

The following are extracts from her diary during the few months she taught in Campbellville. They reveal her intense longing for sympathy and for some one in whom to confide entirely and whom she could trust implicitly. They reveal her deep sense of her need of God's help in her daily work, a conscious sense of the need of His blessing in order to make her work successful. They bring out her sense of deep responsibility for the welfare, mentally and morally, of those committed to her trust ; her aspirations after something far higher than her present attainments in the profession, and the high ideal which she set before her as the standard to which she sought to attain. They reveal, too, the yearnings of a soul seeking rest and yet not finding it ; seeking for that rest and satisfaction which are found in Christ alone :

AUGUST 17.—“My first day's teaching is over. I am the scholar, pupil and child no longer, and although much against my will, I have to convince myself that I have now gone forth into the world to mar or make my future prosperity. What it will be, under the hand of a mightier one than my own, I cannot tell.” (18th.) “Dear, dear Strabane school-house ! I will never forget thee. How many of us were there last year ! Now we are all scattered, never more to meet again together on this earth. God grant that we may meet in a better world. The children of Strabane I can see. See, there is Susie and Annie over there ; Vinnie and Mary somewhere else. When I was coming from school yesterday, I fairly thought I heard Susie calling me. But that is a dream of the past. I feel that I am filling a woman's place, and may the good God help me to do my best, both for myself and others !”

“Another day's teaching is past. It seems like a month since I came. O, I can never live here. * * * My scholars are good yet, but I cannot keep them busy, and if they are not, they *will* talk.” * * *

21st.—“Ah ! the years that are to come if I live !”

22nd.—“One week ago to-day since I saw my mother. I'll never forget it. I never was a week before from home. I dreamed last night that I was at school as a scholar. Alas ! to think it is a dream of the past ! What a charge a person has who has children