My Teacher

In my middle school I had many good teachers, but Mr. Zhang was the one I partic ularly li

ked and respected. He was a middle-aged intellectual who lived a simple and hard working

life but was always optimistic and spared no effort in teaching us.

　　He was a scholar of Chinese literature and history. We felt that he knew everything in this

field. His knowledge and eloquence, as well as his klndness, made his lectures so attrative and

touching that we were reluctant to hear the bell ringing to dismiss the class.

　　One lesson he gave us that I cannot forget concerned some quotations from a pupil of Confucius,

who always felt at ease in spite of his life of abject poverty.