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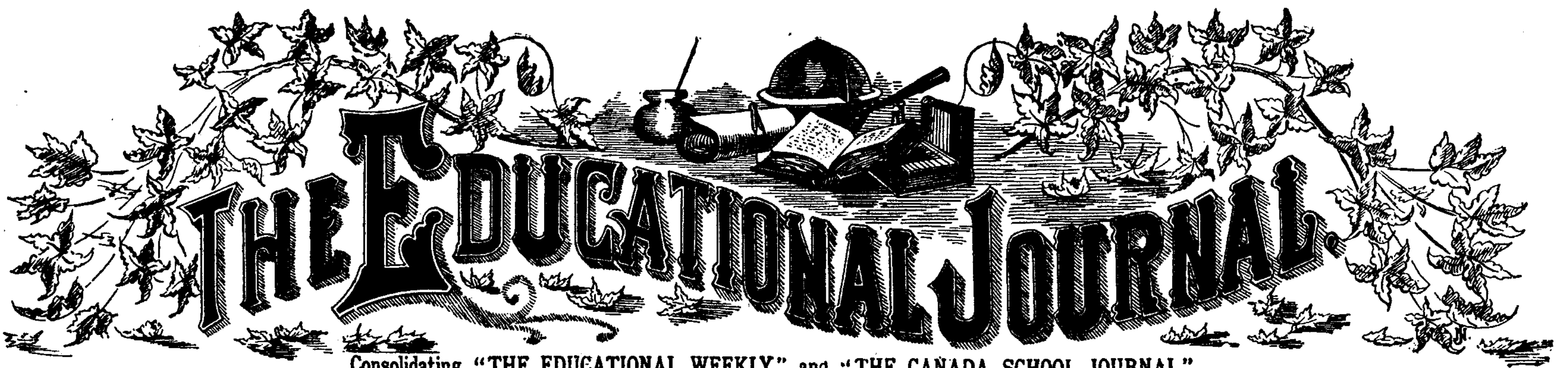

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—OF THE—

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July:

20. Reports on the High School Entrance Examinations, to Department, due.

Reports on the High School Leaving Examinations, to Department, due.

August:

1. Notice by Trustees to Municipal Councils respecting indigent children, due. [P. S. Act, sec. 40(7); S. S. Act, sec. 28(3).]

Estimates from School Boards to Municipal Councils for assessment for school purposes, due. [H. S. Act, sec. 14(5); P. S. Act, sec. 40(8): sec, 107(10); S. S. Act, sec. 28(9): sec 32(5); sec 55.]

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Editorial Notes.

EXTRA copies of the last number of the JOURNAL, containing the prize time-tables, will be sent to any address at the rate of seven cents per copy.

PLEASE remember that the JOURNAL is not published during the month of August. The next number will be dated September 1st, and will, we hope and purpose, be on its way to the hands of its readers promptly on that day.

AT the commencement exercises held at Ann Arbor University, Mich., on June 28th, diplomas were conferred on 689 graduates in thirty-four minutes, i.e., at the rate of more than twenty per minute, or one every three seconds. If the usual Latin formula was used in each case the University must possess a lightning elocutionist.

"THERE is no comparison," says the *N.Y. School Journal*, "between the proportion of teachers in city schools and the proportion in schools outside of the large cities who do not take an educational paper. Many, many teachers among those who work in the crowded wards of great manufacturing cities where, if anywhere, the problems of education must culminate in difficulty, say to our agents, "Oh, yes, if I took any paper I'd take *The Journal*, but I've no use for an educational paper;" while in the backwoods districts, where the salary is so low as to mean a really hand-to-mouth living of a very mean order, one of the main questions with the teacher is, which educational paper will do her the most good *since she can afford but one*." Our experience is much the same as that of our contemporary. What is the explanation? Can any one give us a clue?

The Schoolmaster quotes a charming bit of unconscious satire, at the expense of the examination system in England, from the recent report of one of Her Majesty's inspectors. He says, without the italics, "The 'Pied Piper' of Hamelin was lately recited not badly by Standard V, but I do not think it suitable. *There is very little in it on which one can examine.* *The Schoolmaster* says:—"Clearly Browning should have kept this matter in view when penning his famous story. And not only so. The need of the hour is obviously a new school of poets whose muse shall be duly subordinated to the necessity to bring forth something Inspectors *can* examine upon. Happily, as it now appears, the vacant Laureateship has not yet been filled up." We venture to suggest that the rising race of Canadian poets should keep this new criterion of merit in mind, and write with the perplexities of future school examiners ever in mind.

THE week just closed bids fair to be an important one in Canadian history. It witnessed the assembling of the first conference, with one exception, of representatives of the self-governing British colonies, from both hemispheres. With but one or two exceptions all the self-governing colonies were represented. The Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa was absolutely the first that ever sat in a colony. Then, again, the Canadian Parliament ratified the French treaty, the first treaty which has ever been virtually negotiated by a colonial government. Some think the treaty not very valuable to us, but that is another question. The wedge is entered. Still further, our Parliament voted the very handsome subsidy of three quarters of a million dollars a year for ten years, and half-a-million for the succeeding ten years, for a fast Atlantic steamboat line to connect some British port, as yet undetermined, with the St. Lawrence in summer, an dwith St. John or Halifax in winter. This is making or trying to make, history pretty fast.

WE shall shortly need a branch of the Royal Society, or a Board of Conciliation, or some other court of last resort, for the authoritative settlement of questions of grammar. It is painful to try to imagine what might happen should some of them be left permanently unsettled. Our thoughts have been just now directed to the subject by a brief note in the last number of *The Week*, in which Mr. William Trant, writing from Manitoba, says, touching one of the points made in the crtique of the Public School Grammar, which was republished in the English Department of our last number, "The words that form the verb 'to be' are undoubtedly sometimes used as transitive verbs. In the sentence, 'Two and two are four,' 'are' is, undoubtedly, a transitive verb." We should like much to see such proof of this opinion as would justify the use of the word "undoubtedly." It is pretty clear that the question must turn upon the meaning assigned to "are" in the sentence quoted. Rash assertions are unsafe in such matters, but we are almost ready to maintain that it can be logically proved either that the word "are" is not transitive in the sentence quoted, or in any other, or that it is used in a sense which makes it no longer, properly speaking, a part of the verb "to be;" that is, no longer a verb of *being*.

SOME one has been writing upon "The Scriptural Side of Bicycling." The title is suggestive. We have no doubt that one of the fatal mistakes of many teachers is yielding to the temptation to a sedentary habit out of school. To many a one whose power as a teacher and a moulder of character is very much impaired by a tendency to moroseness or melancholy a couple of hours' spin on the wheel, night or morning, would be a source of new energy and inspiration. With the help of such a steed one could explore the whole country for miles around, enjoy its scenery in every aspect, study the products of its fields and forests, breathe the life-giving oxygen of its hill-tops, exult in the joy of swift motion under the control of the individual will, and come back to the daily duties of the school room with ever-fresh vigor and inspiration. Such a daily quickening of the pulse-beats by healthy exercise in the open air, combined with such communion with nature in all her varied aspects, could hardly fail to strengthen and elevate the moral nature, by lifting the thoughts to higher planes, as well as to improve the physical health, two things which are much more closely related to each other than most of us are apt to suppose. Many a poor urchin, who now daily pays the penalty of the teacher's indigestion and unconscious spleen, in common with his teacher, would have a new revelation of the meaning and possibilities of school life, could the latter but be induced, with or without a wheel, to spend two or three hours of each day in more or less vigorous exercise in the open air. So far as the bicycle is concerned, it is a great pity that the price should continue to be so nearly prohibitive. It must surely be out of all proportion to the cost of manufacture.

English.

All articles and communications intended for this department should be addressed to the ENGLISH EDITOR, EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, Room 20, 11½ Richmond Street West, Toronto.

THIRD READER LITERATURE LESSONS.

THE FARMER AND THE FOX.

M. A. WATT.

THIS fable by J. A. Froude, the historian, is one that children find hard to understand, simply because it deals with matters beyond the circle of their life. Socialism does not enter naturally into their thoughts, and some children who live in a world of childlike dreams are much slower to take in the idea of this extract than others whose ears are open to the talk of their elders and who glean from their parents or newspapers many ideas beyond their own circle of thought. It seems almost like forcing the growth of their worldliness to give them the cruel facts, and we hesitate as we open the book. "Shall we allow them to read it without explanation?" or "Shall we tell them that there are men who prey upon society as the fox upon the poultry yard, men whom other men feel inclined to remove from the earth for the safety of the rest of humanity. Will it benefit them to learn of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest? What shall we say as to the right of one man or set of men to remove from this earth the being who has failed to live up to the standard of law?" But the lesson is marked as a "Literature Lesson" and we must do something and cease hesitating, for there is an examining committee who may see fit to enquire about "The Farmer and the Fox" and our children may not be able to answer their enquiries creditably. So begin; read the lesson through with spirit, letting the logic and reasoning tell; then in a first lesson ask for questions or give meanings of words. Explain that it is a fable, an illustration of something, using the Fox as a representative of one thing, the Farmer of another, the Poultry-yard of still another. The Farmer guarding the Poultry-yard, the Fox stealing in; the Government watching the interests of the Nation, the Demagogue seeking prey; explain as simply as possible, using illustrations in strikes, in the events of the present day when anarchists and socialistic agitators are so plentiful, but pray avoid tincturing the childish mind with bitterness and rancor; rather fail to make it clear than impress it too well. Let us draw from it something to help on the development of good sound principles, rather seek to develope the character of the children to an avoidance of the Fox-like traits.

Second day. Some one reads. Teacher questions:—"Whom does the Farmer represent?"—"The Fox?"—"The Poultry-yard?" "What had the Fox done to the Farmer's poultry-yard, do you suppose?" "What words tell you that?" "What had happened to the Fox?" "What did the Farmer think of doing?" "Why did he think that would be a good thing to do?" "Why does the Government hang men? or imprison them?"

The answer received, the teacher directs one pupil to read the next paragraph, the class imagining the scene. "What had the Farmer threatened to do?" "Where in this paragraph do you find that the fox is a crafty animal, fit to be a symbol of cunning men?" "What other fable have you read about a cunning fox?" "Now, see how cunningly he goes about deceiving the Farmer. What does he first try to make the Farmer understand? Tell it in your own words." "Why does he use the rabbit-skin to show the uselessness of the Farmer's experiment?" The Farmer does not notice the Fox's threat of the other Foxes dining at his expense before they went home, and answers the first part of his speech, and says he will hang him for his misdeeds then, if it will not frighten the rest of his kind." "How does the Fox try to get out of that?" Explain and apply the speech of the Fox. Many children use a similar excuse to justify their faults; they hear it, probably, from their infancy at home. Their parents' remarks on the disposition and tempers of their children are by no means unnoticed by the little ones who listen so innocently to them. Impress the truth that everyone is a builder of character and can overcome inherited tendencies. Tell a story and have them write it, of some of the great men who overcame, such as Adam Clarke, Demosthenes, Walter Scott, Elihu Burrit, and scores of others.

The Farmer is a man of one idea, he does not attempt to argue on the subject of the inherited tendencies of the Fox, he simply returns to his point, "You stole my geese," or "You are a thief and deserve to be hanged." This shows that facts are stronger than arguments The user of the greatest number of words is not always the strongest in a debate. "How does the Fox feel about the Farmer's cleverness?" "What do you think?"

The next appeal is to the heart of the Farmer. The argument against capital punishment comes in here; some child will want to express an opinion. Do not dwell on it; pass naturally to the next part. "What did the Fox want the Farmer to do?" "Would it be fair play to the Farmer that he should feed the Fox as well as keep himself." The following story aptly illustrates the position of many men who complain against the rich. A certain working man was talking very bitterly about the riches of the wealthy men and the poverty of the working classes. "I think," said he, "that there should be an equal division of the money of the world, so that every man might have an equal share." "Did you ever hear how much money there would be then for each man?" said a person standing by. "There would just be, so I am told, $400 a piece." "You don't say so!" exclaimed the first man, "Why, I rather think I don't want any division then. I have $500 now, in the bank; I suppose I should have to lose $100, if there was a division." His opinion changed when it was *his* money that was to be given away. The logic of the Fox is the logic of the criminal and the tramp, the logic that keeps the world poor, for every man who makes two blades of grass grow where there was but one before, enriches the world just so much. The boy who grows up saying "I can't help it," defrauds the world of just as much as he might have made of himself, while the boy who lives to do his best is a helper to every one about him and the world in general. The schoolroom often explains to an observer the reason of the unemployed, of the failures of men, for there are in every schoolroom the embryo of the tramp, the statesman, the energetic business man, the difficult to keep busy, the lax, the unambitious, the chronic grumbler, and all the varying types of grown-up humanity that go to make up the puzzle of modern society.

"How does the Fox succeed in his reasoning with the Farmer?" "What do you think he means by "a dog?" "When the Fox finds he has failed with the Farmer what does he do next?" "How does the Farmer answer him?" "What does he compare the Fox to?" "How does he treat them?" "Why?" "Why was he going to hang the Fox?" "What would be the result if the Farmer or the Government were too kindhearted to be strict?"

