

afore ye gang tae sleep, Wullie, but ye'll no get yir kiss unless ye can feenish the psalm.' 'And—in God's house—forever my'—hoo dis it rin? a' canna mind the next word—my, my. It's ower dark noo tae read it, an' n' her'll sune be comin'."

Drumsheugh, in an agony, whispered into his ear: "'My dwelling-place,' Weelem."

"That's it, that's it a' noo; wha said it?"

"'And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.'

"A'm ready noo, an' a'll get me kiss when mither comes. A' wish she wud come, for a'm tired an' wantin' tae sleep. Yon's her step—an' she's carryin' a light in her hand; a' see it through the door. Mither, a' kent ye wudna forget yir laddie, for ye promised tae come, an' a've feenished me psalm."

"'And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.'

"Gie me the kiss, mither, for a've been waitin' for ye, an' a'll sune be asleep."

The gray morning light fell on Drumsheugh still holding his friend's cold hand and staring at a hearth where the fire had died down into white ashes; but the peace on the doctor's face was of one who rested from his labors.

### THE TWO SIDES OF A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

The one thing that had been impressed on the mind of Esther Townsend was that the teacher must be sure to "make the children mind." Her father, having been a school trustee, had convictions as to what the teacher should accomplish, and had simmered down his philosophy concerning the matter into a sentence, which he repeated thousands of times: "If the children won't mind a teacher, he can't do them any good."

With this embedded firmly in her mind, Esther took charge of the school in "Deacon Gaylord's deestrick." The children were from the farmhouses and disposed to obedience, and so the first week passed very pleasantly. On the second Monday morning Alvah Stebbins entered the school; he was a big boy of fifteen years, with short-cut hair that stood upright and defiantly, and caused Esther to tremble all over. He had black, restless eyes that seemed to penetrate to her soul, and read there the fear she felt. She immediately concluded she did not like his looks; he did not appear to be one that would yield implicit obedience to her commands; he seemed to be a law to himself.

The rule "No whispering in school" had been well enforced the first week; in fact, the chief mental force of the teacher had been employed in the effort to cause the pupils to sit still and study. The slightest indication of an attempt to whisper to a seat-mate was nipped in the bud by a tap of her small ruler on the desk; it was an intimation that the teacher was a mind-reader, had penetrated the wicked design forming in the mind and rising to the surface, unconscious, it may be, to the pupil herself; the sound of the ruler caused it to settle to the bottom again.

Alvah took his seat in an awkward way, and produced a book and began to be busy with its pages. As if a new thought had entered his mind, he turned to Maria Townsend, his near neighbor in the school, as she was when they were at home, for their farms joined, and, in a low whisper, asked, "Where's the lesson?" Esther was looking straight at him, and witnessed this infraction of her most important rule; she wished she had been looking the other way and had not seen it. It did not occur to her to tell him there was a law against whispering; she must take it for granted that he knew it. So she commanded her voice and courageously rose to the importance of the occasion. "Alvah, you are whispering; come and write your name on the blackboard."

A certain space on the blackboard had been set apart for the names of criminals of this sort; it was headed WHISPERING LIST. Alvah heard the command, glanced hurriedly to the place pointed out, and then let his eyes fall on his book; he was, apparently, deep in study.

Again the command was given. Alvah looked at her steadily a moment, then gave his attention

to his book. Esther was at a loss as to the proper procedure. He looked so big, so stout, and determined!

She did not penetrate into the state of the boy's mind; nor could she read the conclusions of the other pupils. They looked at her mainly, she could see; they seemed to understand Alvah well enough. She wished they would look at him and show horror at his disobedience; but they did not.

The maxim of her father, "A teacher who can't make the scholars mind has no business in a schoolhouse," repeated itself over and over. Here she was with a scholar that would not mind. She thought over the happiness in the little schoolhouse in her native district. She remembered an awful day, on which the teacher, a powerful man, set out to make one of the big boys sit between two of the girls for the misdeed of eating an apple, and the frightful scenes that ensued; and how, finally, the larger boys rose and pushed the master out of the school; and how he looked in the window and they were afraid he would get in and kill them all.

With a trembling heart, she decided to go on with her duties, but secretly bewailing to herself her signal failure as a teacher. Class after class came up to recite; she was conscious they looked at her curiously. Now and then, she saw that Alvah gave her a glance, and then turned to his books with apparent industry. The look was not of defiance, nor of scorn; he seemed to be quietly ignoring the command, as one that might do for a smaller pupil, but not for him. But Esther was too conscientious to require the small pupils to obey a rule, and let the larger ones do as they pleased.

The morning hours finally passed. Preparation was made for the noon recess. Esther observed that Alvah had all his books piled up on his desk, and she surmised he was intending to leave the school. Some teachers would have said, "Good riddance," in their inmost souls, but not so this teacher. She knew the school was looked forward to by many a boy as the means by which he would make something of himself. She well remembered at home how they mourned over their lost opportunities when it was found the teacher was a poor one. Another year to wait!

