

a touch of actual coarseness in some of them, for some of the artists were frequenters of taverns. But if my space permitted, I should like to speak of the animals of Jan Fyt, the coloring of Teniers, etc., but I shall content myself with sketches of the two most famed of Flemish painters, Rubens and Van Dyck.

Sarah's Teachers.

They taught side by side; one, an enthusiastic, warm-hearted woman, possessing a love for her work and a keen insight into human nature; the other, scholarly, methodical, sarcastic, convinced that all human twigs could and should be bent in the same direction. One gained the love and affection of some forty-five fifth grade pupils; the other, the respect and obedience, born of fear, of as many sixth grade pupils. Into the latter grade came Sarah, a girl, who, unfortunately, had never learned the lesson of self-control.

Bright she was and interesting, but from the first misunderstood and misjudged by "Miss Method." Rebellious, self-willed Sarah! She absolutely refused to be moulded after the approved pattern. (There was actual danger of the mould being broken). Just as determined that this self-same mould remain intact, that not even a crack appear, was the firm "Miss Method."

Under such circumstances, things soon reached a crisis. On a memorable morning, hot-headed Sarah, goaded to the point of desperation by the cool, sarcastic tongue of the presiding genius of the room, struck her. In the passionate burst of anger she hissed, "I hate you! I hate you as you hate me! so there!" Hastily the principal was summoned; the culprit, her whole form shaken with suppressed sobs, taken to his *sanctum sanctorum*—the office.

There the child sobbed out her side of the pitiful story. (He already knew the other side, and wise man that he was, read much between the lines). But what to do. Suspend her? A child of that age? Not to be thought of. Had not the child sobbed out, "Please, Mr. Day, take me out of that room, I can't be good there." Had he not also heard frequently of late that Sarah was falling behind in her classes, that she could not be interested in her work? He would give her to his resourceful fifth grade teacher. The shame of it! Demoted because a tactless woman could not win a lovable heart.

The next morning it was with a feeling of mis-

giving that Miss C. admitted to her busy hive "the drone" of whom she had so often heard. Had not her next door neighbor kept her fully posted on the short-comings of this vixen?

But was this blue-eyed, frank-faced girl, sitting there so quietly, as black as she had been painted? She should have the benefit of the doubt. (All Miss C.'s children had to prove themselves bad before she would admit it). Had this slender girl only yesterday viciously struck a teacher? Such thoughts ran through Miss C.'s mind as she assigned lessons and directed her new pupil to the seat she was to occupy—one in the rear of the room—she had formerly occupied a front one, then left her to herself while the regular work was resumed.

The child quickly adjusted herself to the new environment—several days passed without an outbreak—things seemed going well, when all at once, the unexpected happened! A frightened mouse ran across the floor and stopped, of course, in front of Sarah! Her book flew one way; she went the other. A hearty laugh entered into by teacher and pupils alike, was enjoyed; then all quieted down; no, not all. Sarah was giggling; a low, irritating, continuous giggle unnoticed for a time, then Miss C. stepped to her side, and "Stop as soon as you can, please, you are annoying others," was the low-spoken command. As if by magic, the giggling ceased; a kindly nod of approval was the reward.

In this tactful way, many bad habits were broken, many evil tendencies checked. How could they flourish in this wholesome atmosphere? By a little investigation it was discovered that Sarah possessed a sweet soprano voice that rang out strong and true in the chorus work for which the room was noted. She was appointed leader, a much coveted position among the pupils. By accident, as it were, many other schoolroom responsibilities devolved upon her.

Not in a day did she gain self-control—far from it. Many times she stumbled and fell; many were the battles fought and won in the conflict, but in the end, guided by the strong, sustaining hand of a wise teacher, she gained a glorious victory—the victory over self.—*Primary Education.*

A lawyer talked four hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.