

that came into his face as he passed by without noticing or appearing to know us at all, but when he had walked a short distance past he turned and followed us back to the school where we each got a hearty thrashing enough to destroy all the effect that the whiskey may have had on us, and we were despatched to bed without our supper. We carried ourselves straighter and more orderly after this scrape.

On the premises of the school was a workshop where three different trades were taught—carpentry, tailoring and shoe-making; of those three trades every boy had his choice of the one he preferred, and at which he worked after school hours. I learned carpentry, at which I have worked ever since. We often used to take the chance when we were in the workshop, away from the eyes of our teachers, to steal out into the street, which, however, was forbidden under pain of a good thrashing.

But when boys see a chance for some good fun they generally do not think much of the consequences. So one day we all went out and were enjoying ourselves amazingly, when we were caught and told we were wanted in the schoolroom. There was not a boy there who did not tremble in his shoes as the thought of the punishment terrible to contemplate, and awful to endure, rose uppermost in his mind. All of the boys, excepting myself, went in at once, while I coward-like, hid in a small shed near by, hoping to escape my share of the punishment, but when the rest of the boys were assembled in the schoolroom, the question of "where is Tait?" was asked, no doubt in no very gentle tone; but as I was not forthcoming it was considered best that I should be looked after, so Crowe was sent in quest of me and in his search he came into the very shed where I was concealed, and after looking all around went out again without having noticed me. I remained in the shed until dark and then stole into the house and up to bed (without anyone seeing or molesting me) where I slept soundly and sweetly until morning, when to my surprise and relief the matter seemed to be entirely forgotten by the teacher if not by my companions, whose minds, I have no doubt, it would have eased, could they have given me a good thrashing themselves, since I had escaped the one given them. But my happy school days were drawing to a close, for after four years of study I returned home in vacation, and refused to go back to school again, as my father very much wished me to do, for he knew better than I how deficient my education was.

Often since have I wished that I had complied with his wishes and returned to school; and I know that there are many others who, neglecting their education in their youth, have lived to regret the day, when instead of storing their minds with useful knowledge to fit themselves for going out into the world in after life, have sadly frittered away the precious hours of their schooldays, and finally have left school with an education barely sufficient for them to write