

ant reflectors. If we happen to be dull and dispirited how quickly we see the same dark spirit taking possession of our scholars; but if instead we are bright and cheerful, we see the glad light of a happy heart reflected from every little face in the room.

It is from Joseph Addison's cheery pen that we have the words, "There is nothing that we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good-nature." . . . It is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance that is more amiable than beauty.

Hints for the School-room.

The following thoughts from the German intellectual colossus, Jean Paul Richter, may be of interest:

Each generation of children begins the history of the world anew.

Your watch stops while you wind it up, and yet you everlastingly wind up children and never let them go.

Forbid in a gentle voice, so that a whole gamut of force may be open to you, and only once.

Begin the culture of thy heart, not with the rearing of noble motives, but with the extirpation of bad ones.

More attention should be paid to bodily health than to mental surfetation; *the tree of knowledge should be grafted with the tree of life*. Whoever sacrifices health to wisdom generally sacrifices wisdom too.

The German philosopher was never in one of our well-governed modern school-rooms or he would not have written *all* of the following paragraph:

The child readily distinguishes a decided from an angry tone of voice. The father's commands are better obeyed than the mother's, for three reasons: the first, his decided, though far removed from angry, voice; the second is that the man, for the most part, like the warrior, says only one and consequently the same imperial No; whereas women can scarcely say to a child, be quiet! without colon and semicolon and most unnecessary notes of interrogation and exclamation. Was there ever in history an instance of a woman training a dog? Or could a generaless in commanding her marching army to halt ever express herself otherwise than thus: "Now all you people, when I have done speaking, I command you all to stand still in your places; halt, I tell you!" The third is that the man more rarely withdraws his refusal.

"What is the most difficult task in the world?" To think,

Mistakes in School Management.

It is a serious mistake to neglect the details of school government. 2. It is a serious mistake to omit thorough yard supervision during recess. 3. It is a great blunder to stand too near a class. 4. It is a mistake productive of deceit and misrepresentation to have pupils report at the close of each day as to their conduct during the day, whispering, etc. (Ask your pupils their honest opinion as to their reports and practices.) 5. It is a mistake to censure each trifling error too severely. 6. It is a mistake to grumble too much. 7. It is a mistake to allow pupils to help each other. 8. It is a mistake for a teacher to be tardy and then punish her pupils for being tardy. 9. It is mistake to sit very much while teaching. 10. It is wrong to give a command when a suggestion will do instead. 11. It is a mistake to make spiteful remarks before the school about notes received from parents. 12. It is a mistake for teachers to act in such a manner that pupils will be impudent to her during recitation. 13. It is a mistake to show temper in dealing with parents.—*Colorado School Journal*.

Kind Act of a King's Daughter.

On an elevated train the other day a glimpse was had of a kind act, the doer of which little suspected that she was noticed. Among the passengers was a sweet-faced young woman, dressed in fresh but not deep mourning, such as one might wear for a young child. At one of the stations another woman got on carrying a baby. Both were cleanly but poorly dressed, the baby particularly needing warmer garments than its gingham dress for the sharp air of the day. It wore no hat, a little shawl pinned over its head serving for hat and cloak as well.

The pair were seated directly opposite the lady in black, whose gaze was soon riveted upon them. She watched the baby as if she could not take her eyes from it, and when a shifting of passengers left a vacant seat on one side of the mother, she crossed and took it.

"What a bright baby," she said, leaning toward it, "how old is she?" with a soft smile at the pleased mother.

The woman told her.

"Ah," said the first speaker, "my baby was a month older, but she was no larger." Then she bent down and smiled in the baby's eyes, letting its little hand clasp one of her gloved fingers. "There is a little coat and warm cap," she said, speaking low and rapidly, "will you give me your address and let me send it to you?"