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LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY YOUNG MASTER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I am sitting lonely, musing,
Midway pausing on life's track,
Looking onward, looking upward,
But too often looking back.

The school is dismissed, the scholars are gone, the last echoes of their footsteps have died away, and I sit here enjoying the luxury of being alone.

I want to enjoy it too, for the time may come when I shall not be able to dismiss my cares at four o'clock.

I enjoy my leisure, but I enjoy my work also, thoroughly enjoy it, not so much that I like it, which I do—I like it well—as that I have no one to oversee, to direct, or take audible notice of my blunders. I never could do my best under the eye of a censor. Whatever I was trying to accomplish when I became conscious of a spectator was sure to be a grand failure.

Aunt Henderson once undertook to teach me how to make butter into rolls, called in the north "mescuns." The more she directed my efforts, the more she explained to me how very far from right was every attempt I made, the more she lamented my awkwardness, the more bewildered I became, con-

scious only of the terrible blue eye watching me, until I ended the matter by dropping the precious golden butter on the dairy floor, and fled, taking with me a stinging box on the ear.

Perhaps the remembrance of many mortifying failures owing to this dreaded *eye-shine* makes the sense of freedom which I now enjoy—the power of planning and executing without supervision, so precious to me.

I stand alone in the world, and success or failure lies before me; I have no one to help me to succeed, or to divide the blame with me if I fail. It lies upon me to prove, first to myself, then to others, that I am able to do that which I have undertaken. So in a position I never dreamed of occupying, in a country new and strange to my youth and inexperience, I sit in my log palace alone, looking dreamily through the little window across the bit of green to the alder-fringed Grace river. My new dignity and responsibility have such a sobering effect on me that I feel my girlhood slipping away—I feel old. I look, not at the prospect, but at the road pictured by memory, over which I have travelled, which has brought me to Glenshie, where I find myself teacher