

cept to think, to observe. They will appropriate and repeat the thoughts of others, and they will not have the remotest idea that they are committing petty larceny. They will read for you, or they will stumble along over the printed page; they will work out problems in arithmetic provided they know what the answer is; they will memorize pages of the text-book, but they will not think. The plain at the foot of the mountain is good enough for them, they argue, if it is good enough for their master; and the master says it is good enough for him, for, good easy soul, he sits in his chair, and points complacently to the mountain, and says, "Come, boys, climb."

And yet these dull ones are not dull outside of the school. Whose fault is it that they are dull in school? I was in a school a few weeks ago where a class was being instructed in geometry; there was plenty of time for thought, an interest, a closeness of attention that never flagged for a moment. There were, in general, just conclusions drawn. Where there was a wrong or impotent conclusion, a just one was reached with admirable patience and skill, but it had to be reached by the pupil from previous steps, no matter what time it took. "There is a lad," said the teacher, "who has been in the school a year; he was the personification of dullness, but about two months ago he waked up, he began to think, and he has been thinking ever since." And when I looked at the steady, earnest gaze of the boy, I felt that the light which had been kindled would, under proper direction, never be quenched. What an inspiration the thought gives that we can put a spark into a dull mind and lighten it up for all time. Now, what waked the boy up, what set him a-thinking? are questions that may help the dull pupil, if it sets us to working out the problem. But it is a problem that we have all worked out, at least I hope we have. But is it not a problem that we have to work afresh every day of our lives? and though we may vary the processes and formulæ in our method of solution, the answer comes out the same every time, and it is this: that dull face must be made to light up, that listless air give place to the eager look, and an honest, attentive pupil must be made to take the place of that shirker away off in the corner seat.

Will love do this? Will work do this? Is that all? Well, yes, they include all. What makes the school? Is it not the teacher, earnest and intelligent, gathering knowledge and experience as he goes, acting upon the school and the school reacting upon him? This action and reaction leading him to excel the effort of yesterday, and making an ideal for tomorrow that will excel the effort of to-day. The pupils of such a school will give their life and enthusiasm to the teacher in return for the best efforts he has given to them.