

With young children, the temptation to misrepresent their work and escape further trouble, is often too great to be withstood, and if this pass undetected it is carried on till they fast become masters in the arts of deception, and such is the corrupting influence of successful lying and deceit, that children who in former classes could be implicitly trusted become, in these classes, as conscienceless as the most untrustworthy. Scholars going from such classes are sure to distinguish themselves in no enviable way, and it will only be with time and the greatest possible care that the evil habits thus formed can be eradicated.

These are the classes where the mischievous boy finds free scope for his particular bent of mind, the classes of littered floors, where minute pieces of paper, which must have required unlimited time to reduce to such infinitesimal scraps, nut-shells, whittlings, and the various other remnants of unrestricted youthful pastime, are scattered broadcast; the classes of mutual accusers—you sit like Solomon, listening to the rival mothers, and hear the one's evidence against the other, but unlike Solomon, fail to find any artifice that will extricate you from the dilemma. Here too, much time is expended in searching out hostile pea-marksmen, who, you are sure, are located in one certain part of the room, till a shower at your back causes you to look for assailants in a new quarter, and opens your eyes to the probability that each scholar may be a member of the tantalizing corps. These are the classes where transactions in exchange and barter are carried on most extensively, and the youthful speculators bid fair in shrewdness of bargaining to out-do another Vanderbilt, or a very Shylock in the flesh. These are the classes of continual "Please may I's," the classes of excuses: "I couldn't learn my lesson because I had to go a message, chop-wood, mind the baby," or "I lost my lesson-note,—a fellow snapped it, or the wind blew it away;" the heart that could withstand these excuses would surely be one of adamant! These, too, are the classes of lost books, broken slates, missing pencils; the classes which bring wrathful and indignant mothers "who chastise you with the valor of their tongues," demonstratively assuring you that you are totally wrong in putting the offence on their unblemished lambs, (generally the most mischievous in the class) and wonder at your short-sightedness in believing that "my Tom could do anything wrong." These are the classes that give back all their knowledge,