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# The Canada School Journal.

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## THE CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL.

An Educational Journal devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and the advancement of the teaching profession in Canada.

—O—TERMS.—O—

**THE SUBSCRIPTION** price of THE CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL is \$1.00 per annum, strictly in advance.

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CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL PUB. CO. (Limited)

OFFICE: Toronto, Ontario.

We have departed freely from our usual "make-up" in this number, believing that during the holidays our readers will care less for the more practical departments, such as examination questions, literature papers, etc., and will prefer the lighter and more interesting articles, notes, and sketches, here set before them.

THE annual Teachers' Examinations are this year followed by the usual, or perhaps, in this case, more than the usual, outcry with regard to the unfair and absurd character of some of the papers set. Those in Algebra, History, and Grammar, are the ones of which special complaint is made. We have as yet seen but a few specimens of the questions complained of, but feel bound to say that those we have seen fully justify the sharpest criticisms that have appeared. If the object of the examiners, or the Department, is to cut down the number of successful candidates for certificates to the *minimum*, why not go about the business in a straightforward, above-board manner by raising the standard of qualification? To prescribe a certain curriculum and then indulge in wholesale "plucking," by either going beyond the assigned limits, as is said to have been

done in the Algebra papers, or by setting unreasonably difficult and comprehensive questions within those limits, is manifestly unfair. If the fault is due simply to lack of judgment, or to the overweening vanity of examiners—we do not, at this moment, know the authors of any of the objectionable papers—the Department must be singularly ill-advised in its appointments. The work of examining is, however, really a very difficult one, and worthy of being made a profession in itself. We shall publish all the papers as soon as we can get them, and may then have another word to say on the subject.

We have received a choice "Bouquet of Kindergarten Songs," with an introduction by Mrs. James L. Hughes, and notes and questions by Mrs. Hughes and Miss Hartmann. The songs seem to have been selected with great care, comprising only those which have given the best satisfaction and results in the Kindergarten and Primary Classes. The same care has been manifested in the directions for movements and gestures, and will prove of great benefit to the teacher. This manual will be full of interest and profit to the little ones. Price, in paper covers, fifty cents.

THE Commissioner of Agriculture for Ontario has arranged with the Faculty of Guelph Agricultural College for the issue of frequent reports upon Cropping, Live Stock, Veterinary, Dairy, Chemical, Horticultural and Botanical subjects, with such useful information as may be gained in the special experience and researches of each of the Professors. The first two bulletins have been issued. No. 1 contains some notes by Professor Brown on the cost of producing thoroughbred cattle and sheep, the conduct of different breeds in his recent experience, and two or three other items of interest to the Province. No. 2, by Professor Robertson, presents some points for the attention of patrons of cheese factories and creameries. These reports may, we should suppose, be made very useful to farmers, dairymen, and others throughout the Province.

In our Educational Notes and News will be found a brief synopsis of some points made by Principal Austin, of Alma Ladies' College, in his address at the late Convocation. There is not, in our opinion, any question more vitally related to the highest interests of Canada than the one he broaches. A thoroughly equipped college for the education of Canadian women is our one great educational want. As we have often said, the opening of the doors of University College, Toronto, was a simple act of justice, the commonest fair play. But it is far from having settled the question of University education for women, for the reason, amongst others, that but a small percentage of young women who ought, for their own sakes and that of the country, to obtain the highest mental culture, will ever attend the mixed classes of a college which is

primarily and specially adapted and intended for the other sex. It is quite evident that such an institution as we require, in order to be able to combine all the conditions of the complete and symmetrical education needed—education of intellect and heart and spirit—must be founded and conducted on the voluntary principle. Here is a glorious chance for some Canadian capitalist and philanthropist to establish a claim on the everlasting gratitude of his countrywomen and countrymen.

WE have received a copy of Mr. R. W. Phipps' report on the subject of Canadian Forestry. Like those which have preceded it, this report is carefully prepared and shows the results of no small amount of observation and inquiry. Amongst other information, it contains an account of what has been done during the past year in Ontario. It also sets forth the results of extensive experiments in forestry in several parts of the United States, which Mr. Phipps has visited for the purpose of collecting information. A very suggestive chapter treats of the planting of evergreens as wind-breaks, and a complete list of the trees of Ontario, with scientific descriptions, and much useful information in regard to value, uses, strength of timber, etc. It is to be hoped that these annual reports may be the means of arousing the people of Ontario to the vast interests involved in tree culture and the prevention of the wholesale destruction of our forests.

A VERY interesting and important experiment is about to be made by the Chicago Board of Education. A course of manual training is to be put on the list of the subjects of instruction in the High School. It will, of course, be optional. The programme will be so arranged that those who wish to take it can complete their work in the literary department in the morning, and attend in the repair shop, to be established under the management of the Board, from 1:30 to 4 in the afternoon. Mechanical drawing and wood-working will be the subject of the first year's instruction. If the results are encouraging, other branches of manual training will afterwards be introduced. If we rightly interpret the signs of the times, this new departure will yet prove to be a wide and extensive one.

THERE is no standing still in a live community. There is no finality in educational progress, or progress of any other kind. The time to "rest and be thankful" comes not to the true workman this side of the great hereafter, and it may well be doubted if it will in the great hereafter itself. The history of public school education during the last half century is a record of wonderful advance. No sane person can doubt that the progress has been real and substantial, that, on the whole, a vastly larger proportion of the children in Europe and America are being educated, and much better educated, than was the case fifty—or even twenty years ago. And in no country has the advance made been more remarkable than in Canada. The methods of the public schools are incomparably better, the facilities for the admission of children of all classes are wonderfully enlarged, and the necessity or advantage of a good education are realized by parents and the public as never before.

ALL this being so, it is not strange that, to minds of a certain type, it should now seem time to take a rest and congratulate ourselves on what has already been done. Many are, no doubt, becoming impatient of disturbing criticisms and new suggestions. In fact, it has for some years past been quite the fashion for friends and admirers of our Ontario public school system, in particular, to speak as if we had at last about reached relative, if not absolute, perfection. Our system has been lauded as "second to none in the world" till many of us have almost come to think that what so many are saying must really be true, and that little is left to be wished or striven for in the way of further improvement. Did not the late Chief Superintendent of Education visit the most progressive States of Europe and America again and again and work out the results of his observations in a composite scheme, which shuns the defects of each and combines the excellencies of all the best school systems in the world? And then has not the finished machine which was the product of his skilful hand been retouched and perfected by subsequent Ministers of Education, until at last it became possible, a year ago, to consolidate into a single statute the result of all these master-workmen's efforts, and label the Bill, "A Perfect Public School Machine, warranted to run for years without correction or repairs?"

To many who think and reason thus, it will seem presumptuous folly, almost sacrilege, to assert that our schools still fall far, very far, short of any ideal standard, and to predict that the next fifty years will see as much of real improvement, and possibly as much of radical change, as the last fifty—that the subjects and methods of instruction, the status and qualifications of teachers, and the relations of the schools to the Government on the one hand, and to the public on the other, are all destined to undergo renovation, if not revolution. We should hazard little in such a prophecy. It is every day becoming more manifest to thinkers that there are very serious defects still to be remedied in all our schools. There is too much machine work, arising mainly out of the requirements of the Department, and the want of flexibility in its programme and regulations. Teachers, as a rule, are far too poorly paid, and have altogether too much to do—too many pupils in their classes. From these causes combined the profession cannot retain in it the best talent, and men and women of ability while in it lack sufficient encouragement to devote themselves to their work with the true scientific enthusiasm, making each child-mind a special study, and adapting subjects and methods to the wants of each. In a word, the science of pedagogy is yet in its infancy, and there are few fields which offer better inducements to independent thought and effort, or wider scope for new ideas and methods.

It is to be feared that the American lady who was overheard recently sharply condemning the High Schools because they educate the children of laboring people "out of their spheres," making them "unfit to be servants," is a by no means rare specimen of a genus that ought to have been long since extinct. The incident, however, contains a hint for the teacher. The

idea that all manual labor is essentially degrading, or that some kinds of labor are in themselves less honorable than others, is a prejudice that dies hard. The true teacher should lose no opportunity to help kill it. The sooner the young of our country can be trained up to a practical belief that there is dignity in all useful labor, and that the only difference a good education should make is to enable its possessor to do the thing that lies next him as a duty better than the uneducated can do it, the sooner shall we be prepared for the blessings of universal education in the good time coming.

