

CHAPTER II.

Leaving * Home.

CAMPBELLVILLE SCHOOL, 1876.

THE pain of saying farewell to school and school-days at Strabane is expressed in her own words as follows :

JULY.—“Yesterday I went into the school-house to take the last look of it as I left it in my school-girl days. It is a sad thought, to think that I have bidden farewell to bright, happy school days, with all their sunny scenes and hallowed memories ! But, sooner or later, we have to go forth into life's battle. The school-house, as I went out the door and yet came back for one more last, long, lingering look, will come vividly to mind in after years. Never had I noticed the words, ‘God Bless Our School,’ so much, as if they invoked a blessing upon us. I can hardly realize that I have heard for the last time ‘yon tinkling bell, that calls to mind our cares ;’ that I shall never more hear it as a scholar. It seemed as if the last look severed the one remaining cord that bound me to childhood. Farewell ! farewell ! Dear, sweet scene of childhood's happy hours ! But it is useless thus repining. We have our work to do, and there must be no dreaming of the past or of the future, but we must waken up to the stern present.”

JULY.—“Went to church twice to-day. The scene of the villagers peacefully walking to church brought a dim recollection of an old story, and the words of Gray's immortal ‘Elegy’ came to mind. Felt that I had now taken leave of my school-days forever. Never more shall I be a regular attendant there. Ah ! It is a bitter thought to think of the opportunities I have let pass me, both in temporal and religious knowledge.”