

under her! How easy it is to form their infant minds, to lead them in the paths of vice or virtue!"

23rd.—"Had forty-three scholars to-day. One week ago my girlhood or rather childhood fled, leaving me to fight the stern battle of life. I have not sense to know what to do and I cannot bear to ask. The past seems like a white doe disappearing over a mountain never to return. In one sense it was peaceful and unsullied as a white doe; but the one who said that our childhood was not what it now appears was a true philosopher. When I look back to my happy school days, it seems as if there was nothing then to mar the peaceful stream of life."

24th.—"I am afraid I am not doing my best. O that I may have faith to look to a mightier hand than my own for guidance! I am troubled about a boy. I know I should not be. To-morrow night, all well, I'll be at home."

28th.—"I am down-hearted and discouraged; the children nearly drove me crazy. I cannot keep them busy, and they are commencing to talk. * * * God of mercy, have pity and take me to Thee, and guide my steps aright. * * * On Saturday I went into our own school at home. The branches have faded and are almost gone. I fear they are too much like my own hopes when trials come. * * * I am troubled. I cannot study. Envy has taken possession of my heart. I envy the scholars over home. I am miserable. I cannot pray. I am condemning myself when I try. If I were using my talents aright, perhaps I could get that boy to quit telling lies for ever. O God of Heaven! Look down upon me in mercy. * * * I feel anxious, sad and downhearted. I know I am not anxious enough about my scholars. * * * It has been a lovely day; the leaves are just turning on the trees, and everything seems to have such a sad look. It reminds one of death. Took a walk to-day and found some specimens of Indian handiwork. The poor red-man! This is a beautiful place. Wherever I may go, this school-house will ever hold a tender spot in my heart. It is the place where I first started my career in life. The thought has just struck me that I was earning money for myself. How nice it is to be independent! The evening is coming on, the day is waning, the