

ate curiosity as to how long the struggle would last. One evening she met me at the little gate.

"Tired out?" she asked, when I came up.

"A little bit," I answered wearily.

"You don't whale enough,—you cannot manage those children without whipping."

I smiled, for what could I say?

"Here's a crumb of comfort for you," she said, taking a letter from her pocket. "One of the neighbors was over at Ramsay's store, and your brother gave it to him to bring over."

It was a letter from Annie, and had come enclosed in one to Walter. "They all missed me," she said; Jamie never went to bed without praying for 'Lizabeth to come back. Bella Wiley had gone to an aunt to learn the dress-making and they had a new girl who was not so nice. Aunt had been in Ballymena, and met Arthur walking on the street with a gray-haired gentleman. He was so altered for the better, and so well dressed, that Aunt would not have known him had he not lifted his hat to her and said, "How do you do, Mrs. Henderson?" with his old mocking smile. All sent love, and Aunt wondered what kind of a school it was that I had gone to teach.

The letter carried me back to my old life at Enbridge. I remembered the time I was shut up to wind the tangled silk as a punishment for my attack on Annie. One thing I noticed that day, that it was worth while to take patience to get the right end of a tangled skein, for it was then easy to wind. "There is a right end to the tangled skein I am now trying to wind, if I could only find it," I reasoned.

"Children are all pretty much of a muchness," Mrs. Morrison remarked one day.

"Well," I said to myself, "if children are pretty much alike, what moved me when I was young will take effect on them." How I had hungered after

love, after approbation, after the "Well done, Elizabeth," that never came. Mamma—dear, dear, mamma!—said so often, "You can lead Elizabeth anywhere by the heart." "I will love them," I said to myself, "and if love is a power, I will be able to teach them to love me, and then I will have an influence with them, and can use it for good." I went to bed joyfully that night, as if I had found the end of the tangle. The next day was the most discouraging day I had gone through yet. I could not keep them busy for want of proper books and other things. A heap of books, torn and defaced, dog-eared and spoiled, had gathered into the school by this time, but they were not very suitable. There was a variety of arithmetics, from an ancient copy of Gough, with all the first torn away, available only from vulgar fractions, that belonged to a lad in addition, and a still more dilapidated copy of Voster,—the hat of plums had been unearthed out of one of these,—sundry fragments of Thompson, Grey, and Walkingame. I would have given them all for one blackboard. One class had English Readers. Fancy the infliction of listening to children who did not understand the language in which they were reading, floundering through stately extracts of the calm, grave thoughts of those ponderous old fellows who flourish in the English Reader! It would have made every hair of their wigs stand on end with horror to have heard them.

That day wore wearily away, listening to the drowsy hum of the lessons. The idle children were playing pranks, and complaining of one another, in the specimens of forcible English which they knew. Their big brothers went to shanty far away up the Grand River, and learned a kind of English about the caboose fire which was to the point, but not always agreeable to ears polite.

The children, I could see, had always been accustomed to consider the teacher