ALL honor to Principal Taylor, of the Vincennes, Indiana, High School, who, when the eight white girls in his graduating class "wouldn't graduate with a nigger," let the little shoddy aristocrats stay out in the cold, and went on with all the exercises in due order for the graduation of the colored girl, who was the ninth. Such an incident reacts in a way that is sure to do good, and will help to root out a silly prejudice unworthy of a Christian land. The incident reminds us of a similar noble stand taken by the President of a Nova Scotia college many years ago, before the emancipation of the chattels in the Southern States. A colored youth, having presented himself for admission to the college, the young Bluesnoses and their friends made so much ado that the Trustees at last gave way, and instructed the President that the negro must not be admitted. "Then you must look out for a new president," was the rejoinder. This was more than had been bargained for. The President was a man they could not afford to lose, so they counted the cost and the colored man got his education.

THE first end of all education is to fit its possessor for the more faithful and effective discharge of every duty of life, of whatever kind. The second is to raise him to a higher plane in his aims, pleasures, and enjoyments. The man or the woman whose executive powers, fully developed and trained, are employed in some good and productive life-work, and whose motives, feelings, tastes, and habits, are all lofty and refined, is the peer of any other man or woman in the universe. In the presence of such a patent of true nobility, all the artificial distinctions of society are petty and ignoble. Let the teacher not forget to impress this great truth on the minds and hearts he is moulding.

### ENGLISH CLASSICS IN THE SCHOOLS.

WE have frequently expressed our sympathy with the great movement in favor of the English classics in the schools, which has been going on during the past few years. We do not believe that the reform has yet reached its highest point. The college of the future, or rather one of the most popular and useful colleges of the future, will be one in which the masterpieces of English prose and poetry are made the basis of the whole course. Months and years of the time now given to conning by rote dry-text books in various departments of classics, mathematics, and so-called "English" studies, will be devoted to the direct reading of the works of the great English

authors. Who can doubt that two or three years devoted mainly to the intelligent study of some of the principal works of the best writers of each of the great literary epochs in English history—and by intelligent study, we mean study simply and mainly with a view to the understanding and appreciation of the authors—would result in a better education for the two great practical purposes of life, usefulness and enjoyment, than twice the time spent, as students' time is now generally spent, in our schools and colleges? We do not believe in a tiresome uniformity, and should not like to see all our colleges shaped after the same model. But we should much like to see the experiment tried of a thoroughly English college, or a thoroughly English course in some of our colleges. What is wanted, be it observed, is not to spend weeks or months in critical and analytical exercises upon a few pages of a single book, but an extended and varied course of real reading. Our attention has been freshly called to this subject by the following from the pen of Homer B. Sprague:

"As combining mental discipline with the commonest utility, the study of the English language and literature is unsurpassed. It is not necessary that the average American girl be a linguist in Latin, or Greek, or French, or German, or Spanish, or Italian, or profoundly versed in any of these literatures; but it is necessary that she be able to speak and write her own language with correctness, fluency, and elegance, and that she be not ignorant of those literary productions of which the English-speaking world is proud. There is in the great English master-pieces an educating power of which teachers in general have little conception. Merely to be able to read the best passages aloud, with just appreciation and appropriate vocal expression, is no insignificant attainment; yet it should be insisted upon as an essential prerequisite to a diploma. And why should not these great works be made the foundation and the material for linguistic and rhetorical study, as the masterpieces of the Greek writers have been from time immemorial? Form and style aside,—and perhaps we ought not to except these,—is there anything in Æschylus or Sophocles richer than in Shakespeare; anything in Homer grander than in Milton; anything in Demosthenes nobler than in Chatham, Burke, or Webster? anything in Plato superior in moral beauty to the utterances of Moses, or David, or Job, or Solomon, or Isaiah? Why, a thorough understanding of the three great English classics,—the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton,—would be better than the education given in nine-tenths of the so-called colleges. A systematic and progressive study of the English language and literature through four years seems to me one of the most desirable features in any institution for the superior instruction of American women."

### Special.

#### MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.\*

*Development.* The very idea contained in this word implies a great deal. It serves, on the one hand, as a corrective, and teaches us that the popular idea of education is wrong, viz.: that a child is sent to school to have so much learning "piled into" him, that the child is not a mechanical instrument upon which a teacher can operate at will; while on the other hand, it gives us the true idea of education, because education and development are all but synonymous terms, education meaning "a leading out," development "a disclosing" or "unravelling," or, more fully, the meaning

\*A paper read by Rev. S. Daw before the North Gower Teachers' Association.

I should give it, "the changing" or "unravelling from an embryo to a perfect state." Development, then, is an abstract idea which turns us back to look for the concrete, which we find as an embryo or germ, or what is known as the mental capacity, the "mens." Here, in the "mens," as soon as the child breathes the breath of life, we find this germ perfect. Whatever is not there contained in that germ as the child comes from its Creator can never be put there of the teacher. Just as in the acorn we see in germ the full grown oak, trunk, branches, leaves, wrapt up in so little a parcel, so in this embryo we see, in a crude state, all the powers which are afterwards to be educated or developed. The stately oak, in all its grandeur, is the little germ (favorable circumstances, of course, co-operating) fully developed. The puny, sickly tree owes its character to its germ. The fully-developed man is just that germ unravelled by favorable circumstances which education gave it. But the mental capacity lacking in any of these qualities, which we shall speak of after, will defy the skill of the teacher. So we see the work of the teacher is purely and simply to (if we understand it in a right sense) educate. The child comes to him with powers wrapt in this germ, which it should be his duty to unfold, to bring those hidden capacities to light, and, especially, to show him how to apply them.

Such being the case, then, it may be well to look and see what the child brings to the teacher wrapped up in this germ. There are characteristics brought to him which, if he has the qualification implied of the words "apt to teach," he will try to discover, and having discovered them, will make use of the same characteristics which he has had developed in himself to bring out and expand the mind entrusted to his care. These characteristics are Perception, Imagination, Memory, and Judgment, being the elements contained in the germ. I shall treat of the first three in the foregoing order.

*The Perceptive Faculty.* Observation is that exercise of the mind by which we obtain our ideas of external objects. We may view it as comprising two parts, distinguished respectively as Perception and Conception.

The child's observation is from his birth, but this early form, which is merely an animal act, bears the name of *Sensation* to distinguish it from the higher forms of observation of which we shall speak. The child, in this early stage, is not conscious of any distinction between himself and the world without. As he advances in age, he awakens to the consciousness that what he observes is no part of himself, and that there is an existence without him as well as an existence within him. *His eye is fixed on an object. He puts forth his hand and grasps it.* The consciousness of its separate existence, which only glimmered within him in the exercise of one sense, is confirmed when he verifies the result of one sense (sight) by that of another (touch). At this point his intelligent constitution begins to operate; his mind is acting through his senses. *This higher observation, which leaves a distinct impression on the observing mind, is called Perception.* It is the child's first intellectual activity; the first process, accordingly, which we have to consider in speaking of intellect, or mental development.

Now, the Perceptive faculty requires specific cultivation. If with untrained sight the child looks at colors, he does not accurately distinguish them; if he see a number of ferns, say lines on a board, he cannot tell their divergence from the straight; if he see a group of things together, he cannot make an approximate estimate of their number; if, with untrained hearing, he listen to an incorrectly toned melody, he is not offended, nor does he derive the pleasure he is capable of doing from perfect time. The object of the cultivation we have in view is to substitute sensibility for sluggishness, and, through that quality, to impart trustworthiness of the operations of the senses. How, then, is this perceptive faculty to be

cultivated? The medium through which we observe is the senses. These senses are to be cultivated by directing them, in the first instance, to the objects which each is fitted to observe. The sight is cultivated by seeing, for which end it must be made to observe light, and colors and their various shades, and those physical properties of bodies which it belongs to sight to discern, such as form, size, number, motion, and distance. The touch is cultivated by touching, for which end it must exercise itself on bodies to perceive those properties which touch reveals, such as weight, hardness, smoothness, toughness, elasticity, and heat. The sense of hearing grows in the presence of the various kinds of sounds, such as high and low, loud and soft, sustained and broken, lively and plaintive; whether they be sounds of the voice in speaking, musical sounds, or the sounds of bodies in contact with each other. And, similarly, the senses of tasting and smelling are stimulated by distinguishing, through actual observation, the pleasant and the unpleasant, the sweet and the bitter, the salt and the acrid, and the like. The senses must be exercised to discern the several kinds of qualities, each sense acting for itself; qualities cognizable by one sense, e. g., touch must not be taken on trust on the testimony of another, such as sight. The entire course of observation must be accompanied with suggestive questions and information by the teacher. Mere sensation will not of itself lead to the result which we aim at. A sense may continue sluggish where circumstances present the most abundant materials for its exercise. Some friendly guide must awaken the slumbering curiosity by the incidental remark or query, and by manifesting interest in the result of observation. The teacher's duty is, therefore, twofold: he must present materials of sufficient variety to evoke the power of observation, and he must guide and notice the results of the pupil's observation and turn these results into a stimulus to proceed further with the process.

