

Reminiscences Of a Country School.

In the little village by the sea in which the early years of my life were spent, there were two school houses known as the Lower and Higher or oftener Little and Big. The "Little" school was situated on a swampy spot of ground, at the lower part of the village from which it probably derived its name. Of schooldays spent here, I have but faint recollections. One occurrence was impressed upon my mind of a gray-haired inspector, who shall be nameless, asking some questions in Geography of the older scholars, such as "What is the Capital of New Brunswick?" The scholars with one accord shouted "St. John." The teacher never noticed the mistake and the nameless inspector turned and smiled at a visitor near him, the smile was returned and we younger scholars wondered what the joke was about.

We all with one accord dreaded that visit; when we heard the inspector was around we shuddered and shivered and wished ourselves thousands of miles away and when we saw his back vanish through the door, we gave a sigh of relief.

When I was promoted from the "Little" school to the "Big" I felt as if I owned all the village. The first teacher, I think, we had in this school was a Mr. M., a man who could neither govern the scholars nor anything else; he was under the impression that school could not be taught without a strap or stick and as there were quite a number of willow trees growing near the school, he was well supplied.

One event in his reign, which I remember, was of a girl called Kate, who was a sort of character in the village, not knowing her lesson one day he kindly and sweetly requested her to hold out her hand she, not seeing the sweet part, calmly kept her hand by her side, he tried to take it but she was too quick for him and giving him a severe kick on the shins ran around the schoolhouse and out of the door. The astonished teacher,

with his eyes wide open, and his shins stinging, got breath enough to call to the scholars "stop her! stop her!" none of them cared to, or knew better and let her pass; after sitting on the grass for a little while, she came in and the teacher did not care to discuss the subject any further. He left at the Xmas holidays, probably thinking there were more things enjoyable than that school, and we saw no more of him.

A succession of teachers, good, bad, and indifferent followed, a Mr. S. came, he is an M. D. now I believe. These always seemed to be something exciting about him and so one day it turned out to be, whether the teacher had inspired any of the scholars with some of his fiery nature we do not know but this we do know that something very unusual happened. One bright morning in school a boy, evidently wishing to gain honours in the way of an Italian Bandit, stuck a knife into another boy. Boy No. 1 was nearly paralyzed with fear and boy No. 2 was not far behind him. The rest of the scholars gathered around No. 1, (while No. 2, was being carried to a neighbouring house,) and terrified him by telling him he would be hung sure next morning but as it was purely accidental and not very bad at that No. 1 was relieved and nothing up as he expected to be. These were only a few of the many strange and comical things that were constantly occurring at school.

At the examinations twice a year there were three old men who always said the same things. Then as now there were always speeches made at the close of the public examination. One of these three men solemnly rose up and with a begood-all-your-life expression would say "Byes, byes, there's no royal road to learnin'" when we heard this part of his speech we never paid very much attention to the rest. The 2nd. old man was one to whom the adage, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise". could aptly be applied. He would rise, as it were, to the occasion and speak as follows "all great men walked a