

held back. I was not subdued till the hired man came to the rescue, and bundled me into my room and locked me up. There I continued to howl aloud, and destroy every breakable thing. When I had screamed myself hoarse and was tired out I lay down on my bed and cried till I fell asleep. When I awoke it was nearly dark. There were people in the room, so I remained quiet with closed eyes to discover if any conversation would give me a cue for my next move in the drama. I was rewarded for my cunning by hearing the voice of the village doctor telling the Canon to keep me very quiet and to send for my parents. In a minute they withdrew, and presently a lamp and my supper were brought me by a very nervous maid.

The next day I was in a raging fever. My mother arrived in the evening and to her I confessed. I was forgiven, taken home, and not sent to another boarding school.

Sending children to boarding schools is an admission of incapacity made by a great many parents who are too lazy or ignorant to superintend the early years of a child's up-bringing; or else it is done in vanity as the proper thing.

There are possibly good boarding schools where children are better than they would be at home, but I never knew one. The only good reason for sending the young to be cared for by strangers is when the home for some reason is not a fit place. No doubt a good boarding school is better than a bad home; but no boarding school is as good as a good home and wise parents. Girls brought up in fashionable schools are notoriously ignorant and useless.

One pleasant memory remains to me of the Canon's school. It is that of a little girl with blue eyes, golden