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School Room Experiences.

AN INDEFINABLE POWER.

In my public school days, while in Grade VIII, for about six months we had a teacher who could not control the room. He was a good scholar and a clever man and understood the studies he had to teach, but he never had an opportunity to present them to us. There was too much fun and mischief going on in all parts of the room to allow us to pay any attention to our lessons. This state of affairs grew worse daily till the room was uncontrollable and even the principal was not feared by the majority in the room.

At last, however, the Board had to ask him to resign and in his place came a man who had some indescribable magnetism about him. From the hour he entered the room he was master.

I remember well the first morning that the new teacher was to be there. We were all anxious to "size him up" and the very first impression was not very promising for our future tricks. He gave us a short and earnest talk, letting us know our reputation, but stating his impression, which he did not appear to think bad. This made us feel rather ashamed when we considered our former actions, yet we did not intend to do anything unless we "*had to.*"

After the talk we set to work most diligently. While we were at work, in walked three of the School Board. The chairman enquired as to how we were getting along. The teacher said "fine, and in good order." That little phrase made us conscious that it was so and we smiled at one another first in surprise and then with satisfaction and pride to think that such should be the report from our room—"the worst in town." From that hour there was no trouble, as we obeyed him without questioning his right, for we felt he was not to be trifled with.

Besides controlling our outward conduct he made us wish to do what was right, and to do it even when he was not there. In fact, by no visible effort, as far as we could see, he changed the whole moral tone of the room so that we scorned to do what we had done formerly. In the time we remained in his room we learned to respect him, and are thankful he became our teacher at such a time and so taught us to value the right.

EYES THAT ARE OPENED.

The first spring I lived in this country I was naturally much interested in the wild flowers, which were new to me, and my pupils grew interested in bringing me new specimens. Remarking one day how many pretty wild flowers they had, I was answered, "We did not ourselves know before that there were so many." "Oh!" exclaimed another, "there wasn't *anybody who cared*; that's why."