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My hands were wet and ached to the bone with the cold, so I was obliged to carry my pails to the house and by the time I reached it, could do nothing but throw myself into a chair, powerless to move. Among the first to come to the rescue was Mr. McDonald and his family. As the water came through to the living room, upon the curtains and on the floor, the wife complained about what a horrible mess they were making of everything, and all these curtains would be spoilt and have to be washed again, which perfectly disgusted me. In an educated person, at least, one might look for gratitude, but none was apparent.

When we went home, I could not help telling Mr. McDonald how delighted I was to see him the first to offer assistance after receiving so much injury from this man. "Well," he said, "no matter how badly a man had treated me, I would never see him in danger without helping him." That was certainly a noble example of Christianity, though unprofessed. It was odd, this man would allow me to say anything I wished to him, was glad to have me praise him when he did right, and seemed to take it so much to heart when I spoke of his failings and how he ought to try to overcome them, and it brought tears to my eyes as he told me shortly before my departure for home that he had tried ever since I came to get me angry, but had never succeeded and I was the first person he had ever met who made him believe there was anything in Christianity. Little did he know how hard it was to control my temper and keep the angry words which arose to my lips from being expressed. Now, I do not say this to boast, for if any good was ever done through my influence, it was God who honoured me that much to use me to promote His glory, but I say it in order to let you see how careful we should be in our words and actions, for we never know how far our influence reaches or when the influence is accomplished. Could I have the assurance that even one of those people had been won for Christ by my endeavours, what joy it would give me, but I pray God it may be so. How my heart ached for those dear children especially, being brought up amidst such surroundings.

Among my pupils was a boy of 13 years. He had a dogged, defiant look, which plainly told that force would never rule him. Keeping him in after school one evening I urged him to try to be a better boy, as the children looked up to him and followed him. He replied, bitterly, "It is no use being good, Miss B.; all the neighbors think I'm bad. I might as well be bad. I get nothing but kicks and curses from father at home and as soon as my brother and I are sixteen, we are going to run away and leave him." Poor boy, my heart went to him in love and sympathy, and, no matter how much bad was reported about him, I felt especially drawn to him, although he came to school but a short time.

There were seven children of this family who came to school. The eldest was a nice, quiet girl; the next was a frivolous, obstinate and aggravating girl who gave a great deal of trouble. It was she who sneered at her little sisters about staying with me so much and, at last, caused them to leave me altogether. I knew the children loved me still, but were afraid to show their affection on account of her. The eldest of these little ones was such a bright, merry, pretty child of eight, with beautiful violet-colored eyes and a wealth of golden brown curls. She was always the same roguish little girl waiting for mischief. The younger of six had a sad, sweet little face and was a pretty child, and had such a loving nature. Having kept her in one night for misconduct, I asked her if she knew why I kept her in. "Please ma'am," she sobbed, "because you don't love me." Taking the child in my arms, I asked her why her mother punished her, not because she didn't love her, but to make her better. As soon as the child realized the position, she threw her arms around my neck and burst into a violent fit of weeping, and it was a long time before she would be quieted. Giving me a final hug and kiss, she took my books to carry home for me and let down the bars when we reached our gate. Little did those children know how their love comforted me and how it pained me when they no longer came

running down the road to meet me or gather flowers and fruit for me or do the many, many little acts of kindness to show their affection. What would this world be without the light-hearted, loving little children!

The youngest of this family who came to school was a pretty little fellow of four, who was most amusing. His first day at school was a remarkable one. He was perpetual motion. He spoke out loud whenever he wanted anything, whistled, killed flies on his class-mate's head by giving him a sudden whack, drank water out of the girls' water-bottles, pulled the little girl's hair behind him, made faces at the girls, stamped on the floor, crawled under his desk and the floor, and many other such tricks. All this was done so innocently, with not a smile on his face, and he couldn't understand why he should have to sit still all day.