We divided you will remember, observation into its two parts, Perception and Conception. Perception, we have seen, is the faculty by which we recognize objects, when they are presented to the senses, as having a separate existence and as displaying various qualities.

*Conception* is the faculty by which we take off from any object perceived an impression which may remain with it when the object is absent, and by which we may recognize the object when it comes under our notice again. This it does by distinguishing those features which are essential to the object, and combining them into a whole; dismissing those which, being accidental, vary with different specimens. The image the mind may construct from one specimen or from more than one. Thus of "tree," the image is trunk and branches rooted in the ground; of "table," flat surface and legs; in both cases, the mind tacitly dismisses such considerations as the particular size of the tree and the form of leaves, or the color and peculiar shape of the table, and rests in the combination of the several features as giving an image of which it will recognize all trees and tables in time to come. The mind, in fact, takes a likeness of the object for its own possession, and the object itself is, therefore, free to go. But that likeness, once in possession, serves to identify the object again; and, moreover, for the mind's future use, it serves the purpose of the object itself. This is a step evidently very much in advance of perception. If the mind were not thus to take stock of its perceptions, and create an internal world the counterpart of that without, it must always remain in the state of intellectual infancy. It could think and speak of nothing but what it may at the moment be looking at. Every fresh perception would be a new course of wonder, there could be no comparison and no classification; in short, no experience of things would make us wiser. Conception, or, in common language, the formation of ideas, removes all these obstacles to knowledge and progress.

To cultivate the Conceptive faculty, the qualities which we seek to impart to it are (1) *versatility*, i.e., he must teach the child to be ready in adapting his views or sentiments to other positions or circumstances, (2) *strength*, (3) *precision*.

To give it *versatility*, he must accustom it to work over a wide range of objects that it may feel at home in various spheres of observation. To give it *strength*, we must rely on fixity of attention, and therefore on the motives by which we seek to establish attention; all that we attain in educating the one bears upon the other. The third quality is *precision*, which requires a further educational process for its development, because it implies some degree of the higher mental acts of abstraction and comparison, and if we look at its later form, we shall be obliged to say of reasoning, also.

(To be concluded next month).

### RECENT EXPLORATION AND SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

The Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, Professor Hull, F. R. S., delivered the Annual Address of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute in London, on the 28th of May, on which occasion the Institute's new President, Professor Stokes, President of the Royal Society, took the chair. The report was read by Captain F. Petrie, the honorary secretary, and showed that the Institute's home, colonial, and foreign members were upwards of eleven hundred, including many who joined from a desire to avail themselves of the Institute's privileges. An increasing number of leading scientific men now contributed papers and aided in the work of bringing about a truer appreciation of the result of scientific inquiry, especially in cases where scientific discovery was alleged by the opponents of religious beliefs to be subversive thereof. The author of the Address then gave an account of the work, discoveries, and general results of the recent Geological and Geographical Expedition to Egypt, Arabia, and Western Palestine, of which he had charge. Sketching the course taken by him (which to a considerable extent took the route ascribed to the Israelites), he gave an account of the physical features of the country, evidences of old sea margins 200 feet above the present sea margins, and showed that at one time an arm of the Mediterranean had occupied the valley of the Nile as far as the First Cataract, at which time Africa was an island (an opinion also arrived at by another of the Institute's members, Sir W. Dawson), and that, at the time of the Exodus, the Red Sea ran up into the Bitter Lakes, and must have formed a barrier to the traveller's progress at that period. He then alluded to the great changes of elevation in the land eastward of these lakes, mentioning that the waters of the Jordan valley once stood 1,292 feet above their present height, and that the waters of the Dead Sea, which he found 1,050 feet deep, were once on a level with the present Mediterranean sea margin, or 1,292 feet above their present height. The great physical changes which had taken place in geological time were evidenced by the fact that whilst the rocks in Western Palestine were generally limestone, those of the mountains of Sinai were amongst the most ancient in the world. The various geological and geographical features of the country were so described as to make the address a condensed report of all that is now known of them in Egypt, Palestine, and Arabia Petraea. Sir Henry Barkly, G.C.M.G., F.R.S., moved a vote of thanks to Professor Hull, and to those who had contributed to the work of the Institute during the year, which included Assyriological investigations by Professor Sayce, Mr. Boscawen, and others; M. Maspero's and Capt. Conder's Egyptian papers; Professor Porter's

Eastern researches; also a review of the question of Evolution by Professor Virchow, and the results of investigations in regard to the subject of the origin of man, as to which it had been shown by Sir William Dawson, that geology divided the chronology of animal life into four "great periods"; in the first,—or Eozoic,—in the Geological as in the Bible records, were found the great reptiles; and the last, or Tertiary, was again subdivided into five "periods," and it was only in the last of these, the "modern" period, that the evidences of man's presence had been found. Again, as regards his ape descent, the formation and proportions of the skull and bones of the ape considered most like man were found to be so different from those of man as to place insuperable difficulties in the way of the theory. In the gorilla, the high crest on the skull, which was also found in the hyena, was absent in man. Also, among other points, if the capacity of the brain of the anthropoid ape were taken at ten, that of man even in his savage state was twenty-six, or nearly thrice as much, a very important fact when, as it was known, any appreciable diminution in the brain of man was at once accompanied by idiocy. As regards the transmutability of species, Barrando's arguments against the theory, founded on the results of a life of research among the fossil strata, had not yet been overthrown; and modern research clearly pointed to the fact that one great bar to the transmutability of species lay in the refined and minute differences in the molecular arrangements in their organs.

The proceedings were concluded by a vote of thanks to Professor Stokes, under whose presidency it was remarked that the work of the Institute would be carried out with the increased help and guidance of men of the highest scientific attainments, and in a manner to tend to advance Truth. A conversazione was then held in the Museum.

### PETTY PERPLEXITIES.

BY EARNEST PEDAGOGUE, PEORI, ILL.

Not for the edification of the old and wise teachers is this feeble effort written—no indeed, for they are wise wisdom personified in the admiring eyes of those of us who are young inexperienced teachers just entering on our pedagogical career. For the encouragement of this latter class, to let them know that they are not the only ones that seeming trifles trouble are these lines penned.

'Twas the day before Thanksgiving and I was expecting some one from home to come to my little school among the hills, after me that night, for we were all going to Grandpa's the next day, and so I was hurrying to get through my day's work in good time, in fact was hearing the last oral spelling class when a clear loud "Bo-heo-hoo" rang out with startling clearness. Looking over the room I met only surprised faces, but as the noise was soon repeated, I was astonished to find that it was one of the largest girls in the spelling class. On enquiring what was the trouble she held up her hand for me to see that a long splinter of her slate frame had entered her thumb under the nail, and was causing severe pain, judging from her sobs and groans. I forgot my hurry in my effort to extract the unwelcome intruder, and also kept on hearing the lesson, after a fashion at the same time. While I was thus preoccupied several usually demure little individuals took the liberty of being rather noisy. While one was stealing an untimely lunch of bread and butter, a larger boy was very anxious that the small boys should see his sly endeavors to wear his hat in the school-room without the teacher's knowledge or consent.

Such was the scene that met my eyes after performing the part of surgeon and teacher at the same time. They were called up at once to give an account of themselves, but failing in their attempts

to make me see that they were "doing nothing," I requested them to remain after school. When the other pupils had left the building, the younger boys were crying lustily; so after a few words of reproof I dismissed them. But the big boy yet remained, and what to do with him, or how to punish him, I really could not think, for he had been whipped and turned out of school for each successive winter for four or five years till now he ranked with almost the lowest classes. As for whipping him that was out of the question, for he was a small heavy-set boy of seventeen with that hard face, don't-care-look which is so often seen depicted on the countenances of men old in vice. He was watching me as I went about my work, covering the fire and sweeping, and almost hoping he would take "leg bail" as we often hear of prisoners doing, but this he showed no signs of doing and I did not know what I should say to him. After doing all the work I could find any pretence for, I looked out of the window, and to my relief saw the carriage coming for me, and I knew that my time was necessarily short, so walking bravely up to him with my heart beating almost to suffocation, I calmly took a seat beside him. "Johnny," I began. "You can't think how sorry I am that this has happened. It has set such a bad example among the small scholars for them to see the largest boy in school indulging in such an odd habit as wearing his hat in the school-room, but," I continued as he did not reply, "it may be that your head was cold, if so I was wrong to speak to you about it, for I care more for the comfort and pleasure of my scholars than anything else, unless it is their advancement, for I do love to see my pupils go ahead and learn, and you seem to be doing very nicely in your lessons—but after this if your head is cold and you wish to wear your hat during school hours, I will make no further objections." I rose and went to get my hat and shawl. "But my head is not cold, and I do not want to wear my hat in school for them to laugh at." I turned and looked, and could it be? Yes, he really was crying. I could stand it no longer, my fear of him had fled; I flung down my hat and went up to him and laying my hand on his shoulder and said, "Johnny, let us be friends, you can help me so much if you only will, and I know I can be a great help to you, if you will only let me." "Yes by thunder we will," he almost shouted as he grasped both of my hands and shook them until I began to fear there would be nothing left. "I say you're the boss teacher and a regular brick, every other teacher has tried thrashing me and when they couldn't they just bowled and turned me out of school that's what I 'lowed you was goin' to do, guess I didn't know you." "No, Johnny, you did not if you thought that for I don't want to lose any of my scholars in that way. I hope we will become better acquainted in the future and always be good friends." "You'd better bet," was his hearty, though rough answer, as we both left the school room together. After that I had no further trouble with him, in fact his influence and example went a great way toward governing the other pupils, so that my petty perplexities were in a great measure remedied.—*Our Country and Village Schools.*

