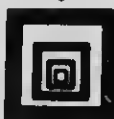


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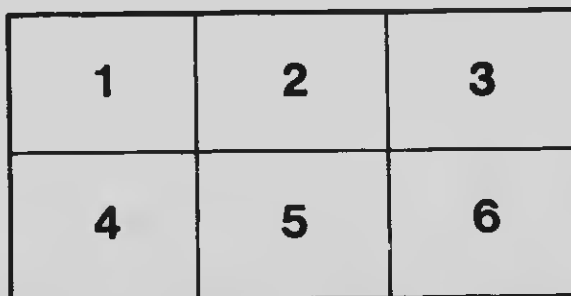
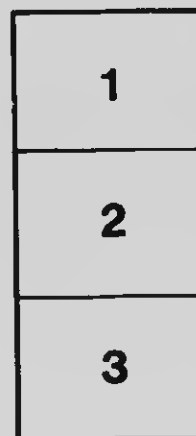
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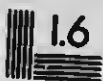
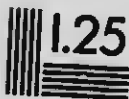
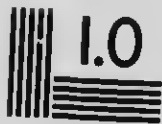
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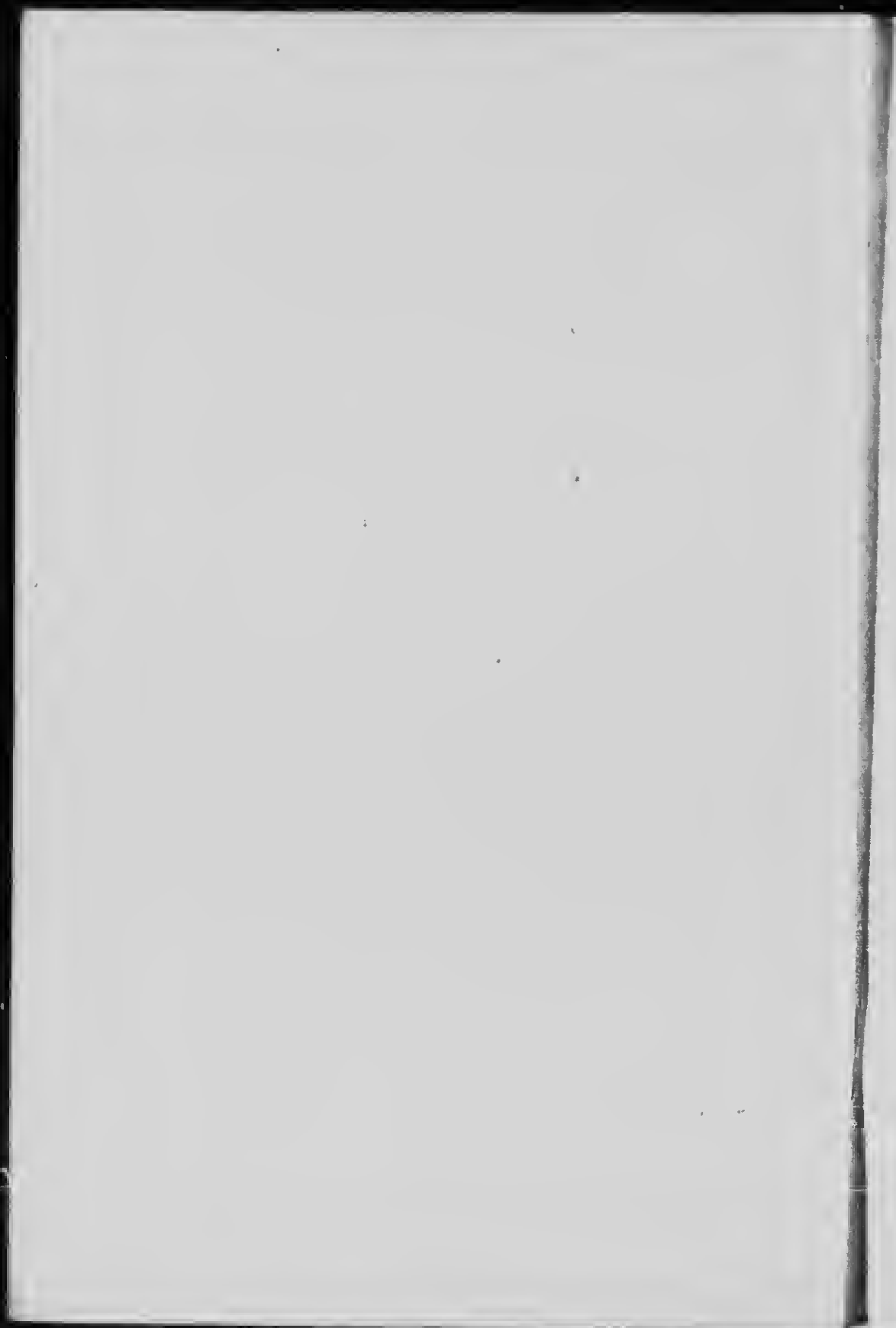
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THE CHILD'S PARADISE

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Adult and Child



# The Child's Paradise

Stories and Musings for Parents  
and Teachers

BY

JAMES L. HUGHES

The earth should be his Paradise,  
His home a shrine,  
Where he may grow in happiness  
Towards the divine

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## PREFACE

**T**HE Stories and musings of this book represent the methods of good and evil in child training.

When old methods based on tyranny pass away in the homes and Schools; and homes and Schools become "free republics of Childhood" in which the individual power of each child may grow, and bloom truly, and ripen fully the world will enter on a new era of growth in power and skill, and brotherhood.

JAMES L. HUGHES



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## THE CHILD'S PARADISE

THE earth should be his paradise,  
His home a shrine,  
Where he should grow in happiness  
Towards the divine.

The sun and moon, the stars and sky,  
Are all his own:  
The flowers and trees, the hills and dales,  
Are his alone.

When he is free to do the things  
He plans to do,  
His soul responsive to the Light  
Of Vision new  
Wakes to new power; then beauty's charms,  
And sweet bird-songs  
Fill his young life with glory that  
To him belongs.

The homes and schools of childhood's years  
Should ever be  
Soul growth republics where the child  
Is ever free,  
Developing his power to win  
High destiny;  
Encouraged by approving smiles  
Of sympathy.

The man who stands between the child  
And God, is he  
Who drives him out of Paradise  
By tyranny;  
Who robs him of his joyousness,  
And puts a blight  
On his best soul buds, opening  
In God's clear light.



## THE MOTHER TO HER BABE

**I** MAGE of God, little one,  
Sent by the Father divine;  
You are His thought and His plan;  
You are His grandest design.

You have begun your great work  
Though but a babe at my breast;  
Your cry enkindles my heart;  
Your smile awakens my best.

Your life reveals a new hope  
Lighting the future to me;  
Bright in my love dreams for you  
Visions of glory I see.

Destiny watches for you  
Pointing your path to the height;  
God give me wisdom that I  
Ever may guide you aright.

## A PRAYER ON RETIRING

*No other term reveals so great an amount of soul dwarfing influence in unlightened and presumptuous adulthood, as the term "child queller" used by Dickens in describing Mrs. Pipchin.*

**F**ORGIVE me Father, if today  
At any time or place  
I quelled the spirit of a child;  
Or brought to his fair face  
A shadow dark, where should be light;  
Or made life seem to him less bright.  
Help me, O Father that I may  
Tomorrow truly aid  
Each child to live his free soul out  
Serene and unafraid.  
Guide me that I may ever be  
With childhood in full sympathy.

*of soul  
omptuous  
Dickens*

### LIFE'S WIDER VIEW

“UP to the top of the mount take me  
Out of the valley small;  
Is there a great world beyond to see?  
Or is this valley all?”

So to his father once spoke a child  
Longing for wider view.  
“Yes, son,” he said as he proudly smiled,  
“Come, I will climb with you.”

Up to the mount crest they climbed that day,  
Climbed till the boy could see  
Wideness and beauty, far, far away  
Over the land and sea.

Long did he look till a wideness new  
Set his best life aglow;  
Narrowness left him and vision true  
Started his soul to grow.

Never again was the boy the same;  
Bondless and hopeful he  
Climbed towards Life's crest with his heart aflame,  
Broadminded, strong, and free.

## DADDY'S LESSON

“TEDDY”, I said, “I must whip you, lad,  
For you have been bad today.”  
“Daddy”, said he with a wistful look,  
“Is there not some other way?”

“I am a child only ten years old,  
And you are a grown up man;  
Wait till tomorrow and you may find  
A kinder and better plan.

“You were a boy, and your mother kind  
Was tenderly good to you.  
Daddy, you told me her loving smile  
Helped you to be good and true.

“Often when I am alone at night  
I wonder, dear dad, if she  
Loved with a deeper and truer love  
Than you ever showed to me.

“I had no mother to love me, dad,  
And give me her tender care;  
No one to sing by my bed at night,  
Or teach me a boy's first prayer.’

Then I looked back to my own boy life,  
And saw that my child was right;—  
“Teddy”, I said, “I will love you, lad,  
You've waked in my heart new light.

lad,  
ok,  
"Chums we will be through the coming years,  
And I will your partner be;  
Trustfully I will rely on you,  
And you may rely on me."

Beautiful tears filled his big blue eyes,  
Bright tears of true joy were they,  
Quickly he leaped in my arms, and said,  
"Dear dad, you have found the way!"

## BLESSED IS HER MEMORY

I WAS a farmer's oldest son,  
My age fourteen;  
A large, strong boy who had not thought  
What life might mean.

My simple duties on the farm  
I tried to do;  
I was content, and did not dream  
Of wider view.

I learned the lessons of the schools;  
They gave no glow  
To kindle my awaking soul,  
And make me grow.

I saw God's miracles each day  
On earth and sky,  
But did not look beyond to see  
The reason why.

Then came a teacher to our school  
Who knew the heart  
Of nature. She awakened me  
With matchless art.

I learned to understand the cause  
Of day and night.  
The seasons and the changing moon,  
And with delight,

ought

I woke to see the universe  
And know that man,  
And God, and all He made are one  
In His great plan,

And the wide vision that I gained  
Has proved to be  
Worth more than all I ever learned  
In school to me.

