

as much valuable information in two years as even Harvard or Vassar are able to lodge in the brain of their superior graduates in four. But the one thing no private schooling, no training in a little, select seminary can do, is the most valuable use of university life.

That college is probably your first introduction to the actual world. It represents to you that variety of talent, that diversity of character, that wide difference in ideas and ideals of life which supplies the condition of all self-knowledge in every successful man or woman. You will there be lifted out of the atmosphere of home, the town school, the companionships of youth, the peculiar notions that make the public opinion of your native place. In short, you will probably realize there, for the first time, that you are at best one among a multitude of promising young people; are at best gifted with one angle of your nature; are destined to spend your life in conflict with others who excel you at every point save at this little angle of your real superiority.

So do not rebel at anything in college which takes down your conceit of yourself, or forces upon you the conviction that in the battle of life only the man who knows himself, and is willing to stand by himself and work out his own salvation, will succeed. Far better than all the knowledge in all the libraries is the discovery that you are but one in a world of people, each with some good outfit of nature, each standing in proportion as he is faithful to that outfit. And if you can learn, in four years, to be grateful especially to all people who reveal you to yourself; who "polish off" your exaggerated opinion of your own merits, and compel you to walk through the strait gate along the narrow way of your own proper ability, your college course will be justified and your graduation diploma will be a roll of honor.

Our own most valuable experience in college life was not a college honor, but a dishonor. We entered, from a country academy, with very decisive opinions of our own concerning the value of certain lines of study in the curriculum. Of course we neglected the special study that seemed to us a waste of time for an aspiring youth. Retribution always waits upon this type of students. Ours, happily, came on an autumn day of the first term. Called to our feet to recite, we were hit just in the line of our neglect, and so unmercifully exposed by our tutor that, in despair, we flung down our book, rushed out of the class-room, and spent the day in tears and self-abasement under the old chestnut-trees of the neighboring grove. But that day's sorrow was the birthday of our mental life. That day, it came to us, as if just spoken out of heaven, that we were not quite competent to lay out a course of college study; that the beginning of all success is loyalty to duty; that instead of being the head, it was possible we were at the tail of our class; that there is but one honorable gate out of college into life,—the gate of hard work. The young tutor who thus became the "means of grace" to a boy he has long forgotten, is now a famous man in a great city; but he will never do a better service to client or constituent than on that autumn day, when he revealed one "bumpious" freshman to himself, and set one mere country youth on the highway to knowledge, reverence, and a consecrated life.—A. D. Mayo, in *New England Journal of Education*.

THINGS IN PIKEVILLE.

"The people do not seem to care what kind of persons are the teachers of their children," said the Principal as we were walking away from the school building. "There is Mrs. Smith Jenkins, who has just been appointed in the primary department—"

"How did she get her place?" I interrupted.

"Why, just like the rest of them. I am clerk of board of trustees, you know. Well, Dr. Smith, her brother, met me one day, and says he, 'There's my sister Mary, she's got to have a place in your school.' I replied, 'Lay it before the trustees.' 'Oh, yes, I know, but they'll ask you, and if you go against her, remember I'll go against you.'

"A petty threat," I replied, "when you had done nothing for or against."

"So I told him, but he only said it the more disagreeably."

"And was she appointed without asking whether she was going to make an efficient teacher?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had she had experience?"

"Not a day."

"Well, how does she get along?"

"She comes in at nine o'clock exactly, on a half-run, and of course her room is a bedlam, children running here and there; some scuffling and all screaming. She seizes a ruler and pounds on her table, and frisks and scolds until a little order is secured. Then she begins to hear her classes read. She has eighty pupils, and so she has to fly around. At recess she sits down and knits with the greatest assiduity, as though it was the only happy moment she had in the whole day."

"How do the scholars get along?"

"They don't make any progress except mechanically. She 'hears them read,' as she calls it, but doesn't teach them reading."

"Then you do not think she teaches at all—she only 'goes through the motions.'"—*N. Y. School Journal*.

—Lord George Hamilton, addressing the boys of the Church School, at Bolton, one day recently, gave them the sensible advice to try and speak English correctly. The advice to Lancashire lads is doubtless more needful than it is easy to follow; but Lord George was careful to say that he did not think it was wanted exclusively in remote provincial districts. He was bound to say that the House of Commons was no exception to the general rule of careless speaking. The utterances which were dignified by the name of speeches were very slovenly and very slatternly performances. It seems from the report that the boys cheered at this piece of information. He then proceeded to say that there was a very remarkable contrast between the speaking of the young men and that of the old men in the House, and the advantage was entirely in favor of the older generation. Lord George appears to mean by the old men the seniors at present in the House of Commons; but if he has formed his opinion on the speaking of the past in any degree from printed reports of speeches, it is well he should bear in mind that if speaking has deteriorated, reporting has deteriorated in at least an equal degree. Fifty years ago or less the gallery held itself responsible for the grammar at least of the members; to-day no such responsibility appears to be acknowledged, and the result is what we see every morning during the session—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

—There is not care enough taken on the part of many parents and teachers to be civil to children. Children are taught—or have been and ought to be—to be respectful to their parents and to older persons. But the converse obligation is not often enough insisted on or practised. There is no reason in this. If there be more in older persons to call forth respect, which may not always be true, there is also with them, or ought to be, more capacity for showing respect, more knowledge and judgment, and practice in courtesy. They are thus looked upon with propriety by the children themselves as models in this particular. The pattern is often a poor one. There are teachers in our schools who have yet much to learn in this matter. They will find themselves repaid, they may be sure, in many ways, apart from the public benefit, if they will be civil to their scholars after the most genuine fashion, and with most scrupulous care.

—The pecuniary reward is not all the model teacher receives; there is the future reward,—the abiding esteem of the pupils who have grown up to manhood and womanhood. Laborious industry and patient forbearance should be the motto adopted by the man or woman the moment they enter the portals of their noble profession—teaching. The cross, sour-visaged teacher is an iceberg stranded in a flower-garden, chilling all the beauty and brightness out of the happy flowers, and congealing the music in the very throats of the rejoicing birds. Again, insipid garrulity, unseemly familiarity of the teacher toward the scholars in and out of school, and undignified deportment generally should be avoided. There is a sensible, happy medium. The faithful, intelligent instructor understands this. Teachers have a joyous range; do they all realize it?—*C. T. Preston, of School Com., West Northfield, Mass.*

—In no occupation besides yours is there such pressing need of new thoughts, ideas, and illustrations; in none is there such a tendency to fall into "ruts,"—to do the same thing over and over in the same way, and to say the same thing over and over day after day. A wise teacher reasons as a woman does when she buys