#### MR. LOWELL ON BOOKS.

At the opening of the new public library in Chelsea, Mass., James Russell Lowell delivered an address, in which he said:

Southey tells us that in his walk, one stormy day, he met an old woman, to whom, by way of greeting, he made the rather obvious remark that it was dreadful weather. She answered, philosophically, that, in her opinion, "any weather was better than none!" I should be half inclined to say that any reading was better than none, allaying the crudeness of the statement by the Yankee proverb which tells us that, though "all deacons are good, there's odds in deacons." Among books, certainly, there is much variety of

company. Ranging from the best to the worst, from Plato to Zola, and the first lesson in reading well is that which teaches us to distinguish between literature and merely printed matter. The choice lies wholly with ourselves. We have the key put into our hands; shall we unlock the pantry or the oratory? There is a Wallachian legend, which, like most of the figments of popular fancy, has a moral in it. One Balkala, a good-for-nothing kind of a fellow in his way, having had the luck to offer a sacrifice especially well pleasing to God, is taken up into heaven. He finds the Almighty sitting in something like the best room of a Wallachian peasant's cottage—there is something profoundly pathetic in the homeliness of the popular imagination, forced, like the princess in the fairy tale, to weave its semblance of gold tissue out of straw. On being asked what reward he desires for the good services he has done, Balkala, who had always passionately longed to be the owner of a bag-pipe, seeing a half-worn-out one lying among some rubbish in a corner of the room, begs eagerly that it may be bestowed on him. The Lord, with a smile of pity at the meanness of his choice, grants him his boon, and Balkala goes back to earth delighted with his prize. With an infinite possibility within his reach, with the choice of wisdom, of power, of beauty at his tongue's end, he asked according to his kind, and his sordid wish is answered with a gift as cordial.

Yes, there is a choice in books as in friends, and the mind sinks or rises to the level of its habitual society, is subdued, as Shakespeare says of the dyer's hand, to what it works in. Cato's advice, *cum bonis ambula, consort with the good*, is quite as good if we extend it to books, for they, too, insensibly give away their own nature to the mind that converses with them. They either beckon upwards or drag down. And it is certainly true that the material of thought reacts upon thought itself. Shakespeare himself would have been commonplace had he been prodded in a thinly shaven vocabulary, and Phidias, had he worked in wax, only an inspired Mrs. Jarley. A man is known, says the proverb, by the company he keeps, and not only so, but made by it.

Milton makes his fallen angels grow small to enter the infernal council room, but the soul, which God meant to be the spacious chamber where high thoughts and generous aspirations might commune together, shrinks and narrows itself to the measure of the meaner company that is wont to gather there, hatching conspiracies against our better selves. We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of three centuries ago and at a certain dignity of phrase that characterizes them. They were scholars because they did not read so many things as we. They had fewer books, but these were of the best. Their speech was noble, because they lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato. We spend as much time over print as they did, but instead of communing with the choice thoughts of choice spirits, and unconsciously acquiring the grand manner of that supreme society, we diligently inform ourselves and cover the continent with a net-work of speaking wires to inform us of such inspiring facts as that a horse belonging to Mr. Smith ran away on Wednesday, seriously damaging a carryall; that a son of Mr. Brown swallowed a hickory nut on Thursday; and that a gravel bank caved in and buried Mr. Robinson alive on Friday. Alas, it is we ourselves that are getting buried alive under this avalanche of earthly impertinence! It is we who, while we might each in his humble way be helping our fellows into the right path, or adding one block to the climbing spire of a fine soul, are willing to become mere sponges saturated from the stagnant goosepond of village gossip.

One is sometimes asked by young people to recommend a course of reading. My advice would be that they should confine themselves to the supreme books in whatever literature, or still better to choose some one great author, and make themselves thoroughly

familiar with him. For, as all roads lead to Rome, so do they likewise lead away from it, and you will find that, in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any vital piece of literature, you will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to excursions and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and find yourselves scholars before you are aware. For remember that there is nothing less profitable than scholarship, nor anything more wearisome in the attainment. But the moment you have a definite aim, attention is quickened, the mother of memory, and all that you acquire groups and arranges itself in an order that is lucid, because everywhere and always it is in intelligent relation to a central object of constant and growing interest. This method also forces upon us the necessity of thinking, which is, after all, the highest result of all education. For what we want is not learning, but knowledge; that is, the power to make learning answer its true end as a quickener of intelligence and a widener of our intellectual sympathies. I do not mean to say that every one is fitted by nature or inclination for a definite course of study, or indeed for serious study in any sense. I am quite willing that these should "browse in a library," as Dr. Johnson called it, to their hearts' content. It is perhaps the only way in which time may be profitably wasted. But desultory reading will not make a "full man," as Bacon understood it, of one who has not Johnson's memory, his power of assimilation, and, above all, his comprehensive view of the relation of things. "Read not," says Lord Bacon in his *Essay of Studies*, "to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is some books are to be read only in parts; others, to be read, but not curiously [carefully], and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy."

#### MISS ANTHONY'S FIRST SPEECH.

A *Pittsburg Dispatch* correspondent, indulging in reminiscences, says:—The first woman who ever made a speech at a teachers' convention was Susan B. Anthony. She was a teacher in Rochester, New York, and after listening for hours to a discussion as to why the teachers' profession was not so highly respected as that of the preacher, the lawyer, or doctor, without, as she thought, touching the root of the matter, the young Quaker girl rose to her feet and said, "Mr. President." This simple expression threw the entire convention into a state of utter consternation. The officers for a time were paralyzed with horror and amaze. Finally the president got his wits sufficiently together to mockingly and tremulously inquire: "What will the lady have?" "I wish to speak on the question under discussion," replied Miss Anthony. And then and there were hurrying to and fro. The frightened men flew around to consult each other and decide what to do. The women constituted a universal blush at her boldness. Finally a man got over his fright sufficiently to move that the lady be heard. This motion was discussed pro and con for half an hour or more. It was then decided that the women should have no vote on the matter, and the question was settled by the men alone, who, by a small majority, allowed Miss Anthony to speak. The embarrassment of a young girl may be imagined under the circumstances: but Susan stood her ground, and courageously and deliberately hit the nail on the head, by telling them that as long as women were considered not to have brains enough to become preachers, and lawyers, and doctors, but only enough to be teachers; that every man who entered the profession of teaching tacitly acknowledged he had no more brains than a woman, and, moreover, the reason why teach-

ing is less lucrative is because of the cheap labor of women. "So, gentlemen," said Miss Anthony, "if you want to do away with the disrespect of which you complain, and exalt your profession, you will have to exalt your co-workers and demand for them fair play and better pay," or words to that effect.—*New England Journal of Education*.

#### JUNE BLOSSOMS.

BY J. H. MAY.

At my desk I sit in the afternoon,  
When the children's restless feet are still;  
From the outside blossoms of leafy June  
To the blossom within I look, until  
A summer perfume fills the air,  
A rosy radiance flecks the floor,  
And brightens all the school-room, where  
I'm tending plants, inside the door.

My beautiful plants! how they nod and bloom  
In the garden I'm watering to-day;  
How their budding sweetness fills the room,  
And over its stillness seems to stay,—  
Violets fresh and pure and fair,  
May-flowers, blushing pink and sweet,  
Roses red, and lilies rare,  
Creeping close to my very feet.

Day after day I've helped them grow;  
From morn until night the slips I've set,  
And cared for them; ah! well they know  
Whose dew of love their petals wet.  
Fan and Freno and little Louisa  
And Maud are violets in my bed;  
No garden roses can rival these  
Painted on Carrie's cheeks so red.

