

length, trim it a little, and then, with one swift and dexterous scoop of the knife, give shape to the pen. In three more rapid motions the slit is made in the end and the point formed.

The teacher used to remain after school-hours to make and mend pens for the writing-class, and "set" copies in their copy-books. Occasionally a pupil more ingenious or imitative than the rest learned to make his own pens, but this was rare.

We noticed that the pens of the big girls needed repairing oftenest, and the teacher took a great deal of pains in mending them. There is a good deal of human nature even in a school-teacher. But pen-mending is all out of date now. No one uses quill pens any more, except occasionally an old-fashioned attorney or doctor who still clings to the practice of his youth—which is all the practice some doctors have, by the way.

If some editors were writing this, they would sigh and ask where those old pedagogues who used to mend the quills of my youth are? And where are the boys whose copy-books were defaced with pens that persistently and maliciously "splattered?" and where, tell us, are the big girls whose pens had to go into the dry-dock so often for repairs? It does no particular good that we know of to propound these inquiries, and if we should, echo would only make its usual and unsatisfactory answer—"Where?"

The pedagogues are mostly dead. We met one of them the last time we visited the old stamping-ground. The eye that made us tremble had grown dim and lustreless; the form that loomed up in such a formidable manner when he produced his ferule and ordered us to advance into the middle of the school-room to receive our regular dressing down, was bowed and shrunken; and the locks that were

black as midnight when we first knew him had become white as the driven snow. We felt kindly towards the old master, but when he addressed us we were singularly conscious of feeling a little of that awe with which he impressed us as a child.

The old schoolmaster was a rough one in his day; but he usually had a rough set of boys to deal with in the country school over which he was called to preside. The first day he assumed control frequently had to decide whether or not he was master of the situation. His proportions were critically measured by the big boys, and his manner closely observed. Any indication of physical or moral weakness would be detected and taken advantage of whenever opportunity offered. We have seen contests for supremacy carried on between masters and scholars on the floor in a bloody way. The master was nearly always victorious; yet we remember one instance where he was pitched headlong out of doors into the snow and the key turned on him. The trustees tried to sustain him, but he was compelled to give up the school.

The next one who came, warned by the fate of his predecessor, repressed all indications of insubordination with great severity. We have seen him hurl a heavy walnut ruler across the school-room at the head of a boy who was whispering. And his favourite way of accelerating the movements of a tardy scholar was to catch him by the collar and drag him over the seats. The boys never tried to run that teacher out of the school-house, but he had to stand a long lawsuit for beating a boy with undue severity. We presume that race of schoolmasters has entirely died out, or if it is perpetuated at all it is in the wild districts of the Far West.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.