Review. Explain: suffered severely, succeeded, threatened, hard pinches, good turn, dine at your expense, rogue, fine talk, responsibility, repent, notion, education neglected, logic, unchristian vengeance, revenge, importance, persuade, hinder. (Note that some people try to correct the expression "try *and* persuade," which is very good English). Tell the story. What do you learn from it? What sort of persons talk like the Fox? Tell a story of someone who overcame great difficulties, mental, moral or circumstantial, and became noted as a benefactor of his race. What are you going to do, be a helper or a drawback to the world? Write the story as a dialogue. Re-write portions in various ways to express same meaning. Why does this story follow the story of "Bruce and the Spider?" Who is like the Fox in any lesson you have read? Who is the opposite in character?

These are sample questions which will suggest themselves to a person who seeks to make moral training out of this lesson.

Love for the parent or teacher provides the strongest safeguard against wrong-doing.—*Sully.*

THE purpose of discipline is to build up character, not to keep order to make good teaching possible.—*Balliet.*

THOSE teachers who are looking for some profitable occupation during the summer will do well to get agent's terms from the Equitable Savings, Loan and Building Association, whose advertisement appears in another column. A post-card will get the desired information.

SUNDRY AMERICANISMS.

The following, which we clipped from the correspondence columns of the New York *Nation* a few months ago, will be interesting to students of our mother tongue.

The following passage is transcribed from p. 32 of Colonel T. W. Higginson's *Hints on Writing and Speech-making*, which has only just fallen in my way:

"To be sure, the inelegancies with which we are chiefly reproached are not distinctively American: Burke uses 'pretty considerable'; Miss Burney says, 'I trembled a few'; the English Bible says 'reckon'; Locke has 'guess,' and Southey, 'realize,' in the exact sense [*sic*] in which one sometimes hears them [*sic*] used colloquially here. Nevertheless, such improprieties are, of course, to be avoided; but whatever good Americanisms exist, let us hold to them, by all means."

On the expressions impugned above I purpose to comment briefly.

Pretty considerable, found in Fielding, Smollett and Burke, is countenanced by Hallam also:

"Of *pretty considerable* value." Fielding, *Tom Jones* (1750).

"A *pretty considerable* estate." Smollett, *Sir Launcelot Greaves* (1760).

"The booty was *pretty considerable*." *Id.*, *Humphrey Clinker* (1771).

"To the faculty of law was joined a *pretty considerable* proportion of the faculty of medicine." Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790), p. 64 (2nd ed.)

"Divisions soon arose among themselves about the use of the English service, in which a *pretty considerable* party was disposed to make alterations." Hallam, *Constitutional History* (1827), vol. i., p. 168 (ed. 1842).

The quotations from Fielding and Smollett, the references of which are defective, are taken from marginal notes entered, by me, in the first edition of Mr. Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*, upwards of forty years ago.

Burke's *pretty considerable*—and equally that of Hallam and the rest—there is no good reason to find grave fault with; but, from the general way in which it is spoken of by Col. Higginson, it might be thought that English authority was producible for such blamable locutions as "he is *pretty considerable* of an orator" and "*pretty considerable* disappointed," familiar in some parts of the United States.

Not irrelevant, in connexion with *pretty considerable*, are these quotations:

"I attempted to fatten two middle-sized bacon-hogs with carrots; after having been two months, or near the matter, in the sty, I found that, as they were young, they had grown *pretty considerably*, but continued as lean as when I put them up." Burke, (1770), *Correspondence* (1844), vol. i., p. 246.

"*Pretty considerably* shocked." Miss C. M. Yonge, *Heir of Redclyffe* (1853), ch. xxv.

"I found myself, on the day after my return, '*pretty considerably* tired,' to borrow a phrase from our American friends." Mr. J. W. Bowden (1836), in Cardinal Newman's *Letters* (1891), vol. ii., p. 182.

Burke would, certainly, not have done amiss, if only for simplicity, in preferring *a good deal* to *pretty considerably*, and "our American friends" would better have preferred *not a little* to it. For all that, their phrase is passable, except on the view that, irrespectively of circumstances, it is reasonable and seasonable to be rigorously exacting in point of taste.

A few for *a little*, occurs in Miss Burney's *Diary* (1778); and it should have been noted that she clearly intended it as mere slang, just as it is in Murphy's *Citizen* (1761): "Mind me, when I . . . throw my eyes about *a few*." And here may be mentioned, as interesting obsoletisms, Milton's "fit audience find, though *few*"; "a few company," which Swift wrote in 1711; and also the Scotch and provincial English "a *few* broth."

Reckon, in the sense of 'consider,' 'deem,' 'make account,' of 'count on it,' or of 'surmise,' 'suspect,' is not now very common, as a literary term; and yet no vulgarity attaches to its quaintness. The Bible revisionists, among whom were Americans, have not dislodged it from *Romans* viii., 18. In conversation, it is quite as current in England as it is in our own country, and is, observedly, in better repute there than here. No judicious British critic, one may be positive, would censure the colloquialism, "I *reckon* he is at home," which, yet, Dr.

Webster's editors (1880) proscribe outright. More than this, the *reckon* under discussion has the occasional support of English writers, modern and comparatively modern, of unimpeachable respectability:

"The best editions of ancient authors should be the first things, I *reckon*, in a library." Thomas Gray (1746), *Works* (ed. 1858), vol. iii., p. 13, Gray thus uses *reckon* in three other places.

"They *reckon* they were sacrificed," etc. Sir C. H. Williams (1747), *Works* (1822), vol. ii., p, 232.

"I *reckon* to go next week to Ashbourne." Dr. Johnson (1770), *Letters* (1788), vol. i., p. 26.

"I *reckon* that I shall have a hump-back." Dr. Charles Burney, *Memoirs of Metastasio* (1796), vol. ii., p. 78.

"Since that time, we have both been equally busy, I *reckon*, in gleaning up such little odd tortures, of all sorts, as we had left behind at our general harvest." Rev. James Beresford, *The Miseries of Human Life* (1806), vol. i., p. 281.

"The philosopher who contemns it [glory] has every rogue in his sect, and may *reckon* that it will outlive all others." W. S. Landor, *Imaginary Conversations* (1824), vol. ii., p. 605 (ed. 1826).

"If the Landgrave knew that Michael Klotz was in Klosterheim, I *reckon* that all the ladies in St. Agnes could not beg him a reprieve till to-morrow morning." Thomas De Quincey, *Klosterheim* (1832), p. 228.

We lost no time, after my visit to Cuddeston; for we *reckoned* that we were more likely to have good weather before Christmas than after." Rev. Dr. William Whewell (1847), in *Life* (1881), p. 347.

"You may have more to bear than you *reckon* for, when your find yourself with men of rude minds and vulgar manners." Cardinal Newman, *Loss and Gain* (1848), p. 330.

"But he wasn't likely to do the Ogre much harm, I *reckon*." Sir George W. Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse* (1859), p. 131.

"He makes but a tight fit, I *reckon*." "George Eliot," *Middlemarch* (1871-72), vol. ii., p. 59.

A mass of kindred quotations from Samuel Richardson, Foote, and others is, for brevity, omitted.

Guess, we are told above, has the sanction of Locke. But, that what is intended, namely, the reprehensible American use of the verb, was anticipated by him, is an assertion which it would be very surprising indeed to see substantiated. For the verb *guess* I find three passages from Locke cited by lexicographers; and, in all of them, it bears its ordinary signification. Mr. J. R. Lowell writes, in the Introduction to the Second Series of the *Biglow Papers*: "I have never seen any passage adduced where *guess* was used as the Yankee uses it." On the other hand, Professor Schele De Vere has the hardihood to say, though independently of anything whatever like proof: "There is no lack of evidence that the word has been used in England, from time immemorial, and by the best writers, in precisely the same sense in which it is now employed by Yankees." Moreover, Dr. Webster's editors (1880) are so ill informed as to pronounce: "It is a gross vulgarism to use the word *guess*, not in its true and specific sense, but simply for *think* or *believe*; as, I *guess* the mail has arrived; I *guess* he is at home." On the contrary, the expressions given as illustrating "a gross vulgarism" are wholly irreproachable; their *guess* denoting 'incline to think,' 'be disposed to believe.' That, in the quotations about to follow—easy multipliable tenfold, from the literature of the fourteenth century onward—many persons, if they were to read them without being aware of their sources, would condemn the use of *guess* as an Americanism, may be taken for granted:

"And, I *guess*, this is not now ever likely to be done." Bishop Warburton (1744), *Works* (1811), vol. xi., p. 234.

"By all I can pick up from ancient authors, I *guess* he [Pelagius] was both a wise and a holy man." Rev. John Wesley (no date), in Southey's *Life of Wesley* (1820), vol. ii., p 193, foot-note.

"Well, then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I *guess?*" Sheridan, *School for Scandal* (1777)), Act III, Scene II.

"I should *guess* it to be one of the oldest dwelling-houses in the kingdom." Southey, *Espriella's Letters* (1807), vol ii., p. 135.

"This, I *guess*, is all one as if you should say, 't was hot or cold, white or black, round or square." Rev. Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, *King Charles the First*, etc. (1828), p. 151.

"In what manner Æschylus explained the origin of this connection we have no means of *guessing*." Bp. Thirlwall, in the *Philological Museum*, vol. ii., p. 149 (1833).

"And, in prospect, it must, of course, have looked more alarming than we can *guess* from our retrospect." Mr. James Spedding, *Evenings with a Reviewer* (1848), vol. i., p. 325. (ed. 1881).

"But the Catholic Church isn't St. Paul quite, I *guess*." Cardinal Newman, *Loss and Gain* (1848), p. 107. This, of course, is ironical.

The true state of the case regarding the verb *guess* in America is, that, while it is employed there, rather than its practical synonyms, much more frequently than in England, it not seldom, especially in the Eastern States, "implies a confident certainty," as Mr. Lowell says. "Are you sure that your statement is correct? Yes, I *guess* I am." "Bein' the mercury is at zero, I *guess* it is pretty cold." "I must start now for Boston, and I *guess* I shall." Here are genuine Americanisms, reminding a dweller in East Anglia of the expletival "That du *fare* to rain right tidy." "How do you *fare* to be, mate?"

Realize, as treated by Dr. Worcester, has, for its third definition, "to make certain, to substantiate," on which the lexicographer remarks:

"This word, in the sense of to *make certain or substantial*, has been reputed an Americanism; but Dr Dunglison says of it that 'it is universal in England in this very sense.'—It is also used in America . . . in the sense of *to feel or bring home to one's mind as a reality*, or *to feel strongly*; and this latter sense is not without English authority," etc.

Which of the senses thus illustrated Colonel Higginson has in mind, where he refers to Southey—whose *realize*, 'gain,' in three places is not, I conceive, arraigned—is not specified; but neither of them is a novelty in Great Britain, and the latter, which seems to be the older, was not unknown a hundred and sixty years ago:

"That God is everywhere present, and we always present to Him, is certain; but, that we should always be able to *realize* His presence is quite another thing" Mrs. Susanna Wesley (1733), in Mrs Eliza Clarke's *Susanna Wesley* (1886), p. 172.

"It [faith] gives evidence and subsistence to things not seen, and *realizes* the great truths of the gospel, so as that they become abiding and living principles of support and direction, while we are passing through this wilderness." Rev. John Newton, Letter VI., in *Forty-one Letters*, etc. (1777 or earlier).

Many more similar quotations, including seven from Cardinal Newman, are at hand; but, instead of copying them, I subjoin three extracts from the *Letters* (1881) of a late very learned prelate, Bishop Thirlwall, to whom the temptation to "speak Yankee" was such that, in order to deliver his mind to his satisfaction, he lost little time in dismissing his scruples about yielding to it:

"How happy it is for us that we are totally unable to *realize* (if I may speak Yankee) such a calamity as the cyclone!" Vol ii., p. 22, (March 13, 1865).

"I am truly thankful for the sight of the photograph, which enables me perfectly to *realize* the object which presented itself to the eyes." etc. Vol. ii., p. 25 (April 22 1865).

"I have always been better able to *realize* such stories, since I had my experience," etc. Vol. ii., p. 156 (1868).

Patronage and popular chronology are thus combined in the *Saturday Review*:

"The study of ancient coins may be specially useful in teaching us to *realize*, in modern phrase, the men whose names we read, whose lineaments we scan, on the very pieces of metal which they and their contemporaries handled." Vol. ii., p. 356 (1856). F. H.

Marlesford, England, Sept. 20, 1893.

It was in the definition class; the teacher was giving out the words to spell, and explaining them at the same time. "N-a-p, *nap*, that means a little sleep, you know, Johnny. K-i-n, kin, that means of a family, belonging to a family, do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Pretty soon the class was called up again, and the word "napkin" came up.

"Can any one tell what napkin means? What is it?" asks the teacher.

"I know" yells Johnny; "a sleepy family."

For Friday Afternoon.

HEART COURTESY.

It was only a cup of water with a gentle grace bestowed,
But it cheered a lonely traveller upon a dusty road;
For the way was long and weary, and the resting places few,
And the sun had dried the streamlets and drunk up the sparkling dew;
None noticed the cup of water as a beautiful act of love,
Save the angels keeping the record, away in that land above;
But the record shall never perish, and the trifling deed shall live,
For heaven demands but little from those who have least to give!

