

they carry pathos and promise. To arrive at the teacherage on the day the contractor moved out and begin to set the house in order may not be the most cheerful of experiences, but it had one ray of sunshine from the kindly old neighbour, a crippled old woman, who, standing at her gate, waved to the teacher as she passed. She had very little of this world's goods, did this poor old soul, living in a moss-chinked cabin twelve feet square, and its furnishings could all be bought for ten dollars; but she had a cow, a potato patch, a well, and such a deep, rich sense of neighbourliness and hospitality that before night she had shared generously her all with the new teacher. Undismayed by the all-too-evident unfriendliness of the rate-payers who did not want a teacher unable to speak their language, the new arrival began to seek the children whose parents were not sending them to school, and the first family visited showed a home situation as follows: "Under the family bed—a wretched affair of rags and hay—a flock of hens was cooped, and a pig lately killed and not yet cut up, lay on its back on the floor, and invited dust and dirt with open arms. The winter's supply of potatoes was heaped in a corner. Two little girls of eight or nine, clad each in a single tattered garment, shrank against the wall and peered at me through