Ah! a happy gardener am I,  
Watching my pretty petals spread,  
Catching the flash of my Pansy's eye,  
Or the golden glimmer of Harry's head!  
Ah! a happy gardener am I,  
If a drooping branch I may upbraid,  
Or turn a blossom toward the sky,  
When the sun peeps through' a radiant rift.

Yes, a joyful gardener am I,  
From morn to night, from March to June,  
And I sing as I train the tendrils high,  
A snatch of an olden forest tune;  
"And this is the song that I gayly sing,  
Blossoms of mine! oh, bud and grow!  
Let the sun of my life on your petals shine,  
Till out of the garden of youth you go!"

—*Education*.

There are a few strong reasons why every teacher should take an educational paper. It gives the news of the profession. It affords a medium for the interchange of opinions. It records difficult ways of teaching. It usually contains hints and materials for general exercises. It contains notices of the latest books. Its editorials are usually worth reading, on account of the matter and inspiration they contain. All professions have their professional current literature. Why should we be an exception to the general rule? If teaching ever comes to be on an equality with other learned callings, it will be mainly through interchange of thought, through discussion, and through the influence of educational journalism. A paper cannot be edited to suit everybody. This could not be expected. But a good paper should suit the majority of its thinking readers. Adaptation is the law of success. It would not pay to manufacture an article that is not suited to the wants of the people. An educational paper cannot be made to suit the wants of teachers as they ought to be, or as they may be in the future, but as they now are. Such a paper is invaluable.—*The Teachers' Institute*.



## Our Holiday Story.

## FARMER BROWN'S SCHOOL.

BY LOUISE S. HOTCHKISS.

It was the very middle of the Indian summer; the golden skies had reached their height of ripened beauty, all the hills were hung with a vaporous curtain of blue, and the river showed a soft, silvery thread, winding in and out, among the trunks of the leafless trees.

The great hall door had been opened, probably for the last time ere the snows of winter piled their drifts against it; the garret windows were thrown up to air the herbs that hung along the rafters; and grandpa had unbarred the hatchway to let in the sun upon his barrels and bins of winter vegetables. Even grandma had moved her table along to the open window in the pantry.

"I am going to visit the school, grandma," I said; "I must get out of doors, somewhere," and throw down a skirt I had been ripping. Half-an-hour later I stood at the door of Farmer Brown's School.

Should I go in by the boys' side or the girls'? (There were two entries,—one at the right, and the other at the left). The first was hung with sun-bonnets, and the other with straw hats, crownless or brimless, suggesting a long summer of hard-fought battles with butterflies and bees, over the hills and through the meadows.

Dinner-pails were rolling about the floor,—the mouth of one emitting a broken slice of buttered bread, another a piece of pie, and a third an empty egg-shell. A bold rooster had walked in, and was strutting around, making up his mind which mother's cooking was most to his fancy.

Knock! knock! rather timorously; for I never cease to feel transparent in the presence of children, their eyes are so penetrating and their opinions so unconventional.

"Good afternoon!" I said, offering my hand to a tall, gaunt figure, whose heavy frowsy top made one think of Jupiter's lofty crown; "I beg pardon for not coming before, as I promised."

It was a rough, callous hand that welcomed me, and the worn, weather-beaten face of a farmer. Mr. Brown and his seven sons had just wound up the husbandry of a hundred barren, stony acres, carried the last loads of cabbages and potatoes to market, and were now settled in the school-room for winter.

"Good afternoon, children," I said, and looked over thirty faces, I should say.

My greeting was returned with a general giggle; books were barricaded in front of faces, and one small boy disappeared beneath his seat.

But a shout from the desk, and a flash from under the black mane, brought them out of such ignoble attitudes, and proved what Hill-side folks said, that Brown's school "was governed."

I did not accept the seat on the platform till the schoolmaster assured me that there was another chair for himself, and not then till I had scanned the room for evidence that his politeness had not caused him to equivocate; and in this survey my attention fell upon an object in the corner,—a man fast asleep, head nodding against his breast, feet resting on the stove-hearth. A boy was signalled to bring up a stool, and the tall figure of the master lowered upon it, saying, with a nod toward the corner, "It is Parson Mills, the examining committee; he preaches twice Sundays, and runs his farm week days; 'spose he gets pretty much used up. Third class in reading, come up!"

Mr. Brown had taken my parasol, which he laid on the desk, on the top of a dictionary which was upheld by the school register, which in turn was propped up by a water-dipper.

Four orators, two of each sex, marshalled themselves before the rostrum. Two courtesied, two bowed, and all were seated.

"Begin!" and the master nodded to a fat girl who headed the procession.

Now, the mother of this girl had recently died of a disease that medical authority ascribed to an enormous accumulation of adipose and cellular tissue, superinduced, as local gossip said, by long habits of intemperate eating; and not a neighbor had I seen since the event that had not expatiated upon the richness of "that woman's" short cakes, the fatness of "that woman's" chickens, and the general awfulness of "that woman's" epicurean indulgence.

Thus it happened, that my thoughts were controlled for the moment by some reflections upon hereditary descent; and when I

fell to listening, Jane was well under way, her book braced at one end beneath a fat chin, and clasped at the other by two chubby hands. Words were being shoved out of her thick, rosy lips, with about the same effect of time, tone, and expression, as might come from potatoes dropped into a leather bag; while the liberties she took with authors' language were as audacious as the boldest daylight stealing. Pretty was called putty; *heathen*, *heaven*; and *angels*, *angles*. Her teacher corrected her semi-occasionally, when she rolled up her great eyes, seized the word from his lips and swallowed it in good faith, then stumbled into another sea of blunders.

The next, and the next showed some glimmer of conscience struggling now and then to dismember an unknown word. "A—l-i-g—lig—alig—a—uliga—t-o-r—tor—a-lig-a-tor," drawled out John, placing the accent on the antepenult.

"Did you ever see a picture of that animal?" I ventured to ask. "We generally name it an alligator."

John's lower jaw dropped, and what a gaze he fixed upon me! I felt as if I had intruded, and wished I had kept silent.

"No'm," volunteered the other boy. "Tee! hee! hee!"

Then they all began to look in their books and about the room, and under their seats, and out the window; and after returning to their places they were unable to dispossess themselves of the feeling that they had stumbled upon some living object.

"Fourth class, reading!" was the next command; and again a battalion of four marched to the front.

The scene that now followed was lively and reckless. There was only one book owned in the ranks, which was passed up and down the column. Being no longer subject to criticism, there was no apparent reason for meriting it, and every actor rushed through his task like a race-horse. Only once I saw a glance shot toward the master, and heard a whisper, "Give me some chestnuts, will ye?" I, too, turned my head over my right shoulder. The master's eyes were closed, and his head appeared heavy. Starting, he begged pardon. "Our youngest was taken last night with worm-cramp. Mother (Mrs. Brown) gave it turpentine, which fetched it out of it; but being up makes me kinder dozy to-day."

The next and last class in reading was a lone infant, who came up with torn primer, torn apron, and a very dirty face. The master rose, drew a jack-knife from his pocket, turned the subject round, back to front, and laying one arm on each juvenile shoulder, pointed with the blade to *a*, *b*, *c*, down to *x*; when he stopped, and *snap* went the knife.

"Good afternoon, Miss Leigh! You, too, visiting the school?" A heavy pair of boots were trying to walk up the floor; it was the committee-man, partially waked up. "I always sit apart from a influence," he said, "when I am on the jury; so I took a seat down by the stove, to record my observations; am afraid you are too near the judge, and will be tempted to accept his opinions."

"I trust I shall be able to preserve an unbiased judgment," was my reply, obliged to offer some response.

Meantime the master's attention was fixed with a steady, frowning command upon the little multitude at the rear of the official's back. Face after face bent over its slate, and busy fingers plied their pencils as merrily as if each had been playing with a row of bright-colored chess-men.

"I suppose I must make a few remarks," announced the committee-man, turning toward the school, "for I've got the West District to visit, and a load of turnips to get in before dark. Such weather as this won't hold many days, you may depend on it. Children, all I've got to say to you is, go ahead in the way you're in. When I see a school keeping still and studying their figures, my mind is made up. The Bible to guide your souls, and figures to light your worldly steps, is what I say will bring a man up to his full stature. When I see a school moving round in their seats, and hitching up and down, and whispering to their neighbors, I say to myself, 'They are not sunk in their figures.' I've heard you in reading, to-day; next time I come I shall look over your sums. Good afternoon."

The master looked as satisfied as if he had received a bank-check for his salary, and the children's pencils were run to their highest speed.

"What are the other exercises for the afternoon?" I asked. It was a sultry day, and every door and window was closed. (Mr. Brown came from a long line of catarrhal ancestors).

"Four classes in arithmetic, and one in diagrams," was the information accorded me.

