

without spoiling it. This man loved his people, had a great deal to say to them affecting their interests, and he said it. What would you have? Duty must be done. A shorter sermon would have left something unsaid, which he felt he must say and say now. The ought was imperative with this man, and if he explained himself at length, I for one was glad and took my share gratefully. I enjoyed the sermon the more because I saw in one of the pews my brother's handsome head. A great sense of contentment fell on me because he was near. I could have listened to Minister McGillivray till sunset. But judge of my horror when, discoursing on the trials inseparable from our condition here below, he said: "This truth is finely expressed in the following couplet, written impromptu by one of the candidates for a teacher's certificate:

" 'Were this frail world our final rest
Living or dying none were blest.' "

Walter turned round and saw me, and gave me a look. I was strongly tempted to rise and explain, but I thought better of it. The Jessops brought Walter over to dinner, and I suffered a good deal of teasing about appropriating Montgomery's lines. Something is the matter with Walter, I thought, as I went a piece of the way to Gledbury with him after dinner. He tried to be gay and tease me as he used to do, but it was forced. I asked him tenderly what was the matter, and he told me to be quiet, and not turn myself into an interrogation point like old Jessop, and be forever asking questions. This was so unlike Walter, that I came back to Glenshie greatly troubled about him.

One thing I wish to mention that I noticed about this time: my school cares and trials seemed to have dismissed the question of personal religion from my mind. I needed help I knew, but it was help to govern and teach that I sought after, not help to lift me nearer

to God. The boys whom I had pretended to punish gave me no more trouble,—they were in fact my helpers; for, as the school grew, and I was determined they should understand something of what they learned, the terrible four reading lessons made monitors a necessity. I had them all through my own hands twice a day, besides the English and Bible lessons,—the rest of the lessons were heard by monitors. My school was now a constant source of pleasure to me, despite the hard work. And it was hard work. When there were knots to untie in the coming day's arithmetic, I have been shut up in the school-room till after sunset. One thing was a great trouble to me, the elder boys, who had gone over a good part of their various arithmetics, never would trouble themselves to find out the reason of anything. The problem on hand was to be done, they were to multiply by this, divide by that, add here, subtract there, and that would get the answer—and that was all about it. To learn a rule and apply it, was a new thing to them, and they did not take up new things easily. I was afraid to turn them back, for they had a lordly disbelief in female attainments in arithmetic, that was thoroughly manish, and would be apt to believe that I turned them back because I could not carry them forward. Of course I wished the limit of my knowledge to be an unknown quantity to them, but again I wanted them to learn in a manner that they would feel they were learning. They believed in me, and thought me wonderful—for a girl—but the teacher of the other section, their old teacher before the section was divided (the gentleman whom I had mistaken for a Turk), had been in college and could find "any sum in the world," they said, "in some mysterious way, by algebra." Of course when he had led them to where they were it would be a confession of ignorance to turn them back. Abbot helped me out of this difficulty,