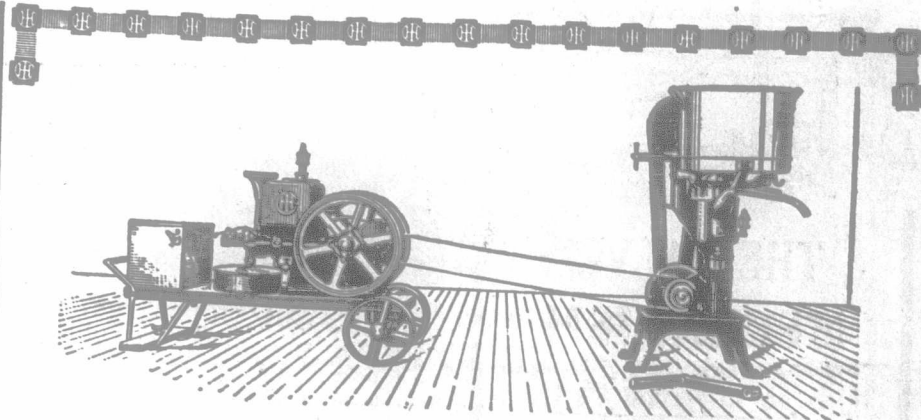
At recess he used to take a little five-year-old girl by the hand to go to gather flowers for me, and they were delighted when they brought a large bouquet of dandelions for me to put on the desk, and gave me so much pleasure. The other little ones would run out, too, and gather some for me to win a smile, too, so it was no uncommon thing to have my desk covered with golden dandelions. Whenever I took these bouquets home, however, they were always thrown out of doors, and none whatever were allowed even in my room.

One recess he came puffing and blowing and wanting me to go to the door to see what he had brought me, and what do you suppose it was—a big, dead ground-hog. That poor little chap had found the animal in his wanderings and, as they eat them at home, he thought it was a great treasure, and, by carrying it in his arms and dragging it along the ground by its feet, he had at last succeeded in bringing it to me. "Why, my dear child," I exclaimed, "Whatever did you think it was?" "Why," he replied, his lips quivering, "I thought it was an elephant." (He might well think so, considering the size of himself in comparison to the size of the animal.)

What a happy time he had when the big girls were not there, for the children would tell me all their little joys and sorrows, the wonderful feats of big brothers or babies, and what they liked most to do themselves, and, in return, they liked me to tell all about children at home and about the people in foreign lands. They would choose a certain country, and I would tell them any stories which I knew about the people, their habits and customs.

The children were quietly studying one hot, sultry afternoon, when the sky became so black that it made it difficult to see their books; then all at once there was a terrific peal of thunder and blinding flashes of lightning, and the rain came down in torrents, for rain-falls are very frequent there. Telling them to put up their books and leave their seats, if they so desired, the frightened little ones made a rush for my desk—two climbed into my lap and the others huddled close around me, and, remembering the time when storms used to almost paralyze me with fear, I took pity upon them. We began to talk about the storm, the cause of thunder and lightning, the formation of the rain-drops and the beauty of the rainbow. How could anyone not believe in a God when such awful storms arise and man is utterly powerless, and when we saw the beauties of nature all around us? They seldom hear the name of God except when used in an oath, but they soon began to talk freely of Him, as their interest was aroused. By the time we could hear the thunder rumbling and grumbling in the distance, it showed the children were so interested in talking about the storm that they had forgotten all fear and were always speaking afterwards about the beauties and awfulness of a storm.

One little girl was very clever at spelling, but it seemed almost impossible to teach her arithmetic. She had a very puzzling question one morning which I tried to show her how to do. "Now, Mary," I asked, after slowly reading the question over, "what is the first thing you do?" "Please, ma'am, you add." "What do you add for?" "Please, ma'am, you subtract." "But why do you subtract?" "Please, ma'am, to get the answer." This went on for some time, but at last she learned



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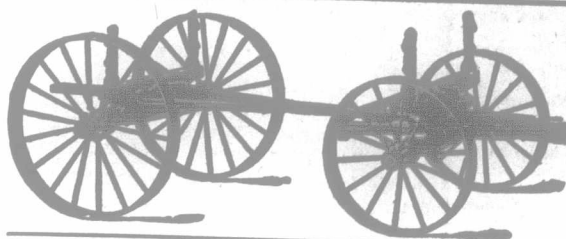
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