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School Room Experiences.

IN AND OUT OF THE SCHOOLROOM.

Much of the quaintness of our boys and girls eludes description, but sometimes they themselves express it in words, and make it able to be conveyed by others.

One of my ten-year olds, writing a letter to an imaginary city friend, explained that they had about a hundred cattle at his home, counting cows, pigs and hens.

One little girl, who disliked to be at a loss for an answer, hazarded the opinion that a postman was a man made out of post. This was Lulu, a child with an inordinate desire to please for the sake of pleasing. It was this desire that impelled her to copy her spelling one day—spelling, truly unspeakable, for the most part. Poor simple little one, she made the fact that she was cheating so obvious, by a constant movement of the paper under her desk, that I felt sure it was her first offence; and I think she will not make the mistake again, having, as she did, approbation as her object.

All of my children used "seen" incorrectly, and I offered a small reward, in the shape of a drawing and tracing book, to those who would try hard for a week to refrain. One of the girls came up, after tea, to her mother, with whom I boarded, and told her of my plan, adding "But, mother, daddy said 'seen' every half-minute." Curtain drops on school teacher hunting for something to say—mother looking doubtful. School teacher decides before morning to let alone the "seen" and tobacco questions.

I had been reading to them Seton-Thompson's story of Krag, the great Mountain Ram, and how he so splendidly defended his band against five wolves, and afterward so gallantly led them to safely down a perpendicular cliff, that the English sportsman tracking him, dropped his rifle, ashamed to destroy so noble a quarry. I had doubted if the boys and girls would understand. Fie upon me! The next morning the girls rushed in to explain breathlessly how the boys had three times drowned out the same gopher, and each time he had so pluckily made for the ditch, and once there had struck out so heroically that he was to be henceforth and forever left unmolested.

Just one more, this time from my experience as a Sunday School teacher. One boy in a class of about twenty-five had managed to appropriate, or at least distract from me, the attention of all the others within his reach. I spoke to him once, or twice, and with some difficulty detained him a moment at the close. I then delivered what I considered a most pathetic and appealing little homily, and from the submissive and subdued and comprehending expression of his clear grey eyes, flattered myself my appeal was not in vain. Not wishing to run the risk of wounding his soul in its present sensitive condition, I allowed him to go out by a corner door, instead of passing through the still-assembled intermediate classes in the large school