fatal must be the forbidding coldness and the impatient discouragements of the inexperienced, thoughtless, or heartless teacher?

By no means too strong is the language of a late writer upon this point. "The less gifted, the tardier mind, the timid, the thoughtless, and even the indolent youth has claims upon the teacher not less sacred; and the untiring zeal, and patient, conscientions fidelity with which he applies himself to the self-denying work of developing such minds, in so far as they are susceptible of improve-ment, and of doing his best with every individual committed to his instructions, constitute the highest test of excellency in his vocation. Whoever is above or below this toilsome detail—whoever does not think any same mind, made immortal by its God, worthy to engage his solicitude and his labors--has no special calling to the work of a teacher. He may win a reputation by his success with apt, ambitious pupils, but his negligence, impatience, contempt for others, who are also to be trained for eternity, intellectually as well as who are also to be trained for eternity, intellectually as well as morally, and the scantiness of whose resources the more urgently demands a painstaking culture, are offenses against humanity and morality which it would not be easy to characterize by epithets too strong." Arnold once out of patience from the peculiar dulness of such a boy as this, addressed him quite sharply, when the pupil looked up in his face and said: "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best that I can." Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and say: "I never felt so much ashamed in my life, that look and that speech I have never forgotten."—Educational Monthly.

ON LEARNING CHOICE PIECES BY HEART.

TILL he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence; precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of nature's wonders through undreamed of. It is like looking at one of nature's wonders through a microscope. Again: how much in such a poem that you really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading, passes away, if you do not give it a further and much better reading!—passes away utterly, like a sweet sound, or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind dispels. If you coald only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly! And you can do so! Learn it by heart, and it is yours for ever!

I have said, a true poem; for naturally men will choose to learn poetry—from the beginning of time they have done so. To immortal verse the memory gives a willing, a joyous, and a lasting home. However, some prose is poetrical, is poetry, and altogether worthy to be learned by heart; and the learning is not so very difficult. It is not difficult or toilsome to learn that which pleases us; and the labour, once given, is forgotten, while the result remains.

remains.

Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure; better far than a whole library unused. They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish eastle-building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the workshop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hill-sides, or by sounding shores;—noble friends and companions—our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call!

Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson,—the words of such men do not stale upon us, they do not grow old or cold... Further: though you are young now, some day you will be old. Some day you may reach that time when a man lives in greater part for memory and by memory. I can imagine a chance renewal, chance visitation of the words long remembered, long garnered in the heart, and I think I see a gleam of rare joy in the eyes of the old man. a daily pleasure; better far than a whole library unused.

For those, in particular, whose leisure time is short, and precious as scant rations to beleaguered men, I believe there could not be a better expenditure of time than deliberately giving an occasional hour—it requires no more—to commit to memory chosen passages from great authors. If the mind were thus daily nourished with a few choice words of the best English poets and writers; if the habit of learning by heart were to become so general, that, as a matter of course, any person presuming to be educated amongst us might be expected to be equipped with a few good pieces,—I believe it would lead, far more than the mere sound of it suggests, to the diffusion of the best kind of literature, and the right appreciation of it, and men would not long rest satisfied with knowing a few stock miscage.

The only objection I can conceive to what I have been saying that it may be said that relish for higher literature belongs only is, that it may be said that relish for higher literature belongs only to the few; that it is the result of cultivation; and that there is no use in trying to create what must be in general only a fictitious interest. But I do not admit that literature, even the higher literature, must belong to the few. Poetry is, in the main, essentially catholic—addressed to all men; and though some poetry requires particular knowledge and superior culture, much, and that the noblest, needs only the natural feeling and the light of common experience. Such poetry, taken in moderation, followed with genuine

good-will, shared in common, will be intelligible and delightful to most men who will take the trouble to be students at all, and ever more and more so.

Perhaps, also, there may be a fragment of truth in what Charles Lamb has said,—that any sponting "withers and blows upon a fine passage;" that there is no enjoying it after it has been "pawed about by declamatory boys and men." But surely there is a reasonable habit of recitation as well as an unreasonable one; there is no need of declamatory pawing. To abandon all recitation, is to give up a custom which has given delight and instruction to all the races of articulately speaking men. If our faces are set against vain display, and set against rational enjoyment of one another, each freely giving his best, and freely receiving what his neighbour offers, we need not fear that our social evenings will be marred by an occasional recitation, or that the fine passages will wither. And, moreover, it is not for reciting's sake that I chiefly recommend this most faithful form of reading—learning by heart.

I come back, therefore, to this, that learning by heart is a good thing, and is neglected amongst us. Why is it neglected? Partly because of our incollence, but partly, I take it, because we do not sufficiently consider that it is a good thing, and needs to be taken in hand. We need to be reminded of it: I hear remind you. Like a town-crier, ringing my bell, I would say to you, "Oyez, oyez! Lost, stolen, or strayed, a good ancient practice—the good ancient practice of learning by heart. Every finder should be handsomely rewarded."....

If any ask, "What shall I learn?" the answer is, Do as you do with trops—boxin with what you sincerely like best what you Perhaps, also, there may be a fragment of truth in what Charles

If any ask, "What shall I learn?" the answer is, Do as you do with tunes—begin with what you sincerely like best, what you would most enjoy saying to yourself or repeating to another. You will soon find the list in to yourself or repeating to another. You will soon find the list in-exhaustible. Then "keeping up" is easy. Every one has spare ten minutes; one of the problems of life is how to employ them usefully. You may well spend some in looking after and securing this good property you have won.—Vernon Lushington.

NUMBER.

A COURSE OF LESSONS PREPARATORY TO THE USE OF A TEXT-BOOK ON ARITHMETIC.

III.

FIRST STEP .- (Continued.) SUBTRACTION.

THE children, having acquired facility in increasing numbers, by Combining them in the process of addition, must now be led on to the equally important operation of separating them in the process of subtraction. The use of objects must still be continued. The lessons in addition having been entered into at so much length, that which follows will be given more briefly. The teacher must not, however, suppose that the same patient repetitions, the same varied examples, are not necessary. Very young children cannot be usell taught in any other way.

TO TAKE ONE GIVEN NUMBER FROM ANOTHER.

The Subtraction of the Number One:



Objects are to be arranged, or strokes to be made on the board, in the order indicated by the column on the left. The teacher should then remove one object to a little distance, or rub out one stroke from each line of strokes successively, the children repeating aloud, as this is done, "Two less one is one; three less one are two," &c., through the whole series of subtractions, and leaving the objects as represented in the right column; or, if lines are used, leaving the column on the right everywhere diminished by

one.

It is important, as an exercise, that the operations of addition should be constantly returned to, and it is found in practice desirable to combine them with those of subtraction, as helping to a clearer comprehension of both processes. To effect this, after the above lesson on subtraction has been given, it may be recapitulated, or a second lesson may be given, with the additional exercise of recombining the numbers which have been separated by subtraction thus: tion, thus:

Two less one is one. Three less one are two. Four less one are three. One and one are tw Two and one are three Three and one are four.

Ten less one are nine.

Nine and one are ten.