

The next week I came in again and asked Charles to give me a small number; he gave 6. I asked James for one, he gave 10. Carrie gave 14. Now I said, "I want a number that I can divide by each of these—can you find it?"

The master wanted to suggest, but I shook my head, "Why, boys, what are you thinking about?"

Now the master by his boisterousness, his noisy manner and his prompting, his everlasting telling, telling, had destroyed all the tone of that school; even his assistants were demoralized. But he was popular; the boys liked him. Scholarship was impossible, however, in his school-room. The master afterward went into politics.

Miss G—— had a school in the same town with three assistants. I stood in the hall a moment before I entered and I could hardly hear a sound, and yet I knew there must be fifty pupils there. Though it was muddy weather the floor was neat; it had evidently been brushed since the pupils went in. But few eyes were turned toward me as I entered; a boy came forward and gave me a seat.

A class was reading; the teacher stood at the rear of the room. At a signal the pupil reading gave a résumé of the lesson to me—it took twenty-five or thirty words. Then she proceeded to read. What struck me was that she had a *point to make* in her reading. She looked at the teacher every three or four words, in an earnest manner.

"Is that just the meaning? Suppose you try the last sentence, George. Before you rise, remember, you have to convince me of something." George rose and looked sharply at the teacher and caught her eye before he proceeded. "Well, George has made the point, I think." I felt that the class must have made a careful study of that part of the book.

"What did we read yesterday?" All were ready to reply.

"What did we read last week? Several were called on and gave intelligible accounts.

"Who can tell of subjects read last term? Tell me what pieces you liked best." Each had something to say.

"Tell me something you have read that you have had brought up in your life out of school."

One pupil referred to a line of poetry about the stars—but the "time is up."

Now the space between Miss G—— and the master was great; yet each had the same position of duty. A pupil in the room of the former had some chance of expansion—in the latter absolutely none.