

stand by me." The idea of my going away of my own accord had not occurred to them, and it took them by surprise.

"All of you who wish me to be the teacher here stand up."

The majority rose at once, the rest after an instant's hesitation. I was pleased to see that all were on their feet.

"Now, remember I am your teacher,—you have chosen me. You are my scholars, and I will teach you all I know, and do all the good I can. I will confess to you in the words of a great man that I am not as learned as Pontius Pilate, to know Hebrew, Greek and Latin, but I can teach you a good deal if you are willing to learn. I do not believe that it is altogether your fault that it is supposed you need so much whipping. There is a mistake somewhere. I know that you can be as well-behaved as any children anywhere, if you like. Let us—you and I together—try to make this school second to none in Canada for order and obedience. Then we will let people see what School Section No. 2 can do in the way of learning. Order first, learning afterwards." Willie Morrison, who interpreted my maiden speech for me, had been a great trouble to me since he came to school, inheriting, as he did, martial blood from his warlike mother, and a power of doing mischief slyly that I suppose came from original sin. He had kept all round him in a ferment. The spirit of chivalry woke in him, as he rendered my words into Gaelic. He was my friend and helper from that day.

After school I sat down to think. I believed I had got the reins in my hand, but was I able to drive? I had found the end of the tangled skein, could I wind it up? I must get them to work while the effect of my words lasted, that was clear. I would send for pens and pencils, ink and paper with my own money. It was worth more than money

to me that they should be kept busy, and they would pay me back; I would not be a loser, even if they did not. Then I must improve the school so that they would take pride in it. I must have more desks, a blackboard, and a map of the world at least. This decision arrived at, I walked home briskly with hope narrowed down to a purpose. After dinner, with Alice Morrison for my guide, I went off to find Mr. McLennan, and told him of my wants. He was as much astonished as if I had asked him for half a kingdom.

"I will not stay, Mr. McLennan," I said, "merely to keep the school open. I want to do my best, and that no worker can do without tools. I am asking for as little as possible, and if I do not get it I have made up my mind to leave."

"It will not do for you to leave us that way when you have begun well. I will go up to-morrow and see what I can do," said Mr. McLennan.

He did come and fasten a shelf desk to the wall on wooden pins, round two sides of the room. Considering the smallness of the room, it was the best that could be done. He made a rack to hold books and a blackboard also; but I had to wait many days for the map. On the next Saturday we had a cleaning bee. When the walls were as white as lime could make them, the windows thoroughly cleaned, blinds made for them out of some material I had by me, the floor scrubbed, the gaping old fireplace filled with green boughs, and the blackboard in its place, the school-room did not know itself, it was so fine. I made a few mottoes for the walls, to keep before our minds the new order of things. The supplies came from Mount Pleasant, and we began to work in earnest. I had gained one step: the children and I were together—were on one side—and there came a taste of pleasure into the teaching.