

When the London *Punch* wishes to burlesque the pronunciation of servants, it makes them call the duke the dook, the tutor the tootor, and a tubo a tooh. You never find the best Northern speakers, such as James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, Robert C. Winthrop, Dr. Phillips Brooks, and men of that class saying noo for new. Toosday for Tuesday, avonoo for avenue, or calling a dupe a doop. It is a fault that a Southerner never falls into. He has slips enough of another kind, but he doesn't slip on the long "u."

A CHAPTER OF "DON'TS."

N. Y. School Journal.

Don't expect, when you receive a new class, to correct all the faults at once. Make a list of the more glaring, and attack one at a time, patiently and perseveringly.

Don't fail to enter the class-room each morning with a pleasant face, even if home cares are troubling; the aching heart must not be manifest in the school-room.

Don't neglect to enter into a pupil's enjoyment. Laugh whenever you can, even if the order of the school-room be somewhat interrupted at times. A teacher who laughs more than she scolds is apt to have a greater hold upon her pupils.

Don't raise your voice when incited to rebuke. A reproof is just as effective in a low tone, while a control of the voice induces a control of the temper.

Don't dismiss a pupil with the echo of a just received scolding in his ears. Detain him, if possible, till something pleasant has been said.

Don't call a pupil "stupid" if he does not understand your explanations. Want of attention should always be censured, but not want of comprehension. Throw a different light upon the subject, or allow other lessons to intervene, and then resume the clearing up of the obscurity.

Don't discourage a poor penman, by obliging him to recopy his work continually. Find out his prominent faults—which will be, probably, improper spacing, want of uniformity in small letters, a neglect to bring letters to the line, etc., etc. Request him to copy his work with reference to some one of these particulars. Often the other faults will be corrected by reason of the care given to one.

Don't keep a class "ciphering" for hours. (N. B.—Ciphering means making nothings). Some teachers think that scores of examples must cover every exigency. Often it is better to forego slate exercises, substituting reading and reasoning examples from the text-book.

Don't give examples yourself, as an invariable rule. Give class the terms involved, and ask members to frame examples. It is surprising to note the difficulty they find in doing so.

Don't give rules in grammar to be memorized until pupils can furnish illustrations involving the rule. Then don't require rules, for it will not be needful.

Don't give examples of false syntax, continually—better not at all. A pupil should learn that "I seen it" is wrong in the same manner that he learns it is wrong to speak crossly, or profanely—long before any rules or reasons are given.

Don't give long lists of lengths of rivers, populations of cities, etc., to be committed to memory. Confine yourself to requiring an enumeration of a very few of the more important. It is of greater consequence to know what has caused a city to be populous than to know its population.

Don't lay any stress upon dates of battles, except the very decisive ones. Give special attention to the cause and effect of the engagement, controlling and parallel events in other countries, and biographies of leading men.

Don't allow the reading class to take its seat until it has extracted the "thought from the written page." Mere word-calling can be as effectively accomplished from the columns of the spelling-book.

Don't think that good spellers can be made by conning words in columns of spelling-book. The examination papers and compositions will show how many words in ordinary use are misspelled, yet such words are not commonly found in the text-book. Again, how many of the words in the speller are not encountered, even in an extensive course of reading? Still less frequently do they occur in ordinary conversation and writing.

Don't adopt the method of any and every teacher, as an infallible rule. Even the good methods presented in the JOURNAL need modifying and adopting to suit the condition of the class, or the individuality of the pupil.

E. G. B., Brooklyn,

For Friday Afternoon.

FOR DECLAMATION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
When the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,
From His throne to life's nethermost fires—
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won!

—By the late Paul H. Hayne.

TRUE HEROISM.

A STORY FOR REPRODUCTION BY PUPILS.

There are heroes among the pupils. Here is an instance among many that might be written:

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, and exploded some fireworks contrary to the master's express prohibition. The one boy denied it. The other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school re-assembled the young culprit marched up to the master's desk, and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked up to where young Christie sat, and said, aloud:

"Ben, Ben, lad—he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still that they might have heard Ben's big boy-tears dropping on his book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he sat down again.