

Enthroned or Dethroned.

Are you the fortunate one to whom is allotted the guidance and instruction of the "wee babies?"

Remember that they are just babies. Perhaps for the first time away from the home circle, and upon these first few days' impressions largely depends your success with these little ones.

They come to you from forty different homes, with forty different dispositions. Some have been longing anxiously for this day, this great day, the most eventful one so far of their short lives—the first day of school. They expect to enter an enchanted fairyland, and with happy smiles await you. Others, perhaps, have looked with dread upon this great day—the first day of school. Timid, frightened, longing for the dear mother from whom they have never before been separated for any great length of time, they expect a sad, sad time, and await you in fear and trembling with tearful eyes and suppressed sobs. Possibly a few, a very few, may come on mischief bent. They, too, are awaiting you.

Now, what are you going to do? Oh, I hope you are prepared. I hope you are first of all happy, through and through. That you believe you are the "really and truly" fairy, and that this big room is your fairyland, and with your magic wand of love and knowledge you will endow all who enter your presence.

If you are, how happy the time will speed away, as you scatter the seeds of love and knowledge by means of your bright, interesting story, to which the children can't help but listen; also your songs and games, and numerous devices.

Before you are aware, it is time to go home, and forty happy little faces look into yours with big, shining eyes, and as they bid you good-by, hasten to tell you, "I'm surely coming back this afternoon," and all are firmly believing you to be the fairy in the story-book.

Having once been enthroned as the fairy queen, are you going to fall from that throne, after the first few days or weeks? If once lost, hard will be the struggle to regain it.

If you love your work, if you love your children, you are bound to give to it and to them your best efforts, and your throne is safe.—*School Education.*

Before green apples blush,

Before green nuts embrown,

Why, one day in the country

Is worth a month in town!

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Spelling.

These fifty words will furnish a good test in spelling for your advanced pupils on the first day of the term: 1, eligible; 2, imminent; 3, homicide; 4, hazardous; 5, runaway; 6, episode; 7, pitiable; 8, concession; 9, illicit; 10, anonymous; 11, intercede; 12, immortal; 13, immunity; 14, indigent; 15, lineage; 16, censure; 17, seize; 18, infallible; 19, gorgeous; 20, corruptible; 21, supersede; 22, satellite; 23, blizzard; 24, innovation; 25, courageous; 26, prevalent; 27, changeable; 28, heresy; 29, invisible; 30, liniment; 31, inflammation; 32, palatable; 33, dungeon; 34, miracle; 35, irritant; 36, subterranean; 37, permeated; 38, achievement; 39, shriek; 40, collateral; 41, effulgent; 42, visible; 43, maintenance; 44, jeopardy; 45, hemorrhage; 46, extravagance; 47, apoplexy; 48, recurrence; 49, musician; 50, annoyance.

Be Natural.

One thing that makes teaching very hard for some teachers is that they do not allow themselves to be natural. They cherish a false ideal of school-room decorum and keep their nerves at a tension six hours a day. No wonder that after this strain, they are tired every night. No wonder they are always wishing for Friday.

A school-room in which "you could hear a pin drop," and where the pupils are all sitting bolt upright facing the teacher's desk, is still the ideal of many teachers and principals. It constitutes "perfect order." Fortunately, few schools ever achieve this high ideal. It is not natural for children to sit perfectly quiet for long at a time, and it is utterly impossible for them to concentrate their attention upon one subject for very long. How often "Study your lesson," simply means for the child to look intently at his book and go to sleep mentally, if not physically.

It is nothing very dreadful if restless Harry sometimes turns sideways in his seat and gets his feet into the aisle. If awkward Tom lets his book or his pencil fall, why should the teacher feel it her duty to reprove him? Do not grown people sometimes do the same and we do not say that they have done it "on purpose?" I never attended a teachers' institute that I did not notice more or less whispering, and yet many teachers consider it a great offence in their pupils.—*Popular Educator.*