I tried my lungs to see how much more they might stand, and lifted up my eyebrows to shake off the mental stupor.

"First class in figures!" shouted the master.

One tall girl and two boys, not less than five feet each, without coat or vest, their suspenders drawn over their woollen shirts, strode up the aisle. They only brought slates and pencils with them.

"Change!" was the order.

Etta's slate was passed to Charles; Charles's to Blake; and the latter reached his property over to Etta.

"Begin!"

I saw the master furtively open a key, and lay a ruler across the top.

Etta read, "5,624 dollars."

"Wrong!" came from the instructor. "Charles!"

"5,625 dollars," was the evidence furnished by the latter.

"Right!"

I remarked that each pupil was scoring off his neighbor's property with checks or zeros.

"Right! Wrong! Wrong! Right!" came from the desk, in response to the pupils' various offerings.

This operation went on. I fell into a dreamy frame of mind, which was disturbed by no conversation, no word of explanation, no comment or question, till I was roused again by the command, "Change!"

Etta's lips pouted as she saw the result of her slate, and Charles gave Blake a sly nudge with his elbow.

"Two pages of Cube Root!" was the lesson for the following day, and the file retreated.

A rap at the door at this moment, accompanied by the lowing of a cow, brought every pupil's eyes up from his book; and craning over their desks, they all looked out.

A handsome hoifer put her nose in, and winked her great liquid eyes at us; but a rough man restrained her with a rope.

"Come to see if you don't want to buy her, Mr. Brown. I know it is school-keepin' time, but she'll be put up to auction to-morrow. She's full blood Durham."

I did not hear the conditions of the bargain: for the door swung together; but the master soon returned, motioned his oldest boy, and told him to take her home.

The school had brightened up at this influx of fresh air and interesting change of programme, and showed some signs of intellectual life; but I announced my departure by rising, and making signs for my parasol.

"Can't you stay to the diagrams?" asked the master; "would like to have you, and then make some remarks," running his fingers through his heavy forelock.

"I think I must go; it is about three, and I wish to meet the stage."

"What! don't you have a box!" he ejaculated, following me to the door.

"Yes, grandfather has one; but I have a message for the driver."

What was meant by the box would not be clear without a word of comment. Hillside people pay the stage-driver one dollar a year, and that entitles them to their mail at night, and its delivery in the morning. The receptacle employed for this office are usually cigar or starch-boxes nailed to a post that stands by the wayside in front of the house. The more pretentious individuals, whose possessions allow them to reach forth a little towards luxuries, have theirs painted; so as you ride through the one long, shady street of this rural district, your eye lights upon these little white, yellow, and green signs, often in the morning flying a red flag to signal the driver as he passes.

If I had escaped from a long siege of captivity, I could scarcely have welcomed the sweet air and warm sunshine with greater delight; and had the boys been out, I am sure I should have joined in their war-whoop with gusto. How the river sparkled and the hills smiled! I walked along in the direction of the post-office, but my mind was inwardly discoursing with itself. Here was a town well advanced in all the modern improvements of house and farm! Here they raised Durham stock, pure blood, and could show you fowls in their honories that were prized at ten and twenty dollars apiece! Here the houses were painted white, and hung with green blinds, and surrounded by pretty door-yards and picketed fences. Here the women read *Harper's Bazaar*, and knew how to drape their dresses and friz their hair. Even the modern cook-books were consulted for cake, and the housekeepers raise their bread

with the patent compressed yeast. But there progress stopped. It had not entered their schools or churches, or even rolled its car within sight of their doors; and this within a few hours' ride of the modern Athens!—*N. E. Journal of Education.*

## Practical Methods.

### A FRIDAY LESSON.

BY SARAH L. ARNOLD, MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASS.

It is Friday afternoon, and the children are seated at their desks, waiting expectantly, not for dismissal, but for the promised lesson. "It shall be different from our other lesson," Miss Hayes had said. "We will make it the happiest lesson of the week, and it shall send us home with sunny faces." Then her smile was reflected in the children's eyes, and their ready wills were at one with hers.

Hugh cannot wait. His hand is lifted, and his lips are already framing his question. "Please tell us what the lesson is about." "That is for you to learn, with the rest," is the teacher's reply. "You may ask questions about it. I have something in my desk that you may see when you have found its name."

Now the eyes are speaking in their eagerness, and the hands are flying. "What color is it?" "It is red." "How large is it?" "It must be smaller than the desk," says Lillie, with an amused look. "It is as large as Henry's fist." Henry had been gazing out of the window, but is roused to some measure of interest by the honor just conferred upon him. He doubles his fist, to aid his judgment, and inquires, "Is it a cup?" "No." "A ball?" asks Kate. "No." "Is it to play with?" "No." "What is it good for?" "It is good to eat." "An apple! an apple!" chorus the voices. "Yes, it is an apple," says Miss Hayes, drawing a bright Baldwin from her desk. "I knew you would find its name. Now you may tell me first all you know about the apple."

"It is good to eat," says Mary. "Mother makes sauce and pies from apples," adds Jamie. "It grew on a tree," Frank suggests. "It is round and red," Hugh offers.

"Let us see what we can find in the apple," says the teacher, as she cuts it crosswise. "What is there on the outside of the apple, Mary?" "Skin." "What is its color, class?" "Red." "How many have seen apples that were not red?" The hands testify now to abundant knowledge, and the answers do not come singly. "Russets are brown." "We have some Porter trees at home, and the apples are yellow." "Hightops are yellow. They are early apples." "Greenings are green when they are ripe."

"Has the skin of this apple always been red?" asks Miss Hayes. "Oh, no! When the apple was green it wasn't." "Tell us more plainly what you mean, Jennie." "Why, the skin isn't red until the apple is ripe; it is green before."

"How else can we tell when the apple is ripe?" Hugh is ready to tell. "The apple is mellow, and the seeds are dark. They are white while the apple is green." "I don't think Baldwins are very mellow in the fall," amends Frank. "They are when they are ripe enough to eat," avers Hugh.

"What do you see beneath the skin?" is the teacher's next question. "White." "What name do you give it?" "It is the part we eat," says Kate, quite sure that such knowledge is sufficient. "It is called the pulp," says Miss Hayes. "I want you to learn something new about it this afternoon." Taking from her desk a magnifying-glass she held it over the apple, and called the children in turn to the desk. "Now tell me what you have seen through the glass," she continues, as the last small investigator returns to his seat. "Little round specks." "Little white balls." "Little grains," are some of the answers; until Mary, with happy thought, suggests "Cells." Then they accept her term, and state readily, in reply to the teacher's question, that the pulp is composed of cells. "I will scrape the pulp with my knife, and Kate may tell the class what she sees upon the blade." "Juice," asserts Kate. "The juice spreads all over the blade." "Then what must the pulp-cells contain?" "Juice," is the unanimous verdict.

"Now notice these little chambers within the apple," says Miss Hayes, pointing to the seed-cells. "What do they contain?" "Seeds." "They are the seed-cells. Tell me how many there are." "Five," they count. "I want you to notice the number in other apples, and tell me how many you find. Hugh may come and look at the seeds, then represent their shape on the board.

Kate may describe the form. Hugh obeys, and Kate pronounces that the seeds are nearly flat,—are broad at one end and pointed at the other. "Now look and tell me toward which end of the apple the points of the seeds are set." "Toward the stem," Kate replies. "How many have noticed that?" asks the teacher. "That is another thing for us to prove for ourselves about apples. Ruth may count the seeds." "There are eleven," decides Ruth. "Here the children are wise. They have counted seeds in other apples, and have found as many as eighteen in some." "And sometimes," volunteers Kate, "there are little bits of seeds that have stopped growing, and wouldn't be any good." "Good for what, Kate?" "To plant," answers Kate. "Is that the use of the seeds?" "Yes," James responds, "if you plant the seed, an apple-tree will come up." "Ah, then the apple is good for something besides eating?" "It is good to make apple-trees, as well as pies," says demure little Ruth.

"Now we have come to another part of the lesson," says Miss Hayes, after a short pause. "Let us use our other eyes a little,—the 'thought-eyes' we talked of the other day. Look at this little seed, and think what it will become, if I plant it. Think carefully, and tell me what you see." "Can we see under ground with our thought-eyes, Miss Hayes?" asks Emma. "Why not?" "Then I see a little root going down into the ground, and some very small leaves coming up." "How many see that?" They have watched growing seed, and their thought-eyes are turned in the same direction. "I see a little tree after that," continues Emma; "a very little tree, only a few inches high." "Suppose you wait a few years, and then look again in the winter." "The snow is on the ground, and I see a large spreading apple-tree, without any leaves," says Ruth. "In the spring?" "The leaves are coming out." "In May?" "It is all covered with apple-blossoms," cries Hugh; "they are pink and white." "What come after the blossoms?" "Apples!" cry they all; "there are apples in the fall."

