

experience. Perhaps no place has ever been formulated (so to speak) on this wherewithal footing place, which so combines the ingredients necessary for the concocting of a thorough good dose of experience, as the school house. The preparation isn't always the pleasantest thing in the world to swallow. Oh no! School life experience is by no manner of means the quintessence of perfect and unalloyed bliss. To be assaulted by every old lady in the place, whose Johnnie's head you have happened to whack, when, if you had taken it clear off, you probably would have saved the state the trouble; to be jerked in the mouth by some rickety ignoramus of a Trustee, whose ideas of school life have been acquired twenty-five years before your father made up his mind that it wasn't good to be alone, and are based on six months tuning down by the itinerant schoolmaster in an old log hut; to be paid \$90 for six months hard driving, and then told that "considering your rate of pay the school is not *just* what we expected," and this from some fault finding puppy of a poll-tax payer—minus the money for the last four years, to be grumbled at and blamed for what is no fault of yours; to be snubbed as the petty school teacher, and dubbed as an insignificant conceited little pedagogue by the wise man of the town, all these and a thousand other rankling little annoyances don't exactly constitute what is implied in the word blissful experience. Still it's a grand thing to have the head knocked out of that puncheon of conceit, which many a good student unwittingly is rolling ahead of him. How quickly it evaporates! He goeth forth in the morning to school as bright a flower as ever flung fragrance to heaven; under the mocking glances of forty pairs of mischievous eyes, and what seems to him the incessant jabber of five hundred thousand non-patented perpetual motion tongues, he walketh home at night as humble a weed as ever begged life from the scathing hand of farmer.

Perhaps Mr. Student trips into the schoolhouse in the morning, glances round over the "shavers," as he mentally characterizes them, and concludes: O, well guess I can take care of that lot all right; young gaffers! I'll make them know something before I'm done with them. He tries; gives a lesson; calls the class up and asks the foremost to proceed. The youngster quietly stares at him, perhaps condescends to give him an encouraging sort of a grin, just to

assist a *new master* in his funny action, but *doesn't proceed*. In fact it hasn't dawned on him as yet what this youth with the double breasted collar and No. nine boot is trying to come at, and moreover he is quite willing to remain in that very condition just as long as you please. The plan won't work. Come down from that college horse of yours, my boy, and be content to straddle the back of the humble school-house mule and be mighty careful you are not pitched over his head before going five rods at that. Sling off your gown, throw aside your cap, scrape up your country school life reminiscences of your last master; remember you were once only a dirty faced brat yourself. And, if the student is a sensible one, he does it. He will see that he is in another educational atmosphere; climate is different; circumstances changed; material totally unlike what he has been mixing with; to sum up, he will either accommodate himself to the change or botch his school. Herein then, lies the point of the student's *success* in the school-room—The accommodating himself, especially if altogether inexperienced, to the peculiar conditions and circumstances of the particular school-room he happens to enter, and making experimental capital out of every opportunity.

Results in the school-room, and upon the student himself depend of course very much upon his individual character and peculiar mental tendencies. The art of teaching is a peculiar and rare faculty: I don't imagine many students enter the school-room thinking themselves to be gifted with super-abundant ability to educate infantile humanity. It is no great surprise to them therefore to discover that they do *not* appear to possess this power in any overwhelming degree. On the contrary it is generally an experiment, and the experience shapes itself in multitudinous forms. If the student is an observer of human nature he watches students (or scholars, if the word be more appropriate) from his standpoint. He notes the effect of his instruction upon different minds; makes comparisons, jots the fly leaf of his brain full (and sometimes the fly leaf constitutes the entire volume) and feels himself growing Shakespearean generally. If he's teaching for such and such, or so and so, sort of a person, he handles scholars much as he would if he had hired a livery stable horse—gets as much out of them as possible and yet wishes to bring them through presenting a respectable appearance. If the