## SUE'S SUGGESTION

**H**OW we enjoyed the spelling game  
In our old village school!  
When we went up and down the line  
According to the rule  
That those who missed went down, and those  
Who spelled correctly higher rose.

How earnestly we tried to reach  
The top and start again  
Down at the foot to climb once more!  
And he who first made ten  
Round trips from foot to head had won.  
Our spelling game was real fun.

My little sweetheart could not spell  
She often missed, and so  
The dear girl's constant place was at  
The bottom of the row.  
Great was my joy, when I could stand  
Beside sweet Sue and hold her hand.

But I could not remain with her  
Unless I missed words, too  
So going home from school one day  
I shyly said, to Sue  
"If you would learn to spell, then we  
Would rise together, don't you see?"



She blushing stood, and I could see  
Her merry eyes grow dim,  
And then she smiled and sweetly said  
"I love you near, dear Jim,  
I cannot spell the words, but you  
I think might sometimes miss a few."

## IN THE OLD SCHOOLROOM

**L**ONG years ago I taught you here—  
A youth of twenty then;  
To-day I see you, girls and boys,  
Come smiling in again  
Unchanged by years, for I forget  
And dream that I am twenty yet.

And as I see you sitting there,  
Each desk recalls a face,  
Whose glow of waking consciousness  
Made this a sacred place,  
When to each soul came vision true  
Of purpose high and power new.

And I have watched you as you climbed  
Through all the happy years,  
And, when you won your victories,  
I felt responsive cheers,  
Dear boys and girls, ring in my heart,  
Because you nobly did your part.

Through all the fruitful years my life  
Brought blessings rare to me,  
But, as serene and free I stand  
Reviewing life, I see  
No record of a greater hour  
Than when I kindled your best power.

## A HAPPY HEARTED BOY

I LOVE God's stars and flowers and trees,  
And wheatfields waving in the breeze;  
I love His glory on the sky,  
When day is whispering good-bye;  
I love to hear His wild birds sing  
To welcome waking life in Spring;  
I love His mountains and His sea,  
But best of all His gifts to me  
I love a happy-hearty boy  
Who helps to fill the world with joy.

WHY HE WAS A TRUE MAN

**F**AR in the country he was born  
Upon a forest farm,  
Where in the woods a boy he played  
Enjoying Nature's charm.

The squirrels and the chipmunks first  
Were friends with whom he played:  
And even of his collie dog  
Those friends were not afraid.

So he grew free and never felt  
A bond his soul to blight.  
And beauty on the earth and sky  
Gave him supreme delight.

In gloaming time one calm June eve  
From a tall hemlock tree  
He heard with rapture a bird sing  
Divinest melody.

And through the years he listened on  
To hear that song again;  
But never heard so sweet a song  
As in the hemlock glen.

So evermore that gloaming song  
To him remained the best;  
Its melody his soul tone formed  
Interpreting the rest.

For there are epochs, when a child  
In an enchanted hour,  
Has centres started in his soul  
Of beauty and of power.

With rich environment of things  
He could transform at hand,  
He made new plans for work each day,  
And did the work he planned.

His strong self-active tendency  
Into a habit grew;  
Achieving visions each new day  
Gave power of vision new.

Through the green meadow near his home  
Ran his own purling stream;  
And lost in flowers upon its bank  
He often sat to dream

Grand plans of work in coming years,  
When as a man he'd be  
Achieving for his fellowmen  
The visions he would see

To lead them towards the shining heights,  
Where they would all be free,  
And join together to achieve  
Their highest destiny.

And so in childhood's paradise  
He lived through kindling years;  
His spirit thrilled by beauty, and  
The music of the spheres.

He learned the joy of comradeship  
With parents kind and true,  
Whose loving sympathy he had  
In all he tried to do.

The radiant glory of those years  
Ne'er in his soul grew dim;  
But, with increasing brightness shone  
To light life's paths for him.

Into his soul God's beauty shone,  
And music's kindling cheer;  
And freedom gave him wings to fly  
Where others crept in fear.

All his best elements of life;  
Of love, and trust, and truth,  
Of vision and achieving power;  
Were planted in his youth.

And rooted in the fertile soil  
Of pure unselfishness,  
Enriched by loving service for  
Those he had power to bless.

So he developed power to plan  
And propagate the good,  
And be a noble man who lives  
For closer brotherhood.

The saddest sights in all the world  
Are men's powers used for wrong;  
And men unconscious of the powers  
God gave to make them strong.

The natures of such men were warped;  
Their soul-hood robbed of might;  
When driven out of paradise  
By trainers without light.

O, parenthood! O, teacherhood!  
God made the children right.  
Keep them in paradise, do not  
Upon them put a blight.

Provide employments suitable  
That they may happy be;  
Save them from dwarfing tyranny,  
And let their souls grow free.

Give them your comradeship and love,  
In climbing towards the height;  
Then they may grow towards the divine  
With joy and conscious might.

## OUR TEACHER

**M**ARTHA was old but her loving heart  
Grew younger as day by day  
She won our hearts in the little school  
That stood near the wide, blue bay.

Others more learned there may have been,  
But none have I ever known  
Richer in life and revealing power  
To kindle our best alone.

Comrade was she in the fields and woods  
Revealing 'life's wondrous plan;  
Showing how Nature's growth giving laws  
Relate us to God and man.

Soon we had diamonds in the dew  
And gold in the sunset sky;  
New were the glorious mysteries  
We learned from the stars on high.

O how we studied great books when she,  
Their secret of uplift told!  
"They are the gold mines of truth," said she  
Then trained us to search for gold.

Reverently at the close of day  
We stood as she led in prayer,  
Asking the Father throughout the night  
To guard us from ev'ry care.



After long years in the old white school  
Gray men and gray women met,  
Her boys and girls in the long ago  
Who loved her memory yet.

Reverently in the graveyard then  
On top of the hill we stood  
Round a tall shaft on whose side was told  
Our story of gratitude.

When on her grave we had placed our wreaths,  
We stood in a circle there,  
While a most eloquent preacher spoke,  
And led us in hopeful prayer.

Each one recalled that, when Martha came,  
The preacher an orphan lad,  
Was by the pious condemned because  
They said he was "awful bad."

Memory brought to each one that day  
A thousand great epoch hours,  
When thought the years seeds that Martha sowed  
Bloomed forth into life's bright flowers.

And as the visions came back again  
Of Martha and childhood's years,  
Hearts beat with joy, and tears filled our eyes,  
But they were exultant tears.

## MY KINDLER

I dream I sit beside your desk  
In life's great epoch hour,  
When with your matchless kindling art  
You first awaked my power.

The other boys and girls had gone  
When school was out, but you  
Had asked that I should stay that night  
Some special work to do.

You sat beside me and I felt  
Your deep, true friendship shine  
Out of your heart with kindly glow,  
And wake response in mine.

You said I was a thought of God,  
And that in His great plan  
I had some special work to do  
To help my fellow man;

And that to find my special power  
Should be life's greatest aim;—  
Your words, your tone, your brother touch  
Set my young heart aflame.

I took your hand and looked away  
Through long, achieving years,  
And tears came in my eyes, but they  
Were hopeful, joyous tears.

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A vision shone through Heaven's gate  
Of what my life might be,  
And angel voices seemed to bring  
Great messages to me.

To see the setting sun that night  
I climbed the hemlock hill.  
I heard the messages again  
And answered—"Yes, I will."

## THE FATHER'S CRIME

**T**O Custom's tyrant rule I bowed  
And told my son  
That in the morn, I'd punish him  
For wrong he'd done.

I had not thought about my crime  
Enough to know  
That it was barbarous in me  
To treat him so.

When I went up to bed that night  
I heard him moan,  
And then the sorrow in his heart  
Awoke my own.

In early morning, when I woke,  
I dressed, and then  
I listened at his door, and heard  
His moans again.

"O! God," I said, "forgive my sin"  
For then I knew  
That I had robbed him of his rest  
The long night through.

I went into his room and saw  
His tear stained check.  
He woke, and when he saw me, gave  
A piercing shriek.

him

I clasped him in my arms, and said,  
"My darling son,  
Come let me wash your tears away,  
And when I'm done,"

"I promise evermore to be  
More kind to you,  
And guide you in a better way  
The right to do."

"I, too, have been unhappy, son  
Through night's dark hours,  
But love-light shines now in my heart  
With vital powers."

"HELLO JIM!"

**W**HEN I was but a little boy  
Just only eight years old,  
We had a neighbor named Bill Smith  
And I was often told

To keep away from him, because  
He was so very "bad",  
He scared me sometimes in my dreams,  
When I a night-mare had.

I met him on the road one day,  
I was afraid of him,  
But he looked kindly down at me  
And said "O, hello Jim!"

And, when I go along that road  
I always think of him,  
I see him smile and hear his voice  
Say kindly "Hello Jim."

They said about another man,  
That he was "always good,  
And when I grew up, I should be,  
Just like him, if I could."

When I met him, he did not smile,  
Nor speak, nor look at me  
His face was solemn, and his heart  
Seemed icy cold to be.

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I wondered why religion made  
A man so hard and grim,  
And thought that I would never be  
A gloomy man like him;  
But grow up "bad" and try to be  
A jolly man like him  
Who won my heart with happy smile  
And said, "O, hello Jim!"

## NEVER SMILE BEFORE YOUR CLASS

**T**HEY Taught me at the Normal School  
That I should always be  
Sedate in school, and never smile  
But let the pupils see  
Upon my face—just mystery,  
Stern and impressive dignity.  
And for a time I meekly thought  
The books and teachers right,  
And on frivolity in school  
I promptly put a blight.  
“No foolish levity in school,”  
Was my first self controlling rule.  
When funny incidents occurred  
My humor I would hide;  
I bit my lip and quickly went  
To freely laugh outside.  
That it would never, never do  
To smile in school I surely knew.  
But now I know that he who robs  
A child's young heart of joy,  
Works but for evil, when he clouds  
The face of girl or boy;  
But he who helps to make it shine  
Aids in unfolding the divine.



CLASS  
mal School  
smile

And more I know, the teacher who  
Fears he will lose control  
Because he joins the child in joy,  
Is dwarfing his own soul;  
For all the seeds of power and right  
Grow to perfection in the light.

