

ed and came in. When he saw them all so busy, and the improvements we had made in the school, he was much pleased. With pardonable vanity I drew his attention to their writing, in which they had made great progress, for I remembered my failure at examination before him. He made a little speech of approval and encouragement to the children. I went home that evening with my head among the stars.

Mrs. Morrison said to me, "You are succeeding better than I thought you would, but don't think you have conquered every difficulty. Some of the worst boys in the section have not come to you yet."

I did not heed her warning. Everything was rose-colored now. I was tasting the sweets of power for the first time, and though intoxicating, it was passing sweet. In spite of Mrs. Morrison's warning I thought, in my folly, that I had overcome all my difficulties, and that a smooth path lay before me. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," and my fall was not long in coming.

The book Minister McGillivray gave me was "Abbot's Young Teacher," which I studied carefully after school, when I shut myself up to plan the next day's work. I found a difficulty in getting help from it. Every rule for governing took so much time to administer, and I had so many classes because the school was very large and the books so diversified. Then those four reading lessons could only be partially dodged, and above all, when I got through with the work that must be done, I was very tired. It is true the children did, not limit me as to time, for I believe they would have stayed with me till sunset, but I had to send them away and stay behind to arrange the next day's work. Mr. Abbot spoke of appealing to the moral sense of the majority in all cases of wrong-doing. I thought that my boys loved and hated, but that a high moral sense of anything required to be

planted in them, and time given for it to grow up. All the time I could spare for trying moral suasion and trial by jury was what could be cribbed from the review lessons and the catechisms on Friday.

I had two catechism classes—one the shorter catechism, and the other the Catholic catechism. The trustees insisted on Friday afternoons being given up to the shorter catechism. Then some Roman Catholic parents insisted that their catechism should be also taught, which was only fair. I did honestly want to be fair and equal with them, so as the shorter catechism had proofs to the questions, I took the trouble of writing out proofs for the other, which had none. The children were delighted, and learned the proofs very readily. I daresay I did not select the same texts as proofs that would have occurred to the reverend compiler of the catechism, for there did seem a difference of opinion between the questions and the proofs, but I copied them out of a Swiss paper, and they were selected by a clever man. However, they gave offence, and all the Catholic catechisms were quietly withdrawn. This gave me a little additional time to try Abbot's plans. I needed all my plans, for trouble was near. A few new boys had come to school, who did not care for the mistress, and were proud of it. I thought, "I will let them alone,—they will come round in time." Since I came first to the place, I had noticed that swearing was a besetting sin among the boys. They were great swearers, and their power of calling names was perfectly wonderful. Both these faults seemed to grow worse after the new boys came. In an evil hour, when I was more than usually provoked, I said rashly, "I will give a good whipping to the first boy I find guilty of such a disgustingly wicked practice as swearing."

It was dreadfully hot weather, at the beginning of the harvest of fall wheat,