

to ours trudging all the way to Kincardine, ten to fifteen miles, in the hot summer time, each carrying a two-bushel bag of hardwood ashes on her back to sell at the potash works there, so as to get a little salt at ten cents a pound to eat with their potatoes at home. But they read their Gaelic Bibles as they rested their burdens on the stumps and logs by the roadside.

When the weather was too wet or stormy to work outside, being handy with tools, we used to make shingles, ox-yokes and bows, cradles (to cut the grain with), snaths, rakes, churns, pails, tubs, milkpans and many other things, in the barn or a corner of the house. Our expertness in this way was an advantage, as it enabled us to have more conveniences and implements about us. But we had to do too much of it for others—for nothing of course. Many a night, after chopping hard all day in the woods, some one of the neighbours would come in with a big stick of rock elm for me to make an axe handle of it for him before going to bed.

My Second Teacher.

We usually tried to snatch a month or two out of the winter to go to school, three miles down the line, in what is called the Lochalsh settlement. The teacher there the first years was a married woman, whose husband was a very well informed man, but not inclined to set the heather on fire at hard work. Her name was Christina McLennan, and it fell to my lot more than a quarter of a century afterwards to write an