It was only a kind word spoken to a weeping little child,
But the thread of its grief was broken, and the little one sweetly smiled;
And nobody stayed to notice so tiny an act of love,
Save the angels keeping the record in the wonderful book above.
And she who had spoken kindly went on her quiet way,
Nor dreamt such a simple action should count at the last great day;
But the pitying words of comfort were heard with a song of joy,
And the listening angels blest her from their beautiful home on high.

It isn't the world praised wonders that are best in our Father's sight,
Nor the wreaths of fading laurels that garnish fame's dizzy height;
But the pitying love and kindness, the work of the warm caress,
The beautiful hope and patience and self-forgetfulness;
The trifle in secret given, the prayer in the quiet night,
And the little unnoticed nothings, are good in our Father's sight.

[*Selected.*

BREAKING THE NEWS.

The sunshine on the kitchen floor
Was darkened. Through the open door
Came Lucy, quick as feet could run,
Her long hair flying in the sun,
Her blue eyes sparkling, and the blood
Bright in her cheek. She came and stood,
Her hand on mother's ironing-board,
And for a moment said no word.
"What is it, Lucy?" "Mother, O,—
Its such a splendid day and so
I felt like running and I came
To tell you—mother, it's a shame
To have you working here like this,
So let me fix you (with a kiss)
And put your pretty collar on.
Who knows but maybe Uncle John
Or some one else from town might call?
I want you to look nice—that's all.
Oh, never mind the ironing. There,
Sit down and let me fix your hair.
Just think! It is a whole long year,
Since first you wore your mourning, dear,
In memory of our poor lost Jack,
And now you ought to put off black
And be more cheerful For suppose
That Jack had not been lost, and those
Two sailor boys who brought the word
Had been mistaken!" "Child you've heard—
What have you heard? Don't tremble so.
Look at me, Lucy." "Ah, no, no,
For I must hurry all I can.
This afternoon, as fast I ran,
Coming from school (now let me place
This purple bow upon the lace
To make a little brightness.) Well,
Ah, mother, there's not much to tell.
If you must know, that was a tear.
I could not help it.
Have no fear.
The dead are safe in heaven, yes,
But not the living. Can't you guess
Who met and kissed me as I ran,
Grown such a tall and handsome man?
He feared the shock might be too great,
So he is waiting at the gate,
But not a moment did I lose,
I came right in to break the news.
And that is why I fixed you, dear,
To look so pretty. Jack, come here."

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J. E. WELLS, M.A., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Editorials.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1894

THE TROUBLE IN THE OTTAWA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

THE dismissal of four teachers, three of them specialists in their departments, from the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, would in itself call for remark. When, however, this dismissal is the result of strained relations between the principal and the Board on one hand, and these assistant teachers on the other, it is very desirable that the teaching profession should be thoroughly informed of the character of the trouble, so that, if the case justifies it, they, through their representatives, the executive of the High School Association, or otherwise, may take such action as may seem desirable.

The trouble began at the re-opening of school in 1893, with a regulation of the Board requiring the teachers of the C. I. to be present in the school at 8:45 a.m., and 1:25 p.m., and to sign a time-book of the actual time of their arrival. It had certainly never been the custom in high schools to insist on these hours of attendance. It has never been the custom, through any length of time, we believe, in any high school of the province, to require the teachers to register their attendance. No complaint had ever been made to the assistant teachers in the Ottawa C. I. concerning any irregularity of attendance on their part. Four of the masters, Messrs. Guillett, Libby, Strothers and Scott, we understand, refused to sign the book, representing to the Board that it was an unwarranted innovation, reflecting on them as responsible teachers. No answer was given the protest, except oral assurance from the chairman that if they complied with the regulation the obnoxious book should be removed. On entering the new school building in December, the teachers found the time-book awaiting them. They petitioned the management committee to remove it, and though the petition was signed by the chief masters of the school, Messrs. Guillett, Joliffe, Scott and Libby, it was rejected on the principle, to quote the *Free Press*, that "the teacher was the servant of the Board and had no right to say what he would or would not do." Their petition being refused, the teachers continued to sign till Christmas, when the Board re-enacted their time-regulation and continued the book. Three of the teachers, Messrs. Guillett, Scott and Libby, conformed to the regulation, but sent a written report to the Board to that effect. A month ago these gentlemen were informed that their services were no longer required.

Throughout these events it was evident that the Headmaster was working with the Board against his assistants. This did much, no doubt, to make worse the already unsatisfactory condition of affairs in the Institute, especially in the relations of the principal and his assistants. These relations became so bad that in February some of the specialists petitioned the Board, setting forth the unsatisfactory state of affairs and holding the Headmaster chiefly responsible, and requesting an investigation.

This investigation seems to have been of a very partizan nature. The signers of the petition were the last called to testify, though it would seem essential to have had their testimony first, so that from the consideration of the definite charges and the primary facts, the Committee of Investigation could have an intelligent conception of the alleged troubles and a proper basis upon which to work. Testimony was given individually and secretly, but the ordinary rules of the law-courts were set aside, as a witness was not allowed a copy of his own or another's testimony to correct or supplement. The Headmaster, who heard all the evidence, received a type-written report, and when, a month later, his reply was given the Board, the petitioners were not permitted to read or hear the reply, and much less to present their report on the evidence.

The Committee of Investigation exonerated the Headmaster from the charges made, and dismissed from their employ not only the signers of the petition, but also Mr. Sidey, who gave testimony against the Headmaster.

These, so far as we can learn, are the facts of the case. But let us make allowance for possible error, and it would seem still clear that a most serious and deplorable state of dissatisfaction has existed in the Collegiate Institute, that the outcome of this is the dismissal of four teachers, whose reputation, both as teachers and as gentlemen, is such that no statement of any partizan tribunal will convince the profession that they have been fairly treated.

For the sake of the independence of the profession, which cannot be too surely guarded or too jealously watched, we ask the High School teachers personally and through the High School Association to press the Government for an impartial investigation. Until that is given, we feel sure that no fair-minded teacher, who knows the facts, or what at present appear to be the facts, will weaken the cause of justice and the dignity of the profession by applying for the positions from which Messrs. Scott, Guillett, Libby, and Sidey have been, so far as now appears, and we have taken some pains to obtain reliable information, unjustly dismissed.

A QUESTION OF PRINCIPLES AND METHODS.

IN another article we have departed somewhat from our usual custom in commenting freely upon the recent action of one of the Collegiate Institute Boards. We have no apology to make for doing so. We deem it quite within our province as a journal published in the intesests of the teaching profession, to discuss a question of this kind, involving, as it does, not merely personal relations between principal and teachers, or between teachers and board, but a question of principle of considerable importance, and somewhat closely related to the status of the profession generally. If the school in question were a private institution, the quarrel might be deemed a personal one between the teachers and their employers, in which case any interference on our part would be impertinent meddling. But in the case of schools which are public institutions under the control of the Education Department and supported to a considerable extent by public funds, it is not only the privilege but the duty of the public journalist, and above all of the educational journalist, to note how they are conducted, and take cognizance of any innovation or attempted innovation which seems inconsistent with sound educational principles, or likely to work injury to the cause of intermediate education. We hope it is unnecessary to add that we have not a particle of per-

sonal feeling or interest in the matter. In fact, the Editor has not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with any one of those concerned in the trouble, on either side. If our version of the affair has failed to do essential justice to any one we shall be very glad to give full opportunity for all necessary corrections.

Our object in referring to the matter in a second article is to ask our readers to look for a moment at the principle involved in the dispute. What is the proper relation of a high school, or collegiate institute board, to the masters in its employ? Rather let us reverse the question, and ask what is the relation of a master in such an institution to the board by which he is employed? Writers on political economy make a broad distinction between two classes of employees, whom we may for convenience designate the mechanical and the professional. When a mechanic employs a journeyman, or a merchant an agent or salesman, the employer may be presumed to know just how his work should be done, or his business carried on, and to give more or less minute directions accordingly. The employee's duty, in such cases, is to obey orders. He may feel sure that in a given matter his employer is making a serious mistake, damaging to his own interests. It may be his duty to express his opinion and give his reasons for it. But if his employer is unconvinced, nothing remains for the employee — we assume, of course, that no question of conscience is involved — to follow the directions given him to the letter, leaving to his employer the full responsibility for the result.

In the case of the professional employee, the relation is very different. No physician would think for a moment of asking his patient, or his patient's friends, how he should treat a certain case. If he should do so and harm result, he would be justly held responsible for malpractice. He is supposed to be guided by his own scientific and professional knowledge and to act on his own responsibility. So it is with the legal adviser, the civil engineer, and every other person who is employed on the ground of his professional knowledge and skill. He is told the particular thing to be done, but left to his own judgment with regard to the best way of doing it. To act on the principle that the professional employee is the servant of his employer and has no right to say what he will or will not do, would not only be manifestly absurd, but would often lead to the most disastrous results to all concerned.

Now to which of these classes do the principal and masters in a high school or collegiate institute belong? (To avoid complication we confine the question to these classes of schools for the present). To ask the question is, surely, to answer it. The masters, as a rule, are the persons who are supposed and required to have the knowledge, the experience, and the skill required for the management of the school. It would be absurd to assume that the ordinary Board of Trustees have the qualifications necessary to fit them for directing the details of the conduct of the schools. Common sense teaches that their duty is to engage teachers who can produce satisfactory evidence of qualification for their work, trust them to carry on, under the Government inspection, the school according to their own sense of duty, and judge them by the results accomplished. Hence we hold that whenever any board of managers attempts to go beyond this, and give minute directions for the management of the school, they make a mistake analogous to that of the client who undertakes to direct his lawyer in the details of his management of his suit in court. Such a mistake the Ottawa Board made when they directed that the masters of the Collegiate Institute should be required to be present at the school fifteen minutes before the time of opening, morning and noon. We are sorry to see that the Toronto Board is making the same mistake.

Two or three additional remarks are suggested. One of the greatest dangers in connection with our whole system of public education is, we make bold to say, the tendency to reduce it too nearly to the basis of a civil service machine. This tendency is to some extent inevitable. But it must be evident to most thoughtful minds that the more the freedom and individuality of the teachers in all grades of schools can be preserved, and the more fully their sense of individual responsibility and influence can be developed, the better will it be for all concerned. Few things would tend more directly to discourage the highest ambition in the teacher, to dampen his enthusiasm in his work, and to bring about a perfunctory and lifeless discharge of his high duties, than to tie him down at every turn by a set of official rules, instead of throwing upon him the responsibility of following the dictates of his own judgment and conscience in view of what he must see to be necessary for the right discharge of his professional duties.

But, it may be said, it is the first duty of a school board to uphold the authority of the principal whom they have chosen, presumably, on the ground of special qualifications, and whom they must hold primarily responsible for the good government of the school. Granted. But we maintain that nothing can be more injurious to the true authority of a principal than for a board to attempt to aid him by passing a set of petty regulations for the government of his associate masters, thus encouraging him to fall back upon such regulations for support in the exercise of his legitimate authority. The principal who cannot, in virtue both of personal force of character and of the authority of his office, carry with him—we say this with no persanal reference — the judgment and confidence of his associates, so far as necessary for the cheerful and hearty carrying out of any special regulation necessary for the good government of the school, will in vain attempt to accomplish his purpose by invoking a special rule of the board. [Let us take, simply for example, the new rule of the Ottawa and Toronto boards]. It is easy to see excellent reasons why some one in authority should be in attendance at a large High School or Collegiate Institute at least fifteen minutes before the time of opening, both in the morning and at noon. It would, perhaps be too much to expect that the principal should himself undertake the whole burden of this extra duty. But what could be simpler or more natural than that he should consult with his staff of teachers and secure their co-operation in a methodical arrangement whereby this duty would be undertaken in turn by the different members of the staff. Any master who would not cheerfully concur in such an arrangement and undertake to do his part, would by his refusal prove himself unworthy of his position, and the principal should have power to effect his discharge without delay. But why, on the other hand, should the board be required to intervene, in such a matter of detail, and impose what is virtually an additional half-hour's work daily upon every master in the school? It may, perhaps, be even questionable whether, seeing that the school hours are prescribed by Departmental regulation, it is properly within the power of a school board to require a longer attendance than than prescribed. If they may add a half-hour, why not an hour, or two hours? But, be that as it may, what a waste of time is involved in requiring the attendance of, say, ten masters half-an-hour each day for the performance of a service which might, so far as appears, be just as well done by one. This is just what may be expected when a school board undertakes to make and enforce regulations which belong properly to the principal and his staff.

The present number of the Journal is to some extent, a holiday number, and some of the more strictly practical departments are, therefore, omitted. It will, notwithstanding, be found to contain several original articles of special value, and will we venture to say, be found worth careful reading from cover to cover.

Special Papers.

OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES.

