

Primary Department.

ONE DRAWING LESSON.

BEBE.

MASTER ROBBIE was the youngest of a household host where he might have been appropriately styled King Robert. Since his admission to our circle numerous members had done him homage.

On this particular afternoon the monarch, in merry mood, was experiencing keen delight in giving sly pushes to neighbor Frankie's arm, much to that gentleman's annoyance. What faces the two were for a study, the one so pleased, the other so grieved, but, being the teacher it was plainly my duty to alter the scene. So, calling Robbie's attention to the injury he was doing Frankie, who was always so exact in his writing, I directed him to sit nearer the end of his seat and he too should have work to do—but, already, His Majesty was pouting.

Just at the moment it occurred to me that I must take the class of which he was one. Up trooped the little folks minus Rob; just fourteen in number. There he sat with, I fancied, his hand holding the seat to assure him of his awful power of resistance. "Robbie," said I, "come, this is your class." Back in such a naughty tone came, "I don't want to." "Oh, very well, in that case you need not come," replied I, and addressed my class with, "We shall take something instead of the lesson in reading." All, of course, began to wonder what that something could be, and when I reached for the chalk-box the eyes sparkled with delight.

Eagerly the hands were offered to receive the pretty white crayon. (The little mites are so proud to have whole crayon that, when I wish to give a treat, the new ones are served out). A couple of the class took erasers with the duty of keeping the board in order, in addition to the work expected of them.

A review I chose that everybody might be hard-worked. There were lines drawn to represent the position of my pointer, the stripes in May's pinafore, the sides of the window-frame, the bell-rope, the horizontal stove-pipe, the top of the board fence, the road, a hill that boys and girls like to sleigh-ride down, two lines meeting for the roof of Mr. Watson's barn, which we could see from the window, etc. Pupils took turns in holding pencils, pointer, rulers or arms in positions which they wished other pupils, whom they had the privilege of naming, to represent on the black-board. More examples were demanded, and Observation and Memory were kept busy; the school-room, the home and the outside were ransacked for articles in the position indicated by the lines on the board. After this, there were neat little square fields for calves and colts, and boxes, of the same shape, for pencils and patches. Sometimes half a dozen had places at the board for a trial of skill. Occasionally, when the chalk was naughty and ran off with the line, there was a ripple of laughter in which the chalk engineer was not mute.

Just when I was becoming anxious lest

some of the arms should drop off, or the fingers fly away, what should I see in my class but fifteen instead of fourteen. But what a queer little fellow the fifteenth was—standing so still, watching alternately my workers and me, with such a timid imploring look in his eyes. As he seemed to have no work on hand, he was surely none of mine, and, of course, I could not afford to notice him.

By and by, however, I felt a tug at my skirt, and, on looking down, saw the strange boy whose babyhood, I am sure, was not out of sight and heard a very meek wee voice ask "Please can't I draw"? "Why," I said in surprise, "can this be the boy who told me he didn't want to. No, no, we do not need you; you would surely rather be in your seat." The gathering tears bade me remember "Mercy is twice blessed." I sat down and drew him to my side and spoke just a few words. He admitted that he had been naughty, "because I wouldn't come to my class," and "because I said I didn't want to." His struggle to keep back the tears was admirable, only one drop splashed down.

Perhaps I was cruel, but to try him I said, "Now if I ask you to go to your seat, will you go"? The lip quivered, but the answer was "Yes." I put a fresh crayon in his hand and he had his turn once before one of the little ladies collected the chalk.

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Two years have rolled on since that afternoon; and Robbie missed no more classes, nor did he ever again say to me, "I don't want to."

SOME MAXIMS FOR THE TEACHER.

BEBE.

GOOD children make agreeable teaching, and, as we are fond of what is agreeable, it follows that we desire to have in our school-rooms only good children. Any means which will tend to increase the proportion of these is worthy of consideration.

An excellent rule I find is "Always dismiss your pupils in a happy frame of mind." If there are any symptoms of discontent, tell or read an amusing story, or close with a lively exercise. Don't allow them to go from you with any bitter feelings. Remember you must meet them in the morning, and try to do another day's work better than to-day's, and to succeed you and your pupils must be glad to come.

Send your children home with best feelings uppermost, and the bright "Good-mornings" will make your sunshine next day.

"Those who school others oft should school themselves," speaks for itself and should be often in the teacher's reflections.

"Know thyself" has much in common with those words of Shakespeare, but John Ruskin has written so well in connection with it that I cannot refrain from giving his words: "See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out first what you are now.

Do not think vaguely about it; . . . try to get strength of heart enough to look

yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as in body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily . . . not dwelling upon those inevitable faults which are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away, but that you may determine to the best of your intelligence what you are good for and can be made into."

Manage yourself and you can manage any child. Do not fear to probe your own faults, but be rather careful in your treatment of those of the little folks, for theirs are not yet as "desperate grown" and "desperate remedies" do not contribute to the growth of child nature.

"Be cheerful." One need not be an optimist. Keep your difficulties to yourself. Mark you, I say, particularly your school difficulties. They may be interesting to many in your section, but it does not necessarily follow, that they will be diminished in the telling. I do not regard it as in any way hypocritical to present to the public only the bright side—the dark side requires attention from within. "Count your mercies," "Magnify your office." Finally act on Beecher's advice "A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity; so that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men."

There is a wonderful joy in this work of ours;—be sure you find it—there is gloom too, but there are lights and shades in all good pictures.

A SUGGESTED OBJECT LESSON.

RHODA LEE.

"MAY I give you something"? was the request made by a dusky little member of my class one morning last week. "Certainly, Cornelius," I said, and immediately I was presented with a huge, ripe sunflower, almost as large in diameter as the beaming brown face of the donor.

"It grew in our back garden," he added; "grew nine feet high, and—and, we've got some more, too."

Thanking the little fellow, I said, "Do you know what we will do with this, Cornelius? We will have a lesson about it to-morrow. I want the girl or boy who works best to-day—all day, to stay after school and help me arrange the flower for to-morrow."

The request for an assistant was not forgotten, and at half-past three, although the fact had not slipped from my often faulty memory, I was reminded of my promise by more than one of my thoughtful little folks.

My choice fell upon a "new boy" who was endeavoring to cure himself of some very bad habits he had displayed on his arrival, and to-day he had made quite a conquest. As he was unaccustomed to the work, he required considerable explanation and assistance, but for this I was amply repaid by observing his intense interest and