

So I proudly went to school when I was five, to make life easier for my mother. I loved Miss Campbell. I'll see her when I go home. Miss Polly Smith and Miss Emma Spragge were my teachers of a later date. I adored them, their lovely manners and quiet voices have been a constant memory, like a sweet perfume. Shall I see them when I go home? When either of them came into the room I felt that all things would go well with me; but when Miss M came in I knew I was going to be a bad girl. The desire to talk when she was in the room was irresistible. She punished me with a strap that wound itself around the back of my hand and invariably raised blisters. On those days I was careful to keep my hands in the background lest anyone should see the blisters and I would be disgraced.

Jane Davis, the girl who sat in front of me at school, would say — "Why don't you tell your mother?"

"Because I am ashamed and know mother would punish me for being disobedient."

"That's right," said Kate Coulson, "never be a tattle-tale." Kate Coulson, with clustering fair curls all over her shapely head, was my ideal school girl.

We were a happy family of six children in a Clergyman's home. I hear my mother say, "Run