"Ruth may tell me what she sees about the tree." "I see red apples on the ground, and children picking them up." "Where is your tree, Ruth?" "In an orchard." "Where is yours, Jamie?" "In a garden, at home." "Where is yours, Kate?" "In a field, near a stone wall."

"We look upon different pictures with our thought-eyes, it seems," says the teacher. "Now we have only a few minutes left. You may write about the apple for your next lesson. You may now write on paper one thing you have learned from our talk this afternoon, and give me your paper as you pass out." *N E Journal of Education.*

#### HINTS IN THE USE OF COPY-BOOKS.

We recently saw a device for getting pupils to study the copy at the top of the page while writing, instead of their own writing in the next line above. This was to have the bottom line of the page written first, then the next line above, and so on. The pupil's own writing was thus partly covered by his hand and pen, making it more convenient to look up at the successive words in the copy, which in the ordinary copy-book, pupils are not very apt to do. Another benefit was that the paper did not get soiled by the hand before being written upon.

Another practice of this teacher, which, however, we have seen used elsewhere, was to have but half of each page written the first time going through the book. On writing the second half of the page the improvement, or lack of it, made by the pupil become very apparent, and the desire that it might show improvement caused superior effort. —*Intelligence.*

The teaching of grammar is infinitely better than the old way of taking a sentence, that was made to express a beautiful thought or behind which lies a grand picture, and mangling it by hard names, cutting it into minute pieces, hanging its mutilated remains on cruel diagrams; while the author's meaning remains as far away from the pupil's mind as the bright stars in heaven. There will come a time, in the course of proper development, when teaching technical grammar may be made a most excellent and profitable study; when the rich mine of thought and emotion, of which our literature is full, may be opened to the growing minds of children. Technical grammar, to my mind, as it is usually taught, effectually disgusts children, and bars the way to deeper insight into the beauty and strength of language. —*Col. F. W. Parker.*

#### Educational Notes and News.

Toronto has pledged its quota of \$10,000 to the Improvement Fund of Woodstock Baptist College.

According to the Editor's note-book in *The Chautauquan* for July, there are 1300 members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle in Japan.

The friends of Vassar Ladies' College, have contributed to the funds a sum sufficient to establish a fine astronomical observatory. They do those things well on the other side.

The custodian of the Vienna Industrial Art Museum has the courage to defy fashion and to protest against the worship of Japanese art on the ground that it is essentially caricature.

Johns Hopkins University this year conferred upon Dr. Shosuko Sato, a Japanese, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He has already published an elaborate essay, giving a history of the land question in the United States.

The examination of the Model School, Charlottetown, took place on Friday. The efficiency of the school is highly spoken of, and reflects much credit upon Mr. McSwain, the Principal, and his assistant, Miss Scott. —*Summerside Journal.*

The closing exercises at Woodstock College on the 25th, 27th, and 28th ult, consisted of a public competition in elocution; a sermon on Sabbath, by Rev. J. Denovan, of Toronto; graduating essays, followed by speeches, an evening concert, an alumni meeting and dinner, and a literary evening by the alumni. The occasion seems to have been one of more than usual interest and hopefulness, owing largely to the new and bright prospect opened up before the college, by Senator McMaster's munificence.

In Essex, some Public School boys have been missing from school of late, under various excuses, the real reason of their absence being the formation of the Bunt Brothers' League of Boycotters, who played Jesse James and Jack Sheppard in the ruins of Allan Bros.' old mill. Secrecy was maintained for some time by a solemn league and covenant. The matter leaked out, and the principal made a raid on the bandits' headquarters, capturing the whole excepting one.

Six boys attending our town High School, were suspended for bad conduct last week. Card-playing, novel-reading and profanity were the charges preferred against them, and all acknowledged their guilt or were caught red-handed in the act. The head master at once suspended them. Since their suspension they have expressed sorrow for the offences, and upon promising a better line of conduct in the future, all except one have been allowed to go back to school. —*Brampton Conservator.*

Sir George Young, who recently appeared before the select committee of the House of Commons on the endowed school acts, opposed any periodical inspection of the schools, on the ground that it would tend to produce uniformity and routine. He recommended the establishment of a council, to be composed largely of teachers, charged with regulating, not inspections, but examinations—all examiners to be licensed. Mr. Fitch, on the other hand, advocated compulsory inspection, but would limit it to such matters as buildings and equipments.

Must we put aside our hope of pure Anglo-Saxon to the day of the millennium when all good things will come? A glance at a page of the note-book, the work of a half hour with our morning paper, makes us believe so. The first news item is of an "inebriated individual," the book reviewer praises certain "dainty booklets," an advertisement calls attention to an "elite event," and now a correspondent from the South tells how the "flowering trees may be seen in a perfect galaxy of beauty," and that he went on a "recherché drive." —*The Chautauquan.*

Miss Brewer, the colored girl who graduated alone from the Vincennes (Ind.) High School because the eight white girls in the class "wouldn't graduate with a nigger," is the heroine of the day in her town. Her essay was on "The education of colored youth," the hall was crowded, and when she finished, little white girls passed among the audience and collected huge baskets of flowers, a silk badge was sent her from the woman suffragist association at Richmond, Ind., and Principal Taylor, who carried through the exercises as though the classes were of the usual size, has received many congratulations from near and far. —*Exchange.*

You cannot get rid of the figure 9 by multiplication, and scarcely by any method. One remarkable property of this figure is, that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by what you like, and it gives the same result. Begin with twice nine, 18, add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9, three times nine are 27; and 2 and 7 are 9. So it goes on, up to eleven times nine, which gives 99. Very good; add the digits; 9 and 9 are 18, and 8 and 1 are 9. Going on to any extent, it is impossible to get rid of the figure.—*North Carolina Teacher.*

The right use of language with voice and pen must be early learned by experience. Theory in language rarely makes practice. The correct use of language has to come from practice, and usually the habit of correct use of words, phrases, and sentences must be formed before the child is twelve or fourteen years of age. We can scarcely begin too early to prove the child's sentences for him by watchfulness of his expressions. Grammar is excellent in its place, but the correct use of language must precede it.—*American Teacher*

The New Brunswick Educational Institute convened in St. John this week. The attendance was large, upwards of two hundred names being enrolled in the membership list. Instructive papers were read and ably discussed making all the sessions very interesting. A motion to have the school terms commence the first of May and of November, as was the case previous to November 1885, was carried unanimously. Dr. Rand, late Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick, was made an honorary member of the Institute. Judge King, Senator Boyd, Mr. Ellis, M. P. P., etc., were in attendance and gave interesting addresses. Judging from the newspaper reports the Institute this year was a decided success.—*Harvey Observer.*

Sometimes teachers put their questions out with so much explosiveness that when the name of a pupil is called he feels as if he had been shot at and not missed either. Not long ago we witnessed a performance of this sort. The teacher said, "Mary, how do you reduce a common fraction to a decimal?" Mary bounced out of her seat, caught her breath, looked at the ceiling, at the teacher, down her nose and at the ceiling, at the teacher, down her nose and at the floor, gasped, and was about to say, "I don't know," when the teacher said in a very pleasant and quieting tone, "All think how to reduce a common fraction to a decimal." This gave Mary a chance to think too, and in a moment her countenance brightened and her answer was ready.—*Indiana School Journal.*

In an address in "The Secondary Education," delivered before the Haverford College alumni, and which has just been published, Francis G. Allinson, Ph. D., takes the ground that if a boy is to stop school at the age of sixteen, his last four years of instruction must be different from those of the boy who is to enjoy four or six additional years of training. "Even with us," he adds, "we constantly hear complaints of an education which actually unfits boys and girls graduated from our High Schools for the careers for which they are destined." He does not enter into a consideration of the justness of these complaints, but says that a like complaint is urged in Germany with great force.—*The Current.*

Inquisitiveness is the child's instinct. It is also the key to the philosopher's success. We ask a thousand questions no man can answer. Is it wrong to ask them? If only one in ten thousand can be answered, is it not well that the ten thousand were asked? Thousands are asking, cannot the air be navigated? Is there not some way of telegraphing without wires? May not the heating and lighting of our houses be done without so much expense and trouble? Will not the time come when the speed of railroad trains will be increased to a hundred miles an hour? Inquisitiveness is the key to the secret place that contains the answers to all these questions.—*N. Y. School Journal.*

We still find some teachers who "already take more educational papers than they have time to read." We beg to say that we do not believe a letter containing such a statement. The editor of this journal is a very busy man outside of the editorial chair, more busy likely than nine-tenths of his readers. But in addition to this he manages to get through with his editorial work and read his exchanges, more than fifty in number, three of them being weekly, and three semi-monthly, and yet he survives and enjoys it.

