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EDUCATION

A Stranger in the School.

On a warm day a large school of boys and girls were conning over their lessons. The teacher tried hard to keep order, to make all take to their studies, to help those who needed aid, and to make all happy. He opened the doors and the windows to give them fresh air, but all would not do. Some felt discouraged with their lessons, some felt sleepy, some felt cross, and every thing seemed to drag and linger. By and by the heavy tread of a foot on the door-step was heard, and, without knocking, in walked a hard-faced man, somewhat old in years, but with a firm step. The children at first felt afraid of him, but they soon found that beneath his hard looks there was a bright eye, a pleasant smile, and a kind heart. But, instead of sitting down and staring at the school, he sat down by the side of a little girl who was trying in vain to get her spelling lesson. There were tears of discouragement in her eyes.

“Well, what’s the matter with our little one?”

“O, sir! I can’t get my lesson! It’s so long, and the words are so hard, I can never learn them!”

“Let us see. How many of those words are there in one column?”

“Fifteen, sir.”

“And how many columns in your lesson?”

“Three, sir.”

“Very well. That makes forty-five words to be learned. How

many of these are easy, so that you can spell them at once? Count them.”

“Twenty-five sir.”

“Then you have twenty left, which you call hard. Now take the first one, look at it sharp, see every letter in it, count the letters, see just how the word looks. Now shut your eyes, and try if you can still see just how the word looks. Spell it over softly to yourself. There, now, you spelt it right. Now do so with the next word, and the next, till you have them all.”

“O, sir! that is very easy. I can get my lesson now!”

Then the visitor went to a boy who was puzzling over a sum in arithmetic. He was discouraged, and almost cross.

“Let us see—what’s the matter here?”

“This sum, sir! I can’t do it, and every sum grows harder and harder! It seems as if the man who made the book, tried to see how hard sums he could put down.”

“I see. Now what’s the rule by which this sum is to be done? Repeat it. Very well, only you have not said it quite right. Turn to it, and see. There, now, you left out one important link. You now understand the rule? Try the sum now, putting in the part you left out.”

“O, sir! it’s easy now. I see, and I can now do them all.”

“Yes; but you must not be thinking about your ball, and kite, and play. You must give all your mind to the thing you are studying, and then it will all be easy.”

The stranger next sat down by a boy, who was trying to commit the declension of a noun in the Latin Grammar. Over and over he had repeated, but alas! he could not make the memory hold it. He was ready to throw down the book.

“Hold there, my boy! Don’t look so discouraged. Take your pen and carefully write down that declension. See how every word is written, and what letter ends every case. There, now, is every word right? Yes! Well, shut your grammar, turn over your paper and on the other side write it all over again from memory. So ho! how many mistakes have you made?”

“Two, sir.”

“Very well. Put away that bit of paper, get another, and try it again, and again, till you can write it without a single mistake. You can say it then, for writing will fix it in the memory.”

Thus he went from seat to seat, and helped all. The scholars forgot the heat. They all had their lessons, the teacher smiled and praised them, and all were very happy. Just as he was