

watch (it was papa's watch, and Walter, who got it when he came to Canada, lent it to me), and found the noon mark on the floor and my time only a few minutes different. When school was dismissed, the scholars, with whoop and halloo, dispersed to eat their dinners outside. Alice Morrison, opening the basket, gave me my dinner nicely wrapped up in paper. This child was attracted to me—I hoped she might like me. She is a wonderful little white dove to find in the backwoods. As I sat eating the two biscuits which were my allowance, I recalled what Minister McGillivray said to me: "Have you the divine gift of teaching? Can you draw the children to you?" I had a greater problem to solve than the hat of plums, as I sat looking through the little window to the alder-fringed Grace river.

"I must succeed," I said to myself. "If I fail, Aunt Henderson and Aunt Mattie will know, and say, 'I told you so,' and Walter will think they were right when they said I was not worth my salt. How am I to do these children good—to lead them up higher?" I asked myself. All my ignorance and cowardice came up before me. I knew nothing practically of governing—of keeping order. I had only learned how to obey. I had no theory of education, no training to teach, and then I was so little and young! I was glad that I loved children,—glad that I had learned patience with Jamie and the other little cousins at Enbridge. Was it superstition to take comfort from the hope that as my father really feared God above many, God, for his sake, would help me a little? I got through the afternoon some way, and went home heavy-hearted, and found a nice little dinner waiting for me, watched over by Mary Morrison.

A few days passed, the school gradually increased, and I felt more and more my own inability to manage.

The trustees had informed me that I must give four reading lessons a day. There were so many classes, on account of the difference of books, on account of the want of books, that it was hard work to get through with the lessons, and there seemed to be no time to even attempt to govern them. It was a great distance to the nearest store, money was scarce, they traded on the barter principle, so they must wait till they had time to thrash grain, and they were only in the middle of hay harvest,—these were good and sufficient reasons for the scarcity of books, and for the absolute want of pens, pencils, and copy books. Some of the parents did not speak English at all, and in their eyes one English book, as a reader, was as good as another. One little fellow, just beginning to read, brought a tattered copy of *Gil Blas* as a reader, and another a dog-eared remnant of *Jack Sheppard*. As I struggled along through the lessons I thought constantly, what shall I do? Every day when the scholars were gone I prayed for guidance, and laid plans for the next day; every morning I came with renewed hope to begin, and all the day long I felt like some one who was managing a boat and did not know how to steer, and for want of skill was drifting at the mercy of every current. I had an idea that my helplessness was apparent to the scholars, and that some of them enjoyed it. I felt discouraged enough to throw up the school before many days had elapsed, but this I dare not do,—I must succeed. I was silent and sad, and shrunk into myself more and more. Mrs. Morrison watched me keenly, as if she knew of the struggle within me. She relaxed in her manner towards me and became pityingly kind. I hated to be pitied, but then it was nice of her to think of me at all. I noticed that this martial matron had a very pretty mouth, and that her smile—when she did smile—was very sweet to me. It meant compassion-