BY NELLIE SPENCE, B.A., PARKDALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

NOT a few graduates of Canadian Universities have in recent years won distinction in post-graduate study at foreign universities. Indeed, the practice of following up an ordinary Bachelor of Arts course by more minute and special research has become so common that the question is being seriously discussed whether, as a means of self-preservation, Canada herself must not soon provide facilities for advanced work. The young men—and it is now becoming a matter of the young women too—who go to American, Swiss, or German universities, are almost invariably lost to their native country. But, at any rate in Ontario, the prospect of establishing a post-graduate course is vague and very distant.

It is a rather significant fact that very few Canadians go to an English University to complete their academical studies. Yet this is not to be wondered at, considering the fact that though the best American and German Universities accept without question a degree obtained, say at the University of Toronto, neither Oxford nor Cambridge does this. There is really no such thing as post-graduate work, properly speaking, at these universities. A graduate of good standing will, if he desires admission, be required to stand a preliminary examination which will determine his status. At Heidelberg, Zurich, Johns Hopkins, his diploma is an Open Sesame. Naturally enough Canadian students flock to these places and shun Oxford and Cambridge. It is rather curious, to say the least, that England will not do for her colonies what other countries do without hesitation.

Notwithstanding this, a place like Oxford, with its old historic associations, has many attractions to the student. Its history is almost co-extensive with that of the English people. The examination test required of incoming students is probably more formidable in appearance than in reality. To a letter of inquiry which I wrote the Registrar a year ago, he replied that, though I should have to go through the form, I should without doubt be admitted to third year standing. That is, a graduate of Toronto University would be required to take two years further work before being admitted to an Oxford degree.

As is well known, Oxford has now facilities for women students as well as for men. An annex, combining a residence and lecture-rooms, has been provided. The rules of the Institution, a copy of which the Registrar kindly sent me, appear to me somewhat too suggestive of ordinary boarding-school life; otherwise the annex appeared quite alluring. Of course the actual degrees are not yet conferred on women, though the certificates which they receive are practically as good. At the time at which I wrote to Oxford, I wrote also to all the other universities I could think of, where advanced work was carried on, and I found, not to my entire satisfaction, that with the single exception, I think, of Zurich, women are not on quite an equal footing with men at the first universities where post-graduate work is done. I believe there are some American universities, notably the new University of Chicago (in whose roll I noticed a large number of women's names last fall) which admit women to all lectures and degrees; but in neither of the two principal universities of Harvard or Cambridge is this the case. From the German universities women are almost entirely excluded.

The absence of any reference to the women students of Oxford was, I must confess, the chief thing I observed in reading a delightful little volume recently published by Mr. Goldwin Smith on this University. One of the purposes of the author, as stated in the preface, was to call the attention of the post-graduating students to this old seat of learning. I was not, however, surprised that a writer whose conservative opinions on the subject of woman, and whose caustic remarks on university women are so frequently expressed and so well known, should keep silence as to the women of Oxford University. Otherwise the little book seems to contain a complete sketch of Oxford, its history, its different colleges and their founders, and its present condition. The book is written with all the charm of style which characterizes the author. Perhaps the description of medieval Oxford is the most interesting part of the book. The origin of the now so common word "plucking" dates back to the old ceremony of conferring degrees. Before each degree was conconferred, the Proctors marched up and down the house to give any objector to the degree—an unsatisfied creditor, for example—the opportunity of entering a *caveat* by "plucking" the Proctor's sleeve. In those times the graduation ceremonies used to be "enlivened and sometimes disgraced by the jests of the "*terrae filius*," a licensed or tolerated buffoon, whose personalities provoked the indignation of Evelyn, and, in one case, at least, were visited with expulsion. It is now enlivened, and, as visitors think, sometimes disgraced, by the uproarious joking of the undergraduates' gallery. This modern license the authorities are believed to have brought on themselves by encouraging political demonstrations.

Interesting bits of personal anecdote are interwoven with the sketch. One of the most amusing of these is one about the inauguration of the Iron Duke as Chancellor of the university. "This was the climax of Oxford's devotion to the Tory party, and such was the gathering as to cause it to be said that if the roof of the Sheldonian theatre had then fallen in, the party would have been extinguished. The Duke, as if to mark the incongruity, put on his academical cap with the wrong side in front, and in reading his Latin speech lapsed into a thundering false quantity."

Another concerns Dr. Radcliffe, whose name is perpetuated in a reading-room of the Bodleian. He was Court Physician and despot of the profession in the times of William III and Anne. "He it was who told William III that he would not have his majesty's two legs for his three kingdoms, and who is said to have punished the giver of a niggardly fee by a benediction of death; which was fulfilled by the terrors of the patient."

It is rather surprising to be reminded that Oxford, generally known as a hotbed of Toryism, was liberal in *its* medieval times. "It took the part of the barons and De Montfort against Henry III, and a corps of its students fought against the king under their own banner at Northampton. Instead of being the stronghold of reaction, it was the focus of active, even of turbulent aspiration, and the saying ran that when there was fighting at Oxford there was war in England."

Another surprising thing to reflect upon is that Oxford, the university of the wealthy in our times, was, in the middle ages, the home of poor students. "The students in those days were mostly poor. Their indigence was almost taken for granted. Some of them begged; chests were provided by the charitable for loans to them. A poor student's life was hard; if he was earnest in study, heroic. He shared a room with three or four chums, he slept under a rug, his fare was coarse and scanty, his garment was the gown which has now become merely an academical symbol, and thankful he was to be provided with a new one. He had no fire in his room, no glass in his window. As his exercises in the university began at five in the morning, it is not likely that he read much at night, otherwise he would have to read by the light of a feeble lamp flickering with the wind. His manuscript was painful to read. The city was filthy, the water polluted with sewage. Pestilence often swept through the crowded hive."

The changes which time has made in the old university, the development from Liberalism to Toryism and in very recent years back from Toryism to a Liberalism which is moderate enough probably, since it seems to win the approval of such a moderate Liberal as Mr. Goldwin Smith, are clearly and well described. The Oxford of to-day, with its "liberal, free, and progressive" spirit is warmly praised. But censure is mingled with the praise, and one feature in particular of modern college life (not by any means confined to Oxford or England) calls for the severest disapproval. It is "the childish devotion to games and sports, as if they were the end of existence."

In the long list of great names associated with Oxford, the reader does not find the name of one of her most brilliant graduates and representatives, Mr. Gladstone. As is well known, Mr. Gladstone took a double-first at graduating, and in the early part of his parliamentary career (not indeed at first, but for a considerable time during the great statesman's period of Toryism) was one of Oxford's parliamentary representatives. To Mr. Goldwin Smith, however, the man who, according to his opinion, has made the governing power of England "a wild and unbridled democracy," and brought the old land into a terrible political crisis, would scarcely be considered a glory to the university which sent him forth.

The book, like all Mr. Goldwin Smith's productions, is interesting from beginning to end. There are few writers who are so readable in whatever they write as is Prof. Smith, as there are few who rouse so much the reader's combativeness. This little book, being necessarily free from the fierce forensics in which the writer sometimes indulges, and in which he indulged to the full in his volume of essays published last winter, is more refreshing, though less rousing, than that volume. The book is gotten up in dainty, diminutive form, prettily bound, and is a most acceptable holiday book.

(MacMillan & Co., London and New York. Copp Clark Co., Toronto.)

*THE RELATIONS OF THE TEACHER TO THE SCHOOL.

BY N. MCINTYRE, PRESIDENT OF THE EAST MIDDLESEX TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

A WELL KNOWN American writer said "The wisest and best men that have appeared upon earth have come as teachers." This is true, for in remote antiquity Confucius came a teacher of righteousness and wisdom among Chinese; Socrates was a teacher in refined Greece, and some of the best men in Athens listened to his instructions, while the teachings of two of his pupils have enlightened the world down to the present time. Our Saviour was first known as a teacher of righteousness. He is still our teacher. The office of teacher is in its nature the highest office upon this earth. That it is not considered such is due to the fact that so many have entered upon it without fitness of mind or character for its exacting duties, and that men are only beginning to estimate things according to their true value.

Is it a small matter to take charge of a school of thinking, immortal beings, to educate their faculties and prepare them for all the duties of life, without some previous knowledge or study of the nature of those beings, and some serious consideration of the way in which they may be best fitted for their future position and relations in life?

The importance and responsibility of the office of teacher are sadly undervalued. A very common impression is that any person of tolerable character, who has been through school, and acquired the elements of the branches taught, is qualified to teach, as if the art of teaching were nothing more than pouring into the mind of another what has been poured into the mind of the teacher; as if there were no such thing as mind to act upon, habits to form, or character

*An address delivered at the May meeting of the East Middlesex Teachers' Association.

to influence. To run a locomotive a man must be educated by years of apprenticeship, but to fill the mind with useful knowledge, to train the moral nature, in which the very sentiment of duty resides, that it may be fitted for an honorable and worthy fulfilment of the public and private offices of life, to do all this is supposed to require no study, no apprenticeship, no preparation.

If education is worth having it is worth paying for. The teacher's salary should bear some proportion to his responsibilities, qualifications, and success. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and no people should be so mean or so forgetful of their children's interests as to only half pay for their teacher's services. So useful, so important is the faithful teacher's work that he can never be fully paid for it in this world. What are the paltry few hundred dollars which he annually receives, compared with the value of the services rendered? An intelligent community should blush at the idea of paying teachers starvation wages. An intelligent community will not do it. They will have a better appreciation of their own and their children's interests. Besides, intelligent people have too high a sense of honor to offer half-a-year's pay for a year's work. "Every member of a society," says Goldsmith, "should be paid in proportion as he is necessary," and I will be bold enough to say that teachers in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children are more in need of instruction than their parents. Of all professions in society, I do not know a more honorable one than that of a teacher; at the same time, I do not see any whose talents and services are so ill-rewarded. I would make the business of a teacher in every way more respectable, by increasing teachers' salaries, and admitting only men and women of proper abilities. Masters and teachers, when they are men of learning and reputation, cannot be too highly prized in a country.

The teacher of the public school has in many instances been appointed without due consideration. Often he has been an entire stranger to the work or the district, or an applicant of whom it was only known that he needed the place and would take it at a low rate of wages. Often his only recommendation has been that he could find no other employment. A natural effect has been that the qualifications are not inquired into, if the teacher can be had for a few dollars less.

This undervaluing the office of teacher is totally wrong and false. Thousands are so situated that they must receive their whole preparation at the public school. They are here at the period of life when their whole nature is in the highest degree susceptible of impressions, good or bad. Everything noble and generous as well as everything base and selfish in the teacher may waken an echo in the heart of the child. Every quality in the character of the teacher becomes an element in forming theirs. The teacher who has sown the seed must wait days and weeks and months and even years before he can expect to see its fruits. Let him not be discouraged that he accomplishes no more. All real progress is by the law of nature slow. Of all things the human character is most slowly brought to perfection.

Cheerfulness in the face of the teacher is sunshine to the child. The teacher should study and obey the laws of health that he may not be a source of unhappiness to others in consequence of his neglect.

Kindness must be the teacher's great instrument. By no other can he add so much to the happiness of his pupils or so easily control them. A teacher should be of a forgiving spirit. Forgiveness wins more than punishment drives. One forms the heart to nobleness, the other tends to harden it.

The teacher should have a strong sentiment and a quick perception of injustice, and he should endeavor to be strictly just. The sentiment of justice is so important in the human character, its office is so high, and the occasions for its exercise are so frequent in human life, that a teacher's duty cannot be considered well performed unless he takes pains to form and cultivate a love of justice.

System is essential in a school. It helps all things. It renders government easy. It preserves quiet and good feeling. It saves time. it prevents impatience and injustice. Unless a just allotment of time, according to the claims of each and of all, be fixed and adhered to, some must suffer neglect. Once established, such a system has a tendency to preserve itself. It requires a talent for order to establish such a system. He who has little power to establish and preserve order ought to cease to attempt to teach.

A most important part of the duty of a teacher is to awaken the sense of duty. But it must exist in his own breast before he can arouse it in that of another. Most of his exertions have not the visible external rewards which follow earnest exertions in almost every other field of labor. Their immediate effects are hidden, and however full of hope he may be, he will be liable to be discouraged if he has not the conscientious feeling whereby faithful exertion carries with it its own reward. A quick, clear sense of right and wrong, a resolute purpose to do right because it is right, and to avoid wrong because it is wrong, is the highest principle that can pervade the character of child or man. It is the deep foundation on which everything most excellent in the character must rest.

The quality of firmness comes in to strengthen all the rest. It saves time and prevents pain. But firmness never need be harsh. Gentleness and firmness should be united. The child should feel that the resistless hand of a strong man is upon him, but that it is the hand of a father.

He should have a talent for command, and should be able to establish his authority. All the other influences he can exert are important, but after all, a school must be reduced to subordination, and kept in subordination by authority.

Some teachers give the idea to little boys that in becoming good they are going to become gloomy, and miserable, and to lose everything that makes a boy's life worth living, that they will have to stop base ball, and story books and become little old men, and spend all their time in going to meetings and singing hymns. That is not the way to form character. It is as natural for character to unfold and become beautiful as for a flower to grow, and if on this earth there is not some machinery for effecting it, the supreme gift has been forgotten. Therefore love the little children, for love is the fulfilling of the law. It is the rule for fulfilling all rules.

