

able teacher. In appearance he is the very antipodes of his antiquated brother, the foggy. He is intensely modern in dress and manners, and believes himself to be the very embodiment of wisdom and a paragon of masculine perfection. He parts his hair in the centre, with mathematical exactness, and imitates the rapid conversation and apes the silly manners of the latest dandy. Probably an unhappy combination of circumstances recently elevated him from the school-boy's desk to the teacher's chair. Hence, as might be expected, he is distressingly conceited. He refuses to be guided by the council of his elders, but takes council of himself alone, and of course has a fool for his adviser. Juvenile caprice, and crude, preconceived notions, are the only mentors of this inexperienced tyro. He sometimes originates a new method of teaching, as puerile as the mind whence it emanated, and fastens it on the little community under him. This is regarded as the most perfect system yet discovered, and he views with suspicion every other method that differs from it. Or probably he has no method at all, but teaches in a sort of hap hazard fashion, as if the apex and base of teaching consisted in stuffing the minds of his pupils with abstract characters, or compelling them to memorize pages of dry and useless matter, forgetting, in his simplicity, that such a course has long been abandoned by men of thought, and is now regarded as a relic of barbarism.

The next character worthy of notice, is one that too often finds his way into the school room, viz., the *lazy teacher*. This adjective has been applied to teachers as a class, but with evident injustice, and by persons unacquainted with the trials of a teacher's life. There are men who, by industry and perseverance have attained to an honorable position in this profession, and they should not be classified with the careless and indolent. Laziness is disgraceful in any vocation, but when it enters the school room it becomes an "abomination of desolation standing where it ought not." The lazy teacher is a fraud and a hum-

bug. He does little during school hours but read newspapers and smoke offensive pipes. He rarely assumes the perpendicular, but clings to his pedagogic chair with provoking persistency. If a spasm of activity does seize him, he looks unhappy, and quickly settles down again into his normal condition, where he remains like a poorly executed statue, oblivious of his own deformity. Could not somebody be induced to pursue the whole fraternity of lazy teachers out of the country with a scourge of small cords?

The *cross teacher* comes next in order. He is never lazy. On the contrary, his activity is marvellous. One would almost imagine that he had discovered the law of perpetual motion, and applied it to his pedal extremities with abundant success. He is the terror of juveniles and rules them with a rod of iron. His orders are issued with emphasis and obeyed with an alacrity born of fear. As a teacher he is pretty successful, still his pupils do not love him, and when the day comes bringing the tidings of a great railroad accident, in which his name appears among the "fatally injured," the boys hold high carnival, but next day when they see him in his accustomed seat, they conclude that the partiality of Providence for such a petty despot is unaccountable, provoking, and extraordinary.

SOCIALISM

The progress of the world in culture and refinement during the past hundred years stands unequalled by any other century in its eventful history. Man's insatiable thirst for discovery has led him to investigate every department of literature, to invade and explore every realm of science from each of which he has borne the richest spoils as proofs of his tireless activity. Human genius has penetrated the mountain and spanned the river. It has erected factories on every stream, and placed steamboats on every ocean. To-day the locomotive with "smoky breast and thunderous step" disturbs the solitude which