

their purchases at this season, we mention a few books which will be sure to turn out good investments: Russell's *Modern Europe*, Goldwin Smith's *Three English Statesmen*, Frank Bright's *History of England*, Fitch's *Lectures on Teaching*, Mathew Arnold's edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, Shaw's *English Literature*, Gladman's *School Methods*, Leitch's *Practical Educationists and their Systems of Teaching*, Mahaffy's *Old Greek Education*, Oscar Browning's *Educational Theories*, McCosh's *Intuitions of the Mind*, and Hopkins' *Outline Study of Man*.

Any teacher who will read such books as these we have mentioned will not soon stop growing; he will catch the step of the masters he walks with, and find his heart burning with their spirit and enthusiasm, while his contemporaries who stagnate in aimlessness will by and by be unable to understand how he comes to get such rapid promotion to lucrative positions. Make your own compends is the best motto.

REPORTS OF CASES.

We have frequently asked teachers to send us facts from their experience to tell us how they have been successful with whispering, tardiness, low morals, stubbornness, disobedience, inattention, how they have managed peculiar and difficult cases. A few have responded, but only a few. We shall not make satisfactory progress in the art of teaching until our teachers observe with accuracy the results of their experience in the school-room and report them carefully to their professional journal as the physicians are doing. At present the accumulated experience of our most powerful teachers does not tell, as it easily might do towards the general elevation of the teaching profession. Brethren, begin to-day. If teachers would unite for the common good of their profession, they might very soon wield much more influence than at present. Let us take a leaf out of the book of the medical men and embrace solid union on professional matters, therein lies our power.

Truancy is often very difficult to overcome. The principal of a Western town in Ontario adopts the plan of taking bail for a boy's regular appearance at school, and it is reported to be fairly effective. He gets several pupils to go security for their class-mate, and as it seems to us, the relation thus set must be highly beneficial to all the parties concerned. It is certainly a method in keeping with self government and the education fit to produce a free, self-governing race.

Some years ago the principal of a large public school in Ontario found a boy over whom both parents and teachers had lost all control. His father was excessively severe, and had punished him many times with no good result. The boy's violence, bad language, and utter defiance of authority were the terror of his class. He was treated on all hands as a hopeless criminal. The principal was asked to expel the boy, on the ground that his example was an injury to the school. Suspend-

tion had previously been tried without effect. The boy was sent for after school; the principal sat down beside him in a private room, and had a friendly conversation, in the course of which the boy acknowledged the truth of all the reports against him. The key to his sympathy was found through reference to the drowning of his little brother. He was led to detail the sad accident, and was deeply moved. The teacher determined to give him another trial, and ordered him to come and report himself regularly four times each day for the next three months. Accordingly at recess, at noon, at recess again, and after school each day James went to the principal, before going out. The report was simply a statement that he had behaved properly. At first these reports were often verified by a note from the teacher. At the end of three months, his conduct was so much improved that he was only required to report at noon and at four o'clock, and was sometimes invited to take a walk after school. In short, where violence had signally failed, kindness and sincerity were eminently successful.

We clip the following from the *N. E. Journal*. It is from the pen of Mrs. Eva Kellog:—

A bright little girl brought me a bunch of buttercups this morning, gathered in a flying country visit, and the involuntary "O—h!" as I caught them from her hand made the astonished children look up in wonder. One breath of their wild, earthly fragrance, and I was back again, a little girl, bending over the meadow-brook, gathering these yellow fringes on either side, as unconscious that I was studying from nature as that I was painting a picture in childhood's memories that would grow brighter every springtime of maturer life, till the longing for the old joyous associations of awakening spring would come to be a positive homesickness.

This one quick thought backward, and the next was for the city children before me. Poor things! thought I, you are being robbed every day of your natural birthright. Holding up this bunch of golden blossoms, I asked, "Who knows what these are? Who ever saw them growing?" Only a hesitating hand here and there in answer. I did not talk geography nor arithmetic in the next half-hour; nor I did not take the naturalness out of these little country visitors by calling them marsh-marigolds; nor did I call attention to the technical stamens and petals; but I just let those starved children leap over that low stone wall into the boggy meadow and gather them for themselves. They jumped that winding brook as they liked; they wandered away into firmer ground, and hunted for violets; they shouted over the Alder-tassels; they made discoveries everywhere. "But did you not bring them all back to a reproduction of this on their slates as a language-lesson?" asks some progressive utilitarian, who sees in this exercise,—an excellent one in its place,—only the fitting climax to every talking-lesson. No; it did not occur to me that

"Books in running brooks"

would suffer from the absence of this inevitable appendix. As well try to crystalize the subtle perfume of a bed of violets as to attempt to put on a slate the aroma of country spring-life which I tried to bring into that school-room. It is slightly difficult to reproduce soul-cultivation on a slate.

We take the following "cases" from Mr. David Maclure's articles in the *Teacher's Companion*, entitled "The School-master's Visitors":—

There comes the irate female. Heaven smile upon the teacher now! If he be of limb and good at vaulting back