Things were so arranged in the original planning of this world that certain effects must follow certain causes, and certain causes must be abolished before certain effects can be prevented. Nothing that happens in this world happens by chance. Everything is arranged upon definite principles, and never at random. So do not quarrel with your lot in life. Do not complain of its never ceasing cares, its cramping environments, the petty vexations you have to endure, the small and sordid souls you have to live and work with. Above all, do not resent temptation, do not be perplexed because it seems to close in 'round you more and more, and ceases neither for effort nor for agony. Christ's life outwardly was one of the most troubled lives that was ever lived, but the great calm was always there.

Do not isolate yourself. Be a man among men and a power among troubles and difficulties and obstacles. Remember Gœthe's words, "Talent develops itself in solitude, character in the stream of life." Talking about difficulties, as a rule, only aggravates them. Entire satisfaction for the intellect is unattainable about the greater problems, and if you try to get to the bottom of them by argument, there is no bottom there, and therefore you make the matter worse.

Some of you, regarding the low estimation in which the office is sometimes held, may be tempted to say: With these gifts and this education, shall I sacrifice myself in the seclusion of a school room! If your ambition is for an ephemeral distinction, there is no place for you within the school walls. Be ambitious of power—of the power to make yourself useful. Where will you have so much opportunity or of so high a kind as here? Where else can you do so much? The school is the great reforming instrument. How many of the hopes of the improvement of the race cluster about it? You are surrounded by innocent childhood and generous youth, the hope of your native country, full of gentleness, uncorrupted by the world, open to all good thoughts and noble sentiments, full of warm affections, eager for improvement, and burning with a desire for excellence. To-day they are children, to-morrow they will be men and women, the fathers and mothers of the land. They crowd around you, waiting to receive the impress which your character shall give them. That little Maggie or Hattie may be the future mother of a Wellington or a Nelson. By informing her heart with the highest principles you may do something to advance the highest welfare of humanity. These boys are soon to fill the halls of legislation, the workshops, the fields, the schools of philosophy, the ranks of literature, the pulpit, the desk of the editor, the chair of the teacher. There is not a calling, however high or glorious, to which some one of your pupils may not attain. If you have genius enough to enkindle his, if you have knowledge enough to give a right direction to his thoughts, if you have nobleness enough to give a higher aim to his young aspirations for excellence, you will have no mean agency in elevating the character of your country and mankind. Is not this enough for your ambition? What on this earth would you have higher?

As the teacher so is the school. The school reflects the great influence of the teacher upon the character and conduct, the present and future welfare of all who are in it. Qualities pass insensibly from the teacher into the character of the pupil, and contribute to form it. Thus a spirit of order diffuses itself, so does the love of application, of punctuality, of neatness, of labor, a spirit of courtesy, a cheerful and contented spirit. If children could hear only pure, refined, and generous feelings expressed, they would derive only good from this source. The teacher should take care that, so far as relates to himself, this shall be the case. Children are great imitators.

It is not by our good qualities alone that we influence our pupils. They are hardly less prone to sympathize with and imitate our weaknesses and vices, than our virtues. It is in vain that we would give lessons of order if our affairs are in confusion, or enforce gentleness with words of violence. It is our voice, our look, our manner, they will understand and feel. Trustees should not introduce into a school any teacher whose qualities they are not willing to see wrought into the character and lives of the future man. And the teacher should not carry with him into school principles, feelings, motives, or habits, whose seeds he is not willing to sow in the hearts of children.

The teacher's success and usefulness in school often depend on the terms of his intercourse with the parents of his pupils. He should not shun society. He must sometimes meet those with whom he can associate on equal terms, and those he cannot help regarding as his superiors, if he would avoid in himself the self-conceit which is often the characteristic of a school teacher.

A great defect in our schools is the want of respect for superiors. This leads to ill manners of every kind; for children ought to regard all grown persons as their superiors, and be taught to respect them. Every teacher may do much to inculcate a right feeling in children towards their superiors, and a simple and modest habit of expressing it. It is the duty of every teacher to do what he can for the benefit of his pupils

in every respect,—in manners as well as in morals. They are intimately connected. Good manners are merely the outward expression of good feelings and good morals, and there must be some great defect in the latter when there is so much that is wrong in the former. Much may be done towards correcting this by the example and instructions of a teacher who is himself modest. He should inculcate obedience to parents and respect for the aged and for the stranger.

Children should be taught as early as possible to feel how mean, base, cowardly, and wicked a thing falsehood is; and how noble, generous and glorious it is always to tell the truth. Nothing is so important to the future character of a child as that he should have the right feeling, and built upon the feeling and growing out of it, the right habit in regard to truth and falsehood. Children are too often made liars by the examples set them from their earliest days. They are coaxed by falsehood, by what are called white lies, to get up and to go to bed, to go to play, and to give up their playthings, to give up food and to take medicine. They are often coaxed by falsehood into being good. They should never be deceived. A promise made to a child, like every other promise, should always be kept. There is no such thing as a white lie. Every deception is a lie, and if practised upon a child, injures and tends to destroy his moral sense.

Another snare into which a teacher falls is allowing children to make too many promises. Christ's command is, "Swear not at all." He knew the weakness of the heart, and the more you examine the subject the more fully will you be convinced that he was right. There is something wrong in the school system which induces children to have recourse to falsehood in order to avoid punishment. The teacher should avoid any mistake of this kind, as he should teach that falsehood is worse than any other offence of which children can be guilty.

Science.

Edited by W. H. Jenkins, B.A., Science Master Owen Sound Collegiate Institute.

THORNS AND PRICKLES.

We distinguish in plants two kinds of prickles, those provided with conducting bundles and those that have none. The first have a central cylinder which connects them with the organ that carries them. They are transformed branches or folier organs, and are commonly designated as thorns and spines. The second are of purely cortical, or even epidermic, origin, and are called prickles. Mr. A. Lothelier has undertaken an anatomical study of these two kinds of very distinct organs in considering successfully, among thorns or spines, those that possess the morphological signification of branches and those which, being of folier origin, represent leaves, or merely the teeth of leaves, or stipules.

Mr. Lothelier has thus not only ascertained the exact structure of organs as yet incompletely examined in their entirety, but has established the exact origin of a certain number whose true morphological nature was unknown or doubtful.

For example, it is now established that the prickles of *Xanthoxylum planispinum* and *fraxineum*, as well as those of *Capparis spinosa*, are prickles, properly so called; that the spines of the stalk of *Xanthium spinosum* have the value of floral peduncles concrescent with stipules; and that the prickles of the burs of *Castanea vulgaris*, like those with which a large number of fruits are provided (*Datura stramonium*, *Æsculus hippocastanum*, *Ricinus communis*, etc.,) represent the teeth of leaves.

In all these, and in many other cases, the anatomy alone permitted of drawing precise conclusions. It was impossible, through external characters, to legitimately prejudge the value of the organ simply from its position upon the plant.

In a general way, the results of Mr. Lothelier's work may be stated as follows:

The spine, when it is due to the transformation of a branch, owes it power of resistance and its hardness especially to the great development of the central cylinder and to the energetic sclerification of the pith, which increases more and more from the apex. It is only quite rarely that the pericycle presents a marked sclerosis at the same time. On the contrary, in the spine that is derived from the leaf, the supporting tissue is in most cases principally formed of the sclerosis sheath of the pericycle. The central parenchyma undergoes but a relatively slight sclerification. The stereoma is here found in a zone intermediate between the centre and the epidermis.

In prickles, which exhibit a great uniformity of structure, the stereoma is, with rare exceptions, completely relegated to the exterior. As for the origin of these prickles upon the bark, it is, according to the species, of greater or less depth. While superficial in the roses, the mother cells may, in the *Rubi*, for example, be contiguous to the endodermis. In this latter case, we may, if we desire, see a transition between prickles and spines.

VACATION.

"What shall we do during vacation?" is a question which thousands of teachers have asked themselves over and over again during the past few weeks. To the lover of nature the call is to the lakes and woods. To the science teacher they appeal with special force. He recalls many a day of camp life filled with the delights of a wood ramble, learning the haunts of our songbirds, listening to their strains of pleasure and pain, searching in unfrequented places for the rarer flowers, or unravelling the complexities of a geological formation. For him there are

"Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks,
And good in everything."

His companions are Gray and Jordan, Dana, Burroughs, McIlwraith, Apgar and Scudder, enthusiasts all and masters.

"Secrets lurk on all sides. There is news on every bush. Expectation is ever on tiptoe. What no man ever saw before may the next moment be revealed to you. What a new interest the woods have! How you long to explore every nook and corner of them! You would even find consolation in being lost in them. If you wander you can never go out of your way. Audubon on the desolate coast of Labrador was happier than king ever was. Take the first step in ornithology, procure one new specimen and you are ticketed for the whole voyage. There is a fascination about it quite overpowering." And best of all there are rest and health, inspiration and enthusiasm. For a student already entered, or intending to enter on a science course, no better vacation could be spent than in thus acquiring a knowledge at first hand of our flowers and trees, our birds and fish; once started he will seldom retreat.

BOTANICAL SECTIONS.

A correspondent asks for directions for using Celloidin in preparing sections. Unless the tissues are very delicate, this as all other processes of imbedding, is troublesome, and should be used only when time is no important factor. It may be used as follows: Prepare two solutions of celloidin, one thin, the other thick, by dissolving in a mixture of equal parts of ether and absolute alcohol. The object should not be more than one-half an inch long. Thoroughly dehydrate the specimen in absolute alcohol and soak for a day in the thin solution of celloidin, then immerse for 8 or 10 hours in the thick solution. Imbed as follows: Place a little of the thick solution on a cork and allow to dry. Add several layers until quite a mass is built up. Transfer the specimen to the cork and build the celloidin up over it. Sink the cork in 82 per cent. alcohol, not more, and allow to remain for 36 hours. In cutting keep the knife wet with 60 per cent. alcohol.

The following is a very good order of procedure:

1. If the material is fresh, dehydrate in alcohol of gradually increasing strength; if alcoholic and hard, soak in alcohol and glycerine, equal parts, until soft.
2. Soak 24 hours in thin celloidin.
3. Soak 24 hours in thick celloidin.
4. Imbed in celloidin and immerse in 82 per cent. alcohol for 24 to 36 hours.
5. Cut sections, having knife and specimen moistened with 60 per cent. alcohol.
6. Place sections in 35 per cent. alcohol, then stain, and place in 35 per cent. alcohol with a few drops of hydrochloric acid; place in 82 per cent. alcohol.
7. Place in 95 per cent. alcohol for not more than half a minute, then place on a glass slip and flood twice with chloroform to clear; work quickly and before all chloroform evaporates drop on balsam and cover.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. A. B.—The plant you send belongs to the order Orchidaceæ, genus Corallorhiza, species MaCraei.

The fern you mention, scolopendrium vulgare is rare. It is found in the neighborhood of Owen Sound in deep crevices in limestone cliffs.

W. H. G.—*Qu.* In the H. S. Chemistry an experiment is mentioned as follows: Heat a spiral of platinum wire until glowing and plunge it into the vapor of ammonia. How do you explain the continued glowing of the Platinum?

Ans. This question has been answered in a previous number. Platinum has the power of condensing oxygen on its surface. When hot, the oxygen on the Pt. unites with the hydrogen of the ammonia, and the chemical action thus effected produces sufficient heat to cause the platinum to glow for some time.

Literary Notes.

After an inspiriting poem by Wm R. Thayer, with pictures by Birch, the prose leader in the July *St. Nicholas* is a story by Alice Balch Abbot, entitled "Nan Merrifield's Choice." Nan, a young school-girl, with some local reputation for "speaking pieces" of a humorous sort, decides that declamation is worthy of serving higher purposes than raising a laugh, and she therefore learns and speaks Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Miss Seawell's serial, "Decatur and Somers," is likewise fitted to the season, as this instalment deals with the destruction of the "Philadelphia" in Tripoli harbor—an achievement worthy to rank with Cushing's sinking of the "Albermarle." Gustav Kobbe's interesting little article upon the imposing "Drum-Major" may also be deemed especially seasonable. "A Visit to the North Pole" is a bit of natural science that will cause much pleasant discussion. From the author, Thomas Winthrop Hall, we learn that there is really and truly one spot on the earth where it is every time of day at once!—and where every wind is a south wind and cold at that!—and where every road leads south! Laura E. Richard's clever verses "Ichthyology," and their no less clever illustrations by A. R. Wheelan, and "The Studlefunks' Bonfire," by J. W. Fosdick and other articles and sketches make up a good number.

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Among the valuable articles in July *Arena* are Mrs. Helen H. Gardiner's paper on "Environment; Can Heredity be Modified?"; "Whittier's Religion" by Rev. W. H. Savage; Monometalism and Protection," by C. S. Thomas, one of the ablest bi-metallist advocates in the country. "Occult Science in Thibet" is treated by Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph.D., "India Silver, Wheat and Cotton" by Samuel Leavitt is another splendid presentation of the argument for bi-metallism. James L. Hughes criticizes Prof. Goldwin Smith's arguments against the enfranchisement of women. "The Higher Evolution of Man" by Henry Wood is an ethical paper of value. Mr. B. O. Flower discusses Japan's treaties and the subsequent legislative operations of the English and American governments, in a paper called "Justice for Japan." Henry Frank outlines "The Crusade of the Unemployed." "How They Boomed the Elgin Street Church" is a story that gives an inside view of the politics of a fashionable temple. Walter Blackburn Harte contributes a story called "Awakened," a social study. The Editor, Mr. B. O. Flower discussing "Crucial Moments in National Life" shows that the decay of great empires has been through materialism and slavery. There is a valuable symposium on Public Parks and Playgrounds, which is of great educational value and should be put in every aldermanic civic school.

