

others too numerous to mention, not alone on the score of usefulness, but on that of acquisition, our next incentive?

We read of "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Dickens, but what youth is not full of curiosity? What youth so dull, who does not ask questions difficult of being answered? Should we satisfy the thirst for knowledge? By all means. I go further: cultivate it. At times you will be amply rewarded by their peculiar logic. Witness the following dialogue: A little barefooted four-year-old said to his papa last summer, as he was hoeing in the garden: "Does God make everything grow?" "Yes," he replied. "Does God make thistles grow?" "Certainly, my boy." "Well," said the little fellow, "He is a curious kind of a man; if He had one in His foot He wouldn't."

Permit your pupils to ask questions, whatever the subject is under consideration. If you cannot fully explain it at the time, defer your answer. I know some do not like this plan, fearing that they will sink in the estimation of their pupils. Not a bit of it! Our heads are not like Thackeray's hall, seventy feet in length, fifty-six in breadth, and thirty-eight feet high, capable of holding everything, and knowing everything. I give our pupils credit for knowing that much. Once more, I say, cultivate this habit of asking questions, that the desire of acquisition be not stunted. It might be well termed the true "Educational Habit." How many, when they leave school, forget all that they ever acquired, and have no desire to push onward? How many of our acquaintances have any taste for literature, outside of those who find it necessary for the battle of life? Should this be the case? No, a thousand times no! "Life itself, from the cradle to the grave, if used aright, is education; for education is the due development

of our powers of mind and heart by exercise. But yet there are multitudes of men who, as it were, stand still as the crowd passes; they stand where they did ten, twenty years ago; they have made no progress; the world has breathed, and thought, and acted, and great hearts have done nobly while the sluggards have been like men without eyes, without ears, without motive, end, or aim, with life scarcely pulsating at their hearts." A sad picture is this, but too true. A farmer said to me the other evening, "I wish we could get our young folks to read more." Yes; a wonderful world is this we live in when intelligent young men and women go to sleep rather than buy a book and read it. Let us see to it, then, that we curb not the curiosity of youth.

A word about prizes. I feel that I am on disputed territory; bringing before you a burning question—an incentive about which everyone should be informed. Is it right to give prizes? I refer to the system of giving two or three prizes to a class, and also the giving of one prize for a certain subject, when an examination is in the near future. I have tried the latter and found it a failure; not so far as the examination was concerned. By no means. Everything there was a success. But I look for something more than that to satisfy my mind. The plan is wrong, radically wrong. Out of a class of twenty pupils, only two were striving at the last; the rest saw clearly that they had no chance, and dropped off one by one. Shall I recommend to you what I cannot approve of myself? Impossible. Refrain from such a practice. Do not permit your love of show to overcome your better nature. What we do, let it be done with the sole object of drawing out all the talent under our care, and not that of the few. Two or three prizes are somewhat better, but still deficient. Even under this