## THE KINDLING TEACHER

**A**LONG the winding woodland path  
The happy children went to school;  
They loved the flowers along its sides,  
And ferns that grew where woods are cool.

And when they found a flower unknown,  
They took it to their teacher, who  
Loved Nature's life in all its forms,  
And gladly told them what she knew

Of wonders of the earth and sky,  
Of beauty springing from the ground,  
Of leaves so varied on the trees,  
And joys that she had always found

In seeing God in all His works  
A flower, a fern, a blade of grass,  
A gleaming star, the changing moon,  
And seasons, as they come and pass.

She told what children ought to do,  
Some needy neighbor's heart to bless,  
And said "each child had power to bring  
To some one greater happiness."

Two girls one morning, as they passed  
The red-roofed cottage both agreed  
To make some person happy, if  
They only knew some one in need.

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Then Kate said "Nellie I have thought  
Of one whom we can help to be  
More happy. She's the crippled girl,  
In there. She needs our help for she

"Can not go out to see the flowers,  
Or trees, or ferns, or stars, or sky;  
To raise some money, Nell, to buy  
A nice wheeled chair for her we'll try.

"Her father's dead, her mother poor  
She needs some one her heart to cheer:  
She is the one that we should help,  
I'm glad we see our duty clear."

They spoke of it at Sunday School;  
They went through all the neighborhood;  
They raised the money—human hearts  
Are glad to help in doing good.

The people thanked the little girls  
For kindly thought and helpful deed;  
They gave their money freely, and  
They wished the happy girls "God speed."

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They bought the chair and dresses, too,  
For Mary, and one happy day  
They wheeled her to the school, and she  
Just wept the thanks she could not say.

And all the children cried for joy  
With Mary, and the teacher, too;  
Then Katie said, "O, teacher, dear!  
We owe the kindly thought to you."

The pastor came that day to school,  
And told the teacher that he thought  
The lesson that had kindled hearts  
The grandest lesson she had taught.

A famous doctor met the girls  
With Mary on the road one day;  
He heard their story, and proposed  
To treat her without any pay.

She grew quite strong, and happiness  
Filled the small house with roof of red:  
And when the people thanked the girls,  
"Give our dear teacher thanks," they said.

## ENOCH KNEW WHY

**Y**OUNG Enoch Simpson was but ten.  
He was a merry boy,  
And "as an egg is full of meat"  
So he was full of joy.

He led in mischief at the school  
Yet never was unfair,  
And when the master punished him,  
He did not seem to care.

One day the master called him up  
And Enoch calmly went,  
And smiling stood unflinchingly  
Awaiting punishment.

The master said, "I'll whip you well,  
And you can tell me why?"  
"Yes, Sir, I can", the boy replied,  
"You're bigger, Sir, than I."

IN WHAT RESPECTS AM I LIKE SQUEERS?

**M**OST kindly people when they read  
Of Dotheboys shed tears,  
Then heave a sigh, and say "Thank God  
That I am not like Squeers.

What they should do is seek for power  
To dry the children's tears  
And ask the Father to reveal  
How much they are like Squeers,

And for a higher truer love  
Of childhood through the years,  
And clearer vision of new light  
That they may dry its tears.

O! THE DIFFERENCE

REGINALD Jones on a summer day  
Went with Jim Brooks to the woods away  
Out from the town, where the hawthorn trees  
Waved their white arms in the gentle breeze,  
On to the valley beyond the hill,  
Where by the pond stood the old red mill,  
And by the stream fairest flowers grew  
Kindling their souls with enchantment new.

Two happy boys spent the afternoon  
Hearing the bobolink's sacred tune,  
Wandering on by the river's side,  
Chasing the chipmunks that ran to hide,  
Gathering strawberries in the grass,  
Watching white clouds o'er the blue sky pass,  
Floating bark ships on the river, till  
Afterglow shone o'er the tree crowned hill.

Hurriedly homeward they went at last  
Blissfully happy. Their hearts beat fast  
Throbbing in time with a grand new tune  
Learned on that glorified afternoon.  
Each with a feeling of pure delight  
Carried a handful of flowers bright;  
Flowers for mother to make her glad  
Carried each happy and hopeful lad.

Reginald's mother in anger threw  
Out his wild flowers and treasures new ;  
Told him he never must go again  
Out with that wicked Jim Brooks, and then  
Scolded and threatened her little lad ;  
Wondered why he had been born so bad ;  
Mourned for the clothes he had soiled, and sent  
Him straight to bed as a punishment.  
Supperless, heartsore, the weeping boy  
Ended in sorrow his day of joy.

Jim's mother kissed him and fondly smiled ;  
Told him that she was a country child  
Fond of the flowers in wood and vale ;  
Listened with joy to his boyish tale ;  
Sent him to wash, and when he was done ;  
Gave him dry clothing and said, "my son  
You must at supper your father tell  
All you have seen, he will like it well."

Two mothers looked at their boys that night  
Lying asleep in their beds so white ;  
One with a face that was pale and sad  
Wept as she looked at her little lad ;  
Noted the stains of his bitter tears ;  
Prayed that his badness would pass with years ;  
Asked God to comfort her aching heart  
Selfishly thinking she'd done her part.



Jim's mother looked at her sleeping boy  
Dreaming in peace of his day of joy  
Said "God I thank thee for little Jim,  
Help me to kindle and nurture him.  
Gateful am I that he loves me so,  
Help me to guide him by love's bright glow,  
Make me his comrade and partner true  
Cheering him upward to higher view."

## THE FATHER'S DREAM

“I’LL Whip you in the morning, boy,”  
I harshly said,  
“Stop crying, or I’ll whip you more,  
Now go to bed.”

When to my room I went that night  
I heard him moan  
In sleep, and ere the morn I dreamed  
That he had grown

Until he was giant large  
And strong, and grim;  
Who dared me then to come and try  
To punish him.

Then to my coward heart there came  
A message new  
And to my soul a vision clear  
Of higher view.

I lay reflecting on my dream  
Till daylight came;  
And, when I thought about my boy,  
I blushed in shame.

When he awoke, I said, “I have  
A better plan.  
I’ll treat you as my chum, and be  
A gentleman.”

"O, dad," he said, "that's decent. I'll  
Be decent, too,  
And we will have a jolly life,  
Hurrah for you!"

## A HERO

**T**HE little boy who says "I won't"  
To a command  
From a big man, a hero is  
With courage grand.

His teacher dare not say "I won't"  
To giant grim  
Three times his size who in loud tones  
Would order him

To do something he did not wish  
To do, and he  
Should learn that boys don't disobey  
When they are free.

Till tyranny distorts their souls  
All boys obey,  
And gladly work with comrade guides  
Who show the way.

## A VITAL LESSON

I WENT to tell Dick's mother  
About her wayward lad;  
That he must be suspended  
From school he was so "bad."

I found her in a garret  
Down in a narrow street;  
She stood before her wash tub  
With baby at her feet.

I said "I am Dick's teacher."  
"I'm glad you came," said she,  
"I'm proud to be the mother  
Of such a son as he.

"His father died last winter,  
He had been two years sick;  
But Dick has been my helper.  
A fine boy is my Dick.

"He starts to sell his papers  
Before the rooster crows,  
Then eats his well earned breakfast  
And whistling off he goes.

"After the school is over  
He works from four to eight,  
And Saturdays till midnight.  
O, my dear Dick, he's *great!*

"I thank you for your visit,  
I hope you'll come again;  
You must be very happy  
In making boys good men."

I could not give the message  
I went to give, so I  
Just said, "Tell Dick I'm sorry  
He was not here, good bye."

For when I heard her story  
Of what her boy had done,  
I knew I was a failure  
In training such a son.

I knew that I had never  
Dick's best life understood;  
I thought him "bad," his mother  
Had proved that he was good.

I learned a vital lesson  
From her that epoch day;  
I went a thoughtless teacher;  
Transformed, I came away.

I learned I could not kindle  
True soulhood with a stick;  
I'd studied how to govern;  
Henceforth I'll study Dick.

That day I said, "I'll never  
Coerce a child again,"  
And since I have been happy  
In aiding "to make men."

I told Dick all the story  
Of what I went to do,  
And how it made me happy  
To find he was so true.

I asked him to forgive me  
For wrongs that I had done,  
And his bright smile and hand clasp  
Showed that his heart was won.

We spoke about his mother,  
About the baby, too;  
We spoke about his future,  
And each had vision new;  
We pledged a lifelong friendship;  
We still are comrades true.

## MCWHACKER

**M**CWHACKER was a teacher man,  
He went to church on Sunday,  
And prayed that he might have the strength  
To beat the boys on Monday.

McWhacker was his proper name  
For he did surely whack us;  
With rawhide in his big right hand  
He daily did attack us.

He flogged us for the wrong we did—  
Right on our heads he'd crack us;  
He flogged us for mistakes we made  
And where he'd hit he'd black us.

At length he died through making love  
Too much to old God Bacchus;  
But we remember through the years  
The way he used to whack us.



"I GUESS HE NEVER WAS A BOY"

*(Told by one of the boys)*

**T**HE trustees met to hear a charge  
The teacher made against his boys.  
He said that we were rude outside,  
And in the school made too much noise.  
"The very first day I was here  
They gathered on the hill," said he  
"When school was out, and when I passed  
They all joined in and snowballed me."  
The chairman rose and looked severe,  
"I'm sorry, boys," he sternly said;  
"Why did you treat your teacher so?"  
Then Enoch Simpson rose and said,  
"I asked him if he'd take a ride,  
I did not do it to annoy;  
He threw my sleigh ar o'er the fence,  
I guess he never wa a boy."  
We snowballed him, sir, 'good and hard,'  
He got the worst of it, and we  
Think he deserved it—all he got—  
And we were hopeful, sir, that he  
Would tell us he was sorry, when  
He came to school next day, but O  
You should have heard how he did scold.  
He told us he would make us know"

"That he was boss. We shouted "boss!  
Co boss! Co boss!" We made some noise,  
But honestly now wouldn't you  
Have done so, too, when you were boys?  
We meant no harm, and we'll behave  
If he will only learn to see  
That boys have rights. We'll all be glad  
If he our comrade friend will be."

