

scholars the importance of performing the tasks assigned them, and the impropriety of asking for an excuse, replies: "You must get time. If it is necessary to sit up all night you must do it. The lesson I give you must be learned at all hazards. You may receive a check and remain after school and learn your lesson."

A classmate, who had been watching with interest the result of this appeal, was more shrewd than his companion, and concluded to try another tack, for he had been off skating all the evening before and had not learned his lesson. So he asked the one next to him, to tell him such parts of his lesson as he could not recite, and keeping his finger between the leaves, so that he might peep in occasionally, managed to guess out most of his lesson. When the report was taken he answered,—"Perfect,"—and was marked accordingly, while his classmate, whose father was sick, was marked unprepared.

The boy who was truthful, honest, and did the best he could, received a check and a reproof, was marked unprepared in his lesson and detained after school, while the other, who had not looked at his lesson till he came to recite, who disobeyed his teacher by communicating, deceived in reciting, and gave in a false report, was marked perfect both in recitation and deportment.

Again; it was composition day. Mary, who composes easily and writes rapidly, has stolen time from her lessons in school, to scribble off four pages, while Sarah, who is not so good in composing, or so rapid in writing, spent four hours, of Saturday, in hard work upon her composition and has not succeeded in writing quite a page. Kate has borrowed one of her friend's old exercises and copied it off neatly. They are all handed in, examined and marked, Mary 18, Kate 20, and Sarah but 6, while she is requested to re-write and lengthen her exercise.

It is the usual time for declamation, and Master H., who is naturally bold and memorizes easily, has committed a long declamatory piece, and with a forward air steps up before the school and rehearses his piece without faltering or hesitation; while Master B., who is naturally diffident and retiring, has, with twice the exertion of his schoolmate, learned a short piece. He goes trembling upon the stage, and recites hesitatingly, and, as some of the scholars smile and laugh, he finally breaks down entirely.

He receives reproof and Master H. praise.

Again: it is recess and the scholars are upon the play-ground. James in his eagerness to catch the ball, with which they are playing, steps over the bounds and is reported for transgressing the rules of the school. William is in another part of the yard, busily engaged in trying to excite a quarrel between two little boys, and finally succeeds in getting them to blows.

The little boys are punished for quarreling, while the one who provoked the quarrel goes unrebuked.

At the close of school the scholars are requested to report communication; an honest scholar, who accidentally smiled to another before he thought of it, reported communication, received a check for it and was detained, while a deceitful scholar who had played and communicated, whenever he could do so without being observed, reported no communication and was marked accordingly.

Thus, day after day, honesty and truthfulness receive checks and reproof, while deceitfulness, lying, profanity, and many other real sins, go unpunished and unrebuked.

Do we not as teachers too often "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel?"

Do we not, in dealing with our scholars, look more to the outward act than to the motive which prompts it?

Do we not often make more ado, and punish with greater severity, things which simply annoy us, or some disobedience to the rules of the school, than we do actual wickedness and disobedience of God's law? Ought this to be? What kind of citizens will such a course make?

Let us rather attend to the "weightier matters of the law;" even if we sometimes leave the other undone.—*Connecticut Common School Journal.*

3. HOW TO TREAT DULL CHILDREN.

The teacher of large school had a little girl under her care, who was exceedingly backward in her lessons. She was at the bottom of the class, and seemed to care but little about what had passed in it. During the school hours singing was sometimes employed as a relaxation, and noticing that this girl had a very clear, sweet voice, her teacher said to her:

"Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing."

She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she made steady progress. One day, as the teacher was going home, she overtook Jane and one of her school-fellows.

"Well, Jane," said she, "you are getting on very well at school; how is it that you do so much better now than you did at the beginning of the half year?"

"I do not know why it is," replied Jane.

"I know what she told me the other day," said her companion who was with her.

"And what was that," asked the teacher.

"Why, she was encouraged."

Yes, there was the secret; she was encouraged. She felt she was not dull in everything; she had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged to self-improvement.

Take the hint, dear fellow-teacher, and try to reach the intellect through the heart. Endeavour to draw out the dormant faculties of your children by discriminating culture and well-timed praise. Give them the credit whenever you can, and allure them with hopeful words. Many a dull-minded child has been made irretrievably stupid by constant fault-finding, or ungenerous sarcasm. And, on the other hand, how often has a genial smile, or an approving remark awakened into new life some slow-learning scholar.—*Connecticut Common School Journal.*

4. A STORY FOR YOUTH.

SAMMY GRAVES AND THE APPLE-TREE.

As Miss Starr, the school-teacher at Princeville, was on her way home from school, farmer Brown came to his door and called to her to come in. When she had seated herself in the cool keeping room and laid aside her sun-bonnet, he thus spoke:

"I've been wanting to tell you about Sammy Graves: You know Sammy's father is a very bad man. He is a drunkard, and his two oldest boys are thieving, swearing characters. Many a bushel of fruit have I lost from my orchard by those same boys!"

"Well, last night, about dusk, as I was coming home from the field, I thought I'd come around by the orchard to look at the early sweet apple-tree, which I knew was getting ripe pretty fast. Just as I came up to it, I saw a boy coming up the road, looking behind him and stealing along, so that I knew at once what he was after, and dropped down close behind the fence to watch. It was growing quite dark, so that he could not see me.

"He walked slower and slower as he came near the tree, then stopped and looked up and down the road and across the lot. As he climbed over the fence I knew that it was Sammy Graves. He began to jump for the lower branches, which were almost low enough for him to reach, but suddenly stopped, looked down, and shook his head, then turned and ran towards the fence.

"Instead of getting over, he stood still a moment, and came slowly back to the tree, looking up into the branches. At last he broke out: 'No! no! I won't steal! Miss Starr says it is wicked, and last week she read to us out of the big Bible, how God said, *Thou shalt not steal!* No! I'll not take a single apple!' Then he ran away just as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Now, Miss Starr," said the good farmer, "when I got up from behind the fence, I could not keep the tears out of my old eyes; and I've been thinking ever since that the boy ought to be taken away from his drunken father. You see a boy like that has the right kind of stuff in him, and he'll turn out a brave man if he is well brought up! I thought I'd see you, and ask you what you knew about him, and tell you how much good your teaching has done. God bless you, ma'am! you would have felt well paid for all your hard work, if you had seen the boy, and heard him talk to himself under that tree as I did.

"You see, I told my wife it might help heal up the sore spot we've had in our hearts ever since our John died, if we should take this boy and do the best we could with him!" And as the old man finished his story he hastily brushed his eyes with his coat-sleeve.

There were tears in Miss Starr's eyes, too, as she heard that one of her scholars had done so nobly, and her heart was full of thankfulness that little Sammy would be so well provided for. She told farmer Brown how she liked the boy's fine, frank face on the first day of school; how she tried to bear patiently with the rude manners and bad habits acquired at home, and had striven to win his love by gentle means.

Farmer Brown was as good as his word. Sammy Graves grew up a good brave boy, and became a noble, earnest man. Whenever he was tempted, he remembered the early sweet apple-tree in the orchard, and firmly clung to the right.—*Common School Journal.*

5. FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of