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As becomes a July number of any magazine, the *Atlantic* for this month has its share of out-of-door papers. They show more than one way of getting a change of scene and air, for besides

Mr. Frank Bolles's Nova Scotia paper, "The Home of Glooscap," and Mr. Bradford Torrey's Florida Sketch, "On the Beach at Daytona," an unsigned article, "The City on the House-tops," gives a vivid and sympathetic picture of the summer life on the roofs of houses in the most crowded quarters of New York. Mr. W. R. Thayer, has edited for the *Atlantic* the letters of Sidney Lanier to a Philadelphia friend. Professor Tyrell, of Dublin, takes one into the far past with his study of "Lucretius," and "The Red Bridal," a Japanese love story, by Lafcadio Hearn, goes as far into the remote East. Two political papers of unusual value are Mr. Harvey N. Shepherd's "The Mayor and the City," and Professor J. Laurance Laughlin's "Monetary Reform in Santo Domingo." "Philip and his Wife" proceeds in three stirring Chapters, and Mrs. Catherwood supplies a French Canadian story, "Pontiac's Lookout." Some biographical reminiscences of the "Baroness Tautphœus," by Mrs. M. L. Thompson, should surely be mentioned in direct connection with these stories by women.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Book Notices, etc.

The Theory and Practice of Teaching, by David P. Page, (Chicago: A Flanagan). A far superior edition of this book by another publisher has lately been noticed in our columns. The questions attached to each chapter of the present edition are childish and insipid in the extreme.

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Messrs. Macmillan & Co., have added three numbers to their series of Elementary Classics: *Thucydides, Fall of Platæa and Plague at Athens*, by W. T. Sutthery and A. S. Graves; *Homer, Illiad XXIV*, by Walter Leaf and M. A. Bayfield, and *Quintus Curtius, Selections*, by F. Coverly Smith, (Copp, Clark & Co., Agents, Toronto).

For the second of these, when it shall come to be read in the schools, the editor's names are sufficient. The third we particularly and earnestly recommend to classical teachers, who are looking for some convenient material for sight translation. A school could not do better than acquire a set of this little book for regular class work. The ease and interest of the Latin, and the vocabulary, supply all the desiderata.

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The Progressive Speller, a complete Spelling Book, arranged for advanced Primary, Intermediate and Grammar Grades, by E. P. Sever, 30cts. Boston, U.S.A.: D.C. Heath & Co.

Those teachers who use spelling books will find many good features in this little volume. It gives reasonable space to the meaning and use as well as forms of words, pays attention to the important matter of correct pronounciation, introduces letter writing, sentence building, and makes liberal provision for seat-work with words.

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Xenophon's Anabasis, books I-IV, with Vocabulary, by Professor Goodwin, revised edition, (Ginn & Co). Professor White has added an introduction to this edition.

This edition of course at once challenges a comparison with the edition of Professors Harper and Wallace. He would be a foolhardy bookmaker who should put forth another edition into competition with either. Frankly, it may be said, that, while the latter edition is the most attractive, Professor Goodwin's shows greater scholarship. In completeness and accuracy, they are both beyond criticism. The footnotes of Professor Harper's edition do somewhat disfigure the page, but they are certainly more valuable, so-placed. The great feature of Professor Goodwin's edition is the dictionary compiled by Professors White and Morgan. Nothing to equal this has yet appeared in any school-book. The notes in Professor Goodwin's also differ in one important respect from those of Professors Harper and Wallace: they are not solely grammatical references, but give at the same time a hint of the construction involved. In typography, paper and binding the book is worthy of the author's names.

Two Bites at a Cherry with other Tales, by T. B. Aldrich, pp. 266; 1 shilling. Edinburg: Douglas; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

The author of Marjorie Dow has sustained his reputation in this last volume. At least three of the seven short stories contained in it are first-class, while all are readable, written as they are with the author's command of delicate sentiment, subtle humor, and at times tragic pathos. The humor in "My Cousin the Colonel" and the heroic courage in poverty portrayed in "For Bravery in the Field of Battle" mark these out from the other stories. The latter in spite of a somewhat theatrical touch in the climax of the plot is a worthy companion to "Quite So," which delighted Aldrich's earlier admirers. "Two Bites at a Cherry," you are sure to devour in one bite. Most of the stories already familiar to readers of the monthlies, but a better book to take along on a summer outing you cannot get.

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A Historical Geography of the British Colonies by C. P. Lucas, B.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and the Colonial Office, London. Vol III, West Africa, with maps, Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

The publication of this series of volumes is most opportune. The colonies of Great Britain are rising rapidly into an importance they have never before attained. As a consequence very many, no doubt, are feeling the need of better information in regard to them, and are looking around for the best means of obtaining it. These volumes supply just the kind of information, historical, descriptive and commercial, which is desired, in a thoroughly trustworthy form and up to date. The volumes on Africa will be specially welcome, for the changes which have taken place in the once dark continent within a score of years put most of us quite at fault so far as the lessons of our school days are concerned. They supply information which every intelligent person is supposed to possess, but which in the absence of a fresh treatise like this, it is often very difficult to procure.

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The Philosophy of Teaching, by Arnold Tompkins. (Boston: Ginn & Co).

It is with pleasure that we introduce a work of original power. The author's logical studies have, it is true, tended to limit him somewhat on the side of concrete presentation. But this is the great fault of most pedagogical literature, which labors in a haze of psychological abstractions, and Mr. Tompkins may be fairly regarded as an exception. He may be too logically concise, he is never hazy nor obscure. His qualities of heart are not less than those of his intellect. His fine brevity, his freedom from predilections, his catholic sympathies, his breadth of view are beyond praise. He could never produce either a theorist or a pedant. We are particularly struck with his treatment of literature-teaching, and the report of the "committee of ten." In a few words he completely enunciates the principle of educational values, wisely leaving the working out of this principle to others or to another occasion. Could his views as to the teaching of literature in any measure prevail, they would soon cut away the fungus of rhetoric and criticism and pedagogical theories of presentation that discredit the teaching of what, we believe, has come to stay.

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Yet another member of the Arnold family has made his appearance in literature. This is Edwin Tester Arnold, a son of Sir Edwin Arnold. Edwin Tester made his literary *debut* in a story, "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra, the Phœnician," which received favorable comment from such authorities as *The Athenæum, Spectator, Guardian, Glasgow Herald*, and *Scottish Leader*. A second story has just made its appearance, a story of early times, of the struggles between the Knights of St. John and the Mohammedans. It is entitled, "The Constable of St. Nicholas," and is written in a vigorous and entertaining, though, in some respects, amateurish style. An Arnold has advantages and yet disadvantages in appealing to the public. He more easily gains a hearing, but the criticism is likely to be more severe. "The Constable of St. Nicholas" is a book to be read at a sitting. Love, war, heroism and villany are interwoven sufficiently well to make an interesting story. There is little character delineation, little reflection, little of that subtle insight into human nature and its mysterious undercurrents which marks the real master in fiction. Edwin Tester must do much better work than he has done yet before he will add fresh lustre to the noble name he bears. At the same time there are indications that strong feeling and fine fancy are by no means lacking in the young author. (Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly, London; Copp, Clark Co., Toronto)

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Classic Myths in English Literature, edited by Charles Mills Gayley, pp. 539; Boston: Ginn & Co.

Blufinch's Age of Fables has so long been favorably known as a popular study of Greek, Norse and Oriental myths illustrated by English poetry that any revision or new edition is sure of interested readers. The present volume was at first intended as a revision of Bulfinch's work, but then half the matter is new and the old matter is rearranged, so that the old volume can scarcely be recognized in the new. The work in its new form deals with the origin, elements and distribution of myths; outlines the records of Greek, Latin, Norse, German, Oriental Mythology; shows the Greek myths of the Creation and the attributes of God, of heaven, earth, the under world and waters, the Greek gods and the Roman; and describes the various heroic families in classical literature, especially treating those engaged in the Trojan War. A brief treatment of Norse and German gods and heroes follows. There is therefore in the work a systematic if popular treatment of classical mythology, which will be helpful to the general reader. But he will find in the work an additional claim on his regard. In illustration of these classical myths English literature has been put under wise and thorough attention. His vast mass of illustrative quotations has been well classified, so that the volume is an excellent reader's handbook of classical allusions. The work abounds in excellent engravings of statues, coins, maps. In short it is a helpful work for the general reader and in the school library is indispensable.

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E. L. Kellogg & Co, (New York and Chicago), have added four pamphlets to their educational list: *Outlines of Herbart's Pedagogics*, by Ossian H. Lang; *Great Teachers of Four Centuries*, by the same author; *Elementary Psychology*, by Amos M. Kellogg; *Object Teaching* or *Words and Things*, by T. G. Rooper, author of "A Pot of Green Feathers." They are well printed and bound in neat stiff covers, and the first and last mentioned are certainly good. But the usefulness of such compendia is at least somewhat doubtful, especially in a great and serious subject. They can seldom be of real value to any students except those who can do without them. They point to a condition of things in the United States similar to what obtains here and everywhere in, for example, the study of medicine Examination systems call into existance a host of compendia and the like which must produce at times very mischievous results. The last pamphlet on "Object Teaching" is really interesting, and well written. But is it not high time to call in question the very first principle of object teaching? As the author puts it, the aim of object teaching is to furnish the child with a method of acquiring knowledge for himself. Such a method, and the *impulse* to acquire knowledge are indeed the *hope* of all true teaching, but its aim, practical and theoretical, is to see that true and needful knowledge is acquired, as far as is humanly possible. This will always demand the cultivation of will power—not interest alone—in our pupils. True object teaching, in even an elementary stage, is but a highly valuable adjunct, not the most important part of the school work. Some subjects absolutely necessary for the development of the individual and the social organism of which he forms a unit, are hard, and always will be hard. It is not too soon to insist on this, at a time when we so frequently meet with the fallacy that education depends on the method of teaching—not the thing taught.

Any energetic teacher or student who really wishes to make money and at the same time show people the most pleasing article on the market should see Mr. Davis' advertisement on front cover this issue.

Teacher's Miscellany.

A SHORT CUT TO A BOY'S HEART.

JULIA A. KENNEDY.

"Now, Miss Morton, you needn't worry a bit about what you've heard of Bob Cunningham, for he shan't go to school this year. I'm the biggest man in the district, and I was elected director on purpose to keep him out of school; and keep him out of school I will," said Farmer Mann, with emphasis, to the new teacher.

The latter had just arrived from the East, and after having various picturesque accounts of Bob's exploits in the school served up to her, she had come to the farmer for advice as to the course she was expected to pursue.

"But, Mr. Mann, if he insists upon coming to school—"

"He won't. Just let him try it. I've promised the people that I'll stay at the schoolhouse to keep him out if necessary, and they're to do my fall plowing. The idea of a good-for-nothing like Bob turning out a half dozen masters and running the whole neighborhood! It's ridiculous! Now, Miss Morton, you just go ahead; and, if Bob comes to school, all you have to do is to send for me. The directors will all stand by you, so don't be afraid."

Robert Cunningham had long been the terror of both school and neighborhood, and, although repeatedly expelled from school, he paid not the slightest attention to the wishes of either master or directors. He had as good a right to go to school as anyone else, and go he would. He was a large, overgrown boy of fifteen, and, so far, neither teacher nor directors had cared to eject him forcibly from the school, consequently he had remained master of the situation. As a result, the school came to have a bad name, and none of the local teachers cared to apply for the notorious "Nine Mile School," as it was called, and Miss Morton had therefore been sent for from the East.

As Farmer Mann had said, he had been elected director of the school wholly on account of his superior size and strength, and with the distinct understanding that he would make Bob stay away from school, and he meant to keep his promise made at the polls.

Notwithstanding the farmer's cheerful view of the situation, it was with considerable trepidation that Jennie Morton started to school on the Monday morning following the conversation with Farmer Mann. She was, by no means, a coward, but she had been delicately reared, and she dreaded an encounter with the western variety of a young "tough." She went early so as to have everything in readiness for her pupils. When she opened the door, she saw, to her surprise, a large boy peering at her with a pair of grey eyes that seemed to look through her.

"Good morning! I am the new teacher, Miss Morton, and we shall get acquainted if you will please to tell me your name."

"Robert Cunningham."

"Well, Robert, you seem to be the only man here, and I am not used to cutting kindling; if you will cut some, I'll build a fire."

Bob was awed. She had called him a *man*.

"Now, Miss Morton, don't you bother about a fire. I'm used to splitting kindlings, and I'll have a fire in a jiffy," and out of the door Bob flew to the wood-pile.

