet he mastered Hebrew and Greek, and travelling through Russia and the East collected an immense amount of material about manners and customs to illustrate many valuable works. He was a regular contributor on the *Penny Magazine*, which was reprinted in America and translated into French, German and Dutch. He wrote "The Pictorial Bible," "Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land," "History of Palestine," "Pictorial Sunday Book and Geography of the Holy Land." His name appeared in his last work as Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries and Doctor of Divinity. The Queen of England granted him £500 a year on account of his literary works.

From such a life there is much to encourage every boy and girl in a desire for self-improvement. This boy, against every possible obstacle, educated himself and produced some of the best works of the kind ever written. It is a noble life that can leave such a record.

Awake up, boys, after reading this account of a workhouse boy's trials and triumphs, and resolve to imitate him in his desire for knowledge, and to leave the world better for having lived in it.—*New York School Journal.*

### Notes and News.

#### ONTARIO.

It is always a pleasure to us to mark progress in education, whether it be in University, College, High School, or Public School; and we have lately observed that many decidedly practical steps in the way of improvement are being taken, which we shall note from time to time.

In the Ontario Commercial College, Belleville, a large number of students are preparing for commercial life. Young gentlemen from the West Indies, Bermuda, New York State, Quebec and Ontario meet together there to be qualified for the merchant's and financier's desks, and a considerable increase is expected this month. This flourishing condition of affairs not only reflects the highest credit on the Principal and Assistants, but is also a substantial testimony to the value of the instruction they impart.

We are pleased to observe that the establishment heretofore