

before us, in which a friend, who now occupies an important chair in an Ontario University, recalls 'happy days of youth spent in an ungraded school with its forty pupils, some struggling with the difficulties of the alphabet, others preparing for County Board examinations for teachers.'

"Ungraded, indeed! the writer exclaims. It was here that grading received its finest touches. When a boy was ready for promotion in any subject he was moved up, no matter whether it was at the middle or at the end of the term. The boy who was anxious to learn and willing to work, was not held back and down by the drudgery of *class-work*, given to keep the good boys busy while the lazy boys slept. He was encouraged to go ahead independently, and do the best of which he was capable, knowing that as soon as he proved himself fitted for a higher class in any subject he could take his place in that class, without regard to the progress of the drones.

"The perplexing question of home lessons did not press for solution then as it does now. There was ample time for the preparation for recitations in school hours. How thankful we are now that the teacher was so fully employed that he had but little time to devote to us. He set us tasks and we did them; did them in the daytime when we were fresh for work; did them at school, and felt free to spend the evening hour at home in games or childish amusements, without the harrowing thought of tasks unprepared. We had a lock on our desk at school and felt that we could leave our books there over night in safety. In the morning we started out equipped for the day's work with an apple in one hand and a *shindy* stick in the other.

"In those days the pupil was not helped over each difficult step in his work. He had not all crooked places made straight for him by suggestive questioning, but was encouraged to work with the expectation of meeting difficulties; with a growing confidence in his own powers, as one by one, sometimes with the teacher's help, oftener without it, he overcame one after another the giants that beset the path of the diligent schoolboy.

"'I think now,' adds the writer, 'that we had a skilful teacher. He seemed to know when he had said enough on a perplexing point. His touch with all classes of pupils, in all stages of development gave him a more comprehensive grasp of his subjects, and a more thorough knowledge of his pupils than can be gained by the unfortunate *grade* teacher. We are glad that ungraded schools existed in our day, and hope for posterity's that they may ever exist.'