The teacher promised, and the boys  
Cheered loudly, and the trustees, too,  
The Chairman said, "he hoped that all  
Would now unite our best to do."  
The teacher said, "I will be square,  
I see that I was wrong, and here  
I offer an apology  
To all the boys, with heart sincere."

Loud were the cheers the glad boys gave  
From hearts that overflowed delight  
Until the happy teacher said,  
"I wonder, Simpson, if tonight  
You'd let me ride downhill, with you?"  
Simpson stood up, and said "O, yes!"  
Then in a kindly tone he said,  
"Fellows, he *was* a boy, I guess."

## FRED'S SYMPATHY

**W**E lived in a cottage beside the sea  
And when I came home one day  
I did not see Fred—little Fred just eight—  
Who loved with his "dad" to play.

And daddy loved, too, with his happy boy  
To play, when his work was done,  
Or climb to the top of the hill with him,  
To look at the setting sun.

"Dear, where is our boy," to my wife, I said,  
And sadly she made reply;  
"O Fred was so naughty this afternoon  
To punish him I did try,

But, when I commanded that he should come,  
Authority he defied,  
And knowing that I could not follow him  
Crept under the house to hide."

"Then give me the rod," I most sternly said  
I'll teach him he must obey."  
So after him slowly I crept until  
From him but two yards away.

And then with a look of deep sympathy  
He whispered so low to me,  
"Say dad! is she after you, too?" Now who  
Could whip such a boy as he?

We went to the top of our sunset hill  
And watched till the sun had gone,  
And saw in the glory of afterglow  
The day's fond goodnight shine on.

And there as we stood in that sacred light  
I lovingly spoke to him,  
And told of the shadow on mother's heart  
Until his blue eyes were dim.

And as we came down with his hand in mine  
He said, "I am sorry Dad,  
But if she'll forgive me and love me still  
I'll try not to be so bad."

I tightened my hold on his little hand  
And felt his response to me,  
Till out from his heart a love message came,  
"I'll tell her tonight," said he.

Her face was o'ershadowed by sadness still,  
But soon it was changed to joy,  
And lighted by love shine, when in her arms  
She held her enkindled boy.

## THE BRILLIANT DUNCE

**T**HEY called him "dunce." In olden time  
It was a very common crime  
To call boys names, though wiser men,  
Said it was wicked even then  
To call boys "bad," or "dunce," or "fool"  
Because they broke some needless rule,  
Or could not spell, or were not quick  
To learn the hard arithmetic.

The teacher who would use a name  
That brings a tear, or blush of shame  
To any child; has not been taught  
That each child represents a thought  
Of God—some vital uplift plan  
Of service for his fellowman;  
Or he would know that boys should be  
From such insulting language free.

They called Pete "dunce," and his nine years  
Had brought him many bitter tears.  
He could not read at nine, and they  
Would shake their book-crammed heads, and say,  
"He cares not for his books, and so  
His brain, poor boy, will never grow.  
He does not understand. Alas!  
He cannot learn. He will not pass."

Enlightened teachers clearly see  
That some were never meant to be  
Book students; but most teachers yet  
This basic principle forget.  
They mark book crammers very high  
And others "dunces" classify.  
Achieving men are greater far  
Than mere book students ever are.

Pete cared not for the printed word,  
His interest had not been stirred  
By anything his teachers taught,  
And so they most unwisely thought  
He was a "dunce," and said that he  
Of dunces had least power to be  
Of any use. They did not know  
How quickly souls, when kindled, grow.

His teacher left; another came  
With faith in boys, and heart aflame.  
They told him Pete was just a "dunce."  
He listened, and replied at once,  
"I'll study him, and try to find  
What cause obscures the poor boy's mind.  
I'll try to kindle him, I know  
If kindled, he will start to grow."

For weeks the teacher saw no sign  
That any light began to shine  
In Pete's dark mind, until one day  
He said, "I have another way  
Of teaching drawing, boys, to wake  
Their minds, and not mere pictures make.  
I will come twice each week at eight;  
I hope you'll come; you'll find it great."

He hoped one half his class to find.  
The "dunce" alone with dormant mind  
Came. "Pete", said he, "I'll try to do  
The very best I can for you.  
To start the power of just one boy  
To grow would give me greater joy  
Than to be King; If you will try  
We'll be good comrades, you and I."

Pete understood. His first design,  
Planned by himself grew line by line.  
He did not copy. He was free  
To be original, so he  
Was kindled, and a vital light  
Shone in his eyes and made them bright.  
The teacher's smile brought joyous tears  
That gathered through unkindled years.

His soul awoke in that great hour,  
For drawing was his special power,  
Related powers woke, too, and he  
Gave promise of his destiny,  
And made it to his teacher clear  
That he would have a fine career.  
An architect renowned is he,  
Whose fame is known beyond the sea.

When teachers learn to kindle souls,  
And start their growth towards special goals,  
Each one to his own goal, they'll know  
That men's best powers can never grow  
By knowledge only. They must be  
First kindled, then made truly free.  
All teachers are dunce makers, when  
They think of knowledge more than men.



## ROBBED OF CHILDHOOD

**A** Father and a mother came  
A hundred miles to see  
A teacher with their little boy  
Because they heard that he  
Was fond of boys and power had  
To kindle those whom they called "bad".

"We've no control whatever, sir,"

They said, "over this lad,  
And we can find no reason, sir,  
Why he should be so "bad."

We ask, if you our son will take  
And see, if you his will can break."

"He knows the Bible, sir, by heart;  
We've tried to make him good.

We ought to know the rightful way  
To train as parents should.

Our fathers both were preachers true,  
Who, how to train their children, knew.

"They never let us have our way

When we were young, and so  
We could not learn to do wrong things;

Obedient we did grow,  
But he gets angry, when controlled,  
And answers us in language bold."

"I'm sorry for your little son,"  
The teacher kindly said,  
"You did not try to train a child,  
You trained a man instead.  
You cannot truly train a boy  
By robbing him of childhood's joy."

A boy in childhood should be free  
To think, and plan, and do.  
Your son can never truly grow  
So long, my friends, as you  
Refuse to let him have his way  
Enjoying work—enjoying play."

"To know the bible all by heart  
At ten, cannot be right.  
To make the sacred book a task,  
May cloud the guiding light  
That it should give to lead him through  
Life's coming years, and make him true."

"He is not "bad", but warped, because  
His growth has not been free.  
I like your boy, and soon I hope  
To win his love for me.  
We will be comrades full of joy,  
And he will be a fine true boy."

## OUR FIRST FEMALE TEACHER

**T**HE School board met one night to choose  
A teacher for the coming year.  
The chairman was a cultured Scot  
Progressive, earnest, and sincere.

One was an Englishman, the last  
From Ireland came. The chairman read  
The written applications, then  
"I have a great surprise," he said.

"One from a female teacher came  
Whose writing is the very best,  
Her spelling and her grammar, too,  
Are far ahead of all the rest."

"Of all the teachers who applied  
The female teacher I would choose."  
Then spoke the Englishman who said  
"To vote for females I refuse,

"I want a male." Then Erin's son  
Expressed with force his simple plan,  
"For nayther male nor female I  
Will vote," said he, "I want a man."

The chairman reasoned earnestly;  
The Englishman was stubborn still.  
"Women should stay at home," said he,  
"To vote for one I never will."

To Tim, the chairman then appealed,  
Until the Irishman said, "Well,  
Perhaps you're right. I hope you are.  
I'll vote with you, and time will tell."

And time did tell for soon she proved  
That both her head and heart were right.  
She won the happy girls and boys,  
And filled their parents with delight.

Then when the Englishman would meet  
With parents anywhere he'd say,  
"I'm glad that we appointed her  
For she has surely won her way."

## JIM

JIM'S Teacher was a kindly man,  
But in the "good old training plan"  
He still believed. "No boy," said he,  
"Can be from evil ways made free  
Unless you use the rod, until  
You change his heart and break his will.  
I do not like to whip a boy,  
But do it that he may have joy,  
When he is old enough to see  
That he should ever grateful be  
Because I punished him at school  
And made him always keep each rule.  
All boys are born corrupt within,  
Their natures love the path of sin.  
Their evil natures are so strong  
They hate the right and love the wrong.  
And so I use correction's rod  
To turn my boys in youth to God.  
I whip to drive the evil out.  
I turn the wayward boys about,  
And make them keep the narrow path  
To save them from eternal wrath."  
He was an earnest man and true  
Who said his duty he must do  
To save the boys. Poor thoughtless man!  
He never sought a better plan  
Than beating boys to kindle souls,

And guide them towards the higher goals.  
His boys oft ran away from school,  
But he declared that proved the rule  
That boys objected to be trained,  
And hated school because restrained;  
And so his days were grimly spent  
Awarding brutal punishment.  
The best boys ran away he knew,  
But still he beat the patient few  
Who stayed. He never tried to find  
A plan less brutal and more kind  
To stimulate the youthful mind.

The largest pupil in the school,  
Jim Johnston, one day broke a rule;  
A hundred rules the master had,  
A hundred ways of being bad;  
And when with visage dark and grim  
The master loudly ordered Jim  
To come for punishment, he stood,  
And in a calm, defiant mood  
Said "No!" The master in a rage  
Roared like a lion in his cage,  
And struck the boy a savage blow,  
Then ordered him from school to go.  
Active, and strong, and undismayed  
A rush the maddened pupil made.  
Upon the startled master's head  
He rained fierce blows, and firmly said  
"I'll go when I my debt have paid,

And you have full atonement made,  
For even as a little lad,  
When first you foully called me "bad,"  
And beat me I resolved to pay  
The debt I owed some future day.  
That day has come and, when I go,  
I hope you'll learn your lesson—so  
That you may find a better plan  
To train a boy to be a man."

The master said that Jim should be  
Expelled from school so bad was he;  
But the Inspector kindly said  
That he would transfer Jim instead.  
"And so his part not mine you take."  
The master said, "Sir, you should break  
His stubborn will." "No! I'll not dare  
To break a will so strong and rare.  
His will is God's best gift, and I  
Will help the boy that he may try  
His will to strengthen that he may  
Be strong and true for God some day.  
I'll not deny the boy his right  
To kindly guidance towards the light."

