

Well, you survive. Another day comes of a very different kind. You enter the school with an elastic step and a song in your heart. The children file in with quiet movements and bright, smiling faces. Everything falls into line and the work goes on cheerily. There are no discordant notes in the general harmony to-day, or, if there is an occasional jar, it does not grate upon the nerves, and a little patient effort sets it right. The pupils' minds seem to be on the alert. It is no hard task to gain their attention. They are interested in their work, and act as if they both loved it and their teacher. The hour for closing comes all too soon. You feel as if you could enjoy another hour's work when everything is going on so nicely. You leave the school-room feeling yours is indeed a "delightful task," and are glad at heart that you have chosen so pleasant, so useful, so noble a profession.

Now what is the cause of the difference? Is it in the atmosphere? Is some mysterious and baneful influence generated on certain days by some new condition of the elements? There may be something in this. Our souls are in contact with air and sky and sunbeam more closely; and at more numerous points than we are apt to suppose. It is very likely that the dark days are not, as a rule, the days when the sun shines brightly in a clear sky, when refreshing breezes are blowing, and the face of nature smiling.

Other disturbing causes, too, may be at work. Some special attraction the evening previous may have kept the boys and girls from their studies, and from their beds, and all who have to do with children know what these irregularities and excitements mean; or some peculiarly difficult stage may have just been reached in the work of an important class.

Mrs. E. D. Kellogg, writing in the *American Teacher* some years ago, after a graphic description of these same "dark days" when "everything goes wrong; every sound is piercing; the door slams; the boots hit at every angle; books are left at home; the ink spills; children laugh at nothing; visitors come, and drive you half-distracted with their undertone to each other; slates and pencils obey the law of gravitation with the perversity of inanimate things; and the spirit of misrule reigns triumphant," adds, by way of suggestion to young teachers: "First of all, don't lose