

seemed to be an influence from the teacher that affected him.

Yet as he sat there alone in his library, a package of uncorrected compositions before him on the table, and the receipt for money just paid that exhausted nearly the earnings of the third quarter of the year, he was decidedly unhappy. He enjoyed correcting those immature essays, for they were the efforts of youthful friends. To be interrupted to pay out money was a shock—for it left him so little for himself; but it was becoming dark and he did not resume work on the compositions; he thought of his determination to be a teacher twenty years before, because he could in that way do good. He began to question whether that was a wise decision. True, he had led a happy life; he enjoyed the kind of work; he felt he knew how to do it and do it right. But the pecuniary rewards were so small.

The door bell rang and a card was placed in his hand, but he did not recognize the name. Still depressed he entered the parlor and was rapturously greeted; it was a pupil of ten years back.

"I only heard yesterday that you were here, and determined to come to see you, for I owe you so much. I know I was a trouble to you in Beverley; I must have been; I was a trouble to my folks, but I learned so much from you! I was married three years ago, and have an excellent husband; he has nothing but praises for me, but I tell him Mr. Kingsley did it all." . . . The sad thoughts that had filled the teacher's mind had been dispelled by this unexpected visit. He recalled Ione Stearns as she used to be; her wilful, unsteady, and purposeless ways. She lived with a wealthy uncle, a widower; an uncultivated housekeeper being the only one to see to her bringing up, she was often severely scolded by her uncle for her untidiness and rude manners. She had come to the school, hating to observe the rules of conduct laid down, more than the study required. But she had given way to the influences that permeated the entire congregation of youth; she had become a new creature; her uncle wondered why she was polite, refined, cognizant of his wants, and able to take the place so long vacant—the lady in the household.

The teacher reflected that she was but one of many such efforts produced through his labors during the past twenty years. And what pleased him greatly was that he had learned that day he had been of the highest service to a human being he had all but forgotten. He felt sure there must be many, many others like Ione; yes, he had not lived and

labored in vain; his was a useful work; the God in the heavens must be pleased with such labors; he would continue to teach though his pecuniary reward was small.

Mr. Kingsley went out into the open air; he felt that nature had something to say to him in his present mood. As he walked up and down he took courage to say to himself that he was doing lasting work; something that he should not be ashamed of when he joined the throng of the immortals. He could put aside, for the time at least, the perplexing fact that he had little money in his purse. The stars appeared one by one as he walked and thought; there was no sign of languor in them. He felt, "This is my path in life; this is the work I have been sent to do; I will not belittle it because there is more money in other paths; nor will I shrink from it."—*The Teachers' Institute.*

Mistakes Young Teachers Make.

There are so many pitfalls lurking for the feet of the unwary young teacher that it may not be amiss to hang a few danger signals at the most dangerous bogs in the hope that the red light may warn some away.

There is the dreadful bog, Favoritism, where so many youthful feet are entrapped. It is simply impossible to help liking the dear, clean, attentive pupils better than the stupid, unattractive ones and the good pupils should be praised—but listen! Every time you call attention to the beautiful paper a good boy lays on your desk speak also of the wonderful improvement in the looks of some dull boy's work. Train your eyes to find some improvement in even the most hopeless pupil, for praise is doubly dear to the struggling youth who has not the brain power of the bright child. Never, never, never tell a child he is stupid, and discourage him by comparing his work with that of a bright pupil. The iron cannot help entering into his soul and one more trial is added to his clouded life. He may not even be bright enough to be resentful toward you, but you can not realize what he suffers under the dull exterior.

Scolding the whole school for the fault of one pupil is a common error. Many a time the whole room is thrown into an uproar by the teacher as she sails down the aisle to capture one offender when by going quietly to his side she could have corrected the misdemeanor. Every boy and girl must look and listen, and when the impromptu trial is ended work is impossible for the rest of the session. There are cases when a thunder-clap of righteous indignation