

hunted in those days) were sent in by the men.

Slowly and steadily health and strength returned to the teacher, and when he was able to look into the school-room and saw the improvements that had been made and the increased number of scholars, both girls and boys, his heart was filled with gratitude and increased respect and love to Rebecca, and he had a real heart-to-heart talk with her, feeling he had something to learn from her even about his own profession.

"Tell me," he asked her after the evening meal, "how you succeeded so well with the school?"

"Well, master," replied Rebecca (she generally called him master in matters connected with the school, and even in general matters. She had the Yorkshire habit of calling him master), "I hardly know how I got on with the scholars even as well as I did. Of course I saw at once I could not teach them as well as you. I had not the knowledge or skill to do so, and at the first attempt I was so impressed with the

responsibility of the work that the burden seemed too heavy for me, so I went to the Fountain of all wisdom, and humbly asked for help, and it came. It was almost an audible voice that said to me, 'Do the best you can, and as your heart dictates,' and so I tried to do. I noticed that the different scholars were more or less interested at times in their lessons, and their needs seemed to me to be so various. For instance, there were quite a few of the children from the north of England who pronounced the letter *r* very indistinctly, so I tried to train them in the same way that I was at school in York for the same defect, namely, to teach them to sound their *r*'s as plainly as other consonants. So I gave them a line to practise, viz., 'Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran.' Some of them would say, 'Awound the wugged wool's the wugged wascals wan.' By hearing each other they very soon found out their error, and burred their *r*'s as naturally as Donald McGregor, the little Scotch lad did. Others,