

But when the children home from school,  
Come trooping through the clover,  
Again I feel myself a boy,  
And live the old days over.

*Our Fireside Friend.*

—Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

—Patient labor accomplishes vastly more important results than genius.

—“There is but one method” says Sidney Smith, “and that is, hard labor.”

—The best teacher is not one who helps his pupils, but one who helps them to help themselves. The only true education is self-education.

—Prussia has three hundred and sixty-one schools of agriculture, mining, architecture, commerce, navigation and other technical studies, and two hundred and sixty-five industrial schools.

—“Do bats ever fly in the day time?” asked a teacher of his class in natural history. “Yes, Sir,” said the boys, confidently. “What kind of bats?” exclaimed the astonished teacher. “Brick bats!” answered the triumphant boys.

—A boy in a country school was reading the sentence, “The lighthouse is a landmark by day and a beacon by night,” and rendered it thus: “The lighthouse is a landlord by day and a deacon by night.”

—A Long Island taxpayer made the following speech: “Mr. Chairman, I arise to stand up, and I am not backward to come forward to support the grand question of education; for, Mr. Chairman, without education I would be as ignorant as you are yourself, Mr. Chairman.”

—A little girl was visiting a school with one of her mates where they sang while practicing gymnastics. The chorus ran thus: “Be lively, boys, be lively, boys, be lively.” But she, not quite understanding the words, took up the tune and sang: “We like the boys, we like the boys, we like ‘em.”

—That teacher will enjoy the richest satisfaction in the evening of life who, in looking back upon his past experience, shall be conscious that he has improved every opportunity which God has given him to turn

the youthful affections away from the things of earth to seek a worthier object in things above.

—A pompous schoolmaster once said to a lad who was passing him without raising his hat, “Do you know who I am, sir, that you pass me in this unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think.” “Wa’al, maybe it be so, mistur,” said the boy, “fur you teaches me, an’ I feeds myself.”

—In a recent address a venerable teacher in speaking of teaching years ago, said: “I taught in the good old Yankee land, and lived upon the fat of the land. A little girl came in one evening where I was boarding—the last day—and, very much out of breath, ran up to the landlady and, with much earnestness said: “Mamma wants to borrow two weights of hog’s tallow, for the schoolmaster is coming to board to-morrow!” Now, Sir, that simple expression from that honest simple-hearted child, speaks volumes as to the quality of our board. I can say that the schoolmaster who boarded around, lived upon the *fat* of the land.”

—A Professor went out for a sail. When the boat was some distance from the land, he said to the boatman: “Do you know anything about history?” “No,” replied the boatman. “Then” replied the professor, “half your life is lost.” After a little while he asked, “Do you understand mathematics?” “No,” replied the sailor. “Well then, three-quarters of your life is lost.” Just as he spoke a puff of wind upset the boat and capsized professor and boatman in the water. The latter cried “Do you understand swimming?” “No,” replied the professor. “Then,” replied the boatman, “all your life is lost.”

—To read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure, grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, not with flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies, are ostentatious rubbish.—*Everett.*