In a few minutes he had kindled a cheerful fire, but in the process the room became filled with smoke. Miss Morton tried to raise a window, but the school house had been closed during the summer vacation and the sash stuck fast, although Miss Morton exerted all her strength to raise it. Again, she turned pleasantly to Bob.

"Robert, you seem to be the only helper I have; perhaps you can lift it."

"Of course."

Soon the refractory window had been conquered, but meantime something more refractory had also been subdued. The boy himself had been recognized, and his whole soul turned with surprise and delight to the new influence.

After the opening exercises and preliminary examination of the younger pupils, Miss Morton tried to find out where Robert should be classed. A few judicious questions soon revealed the fact that he was extraordinarily quick in arithmetic, that he had a retentive memory, and had mastered the history and third part geography in use in the school. His reading and language, on the other hand were poor, a fact due, in Miss Morton's opinion, to the imbecile methods practiced upon the boy, although she did not, of course, say so. He had read his readers over and over until interest was exhausted and he looked around for new worlds to conquer. He had parsed all the poetry of his reader successfully and had learned his grammar "by heart," when one day the master suddenly announced that he must write an essay. This Robert flatly refused to do; and, in the numerous contests that ensued as a result, the boy had always come off victor. But the most exasperating practice of his teachers had been that of turning him back to the beginning of the book whenever he had reached their own limit of knowledge.

"Robert, your arithmetic and geography are so good that I think you might take up some new studies this winter. What do you say to beginning algebra and physics?"

"Algebra! Physics! Oh, I should like them! But you don't mean it?" exclaimed the delighted boy.

"Why not? So we will consider that settled. Then as you have to read in a class by yourself, we will try some books of biography, history, and travel that I have brought with me. I am sure you will like them, and you may read as many books from my library as you like besides."

A new world was dawning upon the boy; and for the first time in his life he went to work thrilled with the purpose of making himself what the teacher had called him—a *man*. Before the winter was over, he had won golden opinions from the whole neighborhood. But one day at noontime, Miss Morton overheard an excited conversation between Robert and one of the younger pupils:

"I dare you to do it! You tell her a word about me and I'll whip you within an inch of your life; do you hear, young one?"

The boy did not tell, and Miss Morton *did not hear*. Such is the deafness of a wise teacher.

One day the Cunninghams sent for Miss Morton.

"You don't know what you've done for our Bob," said Mrs. Cunningham. "He used to try us within an inch of our lives, but now he is that good we don't know what to make of him. He helps me with the young ones, does the chores, and is as great a blessing as he was a curse. And it's your doing, Miss Morton, and we want to thank you."

For years after Miss Morton left the old "Nine Mile" schoolhouse, she kept up a correspondence with her favorite pupil, Robert Cunningham. Through her encouragement and advice and by his own efforts, he went through college, studied law, and became a successful practitioner.

When the Hon. Robert Cunningham was elected to Congress recently, by a handsome majority, Miss Morton received the following telegram:

"Elected. 5,000 majority. You are to blame. You made a man of me. ROBERT."

—*The Public School Journal.*

A SURPRISE VISIT.

BY AN OLD PED.

In the course of my peregrinations through life and our island, I found myself one day in the neighborhood of an old fellow student. He had always been a riddle to us, and, perhaps a riddle to himself. No one could "make head or tail of him." He never seemed to act according to any fixed or conventional laws, and invariably broke all the forecasts. Whatever prescribed course of action was laid out for him, he invariably deviated from it—sometimes going in an opposite direction, sometimes striking out a bee-line in a direction that never once entered into the conception of the prophet. This was not eccentricity, natural or acquired, or studied. He naturally shrank from notoriety, and if anything, there was too much shrinkage in his composition. There is more dualism in humanity than we have any idea of, and Hydes and Jekylls are far more common than we or they are aware of. Oliver Wendell Holmes lays down the paradox that when two people are talking to each other there are in reality six identities to be reckoned in the conversation. There is, for instance in each case the person I think I am, the person you think I am, and the person I really am. As a matter of fact there are in each strong nature three individuals: there is the individual natural, the individual artificial, and the individual who is a combination of these two. It is only in the strongest characters that these three are moulded into one consistent individual. And now having formulated a theory to account for facts, I am free to explain the facts according to the theory. It was owing to the ignorance of this theory that the prophets or forecasters were so often at fault, though even if they were aware of it there would be ample room for error. To begin with, the chances would be two to one against their being right in fixing on which individual would carry on and which conclude, the initiative thus taken, or whether the whole three would have a finger in the pie throughout, or only in a part of it, and in which part. It was no wonder, under the circumstances, that the prophetic business was a risky speculation with regard to him, and that it generallly ended in failure.

At first we regarded him as a timid, sneaking fellow, one who tries to be all things to all men, a sort of jelly-fish formation that readily takes any impression imposed upon it, and adapts itself for the time being to surrounding circumstances. But when the bully of the room, partly thinking him suitable material to operate upon, and partly irritated by some contemptuous glances openly cast at the bully's mode of procedure with regard to a timid individual who sat alongside him, tackled him, he, to the stupefaction of all present, promptly tackled the bully; and when a separation was effected before much damage was done on either side, he proposed in a somewhat cold-blooded, business-like way that no one should interfere and that it would be the wisest plan to have the matter settled there and then, once for all. And while the bully was redoubling his efforts to get at him, and the peacemakers theirs to keep him back, he stood quietly, almost cynically looking on, inviting annihilation as we all thought. Many afterwards were sorry his advice was not followed on that occasion.

He bid fair to develop into the most pronounced book-worm that ever came to maturity in the college, and just as everyone came to the conclusion that he would kill himself "grinding," he caused a slight sensation by offering to take part in the ordinary half-holiday scratch football match, in which he was picked eighteenth or nineteenth, and convulsed the players by "blundering" the ball through the opposing goal. But the laughter was changed to astonishment when the "blunder" was repeated three or four times in the next half-hour. Thenceforward he was always third or fourth "pick." It was much the same on the ball-alley or on the swings. He could more than hold his own, but he never particularly distinguished himself except as a book-worm, and in that respect he defied all competition. He was, of course, the butt of the room, though he did not make a good butt. At first he used to shrink from the rough, clumsy jokes, and, after a while seemed indifferent. It was like wasting banter and ridicule on a statue. He ignored them and never retorted, and in both cases he was wrong. It would have done very well with strangers or with corner boys but not with fellow-students. Just when everyone looked on him as a fixture in the butt business, he suddenly launched out into sarcasm regardless of expense, and silenced utterly for a week his most persistent persecutors.

He was a sort of general "enquire within." He knew something about everything, even if he did not know much. Everyone wondered by what mischance he did not get a higher place in the list, and all looked forward to his being at the top at the end of the year; but he was well below the middle. He never failed to pass any examination he went in for, but he never distinguished himself. He was able to help everybody over their difficulties, but he did not seem to be able to help himself—as was generally said, he had more knowledge than he seemed to know what to do with.

I am wrong in saying that he did not distinguish himself—he did in the practising school; but it was a distinction that no one is ambitious of. He got the credit of being one of the worst teachers that ever went in there. He seemed to be afraid of his class and to be afflicted wiih *class* fright. He taught his subjects in such a timid, hesitating, half-hearted, helpless way, that even non-pupil teachers used to express their astonishment how anyone who had spent an apprenticeship of five years in a school could make such an exhibition of himself. He was characteristically consistent; everyone said he would fail in teaching, but he didn't, he just managed to scrape through, but

everyone was puzzled to know how he did it, as everybody said—even the scholars—that he had failed in his examination lesson; and he did not come out at the tail of the list according to prophecy either.

I speculated as I went along as to the state of the school. I pictured myself a mild state of chaos, where the master was continually apologizing to the scholars for troubling them to do anything, and the boys considering whether he had amply apologized before they set to work to do what they were requested. Then recollecting his sudden and unexpected outbursts and the fact that no one was ever certain of what course he would take under any given circumstances, I concluded that the state of the school would be mild chaos, tempered with earthquakes, but to find him in charge of a well-conducted school was beyond my imagination. As I approached there were no indications of chaos, so far as noise was concerned. There was no master's voice to be heard either commanding or apologizing, nor could any particular voice be distinguished, but there was a good all-round, healthy hum. It was a warm day and as I entered the porch I could see a good part of the school through the open door—used as a ventilator and a cooler. The boys did not seem to be killing themselves over their lessons, or on piece-work, but they were going ahead in a steady, business-like way. I had plenty of time to observe them, for I stood there more than a minute before anyone saw me. "This speaks well for the discipline of the school," I thought. I don't know how much longer I might have remained unnoticed if one boy had not closed his book and turned towards another, evidently reciting his lesson, while the other was listening intently, eye on book, to catch him if he tripped. While the recitation was going on he happened to look towards the door in search of a word, and seeing me, put up his hand. Shortly afterwards he nodded towards the door and immediately a youth of about fourteen appeared upon the scene, blushing as if he had been doing something wrong.

He had a frank, pleasing, good-natured face, and the blushes did not seem at all out of place.

"Can I see the master."

"He's not in, sir."

I could scarcely repress an "Oh!" of surprise. "When can I see him?"

"He's been called away on important business and won't be back till two o'clock. Can you call again, sir, or will you leave a message?"

"Well, I'm an old friend of the master's and as I was in the neighborhood I thought I'd call in."

"I am sure," said the youth sympathetically, "he will be disappointed when he finds that you have called in his absence. Couldn't you call again at two?

"Are you sure he will be here then?"

"Oh, quite sure," said he decidedly. "He said he would be back at two."

This did not seem so conclusive to me as it did to the youth, and as I hesitated, he said, "Would you like to step in for a moment and have a look at the school?" I thanked him and entered. All the boys stood up simultaneously.

"Don't let me interfere with the work," I said, and at a sign from the teacher they sat down in the same manner. Half-a-dozen furtive glances from various parts of the room and the next moment all seemed as unconscious of my presence as if I were miles away. A well-ordered school presents as pleasing a picture to the eye of the teacher as a masterpiece does to the eye of the artist. I suppose I looked pleased, for I suddenly noticed that the youth was watching me keenly and looked pleased also, and seemed not a little proud of the state of the school.

"Are you in sole charge?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been teaching?"

"Three months."

"You seem to have them under very good control, especially as you have been only such a short time at the business."

"Oh," said the pupil teacher as eagerly as if I had accused him of some misdemeanor, and he was anxious to exculpate himself, "the boys are very good and give no trouble."

I chatted with him for some little time without scruple, as I could see that I was not interfering with the work; the boys were going ahead like well-oiled machinery, and did not want any attention. I could see that the master was his prophet, like Mahomet with his followers. He had been keeping his eye on the clock, and he now remarked in an apologetic way, "We must change lessons." "Change," he simply said—he did not yell or shout. Immediately half-a-dozen boys were moving briskly in different directions. One class passed up slates from hand to hand, without touching the desk, with mechanical regularity. The end boy in each desk piled them up with scrupulous exactness, as if he were a bricklayer building a house, and then held them ready for a boy who came along and collected the piles. Meanwhile a boy had placed a pile of books at the opposite end of each desk—one for each boy in the seat—and the books were following up the slates. Then the class got out of their places with military precision, marched out like veterans and formed a semicircle. Meanwhile copy-books and pens were distributed in the other divisions and one boy was standing out on the floor looking eagerly about as if he was in search of some one, and then one or two hands were held up and he went and got the ink jar. In a minute or so the change was effected, the boys were at work again, and only one word had been spoken and that word was the word "change." I nodded to the teacher and went out, remarking to myself, "The best disciplined school I have ever seen, and his school, too, of all others. He is as great a puzzle as ever. But of course I should have guessed that if I had only had my wits about me. The only chance of making a correct forecast where he is concerned is to fancy the most unlikely and fix on that; and a good disciplinarian was about the last thing anyone would suspect him of being."

I called in the afternoon. The school was not nearly so quiet as it was in the morning. "The master has not come back," I thought, and the boys are beginning to take advantage of his absence. But as I looked in at the open door there was the master standing at his desk looking straight before him with a far-off expression in his eyes, far-off enough to reach Jupiter's moons, and his thoughts probably as far-off as his gaze. The boys did not seem to be doing any work; some were talking—indeed two or three in front of him were actually sitting with their backs to him in order to talk more conveniently with those in the desk behind—some were comparing treasures, and one pretty large group were busily employed in endeavouring to solve "the latest Chinese puzzle." "Ah," thought I, "the mystery is quite clear now. It is only when the master is away that the boys work and are in order. It is that wonderful genius of a pupil teacher that deserves all the credit."

The master was very pleased to see me. "Oh, it was you who called in my absence; I could not make out who it was from the description; you have changed so much since I saw you."

"You have not changed a bit," I said, "but then that is quite consistent, it is always the most unlikely thing that obtains with you."

The boys had not taken the slightest notice of my presence, and "that wonderful genius of a pupil teacher" was chattering away louder than anyone, apparently discussing the comparative merits of choice marbles, which a group of boys were submitting for his inspection. "They don't seem to be doing much work," I remarked.

"On the contrary, I think they are very busy," said the master with a smile.

"They may be very busy," I replied, "but I don't see a single boy doing any school work at this moment."

"Nor would I allow him," said the master.

"What would you do if the inspector looked in?"

"Just do what I am doing now—keeping to time-table."

