

The instruments of right education may be classed under the School, the Teacher, the Instruction, the Administration of Discipline.

I. THE SCHOOL. Its arrangements, cleanliness, employment, companionship, playground.

1.—The arrangements of a school as to neatness, taste, and cleanliness, must have great influence on the character of our children. Schools should have a tasteful, simple, inexpensive style of decoration. Objects of beauty and taste should be always within their sight, but of such a character as might reasonably be expected in the dwelling of the industrious artisan.

2.—The next point in moral influence is that of suitable and constant employment. The mind, pre-occupied, is not open to temptation.

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

But in addition to this, there is the importance of training children to habits of industry, so that to have no employment would be painful; the mind would thus be always occupied, and the opportunities of temptation fewer.

"The devil seeks to tempt a busy man,  
But an idle one tempts the devil."

3.—Influences of a powerful character are to be found in the companionships formed, in the conduct of the children towards each other, as kindness, politeness, modes of speaking to each other, or of taking from one another, in the conduct towards the school property, such as defacing it; in truthfulness and honesty in school work. These things are the elements in the moral atmosphere of the school.

4.—The influence of the playground. The playground, from allowing character more freely to develop itself, is not only educative in itself, but furnishes the means of education to the teacher. By observing the associates selected, the positions assumed as leaders or followers, the games played, the forbearance or otherwise, he acquires knowledge which must be of great use in the conduct of his school. Should the teacher not use this knowledge, he would be very unwise, and the chief benefits of the playground be not realised.

II.—THE TEACHER. The character, habits, and daily conduct of the teacher produce their effect on the children, by the laws of example and association. But there are more direct agencies than these.

1.—There is his authority. This, as a general rule, children are never inclined to dispute.

2.—Another source of influence possessed by the teacher is the faith which is reposed in him. This is all but unlimited. In matters of school instruction it is so; but in moral matters it is lessened by the influence of home, and by the public opinion of the school.

3.—But the most powerful influence a teacher can wield is love. The love of children may be obtained, and when it is, it is all but all-powerful.

III.—THE INSTRUCTION. The moral and religious instruction should be by means of Bible lessons, moral lessons, lessons arising from circumstances in school or playground, connected with discipline. The benefits of moral and religious instruction depend.

1.—On the mind being occupied with truth.

2.—On this truth being applicable to children's circumstances.

3.—On the consistency of the teacher.

4.—On the position which moral training holds in the school.

IV.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF SCHOOL DISCIPLINE. The faults in such administration are laxity, uncertainty, and severity.

### AN INCIDENT IN SCHOOL LIFE.

NEVER TWIT A BOY FOR WHAT HE CANNOT AVOID.

Incidents trifling in themselves often have an important influence in determining the character of a life. A word spoken in season, a cruel taunt, wounding the heart to its core, have been the turning points in destiny, and put a young mind on the high road to fortune, or sent it downward to ruin. Almost every person can recall some occurrence in early life which gave tone and impulse to effort, and imbued the mind with principles whose influence is even now controlling. The following narrative is an illustration of this fact, and inculcates a truth, which every man, woman and child may profitably bear in mind.

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary to have spelling schools during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for a test of scholarship.

A neighboring school once sent word to ours that on a certain day in the afternoon, they would meet at our school-house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables, abbreviations, &c. &c., which the spelling-books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxieties were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of

the house, and the words pronounced to each side alternately, and the scholar that missed was to sit down. His share in the contest was lost.

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight scholars on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds the contest turned in their favour, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a poor little boy of ten summers, who had sat up night after night while my mother pronounced my lessons to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools and was declared the victor. My cheeks burned and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitor came and sat down by my side and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture, Master G., the son of the rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend and a number of boys from the other school—"Oh, you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise up in my throat and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes but I kept them back; and soon as possible, quietly slipped away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home. But such a home. "My folks were poor—and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show Master G. if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his taunting words and haughty manner. In this frame of mind—my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap and burst into tears. Mother seeing my grief waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so that he could be respected as other folks." At first, mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying herself, she said:

Joseph, I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so much injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realise the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray daily to God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account.

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have passed since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G's. Now, boys, remember always to treat your schoolfellows with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks towards any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part to this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he "being at a spelling school at a certain time, and a rude thoughtless boy twitting you of poverty, and being a drunkard's son?" "I do most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not probably a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act."

Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say, yes! Well, then, let me close as I began: BORN, NEVER TWIT ANOTHER FOR WHAT HE CANNOT HELP.

UNCLE JOSEPH.