

The next day, Sabbath afternoon, they took me out to take a peep at the house in which I was so soon to hold universal sway. It was a little stone house, with four windows in each side, and in the east end a large double door. There it was, nestled down among the trees, now arrayed in their most brilliant apparel. In their branches the squirrels were playing hide-and-seek. Everything was quiet and peaceful, and I thought, "I shall be happy here."

The next morning I went to my school-house where I found a group of children all eager to see the new "schoolmiss." Some returned my morning greeting, others shyly looked at me without speaking.

I went in and rang the bell; the children came in quietly and walked to their seats. I did not know what to do, but to become acquainted I asked their names, and wrote them down. Then I asked how many knew the song, "I want to be an angel." A score of little hands came up, and I said, "We will sing it." My powers over self were tried to the utmost during the singing which followed, to maintain my dignity as became a teacher, —that is, to refrain from laughing outright at six-year old Dan. He evidently knew the words, but where, I thought, is his time or tune?

My first day passed away quickly. I walked home that night with two childish hands clinging to mine; while others of my charge ran on before with merry shouts and gleeful antics. One by one my companions bade me "Good night, teacher!" and I was left to finish my walk alone. Then, for the first time did the responsibility of my position, as a leader of these young minds, rush over me. Then I sent a silent prayer upward that the great Teacher might be my teacher.

The successive days flew by rapidly, and the little ones grew dearer every day. To-day, in imagination, they have been with me again. I saw them all as the little ones I loved so much. I saw again my

little Katie as she came to me and whispered, "I love you, teacher! Let me kiss you." Sweet brown-eyed darling! I loved her too. I have taught again my classes; my spelling class has stood before me, with arms folded behind them, their bare toes all on the same straight line, eager eyes turning to watch each successive speller. Charlie, standing at the head, missed. With a face, the very picture of sorrow, he listened to Katie spell the word correctly. "Take your place," Katie," I said, as she hesitated. Then she threw her arms impulsively around his neck, and kissed him; then she took her place. Ah! Charlie,

"You've lived to learn in life's hard school,  
How few that pass above you  
Regret their triumph and your loss,  
Like her, because they love you."

What odd speeches the children made! I remember that one day, while hearing my infant class read from a large card, I asked wee Nellie what that dot was that I was pointing to. She answered, a period. Then I asked what do we do when we come to a period. She drew a long breath, clasped her hands, and said, "We go to heaven!" Her reply caused a burst of laughter to ring through the school-room. Nellie came to me and laid her head in my lap, and sobbingly said, "No, we let our voice fall." Shortly after this, her seat was vacant, and one day they said, Nellie is dead.

I talked to my little flock of Nellie's new home. There were sobs in the room when I finished talking; little hearts were almost broken, for Nellie would never come back again. After I dismissed them, I sat for a long time thinking, and I am sure that my thoughts were akin to the thoughts of my pupils. When I came out of the schoolhouse, I found Mikie sitting out by the gate, waiting for me. When I came along, he took my hand, and walked along with that subdued air that characterizes all children now. We spoke again of Nellie, and then were silent. Suddenly my little companion looked up and said, "Miss —, I should