

and thrift; but even this one attractive spot is for the greater part of the year dry and stony, rendering the scene even more void of charm and grace.

And to Marjorie Stewart, entering on her field of labor in the little village of Hillsvew, this first glimpse was indeed disheartening, and the task before her—already a herculean one—became to her dainty poetic self even more distasteful than it had been; for, endowed with gifts that might have, under brighter aspects, made her a successful teacher, she lacked what was the essence of success—a heart thoroughly in love with the work before her. So this uncongenial task loomed before this brave little lass with all the stupendous terror of the Scylla cliffs, and no sailor ever dared the dread straits with more trust and heroism than Marjorie this new life which was so far apart from “ways of pleasantness” or even “paths of peace.” And Marjorie found that neither philosophical doctrines nor reflections could reconcile her to her new position, till a new vista in country life was by chance spread out in its attractiveness, and the new life became a rare delight.