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DARK DAYS IN SCHOOL.

Every teacher knows something of them, those days when everything goes wrong. The spirit of evil has taken possession. Even the good boys have become, all at once, restless and perverse. The room seems to have become transformed into a whispering gallery. The prescribed lessons have not been prepared. The usually bright pupils are dull and careless. The dullards are hopelessly imbecile. You thought you had, by dint of patient effort, succeeded in establishing tolerable order in your department. You now wonder how you could have so deceived yourself. The room is a perfect pandemonium. Sounds of all disorderly kinds are ringing in your ears till you are half-distracted, and it almost seems as if deafness would be a relief. Every effort you make to restore quiet appears but to intensify the disorder. If you are a woman you would give anything to be able to run away to your chamber and have a good cry. If you are a male savage, you have to exercise strong self-control to keep your hands off half a score of the little school-demons who are tormenting you and seem to delight in it. On one point you are resolved. If you can but survive to the end of the term of your engagement you will abandon teaching thenceforth and forever. Better to break stones on the Queen's highway, or to go out to wash and scrub for a daily pittance, than to suffer such tortures as you are now enduring.