

derspin, when he first began to teach his untrained flock, of the clamour that assailed his ears when the parents had left the school room, of the expedient he adopted by raising his wife's cap on a pole, and swinging it around the room (thus giving his first object lesson), of his after success, when his warmest wishes were realized; and who that has read this has not felt that it was merely one instance out of many such commencements, which by perseverance and diligence have become far more favourable to young teachers, than if their endeav-

ours at the onset had been attended with less trouble and difficulty.—There are several other points of interest connected with Infant Schools, which I should be happy to bring before your notice, but these I am afraid I must leave till some future opportunity when I shall be glad of an occasion to enter again upon a subject which I feel to be one of great importance to all, and to none more than to the elementary teacher.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PENITENT SCHOLAR.

SCHOOL is out. The last lesson has been recited and the evening hymn sung, and the shouts of merry voices are heard on the green. Their spirits overflow like long pent-up waters. But one of their number remains behind. All is quiet now in the school-room. There sits the teacher at her desk, with a sad and troubled look.

At one of the desks before her sits a boy, whose flushed countenance and flashing eye tell of a struggle within. His arms are proudly folded, as in defiance, and his lips are compressed. He will never say, "I'm sorry, will you forgive me?" No! not he. His breath comes thick and fast, and the angry flush upon his cheek grows a deep crimson. The door stands invitingly open. A few quick steps, and he can be beyond the reach of his teacher. Involuntarily his hand snatches up his cap, as she says, "George, come to me". A moment more and he has darted out, and is away down the lane. The teacher's face grows more sad; her head sinks upon the desk, and the tears will come, as she thinks of the return he is making for all her love and care for him.

The clock strikes five, and slowly putting on her bonnet and shawl, she prepares to go, when, looking out at the door, she sees the boy coming toward the school-house, now taking rapid steps forward, as though fearful his resolutions would fail him; then pausing, as if ashamed to be seen coming back. What has thus changed his purpose?

Breathless with haste, he has thrown

himself down upon the green grass by the side of the creek, cooling his burning cheeks in the pure, sweet water; and as gradually the flush faded away, so in his heart died away the anger he felt toward his teacher.

The south wind, as it stole by, lifting the hair from his brow, seemed to whisper in his ear, "This way, little boy, this way," and voices within him murmured, "Go back, go back." He started to his feet. Should he heed those kind words—should he go back? *Could he go?* Ah! here was the struggle. Could he be man enough to conquer his pride and anger, and in true humility retrace his steps, and say "forgive?" Could he go back? As he repeated these words he said to himself: "I will go back;" and the victory was won. Soon, with downcast eye and throbbing heart, he stood before his teacher, acknowledging, in broken accents, his fault, and asking forgiveness.

The sunbeams streamed in through the open window, filling the room with golden light, but the sunlight in those hearts was brighter yet. Ah, children, if you would always have the sunlight in your hearts, never let the clouds of anger rise to dim your sky.

He was a hero. He conquered himself; and Solomon says, "He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that taketh a city." At first he cowardly ran away; but his courage came again; he rallied his forces and took the city. Brave is the boy that has courage to do right, when his proud heart says I will not.

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