

That many of the efforts made for the attainment of these ends have resulted in failures, few will deny. It is thought that the Normal Institute will be the one to survive all others. Yet until quite recently it has been one of the worst of failures. The cause of this failure is not difficult to find. Years ago anybody might teach a subscription school without license, so now anybody may organize a Normal Institute, whether qualified for such important work or not. In every state a license is necessary for teaching, thus excluding incompetents from the day school. We ought to be similarly protected against incompetent teachers in our institutes. How different it would be if in them only first-class instructors and critic teachers were employed. For the Normal Institute we prefer "foreign" help; for, though we have those who are abundantly able to instruct, teachers prefer to sit at the feet of institute Gamaliels. We may yet add that, in selecting help for this work, we should require not only scholarship, experience, and special fitness to instruct, but character, strong earnest character, formed and fashioned after that of the Great Teacher himself; we should ask for men and women whose hearts are full of love for the little children whom He took up and blessed; full of the child likeness which is so near the kingdom of Heaven. Instruction from such sources will reveal the inner life of the child to the teacher, his own life to himself, with its almost infinite capacities as well as its decided limitations. He will then learn that good lesson—the humility of wisdom and the wisdom of humility, and that love which never grows weary in well doing.

W. W. P.

Are you an apparatus user or only a "book teacher?" What apparatus have you in school? In a school visited in November, the teacher had over eighty things that might be called "apparatus;" and better than this, the pupils used them. The teacher was a woman, too. A piece of charcoal in the hands of this teacher was a piece of "apparatus;" she picked it up on her way to school; with it she had made several experiments, and kept it to make more. A large iron spoon served to melt lead in; bottles of various sizes that had been cut off to hold liquids—one was noticed that held alum in solution to show crystallization. This teacher was averred by a trustee to be "worth her weight in gold." She was a teacher who found "books in running brooks."

LITERARY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

There are but few natures in which we find combined the peculiar qualities that made up the character of Goldsmith,—affectionate, confiding, generous to a fault, susceptible to simple innocent pleasure, and dependent on others for the sunshine of existence. There is something in him that pleads touchingly to our nature, and we would not, even if we could, prune away his eccentricities, since they but tend to make his merits stand out more clearly and decidedly.

Oliver, the second son of a poor curate, first saw the light on November 10, 1728, in a half rustic, fairy-haunted mansion of Ireland, overlooking the Inny river. When Oliver was about two years old his father, succeeding to the rectory of Lissoy, removed his family to this place. Here were laid the rural and domestic scenes of Goldsmith's boyhood, and Lissoy is supposed to be the original "Sweet Auburn" of his "Deserted Village;" we find portrayed in the poem not only scenes of the village itself, but also pictures of the village school-master, under whose tutorship Goldsmith's naturally active imagination was allowed full play. We are constantly meeting, in his writings, his father and other members of his family, until we become quite familiar with them all. In the "Vicar of Wakefield" is pictured his father's parsonage, and we recognize the virtues of Dr. Primrose, as those of Goldsmith's father himself; again we have a picture of his father in the "Deserted Village."

"Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe,
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

We discover the ridiculous incidents and ludicrous blunders, forming the humorous half of all his works, to be colored picturings of his own adventures and mishaps. In "She Stoops to Conquer," the leading incident, mistaking a private house for an inn, was suggested by Goldsmith's similar mistakes of a night, when only a school boy.

At the age of sixteen, Oliver was admitted to Trinity College. Dublin, as a sizar, a very unenviable position, and one to which he bore much repugnance. His over sensitive nature rebelled against the treatment to which the poor scholar was subjected; nevertheless, he was obliged to endure it, or give up his course. His career at