

Which of these descriptions is most like the springs in your part of the country? Find another description of a spring in a book, and then describe in your own words one that you have seen.

Study carefully the sentence beginning, "Thus one generation after another," until you have clearly seen the meaning of each clause.

Write sentences containing the following words and phrases:

High noon; manifold duties; time immemorial; historical reminiscences; of the vicinity; mortal life; rubicund; in perpetuity; a turbid stream; all one; populace; far antiquity; a closer intimacy; waxing and waning; stream of eloquence; calm enjoyment.

Give the moral of the pump's story in your own words.

Answer to question, as to the meaning of the line in "Gray's Elegy"—"And read their history in a nation's eyes:" The paraphrase given in Fowler's notes on Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* is "And see in the contented looks of a whole nation the record of their acts."

A Word on Devices.

I am more than ever of the opinion that the class work of schools is allowed to drift too much into the grind of the trivial round, the common task. In work like teaching, which allows of so much variation, it seems to me we ought to do something to avoid the weariness, the lack of earnest enthusiasm which characterizes so much of the class work in our schools. True, "there is no royal road to learning," but we can, if we will, make the well-beaten paths a little more attractive to the hearts and minds of the young. Too many teachers hide their individuality behind a mask of formal lesson plans and turn themselves and their pupils into machines which must do a certain amount of work in a given time. We expect our pupils, at the end of the year, to have accomplished a certain amount of work, and we toil and drill and grind to have our pupils as even as possible in their work, with good standings in all their studies. Nevertheless, we should not leave out the fact that each pupil has an individuality, distinctly his own. Some pupils, who are naturally bright, may not suffer, but the boy who is decidedly deficient in some branches, but who may have tastes in other directions that would lead him to success, sometimes has those same

talents nipped in the bud, utterly destroyed by the teacher's efforts to bring him "up to grade."

History abounds in glorious achievements of the so-called dull boy in the schools. Would it could also hold up to the world the many students who might have been a success had anyone interested themselves enough in their characters to find out what they were adapted for.

In my opinion, we waste far more energy in teaching the mechanics by the grind of everyday work than in the preparation of some simple device that would put animation and joy into our everyday exercises, so that each day would foster more love for the beautiful and beget in the child an earnest desire to unlock the secret springs of the storehouse of knowledge and partake of the pleasures therein.

Question yourself as to how much of the work you receive is born of genuine interest, or is it a set task which the pupils feel must be done.

Just what to do in the line of devices would require a book by itself, and then much of it would be valueless, for what one teacher can do with profit will fail with another. One may breathe into some simple device life and animation which to another is "dead bones awaiting the touch of the Master."

The best suggestion I know of is to put your individuality into your work; love it, feel it, know it, and that glad earnestness will permeate the dead level you have unconsciously fallen into and lift it up into the higher plane of "What is Worth While."
—*Popular Educator*.

When I was a pupil, there was a boy that gave a great deal of trouble, and we never could tell why this was the case, for Arthur was a great helper when we had excursions. The teacher used to get at him many times a day: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You have not looked at the spelling book." If he failed to do a "sum," she would say, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? The smallest girl in the lesson can do it." Then he would come late, or stay out one day, or two days, and whisper and eat apples. When I began to keep school, I wondered what I could do with boys like Arthur. I thought I must say, "Aren't you ashamed?" but I did not. I have several boys that trouble me, but I don't let them know it. I have found it is a bad plan to have two classes—the good and the bad; I prefer to have them divided into the "hard-tryers" and the "little-tryers."—*E. Benedict*.