

# **THE EVOLUTION OF A TEACHER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649186518

The evolution of a teacher by Ella Gilbert Ives

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ELLA GILBERT IVES**

**THE EVOLUTION  
OF A TEACHER**





ELLA GILBERT IVES

314

# THE EVOLUTION OF A TEACHER

BY  
ELLA GILBERT IVES

12



THE PILGRIM PRESS

BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

35



Copyright 1915  
by  
LOUISE C. PURINGTON



THE PILGRIM PRESS  
BOSTON

TO MY COMRADES  
IN A CALLING WIDE AS THE WORLD  
AND HIGH AS HEAVEN,  
I OPEN MY HEART  
AND  
DEDICATE MY BOOK

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS





*To climb and climb, yet never to attain,  
Is in itself an ecstasy of pain  
Than joy more sweet. To seek the  
shining goal,  
The keenest rapture of a climbing soul.*



## PREFACE

THIS book is itself an evolution, beginning from the chance word of a friendly editor,—“Tell us how a teacher is made.” That seed-thought germinated, and in due time five sketches, covering as many decades of a teacher’s life, appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. One of them caught the eye of a New York publisher who saw in the text the potential “Scripture of a life.” The writer’s part has been to watch the seed grow and to let in upon it the soft airs of memory and the dews of life’s afternoon. If now and then she suffered her fancy to tamper with facts, instantly she was aware of a tinsel ornament fastened to her little plant.

As it stands, shorn of artificial adornment, it is at least alive and rooted in native soil. If it is humbly fragrant, as with a whiff of mignonette from the old garden or a breath of sweet clover from the highway; above all, if in sincerity it is like the homely herb that sweetens when crushed, it will carry its own *raison d’être*.

