

water, which we should consider a lake in England, much closer to the school-house ; it was about two miles long and a mile across, but was only called a pond in those parts.

Two strangers stood at the school-house door on the June day when our tale begins. The one, Mr. Seymour by name, was tall, dark, and grave ; he was the missionary of the surrounding neighbourhood. His parish had a circuit of about twenty miles, and it was hard enough work for him, and ill paid—his income, all told, was scarcely more than that of the parson who

“ Was passing rich on forty pounds a year ; ”

and had it not been for the skill with which he managed the small farm surrounding the house, which he had built for himself in a clearing not very far from the Red School-house, he could scarcely have lived at all.

The other man, Mr. Emerson, was young, bright, and fresh - looking, and evidently a stranger to the place from the interest with which he looked around. He had just left the McGill Training College at Montreal, and was