

*Going to School.*

Sometime in the following winter father came and took me home, with a smart young horse and light sleigh, to go to school, which is a memorable event in every boy's life. The schoolhouse was on the next farm to ours, and had just been built, on the co-operative principle. It stood on the edge of a beautiful little spruce grove on the slope of a rising hill, but was a mere log hut with an ugly chimney of round field stones on the outside at the one end of it, and the inside furnishings consisted of a few rough benches, a desk and a tawse of seven tails.

It is George Eliot, I think, who says that people are not supposed to be large in proportion to the houses they live in, but the disparity in this case was the other way. Our first teacher, and the only one in my time, was a tall long-legged fellow, and his clothes were of the most primitive fashion, and all too short for him. But he was very kind, diligent, and anxious to teach us all he knew, which was not much, and I have still a very grateful recollection of him for the special pains he took to instruct me. He wrote an exceedingly neat round hand with the quill, for steel pens had not come into use there then; nor did we have an unlimited supply of paper to waste, and we had to cross-write all our copies. Even candle light at home had to be economised, and one night as I lay on my back on the floor near the corner of the chimney, with my head towards the fire, learning my lessons for the next day, a burning stick fell off the "dogs," and sent a shower of red-hot coals all over