

Happiness in Teaching.

Happiness comes to the teacher primarily from a love of his work. This is in a large degree measured by his aptitude. One does not love the work for which he has no aptitude, and his love for his work is in direct proportion to his aptitude. If work is healthful for the human being, then work which is loved is more, it is exhilarating, joygiving.

If one loves his work, the execution of it, while it may be often wearisome, becomes never dull. Beneath the exhausting labor is the steady flame of enthusiasm, and the worker moves forward from day to day, sustained and encouraged.

The progress of his pupils is a never-ending source of happiness to the teacher. Day by day he sees the increasing grasp of thought, the awakening interest, the thoughtful self-assurance, the broadening outlook that the pupils are gaining beneath his guidance; and his possibilities of influence lengthen out to coming generations. He feels himself a factor in the universal scheme of life.

In his personal relations with his pupils the teacher finds a simulation of the happiness of family life. His sympathies are enlarged, his conception of youthful needs is brightened, and his resourcefulness is taxed to its utmost to meet the many demands upon it. Physical, intellectual, and even spiritual claims come pressing every day from the company of young people who look to him with assurance. To meet these claims makes a man observant, alert, calm, and adequate. His is the consciousness of a well-rounded human being—a helper in its most complete sense.

His own intellectual progress is a well-spring of joy to the teacher. Contact with intellectual thought in the reading and study necessary to the teacher reacts upon his own mentality, and he becomes more and more an intellectual force, moulding and modifying the thought of those about him. He lives constantly in the rare vital atmosphere of high thought for himself, and intense appreciation for the thoughts of others.

The enjoyment of such happiness is a daily incentive to work. Joy comes each morning, though intense weariness may have preceded it. There are new victories to win to-day; one step more must be taken along the line of advancement; and the happy teacher goes to his task with renewed hope

and courage. Some of the pupils will not respond; but—happy thought!—some will press gladly on, and happiness will go with them.

Happiness is contagious. The happy teacher will have happy pupils who love their work. They will work "for the joy of the working." Tasks accomplished will be the daily incentive, and work happily done will be well done. Progress will be a result and that in itself will in time become the incentive.

The pleasant relations with the teacher will broaden the pupil's sense of appreciation, and his sympathies will be quickened. The intellectuality of the teacher will be marked upon the scholars who come within his range; and all through life the time spent with the teacher happy in his work shall be to the pupil an abiding memory—a sunny spot in life.

We welcome the good teacher, we rejoice in the cheerful teacher, but above them all we honor, revere, and love the happy teacher.—*Journal of Education*.

Systematic work in the teaching of kindness to animals should be done in every school. We do not mean by this that another study should be added to the course, but that a brief time be given regularly to the reading of stories bearing on the subject and to talk about our duties to the animals placed under our care. Boys should be taught that the wanton destruction or maiming of harmless animals not needed for food is a sin, and both boys and girls need many talks concerning the cruel treatment of horses which one sees on streets and roads.—*Pennsylvania School Journal*.

"What is your last name, my boy?" asked the teacher of the new pupil, a frightened-looking youngster of some half-dozen years.

"Tommy."

"Tommy what?"

"Tommy Tompkins."

"Then Tompkins is your last name," turning to his record book.

"No, sir," came the reply, with the air of one accustomed to render literalness to inquiring elders. "I don't think so, sir. Tompkins was my name already when I was born, and aunty says they didn't give me the other for a whole month afterwards."—*Youth's Companion*.