She dismissed the pupils, and, as the boy was about to rise, she mustered courage to say, "Alvah, you may remain." When all the rest had gone, she called him forward and expressed her sorrow that he had broken a rule.

"I wasn't doing anything wrong," said Alvah, stoutly.

This was a new aspect of the case; it seemed to her that every infraction of a teacher's rule was a great wrong; it instantly occurred to her that she could not justly say he was doing wrong.

"I just asked where the lesson was," he added; "I wasn't whispering; I don't want to whisper, I have no time for that."

She had him put his armful of books on her table; she began turning them over; there was an algebra.

"Do you understand algebra?" she asked. She had studied it at the academy, and liked it very much.

"I've studied it some, but I haven't got along very well. Deacon Gaylord said you understood it, and so I came to school."

This revealed a most interesting condition of things to the teacher. Could he be so bad, and pursue this hard study at home instead of reading a story-book? She began to look at him more closely. He looked like most farmers' sons; she knew just how they looked; she had been brought up among them. She took a sudden interest in the lad because he was like herself—a student. How often she had pored over hard problems in the arithmetic! How many hours she had spent on one equation in algebra!

But, then, this disobedience. It was fixed in her mind that if she let this big boy evade her rule against whispering, it would appear that she was "partial." Now, in the district school, it is a great crime for the teacher to be "partial"; old and young, rich and poor, children of the trustees and others, must obey one rule. Would not the younger plead that she had let Alvah Stebbins whisper?

But she felt there were two sides to this case; she could not escape the conclusion that she must sit as an impartial judge, and consider what Alvah had to say. She must, first of all, be just.

The boy looked her squarely in the eye, conscious that his intent was right, and stated his side of the matter.

"If I was a teacher I wouldn't make a rule about whispering, 'cause you sometimes whisper when you are trying to do just right."

"But children will whisper, all the time, if there is no rule."

"Yes, they'll whisper, rule or no rule; but the rule makes them watch to see if a teacher is looking, and I think it makes them underhanded; anyhow, the underhanded ones will whisper."

The discussion was evidently getting on school management, a matter of which Esther knew but little. Alvah seemed to have arrived at some practical conclusions she had not considered. But would it do to give way? What excuse could she have to give the school? How could she justify herself to the other scholars? A thought struck her.

"Alvah, you have no objection to writing your name now?"

"Yes ma'am; I wasn't doing wrong. You mean that to be a list of those who are mean and troublesome, and I ain't one of that kind. I don't want my name up there. I never gave any trouble in school before. If I'm going to be a trouble to you, I had better leave now."

The case had now arrived at such a pitch that tears streamed down the teacher's cheeks. She sympathized with this boy; she felt he was right. But what should she do? She was a righteous judge, and it did not cost her as much of an effort as she had anticipated to say:

"Alvah, I am going to give up that rule. I don't think you did wrong. I want you to stay here. I will teach you algebra, and do all I can for you."

When the school assembled, the teacher informed them that Alvah had asked a question about the lesson, and was not whispering wrongfully; that she had concluded to give up this rule, but that she expected none to whisper, except about their lessons, and to get permission by holding up the forefinger in the air.

Somehow Esther felt saddened. The high imperial throne she had occupied as a maker of rules was gone; a revolution had quietly taken place in her schoolroom, something like that of 1688 in England, that had been effected by taking the kingly head of Charles from his shoulders; here she had agreed to make laws such as her subjects would agree were right.

What would the people say? She feared they might say she was afraid of Alvah, but she knew she wasn't; she respected him for his manliness. She felt somewhat humiliated that a valuable lesson must be taught her by a pupil; for the more she thought over the matter, the more she saw the stronger position she was in by abrogating the rule. And then the degradation of being on the watch constantly for the infraction of the rule; instead of teaching, she found she had become cat-like, on the alert, lest a word might leap out of the mouth of some thoughtless child. Yes, she had put herself in a better position before the school. And before the tribunal of her conscience, she felt she could stand erect and unabashed; so that she occupied stronger ground.

She did not notice more noise the next day; the forefingers rose somewhat frequently in the air; a little nod was followed by a bit of a smile; an important communication was made, and the lesson resumed.

Somehow Esther began to look on the pupil's side from this time on. She found mind-reading needful. In all explanations of difficult matters, the question would arise, What is the state of the pupil's mind? She was led to look down deeper than she supposed she could. To keep order in her schoolroom was easy; to apprehend just what her pupils knew was the difficult task. To enter into their lives, and think their thoughts, was the key to the success she felt she was gaining.

When the spring came, and the school was about to close, she saw she was held in love and esteem by the entire group that daily gathered there with her. There was a feeling in the mind of every pupil, "I have been greatly benefited." How different Alvah Stebbins looked to her! His hair was cropped just as close, and it stood up just as straight, as though he had been overwhelmingly surprised by some statement. But she knew him now. He had a brain that could follow  $x$  and  $y$  through all their doublings, and give them their just numerical value. Much as she had taught him, he had taught her still more. The art of teaching had been leavened by the intense consideration of problems presented by this one boy.—*New York School Journal.*