"He must apologize to me,"  
The master said. "Wait, let me see,  
Did you apologize to Jim?  
Remember that you first struck him  
Unlawfully upon the head,"

The kind Inspector calmly said.  
"Take my advice, do not object  
To his transfer. Learn to respect  
The rights of children. Start anew  
To study them. Be kind and true.  
You might be punished for the blow  
Severely in the court, and so  
A comrade—not a tyrant be.  
Kindle their powers. Let them be free.  
Trust them as partners in the school,  
And let them help to make each rule.  
Don't try to make a boy a saint.  
Let law be guidance not restraint.  
Restrictive law each power destroys  
That should unfold in girls and boys.  
Train them to plan and do, and they  
Will grow in vital power each day,  
And life to them may ever be  
A progress toward divinity."

Jim's second principal was wise.  
Jim said of him, "he always tries  
To be a comrade with the boys  
In outdoor sports and other joys  
That real boys all like so much  
When kindled by a human touch."  
He welcomed Jim and said "we need  
You Jim to help us; you can lead  
Our football team to victory.  
We'll all be glad if you will be  
Our Captain, won't we boys?" said he.



They answered him with three times three.  
And Jim remembered through the years  
His heartglow, when he heard their cheers.  
New elements of hope and power  
Were kindled in his life that hour,  
New visions of what he might be  
Swept through his soul and made him free.  
He promised he would do his part  
To prove that in his grateful heart  
He'd keep the boys and master, too,  
And to their trust be ever true.

Jim's leadership was strong but kind.  
His team with him in love combined.  
They won the cup—but more—they learned  
That triumph ever must be earned,  
By each one working at his best  
In partnership with all the rest.  
They felt new consciousness of power.  
They learned to spend no idle hour,  
But practiced well each foot ball art  
That each with skill might play his part.  
Life had fresh interest for Jim;  
Each day revealed new hope for him;  
Achievement gave new power to do  
The greater things of wider view,  
And elements of true success  
Entered his soul his life to bless.  
Training may either bless or blight  
May make life dark or guide to light  
That shines forever on the height.

## HOW HE WON HIS SPURS

TWO teachers from our village school  
We helped to drive away;  
They did not like our boyish tricks,  
And so they did not stay;

And, when the village school Board had  
Appointed Number three,  
We planned to drive him quickly out,  
And let him, too, go free.

He said "good morning girls and boys,"  
When he came in, and then,  
When no one answered him, he said,  
"Ladies and gentlemen,

"When they are spoken to arise  
And say 'good morning,' too,  
Again I'll say 'Good morning,' then  
I know what you will do."

He said it in a comrade's tone,  
And looked so kind and true,  
That, when he said it over, we  
All said "good morning," too.

He smiled and said "I hope that we  
Will always be in school  
Young ladies and young gentlemen,  
I have no other rule."

When he began recording names  
I thought that I would be  
A little funny, so I said  
"My name is Pat Turlee."

I said it in an Irish voice.  
He saw the others smile,  
And so he quickly answered me,  
And spoke in Irish style.

"Jist judgin' by yer looks," said he,  
"That name wud suit ye well,  
But if ye plaze, my jolly lad,  
Yer right name now ye'll tell."

I saw his twinkling eyes and said  
"Ed. Turley—not Tur-lee."  
He answered promptly "all right, Ed.  
Good friends I'm sure we'll be."

Then stepping down he took my hand  
And said "Your name I knew,  
For when I asked the 'Bad' boy's name,  
Each one I asked named you."

"I like you better, Ed., for that  
When I was young as you,  
They called me 'bad.' I tried to prove  
That what they said was true.

"You are not 'bad'; the jolly boys  
Are nearly always kind,  
And I expect that I in you  
A trusted friend will find.

"You planned at my expense to have  
Hilarity with me;  
I think that you expected, too,  
That I would angry be.

"The poor new teacher often has  
Some trials his first day,  
But he may win his spurs, if he  
Accepts them gracefully.

"And so I won't think less of you  
Because you tried to be  
A little mischievous, and have  
Some merriment with me."

Then I stood up and said to him  
"Whatever, sir, occurs  
We'll all stand ever true to you,  
For you have won your spurs."

## HOW TO HARDEN STEEL

**T**HE blacksmith threw a piece of steel  
Upon the ground and said,  
"I cannot harden it. It seems  
To be as soft as lead."

His son stood near and promptly said,  
"It soon will hardened be,  
If you will 'lick it,' dad, I know  
That's how you hardened me."

## I SHAKE IT OUT OF HIM

A TEACHER said, "There is one boy  
I will not stand;  
The sullen, stubborn boy who sulks,  
When I command."

"I will not reason with that boy,  
Nor patience show;  
I'll shake it out of him, that he  
My power may know."

O, blighter of the souls of boys!  
O, tyrant blind!  
Such boys need doctors, and the smiles  
Of teachers kind.

A gloomy farmer came to get  
His photograph;  
He looked like one who never had  
A jolly laugh.

The new photographer said, "Smile!  
No change was made;  
"O smile, sir, smile!" he said again;  
The sad look stayed.

"Come, you must smile!" he louder said.  
He failed again.  
He took a pistol in his hand  
And shouted then,

"Smile, will you!" He was quite as wise  
As teachers mad,  
Who shake the sulky, stubborn boys  
To make them glad.

## THE DUNCE

LUCY was merely "the dunce" to me.  
Dullest of all in the school was she.  
"Dunce" she was called when to teach I came,  
And I remembered that conscious shame  
Burned on her cheeks with indignant flame,  
When she was called that degrading name.

So though I knew she seemed dull and slow  
Sympathy ever I tried to show.  
Calling her "dunce" could not make her bright;  
Baseness so mean robs dim souls of light.  
To the poor girl I was just and kind,  
But I neglected her dormant mind.

When in October my class began  
For the school closing to make our plan,  
Lucy came shyly and said that "she  
Would be so glad to recite for me."  
"No!" I replied, for I thought at once  
That her class reading was bad, poor dunce.

Yet the next morning she brought a book,  
Gave it to me, and said, "Please do look;  
Find if you can one I may recite,  
Then I'll be happy on closing night."  
Still I said kindly, "I think not, dear."  
Then in her eye I could see a tear.



Tenderly to the poor child I said,  
"Choose one yourself, dear." She raised her head.  
Quickly my words chased her tears away;  
Fondly she smiled at me through the day;  
Then at the close she came up to me.  
"Thank you," she whispered, "just wait and see."

Lucy came early next day to me;  
"Hear me recite, if you please," said she;  
Joy was still dancing in her blue eyes.  
"Gladly," I said, and to my surprise  
Lucy recited with power and grace,  
Hope's light transforming her glowing face.

As I walked homeward that happy night,  
Into my soul flashed a message bright.  
"Lucy has power," was the lesson taught.  
Clear to my mind came the humbling thought,  
We were the dunces to let her go  
So long unkindled, but now she'll grow."

"Interest has been aroused in her,  
Soon her dull mind will begin to stir—  
Wondering, longing to understand.  
O! how I'll watch as its powers expand.  
She has revealed her best power to me.  
Blind I have been, but thank God I see."

## JIM'S BIG BROTHER

'T WAS Winter time. Upon the farms  
The year's hard work was o'er,  
And earnest young men came to school  
To try to learn some more.

Strong limbed, athletic men were they,  
Strong hearted, forceful, true,  
Men who love work in open fields  
Grow strong, but tender, too.

Dick Andrews was a splendid type  
Of force, and skill, and grace.  
No other lifted such a weight,  
Or ran so swift a race.

Our teacher beat the small boys most,  
And O! he whipped us hard;  
And often our poor backs were blue,  
When by his rawhide scarred.

He called Dick's little brother up  
One day to punish him.  
Dick said, "My brother's sick. You must  
Not punish little Jim."

"Then I'll beat you," the teacher said,  
But, ere he struck a blow,  
Dick knocked him down and sat on him,  
"Now, sir," he said, "I'll show

"You how a rawhide hurts, and make  
You understand the way  
Poor, helpless little fellows feel  
That you beat day by day."

And so he did. He beat him well  
Until he writhed in pain,  
Then rose, and to the teacher said,  
"I hope I made it plain."

"That rawhides hurt, and I intend  
To punish you, whene'er  
You beat my little brother, so  
Just do it, if you dare."

At noon that day some little boys  
Said, "Dick, we're glad that you  
Beat the old sinner, and we wish  
You'd be our brother, too."

## HIS FIRST MORNING

“I ’LL read my thirteen rules to you,”  
The teacher harshly said,  
“You’d better pay attention, too,”  
And, when the rules were read.

He took a ruler in his hand  
And struck the desk a blow,  
“Now dare to break one of my rules,”  
He said, “and out you go.”

“I’m going to be master here  
Or know the reason why,  
And, if you mean to disobey,  
I’d like to see you try.”

Tom White, our largest boy, said, “Bah!”  
We answered with a shout,  
“A bully is a coward, sir,  
Now come and put me out.”

The teacher quailed; we cheered, and cheered.  
Astonished at the noise  
The principal came in and asked,  
“What is the matter, boys?”

The angry teacher answered him,  
“Why, sir, I never saw  
Such boys as these. They’ve no respect  
For me, sir, or for law.”

"Tom," said the principal, "please tell  
Me what has happened here,"

"He's not a gentleman," said Tom,  
We answered with a cheer.

"No word of greeting did he give  
When first he took his place;  
He simply stood, and glared at us  
With fierce, unfriendly face.

"He read us thirteen silly rules,  
Then struck the desk a blow,  
And said, 'Whoever breaks a rule  
Out of the school will go.'

"We were indignant, sir, at him,  
Boys have their rights, but we  
Will be polite to any man  
Who treats us decently."

The principal then kindly said,  
"I'm sorry, sir, but you  
Were wrong, for these are earnest boys,  
Kind hearted, helpful, true."

"I will report at once that you  
For this school will not do.  
You, sir, should never teach again  
Until, with wider view,

"You get a new respect for boys,  
And learn a better plan  
Than bullying to train a boy  
To be a gentleman."

Then turning to Tom White, he said,  
"Tom, I have faith in you,  
Please lead the class, for I can trust  
These jolly fellows, too.  
I'll try to get a leader soon  
Who'll be a comrade true."

