

subject assume reality. Young people of fifteen or sixteen learn much through their emotions. Political economy and philosophy must be administered to them in small doses to have much effect.

Every member of the class read "The Last Days of Pompei" at home, and J. G. Whyte-Melville's "The Gladiator," was read aloud by the teacher during the last week of the term. Perhaps I should explain that there were recitations on all this historical fiction, or rather on the historical facts on which it was founded.

We looked up references constantly. Sometimes the lesson to be prepared consisted entirely of topics to be looked up wherever we could find information, and on such days the whole class usually adjourned to the public library for the greater part of the afternoon.

The examination that term consisted of ten questions; but one answer was allowed to occupy more than three lines, and that was one which asked for certain stanzas from Macaulay. I remember well that when Miss Thompson gave out the paper she told us that every bit of work we had done that term was involved in those ten questions, and that only pupils, who had studied and thought conscientiously, could hope to answer them. We were expected to hand in our answers uncopied, so we had to sit down and think over every question, compose possible answers and then mentally prune them down before we dared put pen to paper.

The last term we studied medieval history, and I think that Miss Thompson, with the rapidly approaching vacation before her, must have hurried us; because I find my remembrance of the details of the work is not nearly so vivid as is that of the two earlier terms.

I remember that we read "The Children's Crusade," and that Miss Thompson said that she let us spend the time on it because she thought it would make us realize, more vividly than any other book, how widespread was the religious excitement in Europe during the period of the Crusades, and how great a power popular excitement can become. She had lived through the War of the Rebellion herself, I think she had been an hospital nurse, and I remember that in speaking about popular excitement, she told us how real a thing patriotism seems in a time of national distress, and she said, "I am glad I am old enough