

of the housework, and contrived to get everything done pretty much in the old way. Domestic servants were not thought of in the backwoods in those days except in very rare cases; but she was assisted for a few months at the start by the aunt I have mentioned near the beginning of these notes, and who had loyally come out with us from Cape Breton, and has been a special blessing to us throughout all her life.

One day as I sat on the bed holding mother's head, she made me promise that as soon as she was gone I should leave the farm, and "do something for myself now." I took her advice, and went to school five months only when I obtained—very much to my surprise—a certificate to teach. But I remained in school the rest of the year, living at home most of the time. It was in the same old log school house of former years down the line. A young man named Andrew Fletcher, a farmer's son from the lower end of the Lochalsh settlement, was the teacher this time, and a very capable teacher he was, too. He had two fingers of each hand webbed together, and also two toes of each foot. There had never been any *youth* in my life, as I had to jump from boyhood into doing more than a man's work in the bush. But during this brief period at school I found out what intimate association with other young men really meant. Four of us formed a small class to stay after school hours in the long summer evenings for the purpose of studying Latin and Greek. We were few, but extremely select! First, the teacher, who was as eager to learn more as the rest of us. Second, William L. McLennan, a