

"Precious goods are done up in small parcels," I said, smiling to cover a little annoyance.

"So are poisons, my young leddy," answered Mr. McInnes, with a smile that made him look like an amiable bear.

This interchange of stale jokes made a laugh, and we felt more at ease. Mr. McInnes volunteered to come and thrash the children for me, if my powers failed. Looking round on the little ones, he threatened in the most awful manner what would happen to them if they behaved badly. They gave me a few directions as to my duties, chiefly to be severe and to make them have their catechism every Friday, then they all took their departure and left me to take possession of my new kingdom in peace.

So, by many paths, I came to be installed as teacher of School Section No. 2, Glenshie. The school-house was a little log building with three small windows. A clumsy chimney came out so far into the floor as to leave a deep, dark corner on each side. One awkward double desk, hewn and hacked with knives, with initials cut deep into it, mottled with great splashes of ink, stretched from one end of the room to the other. A shelf in one of the dark corners by the chimney held the copy-books and slates, when out of use. There were no maps, no blackboard, nor ever had been. The floor was loose and uneven, the whole place was not any too good for a sheep stable. I had a new register, and the first thing to be done was to put down their names. Here came in a difficulty. They did not speak English fluently, —most of them did not speak it at all. The Morrison children, who did, were set to interpret, and being full of sly mischief, translated literally. What could I make of "Mary, the daughter of big Norman," or "Donald, the son of black Norman, the son of Malcolm McInnis," or "John, the son of Angus,

who was the son of Murdoch, who was the son of Kenneth," or "Katie the black, daughter of Alexander the red?"

I could not make the register a book of genealogies in that way. After some trouble, I obtained from the mischievous little Morrisons the clan name, and filled up the register with Campbells, Camerons, Grants, and many varieties of Mac's, portioned out rightfully among the little Donalds, Duncans, Marys, Katies and Alecks present. There were forty-five names on the register this first day; of these, twelve did not know their letters. They were all small; one Kenneth, the son of Rory, the son of Duncan, was the only one present at all likely to belong to the mischievous squad that smoked out the last master. But they were restless and full of sly tricks. While they sat staring at me over the top of their books there was an undercurrent of pinches, kicks, cuffs, and hair-pulling.

"Where did your last teacher sit?" I asked.

"There was a high stool for him," said one, "but the boys burned it."

"How did your last teacher open school?" A long silence, then the youngest Morrison piped out, "He said a prayer."

"That is a good way," I said. "Kneel down, all of you, and shut your eyes, and we will pray."

I took the Lord's Prayer. "Give us this day our daily bread," meant every help I needed that day. I then began to classify them. All who could read, read in a sing-song voice, which was not to be wondered at when they thought in another language. There were two grammars, but not a geography or history in the school. As to arithmetic, I found I need not task their brains with the hat of plums for some time yet. I do not know how the forenoon passed; I had not got them nearly classified, when a youngster sang out, "Twelve o'clock." I looked at my