

and angry feelings pervade the whole school. The one who finds himself equal to such crises is strong and wise, but he who prevents them is wiser still. Once in a while a little active exercise answers this purpose well. Rob is restless, and eyes you furtively; if you suspect pop-guns and spin-balls, send him out to sweep the steps. Very likely he will snow-ball a while, but the pump and guide-post are used to it, and by the time he comes back he will have discharged from his finger-ends much trouble and mischief. Perhaps he is inclined to stir up his neighbor by various entertaining and familiar little devices of pinching and pricking—will he run home for the keys you have forgotten, and be back in five minutes? His activity finds a natural outlet; afterward the child sits quietly down to his books. Many a teacher has proved incidentally the success of this little manœuvre, then why not give him something of real importance to do. For this reason it may often be found useful to keep a list of little repairs and improvements which can usefully employ ten minutes of a rogue's time. Nothing softens or refines an ugly boy more than trusting him and allowing him to do real favors. Through the chivalrous element of his nature which is easily quickened, a strong hold can soon be gained upon him—interest and affection often replacing the old indifference and churlishness. Or again, perhaps Katie is inattentive and listless in the class. Don't wait until it is a habit—nip it in the bud. Let *her* place the exercise on the board. If she is stupid and dull, think of some way to rouse her; try rearrangement; if her name begins with "A," let her stand at the head, placing the others alphabetically; if she is the oldest, let age decide the rank—if neither, think of some way to make two lines, giving her the head of one, allowing each to choose sides and have competition. This can be done in spelling, parsing, map questions, arithmetic, and other recitations. Almost any girl will succumb under some process of this kind and may show intelligence, pride, and self-respect, which you think entirely wanting. No one will be harmed by this emulation if, as soon as you have gained your point, you adopt some other plan. Annie is playful, and laughs; before the others have time to catch her spirit let her bring you a book from the table down

stairs—if that does not take the fun out of her, it must be that you need the other one too. Two journeys over the stairs make quite a reduction in a funny mood. Much trouble can be prevented by keeping work ready to put in idle hands. The boy who is marking his desk can draw some nice geometrical figures for you, if you give him pencil and card board; the one who is whittling his chair, might be better employed in cutting them out, and all another can print the name on each. After doing so much good they are then ready for your use. These are only a few of the leaves and rootlets by which the teacher can draw into healthful and useful channels the overflowing energies of children. It may be objected that the child loses valuable time by this method. Perhaps he does—but is it not better for *him* to waste five or ten minutes of his own time occasionally, than for *you* to spend the same number of minutes or more in reproving him when the mischief is done? It may also be objected that there are times when the scholar should feel the teacher's authority in compelling obedience. When that point is reached, each teacher does better to use his own discretion. These suggestions are thrown out as preventives merely, and do not apply to such cases. Be assured they are not the theories of leisure hours; accept them rather as the matured products of actual experience.—*Connecticut School Journal*.

IN SCHOOL.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I used to go to a bright school
 When Youth and Frolic taught in turn,
 But idle scholar that I was,
 I liked to play, I would not learn;
 So the Great Teacher did ordain
 That I should try the school of Pain.

One of the infant class I am,
 With little, easy lessons, set
 In a great book; the higher class
 Have harder ones than I, and yet
 I find mine hard, and can't restrain
 My tears while studying thus with Pain.

There are two teachers in the school,
 One has a gentle voice and low,
 And smiles upon her scholars, as
 She softly passes to and fro;