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School Room Experiences.

A GOOD TEACHER.

Here is a part of a story by Angelina W. Wray. Does it not make you wish to read that helpful and delightful work for teachers—Jean Mitchell's School—by the same writer? Get it and you will never regret it.

The sixth teacher, Miss Clara Smith, had a little dark room, away in the rear of a crowded school building in a great city. Forty-four pupils of almost all nationalities were in the room which would have been uncomfortable with even twenty. The children were about nine, ten or eleven years old. On one of the side walls a big golden sun, cut from yellow paper, made the dark room almost bright.

It was just before Easter and a white lily stood in a glass on the window-sill. The children's faces were happy. Sometimes they smiled at the teacher and she smiled in return, with a kind of comradeship which seemed to make work easy.

One big fellow in the back of the room was evidently too old for the class. He was ragged and forlorn. His lips had a sullen droop. Sometimes he dropped his pencil and scrowled angrily over his book. Then Miss Smith would put her hand on his shoulder, saying something in a low tone. The boy would look at her, smile half-reluctantly, and try again. And when at last he understood the lesson, without having been helped at all, I don't know which was the gladder,—he or she!

I don't know, either, whether it would be possible to describe that morning. I could tell you all about the arithmetic lesson, the reading and language, the songs that were sung, and the geography class with its vivid descriptions of Indian life and character,—but it would be impossible to make you realize the charm of it all, unless I could paint for you the atmosphere of the room and the personality of the teacher.

Things happened, as they do sometimes in all school-rooms. A few pupils whispered oftener than was necessary, one boy shuffled his feet, and I saw a girl chewing gum with untiring assiduity, but these were mere trifles.

The general thought of the class seemed to be that each individual should do the best he or she possibly could. A word, a look from the teacher caused disorder to cease and was sufficient reward for all the effort put forth.

As I went home that afternoon I felt a glow of pride that such teachers as the last may easily be found, and that each one is exerting a tremendous influence for good.