Should this item reach the notice of any one who has been tempted to say that he already takes more educational journals than he has time to read, we give him Punch's advice, *Don't*. If you don't want to subscribe just say so; don't prevaricate. It won't help us and it will be against you.—*Educational News.*

The report of Dr. Robin, Principal of the McGill Normal School, for the past year shows that the total number of admissions to the Normal School has been 78, 4 to the academy class, 32 to the model school class, and 42 to the elementary school class. Of these, 8 are men and 70 women; 36 are from the country and 42 from the city of Montreal or from its immediate neighborhood. The final examinations were taken by four members of the academy class, 29 of the model school class, and 38 of the elementary school class. Of these there are recommended four for academy diplomas, 28 for model school diplomas, and 34 for elementary diplomas. In addition to the ladies and gentlemen who have taken the regular course of training in the Normal School, six university graduates have passed at least one month in studying and practising the art of teaching, five of them in the McGill model school and one in Bishop's college school, Lennoxville, and who have passed a satisfactory examination in the theory of education.

The following quoted from Dr. Withers in Worcester's Unabridged, is an amusing exemplification of the varied powers of the little verb *got*:—*I got on horseback within ten minutes after I got your letter. When I got to Canterbury, I got a chaise for town; but I got wet through before I got to Canterbury; and I have got such a cold as I shall not be able to get rid of in a hurry. I got to the Treasury about noon, but first of all I got shaved and dressed. I soon got into the secret of getting a memorial before the board, but I could not get an answer then; however, I got intelligence from the messenger that I should most likely get one the next morning. As soon as I got back to my inn, I got my supper, and got to bed. It was not long before I got to sleep. When I got up in the morning, I got my breakfast; and then I got myself dressed, that I might get out in time to get an answer to my memorial. As soon as I got it, I got into the chaise and got to Canterbury by three, and about tea-time I got home. I have got nothing for you, so adieu.*

Now, we pity that teacher who has taken upon himself the work of instructing, and has not the good of those to be instructed as his aim. We deny that he is a teacher. He is a Jay laborer in a school-house. To teach is no child's play; to hear recitations is a small thing. We, therefore, beg every one to ask the question, "Have I been teaching?" Study well that word, for in it you think you have honor, dignity, and fair renown, but by it you shall be shamed. Dishonored be he who takes the children's bread and casts it to the dogs. The end you espouse is not for to-day only, but day after day, week after week, year after year, and age after age, your honor or shame will spread on the scroll of time. The end is the developing of a mind, a soul—that spark in man which fades not, but grows brighter and brighter, stronger and stronger, to our reward, or weaker and weaker, and darker and darker, to our eternal shame. Your work, therefore, is grander far than rearing pyramids, than exploring Africa's jungles, than holding the sceptre of nations—the grandest work on earth. Heaven knows no grander. What is there more noble or more sublime than shaping men and women, than shaping nations—yes, than shaping worlds?—*S. A. Waugh, Franklinton, N. C.*

The Annual Convocation of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, took place on the 30th ult. The attendance was large and the occasion seems to have been one of unusual interest. Degrees and standings were conferred in the Collegiate Department, and Diplomas and other honors in the Fine Arts, Music and Commercial Departments. At the close of the exercises, Principal Austin delivered a practical and timely address on the subject of "A Canadian College for women." The speaker pointed out the fact that with all the universities of our country open to women, the number of young women attending them may be counted by the dozen, and that for every one enrolled in them, probably one hundred go to the ladies' colleges. One reason for this fact he found to be that these colleges for women are working, with limited means and inadequate equipment, it is true, in the line of popular demand for education adapted particularly and specially for woman's duties and sphere of life. Another reason why these schools are so well attended is because of the home life afforded within their walls. And a third reason why these schools are thronged to-day is found in the fact that Christian influence pervaded them. The speaker proceeded to point out some of the essentials in any school that is to furnish these three influences in their highest perfection for woman's education. First, it must be a voluntary school as distinguished from a State or Government school. Secondly, whilst inculcating in most positive and earnest manner the cardinal facts and doctrines of Christianity and bringing these to bear in every

legitimate way upon pupils, such a school need not, should not, be sectarian in the narrow and mean sense of that word. It should be earnestly evangelical, may be even orthodox, yet not offensively denominational. And thirdly, it must be established and supported by benevolence. Principal Austin then asked these pertinent questions:—"Who will found such a school for Canadian women? What city will possess it? Whose name shall be handed down the ages as the benefactor of Canadian women? I can conceive of no nobler mission for wealth than this, no higher honor than would come to the name of such a donor, no greater guarantee of temporal and intellectual growth and prosperity to any city than the possession of such an institution in its midst."

### Correspondence.

#### DIVISION OF FRACTIONS.

In SCHOOL JOURNAL June 15th, is given the method of proving the rule for division of fractions, which is considered as serviceable as proving a theorem in geometry. This may be, yet I think precious time may be wasted in trying to teach some persons this "reason." Some there are who after the best efforts of the teacher will invert dividend, whole number if they could, or not invert at all, or still more, reduce to common denominators. But why not regard division as it actually is the reverse of multiplication? Multiply two fractions and then divide the product by one of the fractions—dividing numerator by numerator, and denominator by denominator. May we not say then that the principle of division is to divide the numerator of the dividend by the numerator of the divisor, etc. And if the division cannot be made without a remainder, then another simple principle—that multiplying numerator is the same as dividing nominator, and *vice versa*, will bring out the common rule.

JOHN MOSER.

P.S.—The above way of looking at division of fractions gives it a likeness to the division of whole numbers.

J. M.

### For Friday Afternoon.

#### KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,  
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came  
To see the splendors of his court and bring  
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone; much had her highness heard  
What flowers of learning graced his royal speech,  
What gems of wisdom dropped from every word;  
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach  
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished in sooth,  
To know if rumor spoke the simple truth.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,  
In either hand a radiant wreath of flowers;  
The one bedecked with every charming hue,  
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers.  
The other, no less fair in every part  
Was the rare production of divinest art.

"Which is the true and which the false?" she said,  
Great Solomon was excited. All amazed,  
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,  
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,  
As one who sees a miracle, and fain  
For very rapture ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,  
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king.  
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,  
Most learned liege, with such a trivial thing."  
But still the sage was silent, it was plain,  
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,  
Hard by the casement,—so the story goes—  
A little band of busy, bustling bees,  
Hunting for honey in a withered rose;  
The monarch smiled and raised his royal head  
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command;  
Within the room the eager insects flow,  
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter (right) hand!  
And so the king and all his courtiers knew  
That was Nature's; and the baffled queen  
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear  
A fitting moral) that the wise may find  
In trifles light as atoms in the air,  
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,  
Some truth designed to profit or to please,  
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees.  
—John G. Saxe.

#### A GEOGRAPHY GAME.

Two leaders are chosen who each select in turn until all the players are taken and are formed in two lines facing each other with a chair behind each person. The leader on one side calls out some letter and says "Sea" or other body of water. The opposite leader then names one beginning with the letter specified, and each one on his side gives another in rapid succession. At any pause the leader of side No. 1 counts ten quickly and calls "Next." The player who stands next answers and the one who has missed sits down. If any mistake is made and is not corrected by some person on the same side before the leader of the opposite side calls out "Miss," then all of side No. 2 sit down, which counts 2 for side No. 1. The leader of side No. 2 now asks his side to stand up again with the exception of those who missed, and calls out some piece of land as mountain, county, State, etc., and a letter, which the opposite side answers in the same way, and if everyone succeeds in answering the call, and each gives a correct reply, they score three for their own side. The game is won by the side that first scores ten, and all who have missed keep their seats to the end of the play. If it happens that either leader has no one left to stand with him he must answer alone, and if he fails the other side wins even if it has not scored ten.—Selected.

#### A HISTORY GAME.

One of a number of players being sent from the room some well-known hero of history or familiar character from a book is selected, and on the person's return the various members of the company address remarks to him founded upon incidents in the life or portrayal of the hero or fictitious character selected. From these remarks the guesser must endeavor to find what person he is supposed to represent. When he ascertains this his reply must convey the information and the person from whom the clue was obtained then takes his place. A reversal of this game may be undertaken by several players who having decided upon some historical characters act out some incident in the chosen characters' lives and oblige the rest of the company to state what characters they represent. If those in the audience are unable to do this, they must take the places of the players and endeavor to act out some incident in their turn.—Selected.

Of all consolations, work is the most fortifying and the most healthy, because it solaces a man, not by bringing him ease, but by requiring effort.—Taine.