

fame; and in the decline of life the excellent old man was visited by foreigners from various parts of the world, who came to pay their tribute of respect to the venerable pastor of the Ban de la Roche.

He died in June, 1826, at the age of 86. At the moment of his departure the tolling of a bell announced to his anxious people that their "*Father Oberlin*," as they affectionately called him, had "gone hence to be with them no more." Their sorrow was deep and universal. Notwithstanding the incessant rain that poured down for several days previous to his funeral, all the inhabitants, young and old, from the remotest corners of the Ban de la Roche, assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to their instructor, benefactor, and friend. His Bible and clerical robes were laid upon his coffin, and the Mayor affixed to the funeral-pall the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Twelve girls standing around the hearse, sang a hymn in chorus. The coffin was borne by the magistrates, and the children of the different schools established by Oberlin chanted, at intervals, sacred hymns prepared for the occasion. The procession was more than two miles in length. In front walked the oldest inhabitant of the Steintahl, carrying a cross to be placed upon his grave, on which was engraved in open letters, the simple and affecting epitaph, *Papa Oberlin*.

FAMILIAR SKETCH OF A COMMON SCHOOL IN GERMANY.

The following familiar sketch of the every day routine of a German elementary school, from DICKEN'S *Household Words*, is intended as a keen satire upon those persons who are satisfied with the worst and cheapest description of school houses and school masters for their children:—

Just step into the interior of one of these same German schools, and see what manner of outlandish work is going on. There! Did you ever see the like of that! Call that a school! The boys are comfortably seated, and the master stands!

Mean-spirited fellow, there he stands, as though it were he who had the hardest work to do! The room is lofty, airy, and well warmed; the children sit, I do believe, in absolute enjoyment of the lesson. No other sound interrupts the teacher and his class; the other classes are under the same roof in other rooms. Ruined by luxury, there sit the children—with a grown man, and what's worse, a trained and educated man, standing before them, pouring out his energies. He isn't hearing them their lessons out of a book; the lesson they have learned out of a book, he is explaining with all the art of a lawyer, enlivening with anecdotes, sprinkling about with apt questions. The children are all on the *qui vive*, and asking questions in their turn—why don't he knock 'em down for their impertinence? See! now he asks a question of the class—up go two dozen little hands! The owners of those little hands believe that they can answer it. There! he selects one to answer, who looks pleased at the distinction. When the next question comes, he'll tackle some one else.

Now comes a lesson in geography. He takes a piece of chalk, and turns to the blackboard. Dot..dot..dot. There is a range of mountains. As soon as its shape is defined, the children eagerly shout out its name. In five seconds the names of five rivers are indicated, and named as fast as they are drawn, by the young vagabonds, who watch the artist's hand. Down go the rivers to the sea, and—dot..dot..dot.—a dozen and a half of towns are indicated, every dot named in chorus. Then comes the coast line, boundaries of countries, provinces, and other towns. In ten minutes there is on the board a clever impromptu map of Germany, and the children have shouted out the meaning of every dot and stroke as it was made. They think it better fun than puzzles. Very pretty.

Now there he is, beginning at the school-yard, talking of its size; then advancing to a notion of the street; then of the town, then of the province, and leading his pupils to an idea of space, and the extent of country indicated upon such a map. Truly abominable all this is! Where's the discipline, I should like to know? If a school is not made the preliminary Hall of Sorrow, how are men to grow up, able to endure such a House of Trouble as this world notoriously is? How can the mind be strengthened more effectually than by giving it at first the daily task to learn by rote,

an exercise of simple memory? The less the task is understood, the more the memory is exercised in learning it; and so the better for the child. What will become of a man whose ears when he was young were never boxed—whose hands were never bruised by any ruler—who in his childhood regarded canes in no other light than as objects of botanical curiosity? What I say of a boy is, that he ought to be thrashed. My notion of education—and I believe the British nation will bear me out in what I say—my notion is that we ought to have a decidedly uncomfortable school room—very hot—a good, dizzy, sleepy place, with lots of repetition of the same thing, to insure monotony—and that the children should learn by heart every day a certain quantity of print out of school books.

That they should show that they have learned it by repeating it before their teacher, who must sit down and look big, upon a stool or a chair, and have a cane or ruler on the desk before him. That while saying their lessons, they should stand uncomfortably, and endure, Spartan like, the wholesome discipline of fatigue, blows, bodily fear, and great mental perplexity. That's the way to learn. It's well known. Don't we all remember what we learnt that way? The teacher who has only to hear whether certain words printed before him are repeated accurately—to detect, perhaps, if he don't mind that trouble, errors in a sum—to direct a writing class—the teacher, who can read, write tolerably, add, subtract, multiply, and divide with moderate correctness, and who has the knack of filliping upon the head, with a stern manner, for the sake of being what is called a strict disciplinarian—that's the jockey to manage children.

But those Germans, who write three hundred volumes on the science of teaching for every one we get in England on this subject, think quite otherwise. In all their states by practice, and in some by special law, the knocking of heads, the pulling of ears, and all such wholesome pleasures, are denied the schoolmaster. Flogging is resorted to, most rarely. The following is a school regulation of the Government of Austria. Austria, my English friend!

"The teacher must carefully avoid hastily resorting to the rod; he must neither box a child's ears, nor pull or pinch them; or pull its hair; or hit it on the head, or any tender part; or use any instrument of punishment than a rod or stick; and that only for great faults. Even then, this kind of punishment may only be resorted to after having obtained the consent of the Landrath, and of the parents of the child, and in their presence."

THE ART OF TEACHING.

Teaching is an art, and it must be learned as much as any other art. To give instruction in the best manner, to conduct and govern a school so as to make it answer its chief end, is a work of great difficulty and importance. Tact in teaching is in fact the art of so communicating knowledge, that the pupil shall understand subjects sought to be imparted; and associating what is thus received with other and previous attainments, he may be led at one and the same time "to cultivate his original faculties," and store his mind with useful knowledge. Says one, "he who would be an accomplished physician, must study principles, as well as see cases." In like manner, he who would be a successful teacher, must look beyond systems to the principles on which they rest. The man who imagines himself a teacher, qualified for the responsible duties of an instructor, merely because he has seen others teach in a particular way, is just as much an empiric, as a pretender in medicine, who occasionally walks through the wards of an hospital. The art of communicating knowledge has its principles—principles which lie deep in the philosophy of our nature.

Some of the best minds in our country and in Europe have for several years been employed in elucidating these principles, and in discovering the best methods of imparting instruction. The day for quack pedagogues is passed. A teacher to be successful in his high calling, must not only be thoroughly acquainted with all branches which he proposes to teach, teaching principle as well as facts, but he must possess extensive general information, have a good knowledge of human nature, possess good common sense and prudence, ease of communication, the ability of inspiring in his pupils an enthusiastic love of knowledge, the power of maintaining good government, self-control, an amiable disposition, attractive