I CANNOT KEEP THEM DOWN

“I'M sure that you have given me  
The hardest class in town,  
They won't obey, and I confess  
I cannot keep them down.”

“You should not try to keep them down,”  
The principal replied,

“Your duty is to guide them up.”

“I can't,” she said, “I've tried.

“I've punished them to make them work,  
And yet it seems to me,

The more I punish them the worse  
The bad ones grow to be.”

“Is that the best that you can do?”  
The teacher answered, “Yes.”

“Then never while you live again  
Such ignorance confess.

“God gave you higher kindling powers  
Than force of strong right arm;  
That is your weakest power; the one  
Most certain to do harm.

“Learn your high powers of mind and heart  
To kindle childhood's best,  
And study children's interests  
That you and they be blest.

"Don't keep them down, but guide them up  
In love's enkindling way,  
And they will grow in happiness  
And vision day by day.

"Thus clearer light and higher view  
Will help your soul to grow,  
And you will find the highest joy  
A teacher's life can know."



## THE STEP-TEACHER

**M**ARY heard her mother's friends  
Talk about step-mothers' ways,  
Always telling of their faults,  
Never speaking words of praise.

Mary, when she came from school  
Pleasant stories used to tell  
To her mother ev'ry day,  
For she loved her teacher well.

But one day her face was sad,  
For her teacher kind was ill,  
And another had been sent  
For a time her place to fill.

"Our new teacher is so cross,"  
Said she, "and she scolds us so,  
Mother dear, that she must be  
Just a step-teacher, I know."

## TWO CHARACTER BLIGHTERS

**B**ILL'S teacher was solemn, his father was, too—  
Believing that earth is a sad vale of tears,  
They made his life teary in youth so that he  
Might be well prepared to endure through the years.

They robbed him of childhood and taught him that  
God

Was watching to punish him, when he was bad.  
The true joys of childhood they made into sins  
To try to prevent his becoming too glad.

His teacher seemed happy, when he could report  
Some wrong he had done, or some failure he made;  
Then father would mourn o'er his terrible end,  
And make him kneel down while he wailingly prayed.

When any new vision shone into his mind,  
And he began doing some things that were new,  
They stopped him and said, "Don't! Sit still and be  
good:"

And made him a "don'ter" with nothing to do.

And thus they soon strangled the best in his soul;  
His life was embittered, his heart became sad;  
Then those who had robbed him of growth-power and  
joy

Coerced him more harshly, and said he was bad.

Bill sullenly listened to censure and prayer.  
He gladly accepted their verdict, and tried  
To prove he was bad but relief came in time—  
The teacher he hated grew sick and soon died.

All life changed for Bill, when his new teacher came;  
He proved to be brotherly comrade and friend,  
Who kindled his powers, awakened new aims,  
And ever was ready with smile to commend.

Bill's winter was past, and life's frost-fettered streams  
Flowed out, when set free by the sunshine of trust,  
And watered the roots of his soul so he grew  
In faith in himself for his teacher was just.

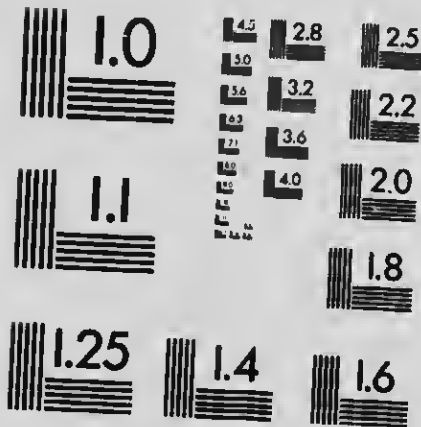
Bill's father soon noted the change, and he said,  
"My son, since your teacher is dead I can see  
His death has been hallowed to you, and I hope  
That you will continue more worthy to be."

Bill smiled as he answered, "Yes, dad, I agree,  
His death was indeed a great blessing to me."



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"DREADFUL DICK"

**Y**ES! I taught a village school,  
More than fifty years ago.  
Teachers then believed the rod  
Must be used to make boys grow  
Into good and useful men;  
Beating boys was common then.

When the trustees first engaged  
Me to teach the village school,  
The last teacher said, Dick Green  
Never would submit to rule;  
So four times a day he had  
Punished him, he was "so bad."

"Then," said I, "I do not see?  
Why he is so good, poor lad,  
Beaten as you say he was.  
Beating helps to make boys bad.  
Beaten he will never be,  
While he comes to school to me."

On the road I met the boy,  
And he tried to pass me by  
Without speaking, but I said,  
"Dick, I hope you'll not be shy;  
I am the new teacher, so  
All the boys I'd like to know."

"How'd you know my name is Dick?"  
"People told me you were 'Bad,'  
And they called you, 'Dreadful Dick,'  
So to meet you I am glad.  
Beating is the only way  
You can be made good, they say."

"I do not believe that, Dick,  
I have found boys love to do  
Right far better than the wrong.  
From your face I judge that you  
Have just been misunderstood,  
And that in your heart you're good."

"Say!" said he, "I wish I could  
Just believe all that. Will you  
Come with me a-fishing now,  
If you've nothing else to do?"  
"Yes! old sport, I'll go with you,  
And you'll find that I am true."

Coming back I said to him,  
" 'Comrade Dick' I'll call you, boy,  
'Dreadful Dick!' Let's bury him,"  
Then his face lit up with joy,  
"Trust and love you'll get from me."  
"I will trust you, too," said he.

"Yes! I heard him preach last night.  
And he filled my soul with light."

## BRAVE JOE

“YOU did it, sir, I know you did.”  
The angry teacher said,  
His voice was loud, his tone was harsh,  
His face was very red.

“I did not do the printing, sir,”  
Replied the honest lad;

“Don't dare to contradict me, boy,  
I know you're always bad.

“To save yourself from punishment  
I know you'd tell a lie.”

The boy in answer calmy said,

“You're lying, sir, not I.”

“I saw the printing done, and so  
I know the truth—not you—

What you have said is not the truth,  
What I have said is true.”

The teacher raised his cane to strike,

But ere he struck the blow,

A trustee, standing at the door,

Said, “Stop! What's wrong with Joe?”

The teacher told his story; then

Joe told his story, too.

And said, “He does not know the truth,  
But what I said is true.”



While Joe was speaking, Susan Brown  
Came late, and heard him through;  
Then said, "I did the printing, sir,  
What Joe has said is true."

The teacher harshly said to Joe,  
"Why did you not tell me?"  
"You did not ask me," Joe replied,  
"And, if you had, you see,

"I could not be so mean, as tell  
What I had seen Sue do;  
You might have thrashed me till I fell,  
Before I'd peach on Sue."

The teacher claimed that Joe should make  
Apology. "You know  
He said that I was lying, sir,  
You can't deny it, Joe."

The trustee said, "I think that Joe  
Has proved an honest lad,  
You said you knew—you did not know;  
You basely called him 'bad.'

"You said that he was lying, though  
He told you what was true.  
To use your vulgar words, he has  
As good a right as you.

"For boys have rights, as well as men;  
Teachers have claimed, too long,  
That might is right, and beaten boys  
Because they were so strong.

"And he was right. It has been shown  
Your words were false—his true;  
You should apologize to Joe,  
I hope that's what you'll do.

"And let me add, what Susie wrote  
Was merely meant in fun;  
If you had laughed, the pupils' hearts  
You surely would have won."

## SHE FAILED

“THERE never were such horrid boys  
In all the world, I know,  
They make such noises I can't teach;  
They shout, they sing, they crow.  
I will not stay another day  
With children who will not obey.”

“I've punished them, and punished them  
But they are just as bad.  
Their mischief-making deviltry  
Will surely make me mad.  
I will resign, and let them see  
They cannot act that way with *me*.”

Then the inspector calmly said,  
“Dear lady you are wrong;  
The blame for what you say of them,  
Does not to them belong.  
For boys were never yet the cause  
That led to disrespect for laws.

“Boys love the laws of games, and if  
They're wisely ruled in schools  
Their love of law develops their  
Respect for all good rules,  
And law becomes respect for right  
Through life a guiding moral light.

"Directive—not restrictive law  
All children love, until  
Some tyrant dares in home or school  
Respect for law to kill  
By robbing them of freedom. They  
Learn then to dare to disobey.

"You punished them. It did no good.  
It did do lasting harm;  
You might have won them in an hour  
With kindly, loving charm.  
You've many powers to help and save,  
You used the power that must deprave.

"God gave you power of heart and mind  
To kindle and uplift—  
His highest gift to human souls—  
You do not use that gift.  
You have a hundred powers to charm;  
You basely use your strong right arm.

"Coercion is an evil thing  
That cannot kindle souls,  
And souls unkindled never rise  
To reach life's highest goals.  
Coercion is your lowest power.  
Plant seeds of love, and let them flower

"The powers your pupils use for wrong  
Should bring you happiness.  
All evil springs from misused good  
Develop—don't depress.  
Guide all their powers to work for right;  
Misused—these powers their lives will blight."

## SHE COULD NOT PASS

**N**ELL'S learning was not very great.  
For years she could not "pass."  
Each time she failed her crammers said  
"She did not 'pass.' Alas!"

Each year much younger pupils "passed,"  
Crammed through the highest class.  
But Nell came back another year,  
And tried, but failed to "Pass."

Nell still went calmly on her way,  
Until at length she "passed";  
And then her crammers smiled and said  
"Well, Nell got through at last."

They shook their learned heads and said  
"'T will never, never do  
To let her try to teach a school,  
Although she has got through."

And wise inspectors were quite sure  
That Nell would fail, but she  
Worked faithfully until she found  
Her place of destiny.

They sent her to the poorest part  
Of all the city, where  
The children were allowed to grow  
With little guiding care.

said  
It was not right to send her there,  
Such children need the best;  
It was not just to Nell, but she  
Began her work with zest.

With simple faith, with spirit strong;  
With heart serene and true;  
She entered on her chosen work,  
And triumphed in it, too.

As comrade in her pupils' lives  
She led their work and play.  
She did her best, but tried to find  
Some better way each day.

She made her pupils partners, too,  
In finding better ways  
To fill their lives with interest  
In work, in games, in plays.

