

went out working by the day, a tired draggled woman, who accepted her lot in life without complaint. The family consisted of three handsome children, the eldest girl had a gift for music and art, which won for her an honorable place in the local school. She had her father's gift for language and one day defined her family in these words:

"Father gives us amusement and instruction but mother feeds and clothes us. I like them equally well, according to my mood and my needs. We couldn't very well get on without them. I think I like father a little bit better than mother, for I'm often sorry for mother and being sorry for people does not make for loving."

There was a scarcity of teachers in the Manitou District at this time, and when I discovered that Mr. Vander had once taught in a boys' school, I thought we might be able to get a temporary certificate for him and get him installed in one of the country schools. I knew he could teach well if he wanted to. His wife was more enthusiastic than he when I went over and made the suggestion. When I mentioned the usual salary of fifty dollars a month, I could see that he was not impressed.

"We're doing very well as we are now," Mr. Vander began. "My time is quite well taken up teaching the children, supplementing the rather sketchy teaching they are receiving in your Canadian schools. Frankly I believe in leaving well enough alone."

Mrs. Vander interrupted in her quiet way.

"I could employ my time, too, looking after their needs, but where is the money to come from if I stopped working, Frederick? I do not really enjoy working in other people's houses."

"It's all a bit of a bore," said Frederick, "but if you can get permission for me to teach and persuade the school to take me, I will sacrifice my own desires and