

CHAPTER III.

THE LOG SCHOOL IN THE BUSH.

The following week again found me a visitor with my friend, Donald Cameron, whom I found in his accustomed seat on the verandah.

I was about to take my place beside him, when he arose and bade me come away in, as it was chilly out here. I felt the truth of his assertion, as it was unusually cool for the month of June.

As we entered the kitchen, my friend drew up two arm-chairs near the stove, stirred up the dying embers of the fire, then sat down and proceeded to light his pipe. "You want some information about my school days, do you?" said my friend, after I had made the object of my visit known to him. My friend smoked in silence for a few moments, as in deep thought.

"My father, like the other pioneers, was desirous of giving his children as good an education as was possible to obtain in those days," my friend began.

"There have been great improvements and innovations in the art of teaching since I went to school. There is nothing which gives to my mind so vivid an idea of the changes that have taken place since my time, as the talk of our children about their studies at school. I can hardly help wondering how heads so small can hold so much.

"The reading, writing and arithmetic are, perhaps not better than they had them in my time, but when it comes to history, literature and sciences I am astonished. Teaching in the old days, it seems to me, was a simple process. Take a boy