She went with them on Saturdays  
To factories to see  
How men and women work; and plan  
What they in life should be.

And sometimes on a holiday  
Out to the woods they went,  
And freely under God's blue sky  
Rich, happy hours they spent.

They learned to love the flowers so much  
That they would not destroy  
Them. Each took home a single flower  
For some sick girl or boy.

She taught them how to grow fine flowers  
In window box and pots;  
And clear their rubbish heaps away,  
And make bright garden plots.

And soon she started clubs for them,  
Where girls and boys could meet,  
To learn to work, and play, and sing,  
And even learn to eat.

Then she got carpenters to come  
To train the boys to use  
Their tools, and shoemakers to show  
Then how to mend their shoes.

The fathers and the mothers, too,  
Would younger children bring,  
To watch the pupils at their work,  
And hear them sweetly sing.

The crammers smiled at Nell's queer ways:  
Teachers who failed before  
In Nell's school said, "Just wait, she'll fail."  
But when the year was o'er,



Her pupils took a higher rank  
Than any crammer's class;  
Awakened by new interests  
They did not fail to pass.

Relating home and school, awoke  
The district, and ere long  
The men became more sober, and  
The children grew more strong.

Nell's pupils, leaders soon became  
In helping others. She  
Trained leaders in the games at school,  
And taught that each should be

A leader in the game of life  
To help to make men free,  
And over evil try to win  
His special victory.

While learned crammers, crammed and  
crammed

To get their pupils "through,"  
Nell's pupils learned the vital things—  
To think, to be, to do.

Mere knowledge never has been power,  
And never power can be,  
Till it is wrought in, and wrought out  
Of souls divinely free.

When Nell grew old and left the school  
Her portrait was unveiled;  
Her gray haired pupils knew that she  
In life's test had not "failed."

## THE TEACHER'S STORY

SAM JOHNSON was a jolly lad  
One of the brightest that I had.  
He was the captain of my team  
Of football boys, and his bright dream  
Was that our team would surely be  
The winners of the cup, and he  
Would proudly hand the prize to me.

Sam's father thought his boy was "bad"  
He often punished him, poor lad,  
And told him "he would go astray  
Because he was so fond of play,"  
So in his room to make him good  
Alone in dreary solitude  
In his dim room he shut him in  
At night to keep him free from sin.  
Misguided tyrant he believed  
That he his purpose had achieved  
Because Sam seemed subdued to be  
And yielded to his tyranny  
Although he yielded sullenly.

Sam made excuses day by day  
Because he could not stay to play.  
At last his father came to say  
That Sam from home had run away  
With money stolen from the till.  
"I tried," said he, "to break his will ;

From him all evil things I took  
And made him read the sacred book.  
I knew that he would go astray,  
If you could have your wicked way,  
And waste his precious time in play.

I kindly said, "Were I your son  
I think from you I'd quickly run  
Away. What could a poor boy do  
Who had a father such as you?  
You robbed him of his right to play,  
Or be himself in any way.  
He is a boy, a real boy,  
Whose heart should glow with boys' true joy.  
To try to make a boy a man  
Is ever the most certain plan  
His higher selfhood to destroy,  
And rob him of true power and joy.  
If of your tyranny afraid  
Your son might still at home have stayed  
Enduring hopelessly the wrong  
You did, but Sam is far too strong  
To yield to tyranny, and he  
Has bravely left his home to be  
From his own tyrant father free."

"Free from coercive tyrant rule  
Your boy was always good in school,  
No child can ever grow to be  
What God has planned unless, he's free

To see, and think, and plan, and do:—  
Achieving visions ever new.

Sam loved to work as well as play.  
Play is a boy's most perfect way  
To set his highest powers free,  
And train his leadership that he  
A forceful, helpful life may live  
And of his best to others give."

"I'll help you now your boy to find,  
If you will promise to be kind  
And just to him, and set him free  
From your degrading tyranny.  
If you will promise to be fair  
And try his boyish plans to share  
As comrade, and with him will go  
To see him play—that he may know  
His father's sympathy, why then  
As Captain of our team, again  
You will be proud of him, and he  
Will love his father tenderly."  
He knew his plan had failed, so he  
With mine was ready to agree.

We found Sam angry, bitter, sad;  
A hard, resentful, heart-sore lad  
With all his better nature turned  
To evil. In his soul there burned  
The agony of conscious shame  
For which he knew he had no blame.

His father said with feeling strong  
He now could see he had been wrong,  
And asked his boy's forgiveness. Then  
Sam's better nature shone again.

I told how glad the boys would be  
Their Captain on the field to see,  
And that his father would be proud  
To lead the happy cheering crowd,  
When he as Captain handed me  
The emblem cup of victory.  
Off rolled the shadows from Sam's heart  
"O, dad," he said. "I'll do my part,  
If you will only freely give  
Me just a chance to truly live."  
Dad promised, and to Sam was just,  
Enjoying comradeship and trust,  
And, when the cup at length was won,  
He gave to his triumphant son  
Fine medals for his team to wear  
To prove his sympathy and share  
With others on that day of joy  
The honours heaped upon his boy.

## LET CHILDHOOD'S FLOWERS BLOOM

**I** HAVE a boy just four years old  
The worst I've ever known.  
He is my only child, and I  
Have lived for him alone.

"I was a teacher so I know  
Just how to train a child."  
At that I turned my head away  
And coughed, and broadly smiled.

"A preacher told me once," she said,  
"That he was not born bad,  
But I know better, for my boy  
No chance has ever had

"To learn bad things from other boys;  
I kept all boys away  
From him. He never left my sight.  
I never let him play.

"Now what would you advise?" said she.  
I looked her in the eye,  
And calmly said with earnestness  
"Are you prepared to die?"

"There is no other way to give  
Your boy a chance to grow  
In body, mind, or heart, if you  
Are not prepared to go.

"Unless you let your child be free  
And be a real boy  
Without an intermeddler near  
To rob him of his joy.

"He never had a boy's true play;  
He never has been free  
To plan and then achieve his plans,  
And learn to do and be

"What God meant boys to do and be  
To kindle their best powers,  
And make the seeds of happiness  
Become Life's perfect flowers.

"You turn his joy to bitterness;  
His love you turn to hate;  
And then blame God for your own crimes.  
O learn before too late,

"That God gave you a child well made  
With powers that never die;  
You have prevented their true growth  
And yet you wonder why

"Your boy does evil. You must learn  
That evil is but good  
Misused. Your son is God's own boy  
By you misunderstood.



"Fear not the evil. God still lives.  
Your boy will not go wrong,  
If freely in his life you let  
His good grow truly strong."

## SECRETS OF FAILURE

**H**E must fail in child training who day after day  
Tells a boy he is "bad" in the old fashioned way  
Till the good in his life is transformed into bad  
And his power for right has been blighted, poor lad,  
For his badness is goodness until tyrant man  
Interferes with the freeness of God's child-growth plan,  
And the man who remembers that he was a lad,  
Is the hope of the children some trainers call "bad."

Men must fail in the training of childhood, if they  
Have forgotten that children are happy at play,  
And that all a child's goodness grows strong in the  
light  
And the warmth of his soul, when his heart-shine is  
bright.

The great world to him is a realm of the blest  
While he's free to enjoy it with childhood's keen zest,  
So the man who can kindle a child with true joy  
Has the mind of a man and the heart of a boy.

The child grows by doing—not "don'ting" and so  
When his doing is stopped, his best ceases to grow.  
Given freedom to plan, and with comradeship true  
With his father and mother the child loves to do  
What is right—not the wrong, for God made the  
child right,

And, if evil his action, 'tis proof of man's blight.  
The child loves to do, not "to do what is wrong,"  
For by doing his powers grow vitally strong.

## HE WAS REMEMBERED

**I**N early life I taught a school,  
And after forty years I went  
To visit in the village, where  
My long past teaching days were spent.

I hoped to find some pupils who  
Remembered me, and still would show  
Their joy at meeting me again,  
Their teacher of the long ago.

I went into the village store,  
Where kindred spirits often met,  
To see, if from those gathered there,  
I could some information get.

I knew that I had so much changed  
No one my face would recognize;  
But soon I heard one speak my name,  
And listened with suppressed surprise.

"O! you may talk about the way  
The teachers beat boys now," said he,  
But they are gentlemen compared  
With one who broke his cane on me.

"Tim Brown put pepper on the stove,  
But Jackson thought I did it, so  
He called me up. 'Did you do that?'  
Said he. I promptly answered "No.

"I don't believe you, sir," he said  
"I'll whip you for your falsehood, too";  
I would not tell on Tim, and so  
He beat me till my back was blue."

"In some way he found out the truth,  
But seemed to feel no sense of shame  
For flogging me for what he knew  
I was not really to blame."

"I have despised him ever since  
And his old pupils even yet  
Say had he been a gentleman  
He'd have expressed sincere regret."

I first decided I would buy  
Some trifling thing, and haste away;  
But then my better nature said  
"No! Be a gentleman and stay."

They all looked startled, when I said  
"My name is Jackson, gentlemen,  
I was that teacher, but I've learned  
Sincere respect for boys since then."

"Boys have their rights, as well as men  
And I apologize to Jim  
For he was brave and truthful, too.  
A man then stood, and said "I'm Tim."

"And I apologized to Jim  
Long years ago; I felt the shame  
Of letting him take punishment  
For what I only was to blame."

Then round me gathered my old boys,  
And Jim forgave me for the past.  
In his own home we formed that day  
A friendship that will always last.

## WHO RUINED FRED?

**F**RED was in jail for burglary.  
When his old teacher heard how bad  
His life had been, he shook his head,  
And said, "he was a wicked lad."

"Some boys are born so bad they love  
The paths of wilfulness and sin;  
They hate restraint. they disobey,  
They won't submit to discipline."

"I whipped and whipped, and whipped him, till  
He ran away from school. I feel  
I did my duty faithfully  
But could not break his will of steel."

"I told him he was wicked, and  
I told his mother as a friend.  
I did all that a man could do  
And warned him jail would be his end."

The teacher's was the crime, for he  
Had never tried to study Fred,  
Or kindle what was good in him,  
But whipped, and whipped, and warned instead.

