

whom I could pour out the feelings of my heart, knowing at the same time that they would not be lightly spoken of. I feel very bitter. O Lord, help me to do better, both for myself and my scholars." * * *

DEC. 20, 1876.—"My last night's teaching here is over. I am leaving and no person will miss me. I seemed the gayest of the gay, but alas! how different the reality. Ten years ago I was an innocent, careless child, and how many have gone to their long homes since then. To-day I am no longer innocent. I feel that I have learned much since I came here. I'll never be the same girl again. With what feelings did I come the first morning; with what feeling shall I leave it? I know the scholars like me. What influence have I had on them? No one seems to realize that I am going, never to return. * * * I dread to-morrow and the future. How few persons would imagine that I ever had such thoughts. They take me for one who has no thought at all. And after all, what is life? In eternity, what does our few sorrows and joys amount to? Nothing! nothing! If that is all we look for, we shall be weighed in the balances and found wanting."

These extracts from her recorded experience need no comment. They speak for themselves. They are the expression of her inmost feelings as she saw herself in relation to her daily duties, to her scholars, to those around her and with whom she came into personal contact, and as she saw herself in the presence of God and in the light of the eternity whither she was hastening, and on entering which all the life, its talents and their use or abuse, would be weighed in an impartial balance. In all she is never lenient toward herself, nor severe in her judgment of others.

This journal contains one other entry, which she added at a later period. It is given here because it is the outcome of her reflections on reading over the journal from which the preceding extracts have been taken. It runs thus:

Nov. 27, 1877.—"On reading over these past reminiscences, they produce *one passing* thought of regret, and that is all. They seem as words which have *now* no meaning. I have no wish to live my life over again. All that I now hope and pray for is that