"What on earth do you call this in the time-table?"

"Recreation."

"Do you let the boys have recreation in school?" I asked with astonishment.

"Yes, when it is wet; and I notice that if it is going to rain at all it generally rains just before our recreation time."

"Don't you find it affects the discipline of the school?"

"Yes, for good. It acts as a safety-valve. The boys get rid of all their superfluous talk, show each other the contents of their pockets, and so they have no temptation to talk during lessons; and, besides, the break gives them a rest, and they go to work with renewed vigour." And, as he finished, he took up a pen and touched the bell that stood on the desk. There was a sudden shuffle, and all were in their proper position, and the only noise was that of the boys moving about who had charge of things.

"Well, I'm blest," I said, "I never expected to see you with a school like this."

"Oh, I did," he replied; "the fact is, you fellows gave me credit for a lot I did not deserve, and wouldn't give me credit for what I did deserve. I suppose I had the knack of turning my worst side out 'with care.' I never studied appearances, and when wrong impressions were formed I used to think it was no use trying to remove them, it only made them stick faster. However, if I was to spend the time over again, I would go on a different plan. The fact is, I am a true Englishman in this respect, that I have a shell round me which must be broken by an introduction before I can get on. I had a capital experience as a pupil teacher, and had read Locke, Spenser, and a lot of others on education that you fellows never heard of, but I was never at home in the practising school. I was never introduced to the boys and was never long enough with any one class to introduce myself, and so I never had any sympathy with the pupils, and never seemed able to put my heart in my work."

"Your school seems to work like machinery."

"Yes; I pride myself on its being a sort of automatic machine. I had to go away to-day—it is the first I have been absent during school hours since I left the college, and, of course, you should call—I expected the Inspector instead—and everything went on just the same as if I were here. I asked the teacher if anyone had been troublesome—I fully expected some one or another would take advantage of my absence—but he had no complaints to make, and I can tell you I feel proud of the fact."

"I suppose the school does well at examinatons."

"Yes, we are at the top of the tree in this district; and it has just come to my ears that the Inspector has been throwing our schools at at the heads of the teachers in the neighborhood. He has a rather high standard, and when anyone grumbles at it he holds up my school as a model to the masters, and the girl's school as a model to the mistresses; so we run the risk of either being mobbed or dynamited. If I am found dead some morning, you will be able to guess the reason. But now I supply the machine with raw material- Shall see you after school."—*The Catholic Educator.*

TESTING IRISH WIT.

THERE was an English gentleman who did not believe in Irish wit. He said that all the funny stories were made up by others and fathered upon Pat. A friend took a different view, and this led to a wager. He was to travel through Ireland, and if he returned unconvinced he was to receive £100. If he was satisfied that all the funny sayings were not fathered he was to forfeit £100. It was about the beginning of this century when he started on his journey. The gallows was not an unusual feature of the landscape at that time in Ireland. He overtook a peasant in the neighborhood of one of these instruments of justice. "Where would you be, my man, if the gallows got its due?" he asked. "Faith, I'd be going along the road by myself," said the peasant. Shortly afterwards he saw a man working in a field and he shouted out, "Ah, Pat, you're sowing, but I'll reap the benefit." "I hope you will," says Pat, "for it's flax I'm sowing." He said to himself that he had dropped upon the only witty men in the country, or else hangings were so frequent that people had got up stock jokes on the subject. Anyway their jokes did not hang fire, he thought, and this tickled him very much; he began to think he was getting witty too. Soon after he met a beggar coming along the road. (They were even more plentiful in those times than gallowses.) "Tell me the biggest lie you can think of and I'll give you a half-crown." "Oh, be jabers! yer honor is a gentleman," said the beggar. The gentleman sorrowfully gave the beggar the half-crown, and went back to England to scrape together the £100 forfeit.—*Catholic Educator.*

TWO WAYS OF GOVERNING.

ONCE upon a time there came to a town in Felicia, Superintendent Wiseman to take charge of the schools. At the preliminary teachers' meeting, among other things he said. "A careful examination of the records of last year shows that the attendance and punctuality are not what you and I want them to be. While I know the superintendent and teachers strove nobly, yet we, since we have their work to assist us, should accomplish more than they. Upon mature deliberation I feel justified in saying that long experience teaches me that in our Texas schools not *one* case of tardiness in *ten*, and not *one* of absence in *five* is necessary. That means, teachers, I expect you to see that the Felicia schools this year reduce their absence and tardiness in the ratio shown above. Perhaps the parents need educating on this point, yet if you win the children, if you have influence enough to make them see the matter in the right light, you will win the struggle. I leave the ways and means to you, only do not forget that I am always ready to listen to your plans and give you the benefit of what experience has taught me."

Now there were present at the meeting two new teachers, Miss Firmlover and Miss Weaksnapper. Both were normal graduates, both had taught three years, both were twenty-three years old, both were blessed with a moderate share of good looks, and both felt anxious to succeed in their new field of work. The first day of school dawned clear and bright.

Miss Firmlover reached school at 8: 05, twenty minutes before the required time. She wore a pretty new gingham dress, in which dark red was the prevailing color; her dark hair was as carefully dressed as if she had been going to an elegant reception; a lovely rose was her only ornament; no, not so, for how could I forget the happy smile and the cheerful gleam of her eye. She took from a basket, a vase, a silk drapery scarf, a photograph of a lovely child, and some flowers. As she moved from desk to desk, dusting here and there, putting up all the windows to let in the crisp autumn air, arranging her desk, the room began to assume a home-like air. How pretty the flowers looked in the vase, and how much the bright scarf improved the tone of the whole room. When the signal sounded for the pupils to enter, each boy and girl who crossed the threshold of the seventh grade received a smile and a nod of welcome, as if the teacher had known him always. Looks of satisfaction began to creep into the eyes of the children, and one irresponsible whispered to his chum, "you bet she's a daisy."

Miss Firmlover made her pupils a nice little talk, at the close of which she asked how many had been neither absent nor tardy during the previous session. Two pupils rose. How brightly she smiled at them, and then she went on: "Our superintendent wishes to be very careful to have our attendance as good as we can possibly make it. Do you know, Charlie, how many days you attend school in the year?" "One hundred and eighty," answered Charlie.

"Yes, but how many solar days?" She showed them how to figure it out, and soon they learned that they could spend in school only ninety real days; that is, for every day they were in school they were out of school three days. She showed them how much a day lost meant, and she did it in such a kind way that every pupil knew she meant it, and yet no one thought of her as scolding. "I am very anxious to have Superintendent Wiseman pleased with our room, and somehow I feel sure each one of you is going to help me to win his favor. How pleased I should be to have our room stand as high as any in the building in point of attendance."

The last thing she said at the close of school was: "How many of you will promise me that you will be sure to be here before the last bell rings to-morrow morning? If you are sick or obliged to be absent, please send me word, so I shan't be uneasy about you. I've something special to tell you in the morning." It had been such a happy day that everyone made the promise, and left school feeling that the year was to be bright and prosperous. Four boys hung bashfully around to offer to carry Miss Firmlover's books; six girls made excuses to walk home with her. When Superintendent Wiseman met the merry group it did not take more than a passing glance for him to see that one of his new teachers had struck a responsive chord in the hearts of her pupils.

The next morning every seventh grade pupil was found to be present except one, and this one was found to be sick. In large letters Miss Firmlover wrote on the board: "September 22. All on time. All present except Mattie Linn, who is sick."

"Now," with a smile, she said, "I want you pupils to help me keep the attendance roll. I shall report to you every day, and when the superintendet comes in to know how we are getting on I'm going to call on Harold or Gertrude or someone else to tell him. We'll show him it is a partnership affair with us. I'm sorry Mattie is sick, but so glad we have not one tardy and only one absent. It will make me happy all day, for to confess a bit of a secret to you, boys and girls, a tardy scholar always spoils the whole day for me; it makes me so sad I just can't get over it for a long time.

"That reminds me of what I was going to tell you this morning. It is a story that begins in the good old-fashioned way, 'Once upon a time.' Well, once upon a time, many, many years ago, a gallant knight rode up to a blacksmith's shop; it was 8 o'clock, but the smithy was not opened. As the knight strode impatiently too and fro the smith appeared, doffed his cap, and begged his lordship's pardon for being five minutes late." But I have not the time to tell you the story, nor can I reproduce it with the skill and grace she told it; 'twas the old rhyme, you know:

For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For want of the shoe the horse was lost,
For want of a horse the rider was lost,
For want of a rider the battle was lost,
For want of a battle the kingdom was lost.
And all for the want of a horse shoe nail.

She held the breathless attention of the class; when she closed you could have heard a pin fall in the room, and her words sounded positively solemn as she added: "See, my dear boys and girls, what came from the fact that one man was late in arriving at his post of duty. Only five minutes late, and yet what a calamity it brought upon his country."

Maybe you think she then pointed the "moral that adorned the tale," but she didn't. No, she was too wise for that. The regular programme was taken up, and nothing more was said of the story till ten minutes before school closed, when she asked a thoughtful boy what he meant by character; his definition soon led to a discussion, which under the teacher's guidance soon showed how character was built and the importance of good habits. You see how nicely she then brought in punctuality and the reason for the story told in the morning, but you cannot see how earnestly she looked into the eyes of her pupils as she told them how the tardiness of a single one would grieve her, as she showed that a teacher's duty was to help pupils build up a symmetrical character, that this was her aim.

Then she took from her desk some letters cut from gilt paper: "I have here," she said, "a golden sign. See what it says: No tardy pupils in this room this year. Who will help me put it up this afternoon?" Forty hands went up. "Thank you, I'll ask George and Lena, please." (They were the two who had, as she found from the register, caused most of the tardiness the year before.) "Now, how many will help me to keep this sign up all the year? Think before you promise, for its a serious thing to make a promise. Wait a minute. I'll not ask you to raise your hands, but to bring me in to morrow a written promise that you will do everything in your power to help me keep this golden banner on our walls. Remember, if I am tardy or any pupil is tardy, down cames the proud emblem."

Miss Weaksnapper reached school at 8:15. She wore a tan cloth dress that cost six times as much as a gingham; she had never liked the dress, it didn't fit well. Brother Jack told her she looked horrid in it, so she was going to wear it to school to get rid of the "old thing." Her bangs had some curl left in them since Sunday; but, of course, she couldn't take time to fix her hair specially nice just for school.

As she entered the sixth grade room it looked so bare that she gave a half sigh as she hung up her hat. The janitor had failed to raise more than one window and she didn't think about the difference fresh air would make in a whole day's work. Seeing the fifth grade teacher in the hall she went out to have a talk as to who were the good and who the bad pupils last year. By the time the bell rang she had a decided aversion to Fred Grimes and Lee Jones; indeed, she felt the grade was a hard set, both boys and girls; unconsciously she assumed a defensive attitude. As the pupils entered she stood at the door, her pretty figure drawn up rigidly as a commanding officer, while her face wore a "Don't-try-any-of-your-pranks-on-me" air.

Miss Weaksnapper had read the week before in an educational journal, "Always begin your year's work by a bright interesting talk to your pupils." This was her speech, delivered in the most perfunctory style: "Children, I am glad to see you this morning. I hope we shall have a pleasant year together. [That sounds well, doesn't it? But you just ought to have heard the *tone* in which it was said.] If you are good children I shall love you dearly; I have been told that there are some very bad boys in this grade. [Oh, what a mistake that was, my little woman!] I will now read the rules and these boys as well as the rest of you will see what you are expected to do."

Here followed all the rules laid down in the catalogue. Then, "I must also tell you that our superintendent is very particular about the matter of absence and tardiness. He has instructed all the teachers to be very strict on this point, hence I tell you now, so you may have fair warning, that any pupil who is tardy or absent without an excuse that is perfectly satisfactory must lose his recess for three days. I hope, however, I shall not have to punish any of you."

Then followed an average school day. Lee and Fred felt that they had been pronounced guilty without a trial, and this did not tend to make them feel any more kindly towards the teacher. By the close of the school the air in the room was foul, Miss Weaksnapper had a fearful headache, and the children were as restless as so many Brownies. What a sigh of relief she gave as the gong sounded for dismission. None of her children waited for her and she was glad they did not, for she longed to be alone, to rest, to wonder why it was that she had so much more work, so much more trouble than any other teacher.

The next day Robbie Blake, a boy who was disposed to be right but whose mother was proud of her Irish blood, was abenst from Grade 6. "Does any one know why this boy is absent?" asked Miss Weaksnapper. "Yes'em" cried the bad boy, Fred Grimes; "his Ma kept him at home to chop wood, and she said if you kept Bob in at recess 'cause she kept him at home, there'd be a big fuss in the fourth ward."

The poor teacher was utterly discouraged and wondered what kind of people her patrons must be. For that day she had nothing more to say on the absent or tardy question, but all her working and even her sleeping thoughts were haunted by the question: "What shall I do with Robbie Blake when he comes back? What can I do with Fred Grimes and Lee Jones?"

Don't you feel sorry for her? She might have had those boys for her supporters, and yet on the first day she made them leaders of the opposition, an opposition that gained in strength each day.-*Mrs. Pennybacker, Texas School Journal.*

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