Coercive punishment alone  
He tried, and yet he dared to say  
"He did *all* that a man could do."  
'Twas he who drove the boy astray.

His own best powers he never used ;  
Fred's best he never tried to wake  
He used his least effective force,  
And tried Fred's splendid will to break.

Inflated ignorance could find  
No baser, surer, swifter plan  
To rob a boy of hope. and faith,  
And conscious power, when a man.

## TEACHING ME TO LAUGH

'T WAS in the "good old times" when men  
Trained in the "good old plan"  
Of beating brutally to make  
A boy into a man.

Our red haired teacher had one eye,  
And on a day in June  
His one eye closed in peaceful sleep  
One hazy afternoon.

And while he slept the girls and boys  
Quit work to have some fun.  
We spent the time in merry ways,  
And I had just begun

To smile at pretty Susie Jones  
And truly happy be,  
When he awoke, and from my dream  
He rudely startled me.

He thought I smiled at him and so,  
He shouted, "Jim, come here,  
And I will teach you how to laugh,"  
Then smiled with bitter sneer.

I did not think that I had need  
Of smiling lessons, yet  
I went. "I'll teach you, now," said he,  
"What you will not forget."



men  
"And you may choose the instrument,"

He added with a nod,

"The rod, the ruler, or the strap."

At length I chose the rod.

"Oho, and so you'd like the rod,"

The jeering tyrant said,

"Well then, my boy, if you like it

I'll take the strap instead."

He tried to break my laughing heart :

'Twas more than he could do ;

I'm glad, too, that he did not stop

My smiling at sweet Sue.

I meant to teach him, when a man

How boy's hot wrath can wait,

But life brought such a store of joy

I lost my power to hate.

My memory retains the good ;

The horrors pass away ;

And I can even laugh at him

Who punished me that day.

## TOM AND JIM

**T**WO mothers sat upon the green  
In May;  
Their year-old children sat between  
At play.

The mothers started in the shade  
To talk;

The babies rose, and efforts made  
To walk.

Both babies fell, as babies will.  
Tom cried.

Jim tried to rise. He fell, but still  
He tried.

Tom's mother lifted him, and said,  
"Poor, dear,  
Sweet tootsey!" dropping on his head  
A tear.

Jim's mother said: "Good boy!" at length,  
When he  
Stood firmly, happy in his strength,  
And free.

Tom learned to flounder in the dust,  
And cry;  
Jim learned on his own power he must  
Rely

## HERMIT JOE

JOE'S mother died, when he was young.  
His father drank and so his boy  
Through childhood's years grew up alone  
With little care and little joy.

The neighbors told their children, they  
Must keep away from Joe; because,  
Untrained, unguided, and unloved,  
He had not learned respect for laws.

His drunken father caused him shame;  
Morose and sullen at fifteen  
He shrank from unjust scorn, and soon  
Became a hermit seldom seen.

His father fell and broke his leg.  
And Joe ran out some help to find,  
He met the teacher on the road  
And found him willing, wise and kind.

He helped the grateful boy to bring  
His father in, and said, "He'd go  
To get the doctor." Then he stayed  
Throughout the night to comfort Joe.

The teacher did not know Joe's past  
For he began the week before  
To teach the school, but that long night  
Joe told his story o'er and o'er

"O, Sir;" said he, "No other man  
Has ever tried my friend to be,  
I've never known till now that life  
Had any hope for dad or me.

"But you have lit within my heart  
The gleam of friendship's kindling ray;  
And vision's hopeful, glowing dawn  
Shines o'er life's sky to guide my way."

"And to your friendship I will be  
True while I live. All life is new,  
And I will follow in the light—  
The light of hope that shines from you."

Each night the teacher sought to find  
Some willing neighbor who would aid.  
They all confessed neglect, but soon  
Their past arrears were fully paid.

Awakened hearts the district stirred,  
For kindly deeds bring spirit new.  
Men learned the joys of fellowship.  
And more unselfish daily grew.

The drunkard's heart to human touch  
Responded freely. When he knew  
His neighbors truly, he reformed,  
He signed the pledge, and kept it, too.

His social spirit woke, and gave  
All life new meaning till the law  
Of unity of man with man  
And man with God he clearly saw.

With kindled soul he said, "My son,  
I know I've robbed you of the joys,  
The education, and the love,  
That justly are the right of boys,

"But all I have and all I am  
I'll gladly use to make amends."  
And father, teacher, Joe became  
With purpose high devoted friends.

Joe's mind in Nature's school had grown.  
He learned from stars and trees and flowers,  
And in his heart were centres rich  
In which were planted life's best powers.

Great things that are not learned in schools  
Had entered the free soul of Joe,  
And the warm touch of friendship's sun  
Started these seeds of power to grow.

Enkindled now he studied hard  
And, guided by his teacher still,  
Began to climb to reach the light  
That he revealed upon life's hill.

And when a man of wealth and power,  
A leader in his country, he  
Wrote to the friend of early years,  
And said, "Dear teacher, live with me;

"You gave me vision, you alone  
Showed me life's wider, higher view.  
Share all I have, my comrade guide,  
For all I am I owe to you.

"I was a lonely hermit boy,  
My mother's love I never knew;  
But heaven opened, when I found  
A mother's tenderness in you."

## CHILDHOOD'S KNIGHT

*The worst robbers are those who rob children of their real  
childhood*

**H**AIL, Dickens! Valiant hero-knight!  
The children's friend! All hail to thee!  
Who burst the bonds of children's souls  
And bravely set the children free.

Thine was the clarion voice that made  
Christ's loving child-growth message clear;  
Of childhood's right to childhood true  
Thou wert the great prophetic seer.

The "baby savage" of the slum;  
The child "who never was a child";  
The "voices grave" of St. Antoine;  
The "ancient face that never smiled";

"Poor Jo," with undeveloped mind,  
And soul unkindled by the light;  
Fair Alice Marwood, mother-curst,  
Neglected outcast of the night.

Young Jackson with "no charm of youth,"  
Nor "grace of childhood" when a child;  
Starved Oliver who asked for more,  
And Abel Magwitch law-defiled.

The Gradgrinds, Tom and Sweet Louise  
Who had no childhood but in name;  
The Smallweeds with no child at all  
Till Grandma's second childhood came;

The victims of the Pipchin rule  
Who had no childhood of their own;  
Poor Paul who wished "to be a child";  
Miss Panky, Briggs and Bitherstone.

And Smike the tyrant's feeble drudge  
Who never knew a mother's care,  
Abused, unfed at Do-the-boys,  
Till death relieved his deep despair.

These were thy children, dauntless knight,  
For them thy noble work was done,  
By them thy sweetest message sent,  
Through them thy greatest triumphs won.

And men throughout all time will be,  
More reverent to childhood's rights,  
Because you were the children's friend,  
And bravely fought the children's fights.



## HURRAH FOR YOU

**H**URRAH for you! Hold up your head!  
Believe in two great Kings;  
God and yourself. Yes, even you,  
And let your faith have wings.

You are a thought of God, and He  
Has made a plan for you.  
You are his representative  
Important work to do.

God is your partner, but He will  
Not do your work for you.  
Live out your soul and He will give  
Each day some power new.

And He will give new vision, too,  
And stronger, clearer light  
To guide a kingly man like you  
Up ever towards the height.

Do joyously and hopefully  
The work each day may bring.  
Remember ever you were born  
To represent *The King*.

## A MAY DAY RIDE

**W**HEN I called you "my big daddy,"  
And you called me "your wee boy";  
Once I rode upon your shoulders  
Glowing with the world's new joy,

When the buds awoke in Springtime  
And began to dress the trees,  
And the warblers' merry music  
Floated to us on the breeze,

Till it mingled with the echoes  
Of the hemlocks' grand amen,  
While we watched the ferns unfolding  
Near the streamlet in the glen;

When I rode along the valley  
With green hills on either side,  
Where the beauty of the flowers  
All the lowlands glorified;

When marshmarigolds were yellow;  
And the trilliums red and white;  
And the bloodroots, queens of springtime,  
Held their faces to the light;

When the thorns had snowy blossoms,  
And the violets were blue;  
Then my heart grew big with loving  
All the glory, dad, and you.

And the glory never leaves me  
For the flowers still are mine,  
And each year I know more surely  
That their message is divine.

And through all the years, dear daddy,  
As I stray in springtime bowers,  
I recall my waking heart glow  
That May day among among the flowers.

## TREAT BOYS RESPECTFULLY

**A** MAN named William Jackson Jones,  
A city man was he,  
Came often to my father's house  
My sister Sue to see.

He gave me candies just as if  
I was a girl. He thought  
A boy like me, eight years of age,  
By candies could be bought.

He called me "Bub" and "Sonny," so  
I hated him: you see  
He made me feel so small, while I  
Wished a big man to be.

Another man came courting Sue,  
They called him "Jolly Tim";  
He called me "Bob" and "little Man,"  
I soon grew fond of him.

He talked about my collie dog,  
About by pigeons, too,  
And helped me plan so many things  
A boy like me should do.

He showed me how to make a kite,  
And make it fly so high;  
So with big brother Jolly Tim  
A happy boy was I!

I said one day to sister Sue,  
"Jones never shall get you.  
I think that you should marry Tim,  
He is so good and true.

"I love Tim very much."—I saw  
A twinkle in her eye,  
She made me happy then and said,  
"Dear Bobby, so do I."

MERRY YOUNG ROBINS

“WHY teach the children singing?” said  
A man in olden days,  
“To keep them merry robins, sir,  
With cheering, winsome ways.”

“Why do you take your children out  
To see the woods in spring?”

“That they may find a joy divine  
In every growing thing.”

“Why waste their time in play, when they  
Might study hard, and learn?”

“To keep the children healthy, sir,  
Is my supreme concern.”

“Play keeps the children happy, sir,  
And strong, and bright, and free  
To make and then achieve their plans  
That they may grow to be

“Achieving men and women who,  
When they grow up will be  
Achievers for the truth and right  
Of visions they will see.”

“Why do you play with children? You  
Will lose your dignity.”

“I try to be their comrade, sir,  
And keep them loving me,

aid  
"That they may learn true brotherhood,  
So when they older grow,  
They may enjoy sweet comradeship,  
And shine its vital glow."

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