

We listened to the recitation of the several classes with much pleasure, and noted the interest every pupil manifested in his work—no inactivity or drowsiness in the class, but life and energy. We heard no thundering voice from the teacher commanding order—no stamping of feet or crashing of rulers on the desk. The teacher was orderly himself—that was the secret of his excellent government!

Then came intermission, with brightening of faces, closing of books, and usual commotion.

"You must excuse me to-day boys," said the teacher to a group of boys who were evidently waiting for the teacher to join them in a little game of ball.

"I usually join the little folks!" he said, by way of explanation. We heartily concurred with him.

We listened to several classes after the recess, and were as much delighted as we had been before. The geography class was a speciality. One little bright-eyed girl drew the outlines of the Dominion on the blackboard very cleverly, with naught but a crayon of chalk, and the shadowy outlines looming up before her, the result of a lesson properly and carefully studied.

But the shadowy hand on the dial plate, and the tingling of the bell showed us that our very pleasant half-day was concluded.

We thought what a pleasure it was to be one of such a happy family, to be an elder brother, a counsellor, and a fountain from which the young are to draw their draught of knowledge. Why not every school in our fair Dominion be like unto this—there would be less little heartaches, and more happy hearts and smiling faces!

On the road again—with trees, flowers and the music of birds to engage our thoughts. We have another grand drive of nearly ten miles through a lovely district of country. But our journey is soon accomplished. The outlines of a noble building,

and the voices of children, is conclusive evidence that we are near our final halt.

While the house is a good one the grounds are by far too small—quite a common defect in our rural sections.

Not observing the teacher enjoying his intermission with the children we repair to the house. And how do you suppose we found him engaged? Why, in hearing a class of little fellows recite a lesson in grammar that they had failed to recite at the proper time, simply because they did not know *how to learn it*. We thought it almost robbery. They were being robbed of fresh air, exercise, happiness and sunshine.

The whole group came pouring in helter-skelter, something after Indian fashion for some were certainly a long way behind the rest. We do not think the teacher prohibited *whispering*, for ever and anon he would call out in sonorous tones for *less* noise.

We listened to several classes recite, some very well, but as a general thing there was no interest in the work, it seemed rather a hard task than a pleasant duty. The teacher made very few comments on the lesson, and not once required a sentence in which errors were made to be re-read. We thought that the teacher was not enough among the children, and did not keep them sufficiently employed on their seats.

But the afternoon wore away, and shortly after four the children were dismissed with naught but the injunction to be in time in the morning.

We spent a pleasant evening with the teacher who was a clever fellow and well versed on all topics but his own profession. He said he was sick of the old every day the same life. We thought so too!

In our ride home in the beautiful twilight we contrasted the two schools that we had visited, and thought of the vast difference between them. One teacher *working with his heart in his work*, the other *because necessity compelled him to*. God help us all as members of the noble profession, to ren-