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EARLY IMPRESSIONS AS A TEACHER.

By MAUDE PETITT.

WHEN asked to take this position it was natural I should feel some uneasiness, since my province never before extended beyond the boundaries of fiction. But for the sake of my hearers I promise this time, when I digress into fiction, to found it entirely upon facts.

I shall take you (if you will permit) as my imaginary heroine (I say heroine, for men have good reasons for deserting our ranks, though it is a profession in which we often feel we need the strength of manhood). I shall start your career in the Model School, for it is there we stand upon the threshold of our future.

There is perhaps no more exciting phase in Model School life than that of applying for schools. Do you remember that bright Saturday morning in the autumn, when you rose with the pleasantly exhilarated feeling which comes from doing something out of the everyday routine? You lingered before the mirror a moment to make sure that your cheek had that tint of rose, and your eye that brilliancy which certifies robust health. Then, armed with good spirits and good testimonials, you made your first plunge into the practical, business world, where you soon found men did battle for bread and butter with as much anxiety as though the universe depended upon the satisfaction of their needs.

You remember well that house where you made your first application. You had driven through several miles of rich fertile fields and orchards, where the trees were dropping their golden and rosy gifts. You were beginning to feel what a fair and prosperous land is ours when you paused at the door of a handsome country residence. It was such a beautiful scene surrounding you, as you awaited an answer to your knock. The little brook murmuring at the foot of the hill, the cattle resting in the shadow of the elms, the sheep upon the hill-sides; orchard and meadow land smiling in the sunlight, and farther off the acres of standing forest. Everything was so suggestive of plenty and of comfort, you fell to picturing what might be within; bookshelves lined with the cream of thought; poetry and music. You pictured the inmates gathering together in the long winter evenings over Tennyson, Ruskin or Shakespeare, while the paintings of a Taylor or a Hammond look down upon them from the wall. You soon found they were too materialistic for things of that nature. Your dream was broken upon. Some one had opened the door, and you were being ushered into the presence of the secretary of Oakville school. You were perhaps overly self-confident. For had you not taken honor matriculation and been congratulated and flattered by all